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Harper's MAGAZINE

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Martin Mayer

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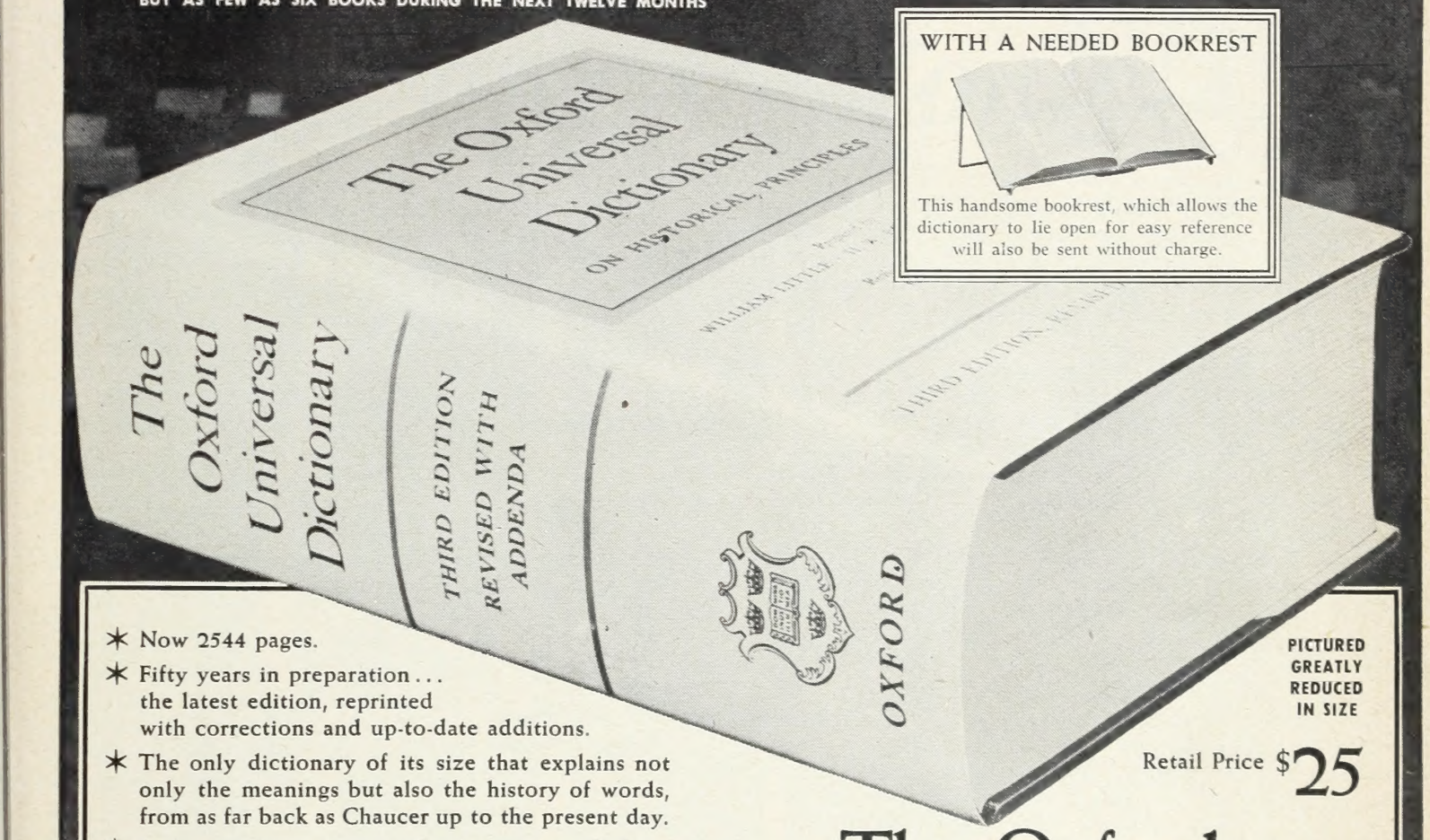
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LETTERS

Twenty Years

To the Editors:

After reading the feature I always read first, in the November issue, I am taking this opportunity to express my continuing appreciation of The Easy Chair and Bernard DeVoto's excellent commentary on any subject he feels inspired to write.

His contribution to real journalism—consistent, fearless, sincere, and pre-eminently readable always—is something that our rising journalists must respect. . . . Leah K. Dickinson
Harrisburg, Pa.

May I congratulate *Harper's* and Bernard DeVoto on the twentieth anniversary of The Easy Chair and express the hope that we may have twenty years more of it. Certainly it is a voice from the mount in a hurricane of howls from self-appointed "experts" who appear out of nowhere and belabor us incessantly with tripe. . . . Allan M. Schroyer
East Berlin, Pa.

These letters and others about Easy Chair "Number 241" were received before Mr. DeVoto's death. Since then there have been many expressions of tribute and appreciation to Mr. DeVoto which we regret that space does not permit us to publish.—The Editors

Button, Button

To the Editors:

Some of your readers may like to know what happened to my son Lynn following the account in your October issue of his experiences in 1952 with Citizens for Eisenhower.

Walter Williams, now the Under Secretary of Commerce, was the UN-Day speaker in Des Moines, where he invited Lynn to be his dinner guest. On arriving at the hotel, Lynn was presented by Mr. Williams with more than two dozen Ike buttons of varying sizes (up to and including the giant economy size) and of varying legends, among them "Get Well, Ike."

What "our friend Walter" didn't know was that three days previously Lynn had been elected President of Young Democrats of Grinnell, but Walter took that in his stride and remarked, "Ike is popular with people of all parties," to which Lynn and I would both agree.

Since then, and the resulting publicity, Lynn has received a collection of campaign buttons dating back to TR's day from a lady in California, and has written, on request, an article on the Midwest hog situation for "The Roosevelt American," organ of the Washington (state) Democratic Committee. Thus are politicians born!

Arthur H. Parsons, Jr.
Omaha, Neb.

Brain and Darwin

To the Editors:

Congratulations to *Harper's* and Loren C. Eiseley ["Was Darwin Wrong About the Human Brain?" November] for reopening the Darwin case. Over twenty years ago, while still a college student, I observed uneasily that intellectual leaders for almost a century had accepted a theory of creation with almost superstitious eagerness upon two apparent bases—that it seemed logical and that it was supported by a process of historical deduction. . . .

Darwin may have overlooked an important fact—that the imagination of man (of which he had his own great share) can reach too far, too fast. It can overrun not only the evidence but the very processes of logic that seem to support it. . . . Thornton T. Shively
Visalia, Calif.

The implication of Eiseley's article is that man is at least in part exempt from the laws of organic evolution because of man's extraordinary brain, its remarkable powers, and its explosively rapid increase in size. . . .

The evolution of the mammalian brain from a lifeless planet, no matter how long it took, appears on the face of it at least as improbable as the subsequent elaboration which became the human brain. . . .

There are countless problems concerning the evolution of life on earth that need divine intervention for their explanation as much as the descent of man. In the name of parsimony and scholarly consistency it would be wiser to blame Him for the whole business or leave Him out of it altogether.

Alfonso Shimbel
Chicago, Ill.

. . . As a scientist Eiseley should know that a divine force means nothing unless it can be measured and tested, and to imply that natural evolution stopped when it came upon man's brain and some other force took over, is not something one would expect from an anthropologist. John Favicchio
Long Island City, N. Y.

The Acheson Case

To the Editors:

The article by Dean Acheson in your November issue was particularly outstanding. . . . I confess I am a Democrat, but I believe I am an unemotional Democrat, and I read the article keeping in mind the hard core of reality concerning our present-day international problems. Even so I must agree with Mr. Acheson. I think it is good that his statements ring with a positiveness of feeling and interpretation.

The mistakes and poor judgment of the Republican leaders in foreign policy make his closing remarks about the dangers even more meaningful.

James H. Harger
Ridgewood, N. J.

Dean Acheson's article exposes us to a familiar type of political smog. Such technique is a reminder of Richelieu's remark that a clever lawyer can easily obscure the most obvious issues.

His catalogue of achievements would be quite impressive to anyone not aware that each prideful citation represented some determined action required of our armed forces to counteract an immediately preceding diplomatic blunder. . . . Hugh Forman
Pinehurst, N. C.

After reading Dean Acheson's article I am convinced that what this country needs is an agonizing reappraisal of instant retaliation. Larry Newton
San Francisco, Calif.

Bishop Sheil

To the Editors:

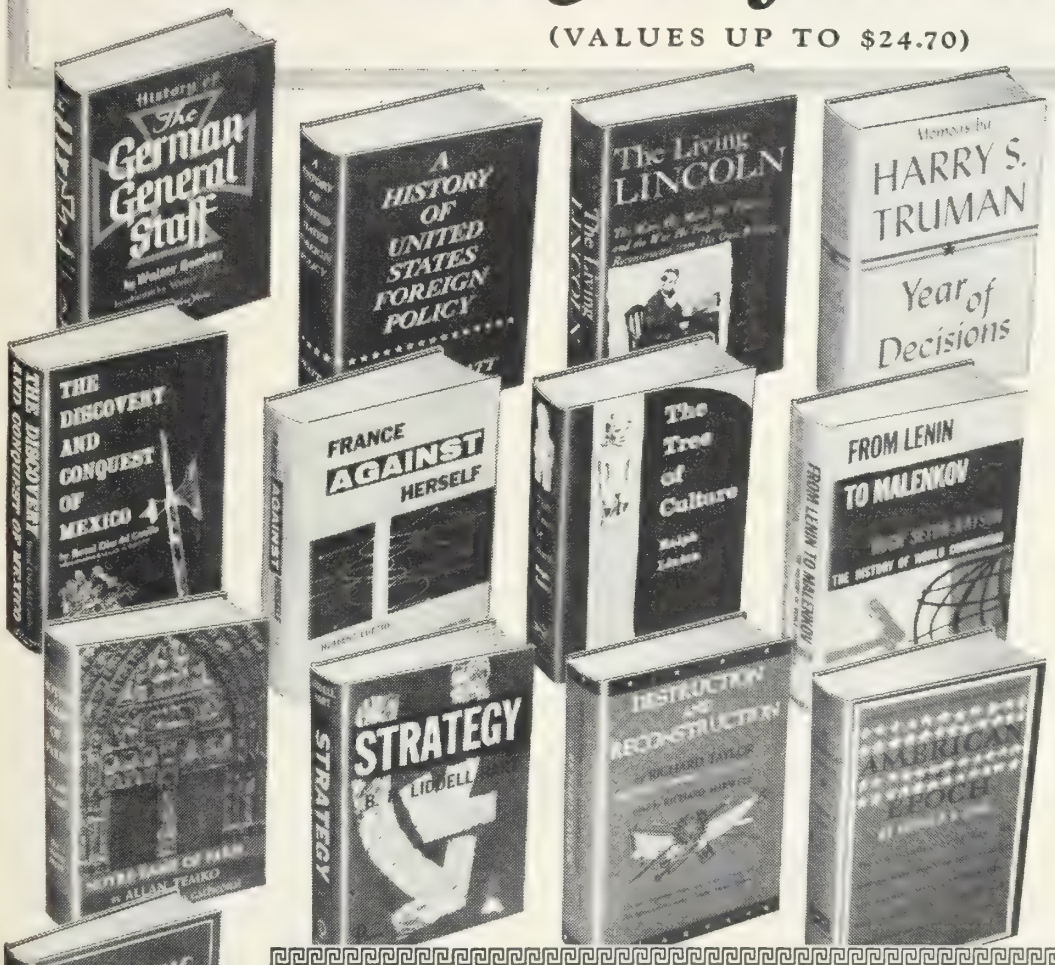
As one of those staff members who lived through the last days of the Catholic Youth Organization, I cannot help feeling that the tragedy of Bishop Sheil was somewhat understated by Miss Carroll in "Prophet Without Honor" [November]. During those last months it mattered very little why the Bishop held his own set of convictions or why he had founded the Catholic Youth Organization.

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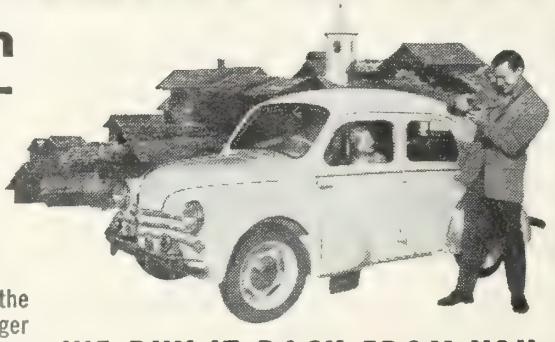
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ization but the very spirit out of which it had grown seemed to be dying or about to be destroyed. . . .

MARY GORMAN GYARFAS
Chicago, Ill.

I have never seen or met Bishop Sheil, but it seems plain to me and to others who seem to find him by our side in many places that if he ever wanted to imitate anybody it would be Christ, and that the associations and "influences" Mary Elizabeth Carroll quotes are accidental except as representing some of his "brothers." It is this always-dangerous quality of believing that perhaps Christ really meant what he said that most distinguishes him. . . .

KATHLEEN A. RICE
Milwaukee, Wis.

Wild Blue Yonder

TO THE EDITORS:

As an old subscriber to *Harper's* I was surprised at the inadequate research and dubious reasoning in the article on the Air Force Academy ["The Ivy-Covered Wild Blue Yonder," November] by Mr. Fenton of Yale. The opinions given below are my own and, though I am at the AF Academy, have not been submitted to its officials.

Mr. Fenton's reasoning is that since West Point and Annapolis instruct cadets and are allegedly weak in the liberal arts, the Air Force Academy is doomed to be weak in the liberal arts. This is on the level of Fluellen's "proof" that Alexander the Big of Macedonia must have been from Wales since both countries have big rivers with salmon in them!

The validity of Mr. Fenton's analogy rests on his statement that at the Academy "most of the faculty are graduates of the Point." . . . Exactly one-third of the faculty and Dean's staff are West Pointers, 23 out of 70. Most of us are products of civilian colleges and universities. For example, of the nine officers making up the English Department, just two are graduates of West Point; the rest are graduates of such universities as UCLA, New Hampshire, Mercer, Boston, and Illinois.

Mr. Fenton is not satisfied with the AF Academy English program, but he does not mention that it comprises 310 periods of English (18 semester hours) to be taught during all four undergraduate years. He does not mention that after the freshman year of theme-writing plus some literature and speech—the normal freshman English course of nearly all American colleges—the AF Academy cadet will do two years' study in Western masterpieces of literature, beginning with Homer. . . . There is also no mention of the 32-period senior

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LETTERS

English course, much of which will be spent in a survey of the fine arts. . . .

One asks how a careful researcher could have made such errors and omissions. The answer is that Mr. Fenton has never visited the Air Force Academy, though Air Force transportation was offered him while he was gathering material. . . .

The most serious result of Mr. Fenton's incomplete research, however, is a failure to grasp the mission of service academies. The Air Force Academy is not intended to be a liberal-arts college; its mission is to produce the best possible combat air leaders. But our Superintendent, himself an outstanding air leader of World War II, has encouraged his faculty to use the liberal arts and social sciences to help develop the vision and maturity needed in the next generation of air commanders. . . .

MAJ. J. L. JACKSON, USAF Res.
(PhD University of Illinois)
Department of English
USAF Academy, Col.

Charles A. Fenton's article contains a thesis which seems to ignore the axiom: Nothing succeeds like success. If West Point's educational system is so "secondary," how does it happen that it has produced so many outstanding Americans throughout our history?

JERE W. MAUPIN
Lake Charles, La.

To Vote or Not

TO THE EDITORS:

Robert E. Coulson's "Let's Not Get Out the Vote" [November] makes sense to me. His saying, "Stupidity does not become wisdom by being multiplied," is wiser than some of the sayings of Confucius.

L. F. ACUFF
Chattanooga, Tenn.

Do I detect a tongue-in-the-cheek attitude of Robert E. Coulson? As a party member, Mr. Coulson knows only too well that if Candidate Jones is a boob and Candidate Smith a thief, his hypothetical voter, Mr. Whipcord, is probably the boobiest of all for he undoubtedly did not help with the nominating process left by the mugwumpish independents and dilettantish non-partisans to the smoke-filled caucuses or a handful of primary voters. . . .

MRS. ARCHIBALD MURRAY
Republican County Committeewoman
Summit, N. J.

Since Mr. Coulson doesn't think it imperative that citizens vote, there are a few places he can go that provide neither the duty nor the privilege (to vote).

"Getting out the vote" is government by the majority. I do agree with him that voters should be well informed. Too many people avoid taking stands on controversial issues for business and social reasons, and I think they are making a tremendous mistake. Our club is striving to interest people in politics . . . but Mr. Coulson's article does nothing to further government by the people, for the people.

CLEO BUTLER, Chairman
Democratic Discussion Group
of Gallatin County
Bozeman, Mont.

Robert Coulson's argument against getting out the vote is specious.

Aside from gross improbabilities (how do we know that 10,000 more votes wouldn't change the proportion against candidate Jones?), Mr. Coulson neglects to take into account the nature of some electors.

These are the people whose vote we must "get out":

1. Those who think "just one vote" won't change the results.
2. Those who fear the voting machine. (A good "get out the vote" campaign should explain the use of the machines.)
3. Men who work two jobs. (They are weary and harried, so must be reminded.)
4. The housewife with young children.
5. Some elderly people who don't realize they could vote by absentee ballot.
6. The shy.

No, they are not unintelligent. They know who and what they are for and often they know exactly why. . . .

Mr. Coulson appears to be an aristocratic "in" who realizes that the good sense of the majority might make him an "out."

MARILYN HOGAN
Wayne, Mich.

. . . Mr. Coulson says, "If voting is made a duty, it ceases to be a privilege." The fallacy of this reasoning becomes apparent if one says, "Loving one's children is a duty; therefore it is not a privilege." . . . MRS. FRANCIS BALDWIN
Oak Park, Ill.

We and Our House

TO THE EDITORS:

How thankful we are that James Baldwin has made the decision that his house will serve the Lord ["Me and My House. . . ." November].

Our country has been gifted to have him as a member of the family. . . .

JOHN FRANCIS
Ballston Spa, N. Y.

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BERNARD DEVOTO

the easy Chair

BEATING THE BALI HA'I RACKET

CONSIDER the frustration suffered by the exurbanites. You will recognize that glossy word as originating in a recent book, a fifty-fifty mixture of sociology and wormwood, by Mr. A. C. Spectorsky. Exurbanites are people who have jobs in New York City but live, or rather maintain estates, in the plush semi-rural areas that are farther out than the suburbs—five to five hundred acres rather than zoned half-acres, Black Angus rather than black poodles, open Jaguars rather than Ford banana wagons. They earn fifteen to twenty-five thousand dollars a year, spend thirty-five thousand plus, and hope to get ahead of the game at sixty thousand—these figures as ratios, not maximums. They work in either the talent end or the managerial end of the communications industry.

Parenthesis. Can something be done about *that* word? When the sociologists or the advertising set or the professors of education get a new stereotype it is only irritating. But irritation becomes public pain when all three of them fall in love with it, as all three and lots of other people besides have done with "communications." Mr. Spectorsky uses it to mean advertising, radio, and television primarily but deals in the movies and the stage too, and some sectors of publishing. Communications is even more than that sizable total, however, and don't challenge my grammar for I get it from learned periodicals. Communications includes social anthropology, a science which studies the peck-order of people who patronize supermarkets and explains that young couples have lots of children nowadays because husbands have found out how much fun changing diapers is. It includes "speech," a humble art once called elocution or oratory but now in the keeping of people who take movies of your vocal cords, and it shades into press agentry, which is now the engineering of consent. At state universities the big new Communications Building houses the department of journalism too, and this may foreshadow the death of the American press.

Well, the exurbanites are hellish unhappy, full of guilt, inadequacy, and self-doubt. A large part of their annual deficit has to be budgeted for liquor and a larger one for the treatment of ulcers and neuroses. Treatment turns out to be only palliative at best; the truth is they are schizos, whose psychic split is too wide ever to be healed. There came a point when they could no longer take metropolitan life: too much tension, pressure, and exasperation, too demanding and too frustrating a social pattern, too many unavoidable horrors of massed humanity. So they got out. To move to a suburb would be a public admission that they could not make the grade. The exurbs remained and there they pursue what Mr. Spectorsky calls the Limited Dream, a fantasy of living with personal dignity in pleasant surroundings, with special reference to farm machinery. It soon turned out that they could not stand the exurbs, either; they were just as unhappy and had acquired a second pattern of doubt and guilt. So they spend their lives escaping from the city on the 5:25, escaping from their exurbs on the 8:16, and amputating their toes with power mowers over the weekend.

Naturally. There is as much contradiction in the attempt as there is split in the exurbanite psyche. Nobody who has to work in the city can escape from the city. The bluestone-drive areas where the second car is an Austin-Healey and people fireproof their hay is as organically a part of metropolitan culture as Times Square. Nobody can put aside its values by changing to a T-shirt and a knotted scarf.

People for whom this is a problem never will find a solution. On the Atlantic seaboard the metropolitan zone now extends from the Merrimack River to the farthest Virginia suburbs of Washington. Though the zone is not so wide, the density is just as great at Los Angeles, San Francisco, and Chicago. The Bureau of the Census has just announced that the population of the United States has increased 9 per cent since 1950; five-sixths of that growth took place in metropolitan areas and 90 per cent of the five-sixths beyond the city limits, in the suburbs and farther out. The future is going to be more of the same and no escape from it for city workers, even at sixty thousand a year. Nobody can buy Rhode Island, though there once was an administration that sold it; even if someone could, what would he do with Providence?

Others besides Mr. Spectorsky's characters are fed up with city life. Multitudes who up to now have strung along with the evolving metropolitan culture, or as we say progress, are now eager to forsake it. They feel that a divide has been crossed; the metropolis is no longer enhancing the national culture but destroying it. Stench, noise, crowds, traffic have all got beyond the limit of toleration. Merely to endure the inescapable

affronts, physical, psychic, mental, and spiritual, requires an effort increasingly difficult to sustain. Instead of endowing them with the garnered harvest of civilization, the city shreds their nerves, maims their personality, and is like to drive them nuts. They want out.

For two generations various technicians have been making blueprints intended to change all this. City planners and the metaphysical engineers who believe that we can demolish the skyscrapers and start over again from scratch have been talking about the great metropolis that would obviate the evils of the lesser one and combine the best of two worlds. The trouble is that it doesn't work out that way. Their garden suburbs prove to be Levittown, which is not what they had in mind. Their cities in the fields become real-estate speculations which collapse and are bought up as fine sites for industrial installations. But there is an odd, commonly disregarded fact: the haphazard development of American culture at large has been succeeding where the movers and shakers have failed.

THE hinterland has caught up with the metropolis; the garnered harvest of civilization is entirely available in the provinces. No place is very far from New York now; you can get there about as quickly from Indianapolis as from Sneden's Landing, and much more comfortably; you can phone from San Francisco as easily as from Tarrytown. The metropolis as mart and bazaar is in supermarkets and the show windows of chain stores, at all whistle stops back of beyond. The metropolis as center of art, learning, and inquiry is on tape, microfilm, 16 mm. film, and FM dials for use at the headwaters of the farthest creeks. The young, the hopeful, the talented, and the promising need no longer emigrate to New York for fulfillment; if they want to stay home they can get there what their predecessors had to go looking for.

This development has created a perfectly straightforward opportunity for some kinds of depressed metropolitans who want out, including one group of Mr. Spectorsky's schizophrenics. It seems that people in communications whose work can be done on their own estates are called "geniuses" by their neighbors who have to take the 8:16. They develop just as many psychogenic maladies as the others, however, and have to get drunk just as often; they have escaped from the subway but not from the metropolis. In general, geniuses are the writers and painters of the communications industry. Most of them could do their work in many other places just as effectively and conveniently as they can at New Hope. Because of the development I have mentioned, so could a lot of other people: those whom the rest of us think of as serious writers and painters, most other species of artists, many craftsmen, miscellaneous individuals who practice intellectual specialties. At this moment of history and this stage of our evolution, it is entirely feasible for such people to combine the best of both worlds, utilizing the cultural resources of the metropolis and avoiding its plagues.

This is the last Easy Chair Bernard DeVoto wrote. To the many readers who have expressed a sense of private loss at his unseasonable death, the Editors extend their full sharing in sorrow and in respect for him. Perhaps it can best be said at such a time as this that in twenty years of occupying The Easy Chair he never missed a deadline. On November 14, the day after he died, this copy came in—on time, as always, as we had known it would.

We need stipulate only that our seeker be in earnest. He is looking for some other island, for Bali Ha'i, a place where he can keep the integrity of his personality intact, live with decent dignity, and do his work in a favorable environment. This means Brookville—any of various small provincial cities whose specifications can be stated with considerable exactness. It will not be Utopia, not custom-made, and so he has got to work out the adjustment of the specifications that will best suit him.

Brookville cannot have many more than 50,000 inhabitants. It cannot be much smaller than that, either, or some of its services, say medicine or transportation, will not meet the standards our *émigré* will insist on. Any town must be dismissed from consideration whose population declined more than 5 per cent in the decade 1940-50, for its economic vigor is dwindling. So must any town whose rate of growth in that decade was higher than that of its state, for some big-city spores have reached it. Its industries must be of the kind called light and it must be so located in relation to raw materials and power sources that no industrial boom is foreseeable. On the other hand, a stable and prosperous agriculture in the surrounding region is an absolute essential; this will usually mean orchard crops, truck gardening, or dairy farming. It must be at least ten miles from a new super-highway or the route of one to be built soon, and it had better not be more than twenty miles away or there is the risk that it may later be on the route of another. It must be a safe distance, say fifty miles, from the nearest big city and in the opposite direction from the one in which the city's greatest expansion is likely to take place. The geography of its region must be such that there probably never will be a big Air Force installation within twenty-five miles.

The meaning of these requirements is obvious. Brookville has a healthy commercial life but it is not going to mushroom out and it is not going to be fouled by industrial smoke and grime. Traffic will be thin and such problems as it

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may create will be easily solved; there will never be the clotted agony of traffic jams; people will be able to get to the movies, the clinic, and one another's cocktail parties with decent dispatch. Most of all, it will have the greatest boon Bali Ha'i can offer anyone; it will be quiet. There will be no pound, hammer, and rattle of big mills. The most nerve-shattering of all decibels, those created by long-haul trucks, will be well over the hill. Jet planes will not be taking off all day and night and there will be no rocket-launching platforms.

Only a few state capitals qualify; I'm sorry that the others are excluded by our further specifications, for their permanent bureaucracy and active political life are desirable. So Brookville must be at least a county seat, which means a small civil service, courts, lawyers of worldly culture and high professional standing, and active politics. And there must be a college or university—in fact, this is as basic a requirement as the geographical situation I have defined. A college means a faculty, a group of cultivated people whose interests are the same as our *émigré's*. It means a library, a pretty good one in its own right and able to put at our man's disposal the resources of such other libraries as he may need.

For the decentralization of learning that the last generation has brought about is what makes the whole scheme possible. By means of slides, microfilms, and inter-library loans it is possible to do one's professional research practically anywhere. The college has a department or perhaps a school of music, too, and a concert series, and a broadcasting station. This means about as much music as anyone will want, if he is willing to take his symphonies by radio; the oddities and rarities of metropolitan music, however, will be unavailable. On the other hand the college station will constantly provide much better radio and television programs than the commercial networks do. In this respect our seeker is in for a great and very pleasant surprise.

THAT does it, I think. What more does the seeker want? Brookville is a mature society and it has reached an equilibrium. It is quiet, clean, uncrowded; its air is

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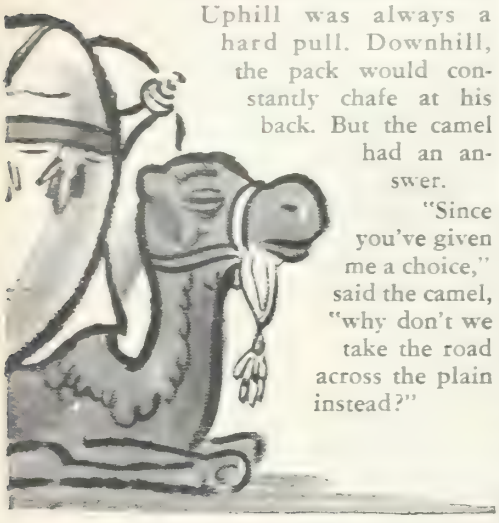
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clean. It has developed organically but it is self-limited. It has continuity and tradition. Its tempo is unhurried. There are neither enough people nor sufficiently concentrated financial interests to create the pressures of the metropolis. It is a community; it is probably the most vigorous kind of community we have.

Indeed, though our *émigré* might be frightened if he understood it in advance, one of the solaces Brookville has for him is that he cannot avoid active membership in the community. He has had no such thing in Scarsdale or Darien. Probably he has voted there but what other act of citizenship has he ever performed? He went to a mass meeting when the New Haven threatened to drop two trains from its schedule and there has been his annual explanation to the Red Feather representative that he was forced to reduce his contribution this year, though he may have left that to his wife. But in Brookville he will inevitably be drawn into the unofficial, short-lived groups that combine for specific civic purposes which are a central energy in American society. What needs to be done will hit him in the eye, he will trip over it outside his drive, and if he should miss it someone will be on the phone to sign him up. He will find himself circulating a petition to extend a sewer, heading a committee to get a new wing for the hospital, and joining a delegation to protest something to the city council. He may turn up as a candidate for the school committee.

What are the drawbacks? The *émigré* artist or professional intellectual will find few of his colleagues in Brookville, except as the college provides semipros or an occasional pro. The theater is denied him. The plays which the college produces will be of much higher quality than the Broadway average but they will be produced amateurishly and acted badly, and there will be no revues. He will be at a serious disadvantage if his job requires him to use museums; even those of a big university are much less satisfactory than what he has been used to in the metropolis.

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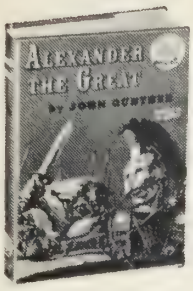
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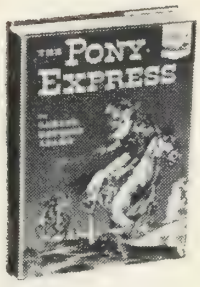
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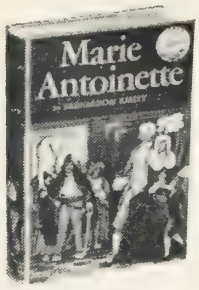
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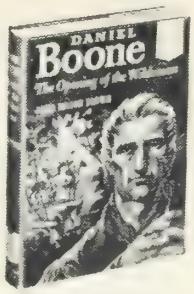
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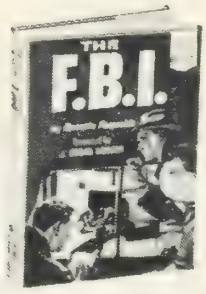
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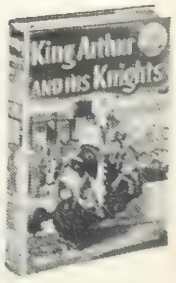
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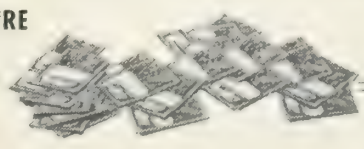
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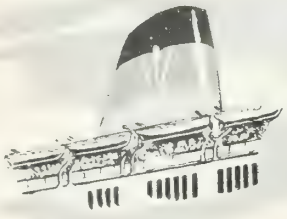
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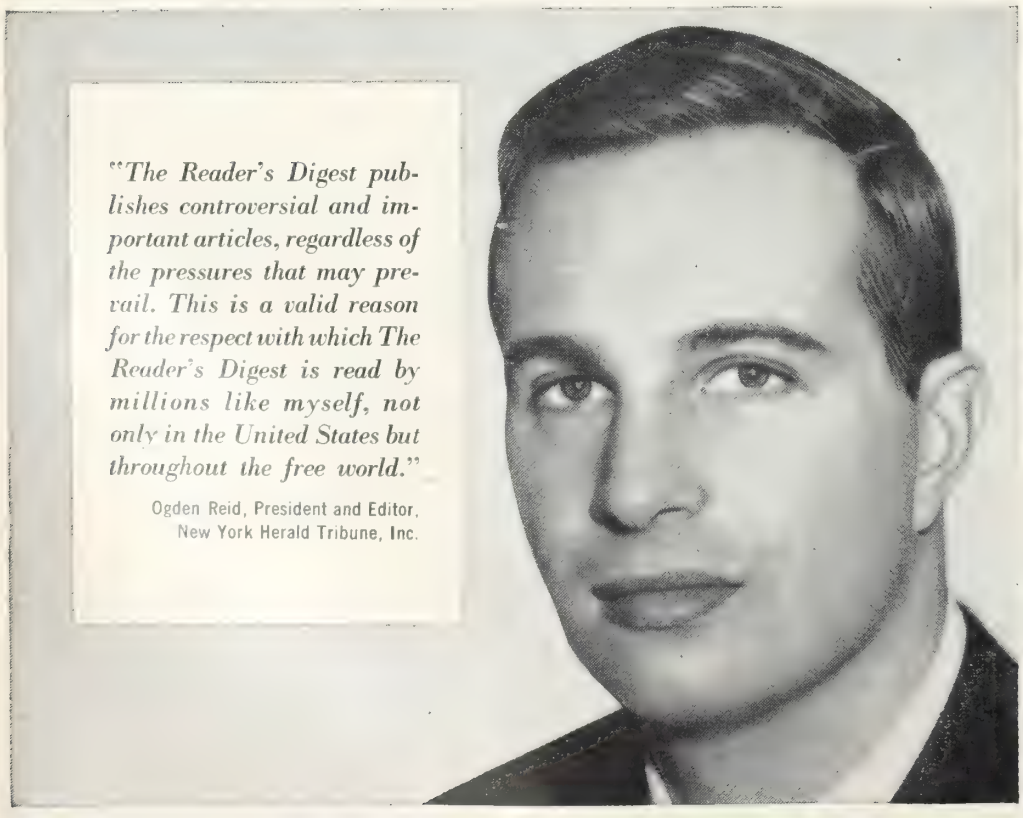


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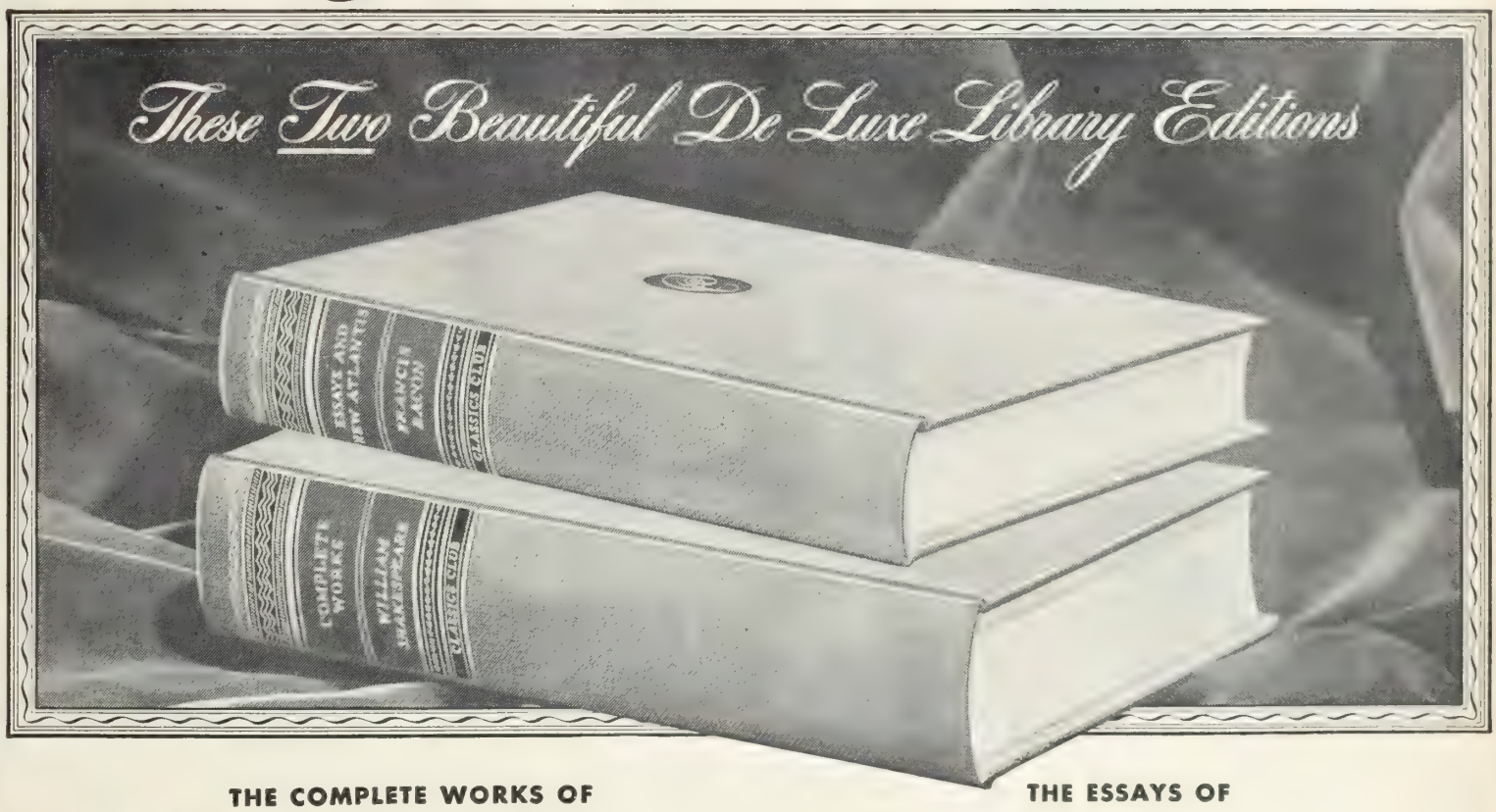


tion. Nobody is going to push through a re-zoning ordinance and buy his place for an apartment house site, which is what he looks forward to in a suburb, or add it to a residential development, as in an exurb becoming a suburb. Finally, he has given up the city's anonymity; though some aspects of it have added to his misery, other aspects are the city's greatest blessing. In the East Eighties nobody gave a damn what he did, how much he drank, who his friends were, what his morals were. But a small city is also a small town. It will be permanently inquisitive about him; it will maintain a picture window opening on his privacy.

Two other attributes are neutral, to be scored as neither gain nor loss. If he has been a communications genius on the top level, then he is used to being a member of the master class, with a respectful peasantry touching its forelocks while gouging him on labor and supplies. There are no peasants in the vicinity of Brookville. But if his whim runs that way he can continue to satisfy what Mr. Spectorsky's sociological jargon calls the yearning of a symbol-manipulator to be a thing-manipulator, or at least go through the motions of one. This means an intellectual's fantasy of being a farmer and sprouting roots. Farming is a mug's game for amateurs but he is free to play it at Brookville, though he will have to make a larger capital investment. The surrounding countryside is cropland, not slashland or scrubland as it mostly is in the exurbs.

All this is to say that the sticks do not exist in the United States any more, or rather that they have dwindled to easily quarantined up-country areas. Nowadays Carol Kennicott would need to dream no farther than the courthouse and Felix Fay would be as content at Urbana as at Chicago. That the reader may not even recognize their names is a measure of how fast and far we have traveled; their rebellion is meaningless in the 1950s. Today they would probably be joining a counter-migration which, though numerically small as the census figures I have quoted show, is surely significant. For the seekers we are talking about, a small city of a specific kind is a perfectly adequate solution. Anybody can

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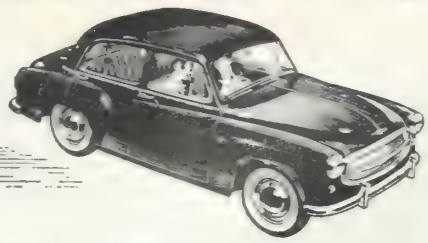
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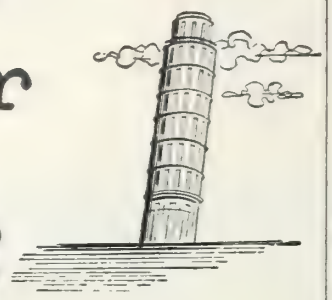
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TO ROUND this out. I observe that there is also another solution: to regard Bali Ha'i as strictly occasional. My other island, for instance, has always been Vermont. When we left New York after an unsatisfactory experiment there, my wife and I thought very seriously of moving to Brattleboro. When we decided to go back to Cambridge, it won out by what seemed no more than half a foot-pound of tug. It was the right decision. Cambridge is an enclave in metropolitan Boston; I have heard that unless you have a jagged crack in you, you cannot live there at all. This may well be true, for it is the screwiest town on earth and one of the ugliest and most uncomfortable. But it is also endlessly fascinating and I cannot imagine wanting to live anywhere else. Yet it is certain that this equanimity and satisfaction hinge on a single fact: I can and frequently do drive to Brattleboro in two hours, and any other part of Bali Ha'i can be reached in less than four more hours. So the other island is at hand when I want it and I do not have to spend winter or mud-time there, and no town assessor levies taxes on my real estate at the rate set for outlanders.

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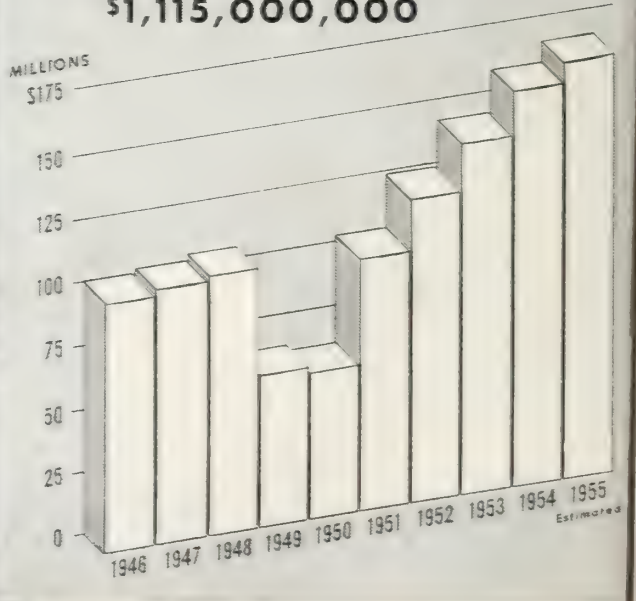
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CONTINUE?

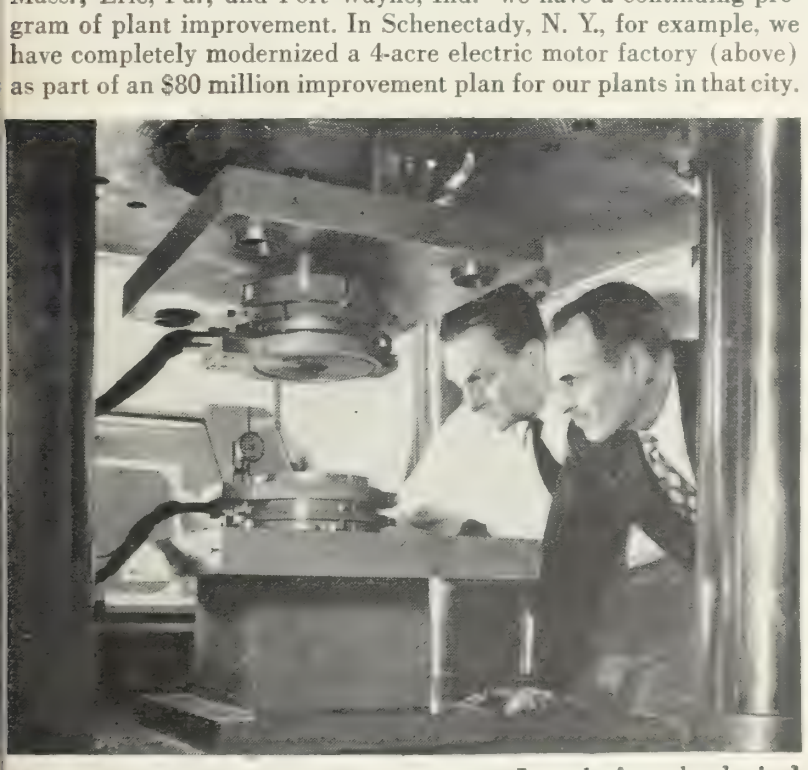
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12 new laboratories have been opened. In today's technological age, research creates new products and jobs. 70,000 General Electric employees today are working on products we didn't make 15 years ago. One recent example: Man-made diamonds, produced by a 1,000-ton press in our Research Laboratory (above), will mean future jobs at General Electric's Carboloy Department in Detroit.



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PERSONAL *and otherwise*

Man Here Wants to Be Heard

Thomas R. Waring is middle-aged, middle-income, a conservative, and a gentleman. (In his part of the country, that word still has a precise meaning.) He has a sense of responsibility to the public interest, as he conceives it; a wide acquaintanceship throughout the South; and instincts of decency and good will.

He speaks for a considerable body of opinion throughout the seventeen Southern and Border states. These people believe—with some reason—that they have been denied a hearing in the national press. As a result they are convinced that the country as a whole carries in its mind a dangerously false picture of the situation in their region.

"The Southern Case Against Desegregation," on page 39, is Mr. Waring's attempt to correct that misconception.

He does not speak for all the South. No one man can, for the South is no longer Solid, in any sense. The astonishing changes of the last ten years have dissolved it into widely assorted groupings and interests, which have not yet found a stable equilibrium. (Their search for one was reported in *Harper's* last April by another Southerner, William G. Carleton, in "The Triumph of the Moderates.")

Obviously Mr. Waring does not speak for the Negroes, as he himself points out. Neither does he speak for the Southern liberals—a small but articulate group which has proved quite capable of speaking for itself. (Many Southerners, of whatever stripe, get exasperated when outsiders assume that a Ralph McGill, a Jonathan Daniels, a William Faulkner, or a Hodding Carter represents The True Voice of their region.) Nor does he speak for a good number of young people, who would not call themselves liberals but whose racial attitudes are more flexible than their parents'—often as a result of working beside Negroes in universities or the armed services.

On the other hand, Mr. Waring has little in common with the lunatic fringe of White Supremacy fanatics of the old Klan variety; he would regard them with a mixture of sorrow and contempt. And he stands equally far apart from the cold-blooded demagogues, who make a profitable business out of stirring up the sediment of fear, ignorance, and hate at the bottom level of Southern society.

(These men are seldom fanatics themselves, but they know how to manipulate the fanatic and the frightened. An interesting example is ex-Governor Herman E. Talmadge of Georgia. He has recently published a book, *You and Segregation,* in which he argues that "God advocates segregation" . . . that integration of the schools is a Soviet plot to debauch the white race and undermine the Constitution . . . that the Supreme Court's decision against segregation resulted from "pro-Communist influence." Governor Talmadge is far too intelligent to believe these things—but by saying them he may well succeed in grabbing the Senate seat now held by Walter F. George.)

THE group Mr. Waring does represent is less noisy than either the liberals or the demagogues. Consequently it is often overlooked. This is unfortunate, because its influence on the course of the South—during the next five years, at least—probably will be decisive. It consists of solid, stubborn, well-meaning, worried, middle-class citizens, much like Mr. Waring himself. He knows their views, because he edits the Charleston, South Carolina, *News and Courier*—a newspaper which has, in the main, served this particular group for a century and a half. His family has lived in Charleston—the most Southern of all Southern cities—for nine generations.

Harper's is publishing his article for four reasons:

(1) Unless the rest of the nation understands the state of mind he re-

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CITY & STATE

flects, the events now taking shape in the South may come as an unpleasant surprise. For the Supreme Court's decision did not settle the segregation problem; it merely moved it into a new arena.

(2) So far, there has been almost no rational discussion between the men of good will on each side of this issue. Until such a dialogue can be started, the angry men will dominate the field. And the longer this continues, the more strongly each side is inclined to believe that the other is incapable of reason, unwilling to seek rational solutions, and amenable only to force—force in the guise of lawsuits, economic pressure, or simple violence.

(3) Other points of view on this question have been presented here fairly frequently. (Recent examples are James Baldwin's "Me and My House" last November; "The Churches Repent" by Lee Nichols and Louis Cassels in October; and "When Negroes Entered a Texas School" by Arthur D. Morse in September 1954.) The editors believe that most *Harper's* readers, as a matter of fairness, will want to listen to the opposing arguments.

(4) One of the duties of an independent magazine, allied to no party or interest group, is to give a hearing to significant bodies of opinion which cannot find expression elsewhere—even when the editors disagree.

THREE comments need to be made about Mr. Waring's arguments:

(1) While white Southerners protest that the rest of the country is slow to understand them, they seem remarkably reluctant to understand public opinion in the North and West. Many of them—though not Mr. Waring—are inclined to attribute bad motives to anyone who speaks up for Negro rights. Like Governor Talmadge, they often blame the whole agitation on Communism, or on sordid political maneuvers in Northern states with big Negro populations. Seldom are they willing to grant that millions of Americans see racial justice as a moral issue—springing from the Christian doctrine that every man is equal before God—and that it has been a moral issue ever since the days of Thoreau and Emerson. They forget that, at bottom, this was what the Civil War was all about.

(2) These Southerners argue—correctly—that no solution will work in this or any other major political problem, unless it is acceptable to all the interest groups concerned. Not all of them may like it—but they have to be persuaded (not forced) to say: "Well, I'll go along." That phrase sums up the Doctrine of the Concurrent Majority—a basic cornerstone of American life, formulated by another South Carolinian, John C. Calhoun.

But few seem willing to accept the Negro as a true party-at-interest, who has just as much right as the white Southerner to a voice in working out a mutually acceptable solution. There is little evidence that Southern whites have as yet, offered to consult Southern Negroes on equal terms, in an effort to negotiate a settlement which both sides can live with. Such negotiations would, of course, mean the granting of full political status to the Negro community in the South—the final acknowledgment that this interest group is a member of the American political family. That is precisely what many white Southerners are reluctant to grant; but until they do, no workable solution to the segregation issue (or a host of related issues) is possible—for the very reasons which the Southerners have always argued more loudly than anyone else.

(3) What infuriates the white Southerner beyond all else is the feeling that he is being pushed. Ever since about 1830, he has felt—correctly—that he was under pressure from the North; that outsiders were trying to meddle with Southern problems; that he was being prodded to change things too fast. His exasperation at such prodding touched off the Civil War—and to many a Southerner the Supreme Court's school decision looks like a provocation very similar to Lincoln's reinforcement of Fort Sumter.

But the Northerner (and the Negro) can reply that the white Southerner never moves at all unless he is prodded—and prodded hard. Every improvement in the status of the Negro as a citizen has resulted from outside pressure; and at every step the white Southerner has shouted "too fast." Until he begins to move under his own steam to solve his own racial problems—in a manner acceptable to *both* races—he can expect that outside pressure to continue.

Is it too much to hope that moderate men, both North and South, can learn to discuss these questions in a moderate tone of voice?

DIEM'S GODFATHER

FEW Americans realize that Senator **Mike Mansfield** of Montana is widely regarded abroad as the chief architect of United States policy for Southeast Asia. The French, especially, blame him for putting Diem at the head of the Viet Nam government in Indochina—and keeping him there, in the teeth of French intrigue, propaganda, and slander.

There is a lot in what they say. Senator Mansfield's first-hand reports from Indochina did carry great weight in shaping American policy; and his steady support has been largely responsible for keeping Diem's government afloat, when most newsmen were predicting that it would sink in a matter of days.

The Senator recently returned from another visit to Viet Nam. His account on page 46, and his forecast of what is likely to happen there, is one of the most cheerful reports on foreign affairs that we have been able to publish in many months.

Before he was elected to Congress in 1942, Senator Mansfield was a professor of Far Eastern and Latin American history at Montana State University—but, unlike most professors, he never finished the eighth grade. He enlisted in the Navy at the age of fourteen, served through World War I, and later did stretches in both the Army and Marines. Later he worked as a miner and mining engineer, while he completed his education in his spare time. He is one of seventeen teachers in the Senate—a more intellectual body than some observers might suspect.

. . . "The Wall Street Lawyers"—their origins, habits, take-home pay, and other tangible and intangible rewards, as well as the burdens they bear—are the subject of **Martin**

Some Sober Facts Behind the Search for Oil

by Former Ambassador to Great Britain,

LEWIS W. DOUGLAS

In recent times some people have expressed the view that the oil industry has been enjoying a favorable tax position by reason of the provision for depletion. Yet, drilling for oil has always been one of the riskiest businesses in the world and is becoming more hazardous. Here are a few sober facts that face the man who drills for oil today:

He must invest about $123,000—on the average—in every exploration well he drills; yet *only 1 out of every 9* of these "wildcat" wells ever produces oil.

And only 1 out of 44 wells finds an oil field big enough to supply America *for just 4 hours.* The odds against finding a 50,000,000 barrel field—enough to supply the U. S. for about a week—are incredible—966 to 1.

But this is not all. To a great extent the obvious shallow sands where oil might be found easily have already been tested. Consequently today's wells must be drilled to much greater depth at much greater cost to reach productive oil sands. Drilling and exploration costs are about *400% higher* than 25 years ago and the odds of finding even marginal production are far more adverse.

And unlike a factory which can produce at a constant rate for many years, an oil well dies a little each day. Finally it stops producing altogether—in other words, it becomes "depleted."

As early as 1918 Congress recognized that, with America increasingly dependent on oil, it had to create an incentive so that men would take the unusually hazardous financial risks involved in the search for oil.

Therefore, Congress wrote a depletion provision into the tax law—permitting oil producers to exclude 27½% of the gross income from their oil or gas property in arriving at a taxable income basis for tax purposes. This deduction, however, cannot exceed 50% of the property's net income. And, of course, it applies *only* to oil and gas *production.* Other activities of the industry, such as refining, are *not* subject to depletion.



Lewis W. Douglas has won distinction in virtually every phase of American life. Prior to serving as Ambassador to Great Britain, he was a Congressman, Director of the U. S. Budget, and a college president. Mr. Douglas is now Chairman of The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York and is the principal owner of the Southern Arizona Bank and Trust Company.

Coal and metal mining—in fact, all "natural resource" industries—have similar tax provisions. Actually, the depletion provision is designed to make up for the inevitable exhaustion of the natural resources man has discovered. And it encourages the costly search for new deposits—needed to replace those that are exhausted. Yet, the provision for depletion is often misunderstood and unfairly indicted.

Experience demonstrates that the national interest has been properly guarded and well served by provisions for depletion. With the depletion provision in effect, America has become the world's largest producer and user of petroleum. Yet we pay *less* for most oil products than most other nations. And, despite record usage, we keep finding more oil than America uses. In a world of wings and wheels, this could well provide the balance of power. Certainly it is the necessary support for an economy that runs largely on petroleum products.

We can be thankful for the incentives that have encouraged men to brave the heavy risks of loss and to continue the increasingly difficult search for new oil fields which alone can replace the old fields that are being used to power our country.

This is one of a series of reports by outstanding Americans who were invited to examine the job being done by the U. S. oil industry. This page is presented for your information by The American Petroleum Institute, 50 West 50th Street, New York 20, N. Y.

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P & O

Mayer's two-part, strictly unofficial investigation which begins this month with "The Elite Corps of American Business" (p. 31).

Mr. Mayer at twenty-eight has written two books—a political novel, *The Experts,* and an entertaining and penetrating book called *Wall Street: Men and Money.*

. . . The joys of "Retarding Shakespeare" (p. 37) came to **Milton Kaplan** the hard way. He is a teacher of English at George Washington High School in New York City and chairman of the department. His poems have appeared in a number of magazines and he is the author of *Radio and Poetry.*

. . . **Frances McFadden**—Connecticut-born and a former managing editor of *Harper's Bazaar*—sets her new story, "Lazy Susan" (p. 52), in the old silver-mining mountain country of the West. Miss McFadden lives in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

. . . Mental hospitals in the United States (especially public institutions) have recently been pictured as the disgrace of the nation. Actually first-rate treatment—with good records of cure of patients—exists in many public as well as private hospitals. Among the best is St. Elizabeths—federally owned and operated and a true pace-setter for a whole century.

Natalie Davis Spingarn, who reports on the huge establishment in the District of Columbia (p. 58), has written for the past five years in the health and welfare field. She is married to a Washington lawyer, has two sons, and serves on the boards of the Green Acres School and the Woman's National Democratic Club.

. . . Benjamin Franklin's 250th birthday is the ostensible reason for **Harold A. Larrabee's** sympathetic analysis of "Poor Richard in an Age of Plenty" (p. 64). However, Mr. Larrabee, who is professor of philosophy at Union College, and American editor of the international quarterly, *Bibliography of Philosophy,* has almost an inherited interest in Franklin, since his father belonged in the 1860s to a schoolboy club modeled on the Junto and called the Franklin Fraternity in the Melrose (Massachusetts) High School.

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P & O

Professor Larrabee should not be confused with his fellow-editor of the *New England Quarterly* and editor-in-chief of the Franklin Papers at Yale, Leonard W. Labaree; nor, especially in *Harper's,* with his son, Eric Larrabee, an editor and contributor well known in these pages.

... The light verse this month is contributed by graduates of serious colleges: **Helen Puner** and **Judith Murphy** (p. 51) went to Barnard and Smith respectively; **Felicia Lamport** (p. 67) to Vassar; **John Betjeman** (p. 55) to Marlborough, Oxford. His poem is from *A Few Late Chrysanthemums,* one of his several books published in England.

... In "The Bird and the Machine" (p. 69) **Loren C. Eiseley,** professor of anthropology at the University of Pennsylvania, tells one of those odd adventures of the scientific imagination reflecting on the facts of experience which have been his unique specialty in nearly a dozen *Harper's* articles since January 1947. Always skirting areas of the controversial, Professor Eiseley cut glancingly into modern Darwinian theories in his most recent article, "Was Darwin Wrong About the Human Brain?" (November 1955). A sampling of the repercussions appears in the Letters column this month.

COMING NEXT MONTH

The role of leader of the opposition party in American politics has never been clear-cut. **Adlai E. Stevenson** sums up what he has tried to make it.

Helen Puner previews the new findings about teen-age behavior by Dr. Arnold Gesell and his associates.

Dave Beck and his 1,400,000 Teamsters are the most powerful single force American labor has ever seen. **Sidney Lens** explains their threat to the new AFL-CIO merger.

A French Dominican priest who is a shrewd but friendly critic of American culture, **Raymond-Leopold Bruckberger,** offers a challenging "Assignment for American Intellectuals." And **Francis King** describes the unique charms of modern Greece.

"God's Long Arm Reached Down to Help Me!"



For almost a lifetime, the woman had stood on the threshold of the Catholic Church—uncertain whether to come in or stay out.

"Seemingly," she says, "I was born loving the Catholic Church." This she attributes to a "small miracle," inasmuch as her parents were not Catholic, or even religious; and "our relatives and friends were none of them Catholics."

As a child, she loved to visit Catholic churches to light candles and pray the rosary. But as she grew older ... and tried to evaluate Catholic beliefs on her own limited knowledge, or upon the mistaken opinions of others ... a "wall of obstacles" kept getting in the way.

In the midst of her confusion and uncertainty, she enrolled for the Knights of Columbus course of Catholic instruction which is given free by mail. And now a Catholic, she says: "I am filled with wonder and gratitude that God's long arm reached down to lift me up so tenderly."

It is unfortunate, but true, that many people seeking knowledge of the Catholic Church encounter a "wall of obstacles" as this woman did. The reason is, usually, that so many of the "facts" they hear about the Catholic Church are not facts at all, but misrepresentations or the fruits of misunderstanding. Even those who admire and respect the Church ... and who wish to hold for it only sentiments of tolerance and goodwill ... are often confused and deceived.

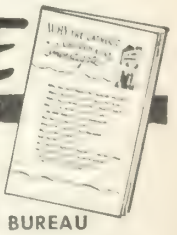
There is, of course, only one fair and proper way to understand and evaluate Catholic teachings and worship. That is by getting the facts about them from an *authentic* Catholic source. And that is why the Catholic Church says again and again ... "INVESTIGATE!"

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Harper's MAGAZINE

THE WALL STREET LAWYERS

Part I: The Elite Corps of American Business

MARTIN MAYER

They have created the "law factories" that sell the costliest advice in the world . . . they shun publicity, hobnob with intellectuals, need a million a year to keep the office open . . . and seldom step into a courtroom.

ADVERTISEMENTS offering new issues of state and municipal bonds usually begin with an italic heading: *"Interest Exempt, in the Opinion of Counsel, from All Present Federal Income Taxation."* Counsel's opinion of a new issue of corporate securities is not printed, because there's no way to avoid the tax; but in every ad could appear the more simple statement, *"Our Lawyer Says This Is Okay."* A similar slogan could underline every announcement of a change in a corporation's policies, and could be printed at the bottom of the memorandum slips by which executives communicate with one another. There are few commercial situations, these days, in which a business can safely proceed without approval first from a lawyer.

Small businesses get their advice from small law firms; big businesses, from big law firms. There are thirty-five or forty law firms in the United States in which the year's fees, after expenses, are split up among fifteen or more partners. Most cities of more than a million population have at least one such firm, but they concentrate in Washington, Chicago, Boston, and New York. Especially New York—the most recent Martindale-Hubbell law directory lists no fewer than twenty law firms with fifteen or more living partners. All but two of these firms are located around Wall Street, in the half-mile square that marks the financial district; and all but one draw their income almost exclusively from corporations, financial institutions, and large estates.

In a law firm with fifteen partners, there will usually be twenty to fifty "associates," young lawyers who are employees rather than members of the firm; and for each attorney there will usually be one nonprofessional on the staff. Even the smallest of the big law firms will feed some seventy mouths every week, and the largest—Shearman & Sterling & Wright—with thirty-three partners, feeds more than two hundred.

To meet such a payroll requires a considerable income: no law firm of fifteen or more partners

can live on total fees of less than one million dollars a year.

"For an average firm," said a Wall Street partner* recently, "two or three million would not be an extraordinary year."

Clients' fees are the most belligerently defended secret of a trade in which almost everything is confidential, but there is a written record that Cahill, Gordon, Reindel & Ohl collected $425,000 from RCA Victor in 1954. And about 80 per cent of every big firm's total income is predictable in advance, on the basis of an average year's work for clients who "retain" the firm.

The names of the big firms, and of the big lawyers who run them, appear only rarely in the newspapers in connection with their work. Newspapers are interested in divorce actions and criminal trials. The large corporate law firms will manage divorces for high corporate executives, but the function is management only, and if the case threatens to hit the headlines they will hire and hide behind an outside lawyer. Criminal law is frankly a separate specialty and one which does not interest the corporate lawyers, though they will very occasionally undertake a defense in an unpopular *cause célèbre*: Debevoise, Plimpton & McLean appeared for Alger Hiss; Winthrop, Stimson, Putnam & Roberts for William Remington.

Nevertheless, the Wall Street lawyers are often famous men, even household names. The late John W. Davis (Davis, Polk, Wardwell, Sunderland & Kiendl); Governor Thomas E. Dewey (Dewey, Ballantine, Bushby, Palmer & Wood); "Wild Bill" Donovan (Donovan Leisure Newton & Irvine); Kenneth Royall (Dwight, Royall, Harris, Koegel & Caskey); Robert P. Patterson (Patterson, Belknap & Webb); Wendell Willkie (Willkie, Owen, Farr, Gallagher & Walton); Henry Stimson (Winthrop, Stimson, Putnam & Roberts) —all these men are or were members of large New York law firms. So are or were Thomas Finletter, Irving S. Olds, Ernest Gross, Arthur Dean, John Foster Dulles, and John J. McCloy, none of whom has ever had his name included in the title of the firm for which he worked.

CULTURAL HIGH JINKS

THESE men are very large frogs in the national puddle; and some of their partners, lawyers whose names are utterly unsung, may be larger still. Their influence and their acquaintance cover the Western world. Some of them represent foreign governments in their commercial dealings with the American market. Many of them are members, honorary or otherwise, of the British Inns of Court. They have Paris connections: in the days before the war, most of the big Wall Street firms maintained a Paris office, and the freshly married young associate was likely to receive a European trip as a wedding present. Even today, when governments have usurped the lawyers' role in international trade, Wall Street partners are constant transatlantic voyagers, for sport or conversation. Several are members of the Royal and Ancient, the great and intensely exclusive club which adjoins the golf course at St. Andrews; at least one is a member of the Athenaeum, the London club which exists to recognize achievement in the arts.

The cosmopolitan attitude, the clubbishness, and the fascination with art are distinguishing marks of the top Wall Street lawyer. He wears them as the advertising executive wears Bermuda shorts: they distinguish him from his clients. He is the master of an intellectual discipline. Wall Street lawyers are, or recently have been, Chairman of the Board of the Metropolitan Museum and Secretary of the Morgan Library; Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Metropolitan Opera; Chairman of Cooper Union and President of the Grolier Club (book collecting); Secretary of the Whitney Museum (modern American art); and President of the New York Public Library. Their infiltration into the societies of the learned and artistic is continuous, and in some cases overwhelming. A rough sur-

* Canon 27 of the Ethics of the Bar holds that "It is unprofessional to solicit professional employment by circulars, advertisements, through touters, or by personal communications or interviews not warranted by personal relations. Indirect advertisements for professional employment such as furnishing or inspiring newspaper comments . . . in connection with causes in which the lawyer has been or is engaged or concerning the manner of their conduct, the magnitude of the interest involved, the importance of the lawyer's position, and all other like self-laudation, offend the traditions and lower the tone of our profession and are reprehensible. . . ."

Like any ethical proposition, the Canon is susceptible to individual interpretation, and is sometimes entirely ignored. Most of the lawyers to whom I spoke, however, felt that the appearance of their names in an article of this nature would violate Canon 27. I agreed that I would not use their names, or identify with their firms the data or the opinions that they had given me. It was understood that I could use any and all information that I found for myself from printed or other sources outside the firm.

Since I would not wish to cause the imputation that those lawyers who failed to invoke Canon 27 operate on a lower ethical standard than their fellows, I have attributed all quotes to anonymous "partners."—*M.M.*

vey indicates that dozens of partners in Wall Street firms belong to the Century Association, which is supposedly for the arts at large; a few belong to the Coffee House, a club of painters, actors, editors, and writers; more than a few to the Lambs, the Lotos, and the Salmagundi. If the Algonquin Round Table were still in existence, it would shine with legal lights.

Some of these men were brought up to intellectual society, but for most of them participation in *Kultur* has been a conscious effort and a real accomplishment. They were not to Manhattan born, but come from all over the country; in most cases they are the first of their families to see an opera, let alone run an opera house. Entree was admittedly easier for those who were born rich, or made their money early, but it was an accomplishment for everyone. To be accepted as an entertaining fellow by the people who entertain you is one of the ultimate triumphs of life.

These are the *bons vivants,* and they run together in clubs—but not all Wall Street lawyers belong. Not everyone has a yacht, or even a set of golf clubs; only a few fly the seaplane commuting service out to Southampton in the summer; many live in apartments. One partner entertains his office staff with champagne and fish eggs, but another, whose name is writ large in many books, will make a single boiled ham feed a hundred employees. Everyone belongs to a luncheon club, because there is practically no other way to eat on Wall Street; but presence at the Recess Club or the Downtown Association means one thing, presence in the Perpendicular Gothic chambers of the Lawyers' Club, another. ("I can't see," said a banker recently, "why anyone would wish to belong to that.")

Members of the Lawyers' Club tend to consider the cultural and social activities of their partners as so much meaningless high jinks, a way of ducking service on the committees of the American Bar Association and its affiliates. (As one partner put it, suspiciously, "I just don't have that much time.") What maintains the appearance of harmony, and even good-fellowship, is an unwavering respect for the intelligence of any fellow attorney who can earn $100,000 a year. That—and the fact that every Wall Street lawyer shares in the development of a still new and changing profession, a legal life that would have seemed preposterous less than seventy years ago.

To some people, it seems preposterous still.

The Bar of seventy years ago was a highly inefficient institution. A lawyer preparing a case had to find his facts and his legal citations for himself. His client paid him for his skills in developing and presenting lines of argument; but a good attorney had to put in days or weeks of donkey work before he could get to the fee-earning part of his job. He could bring his brilliance and eloquence into play only on scattered great occasions. The rest of the time he was too busy.

He had clerks, but he paid them nothing and the work they did was usually worth little more than it cost. Until the turn of the century apprenticeship in an attorney's office was the usual way to become a lawyer, and no special training came before. In return for his services (which were mostly copying), the clerk was to be taught all about the law. It was a profitless enterprise on both sides; and shortly after the turn of the century several New York firms announced that they would hire only graduates of accredited law schools, and that they would pay such clerks a salary. Six hundred dollars a year.

At about the same time, the nation's streetcar companies began to drown in their buckets of watered stock. The resultant bankruptcies revealed vast tangles of interlocking interest, dubious assets, and questionable liabilities; and lawyers were called in to straighten out affairs and defend erring directors. Meanwhile, Teddy Roosevelt was taking after the big trusts, wielding the shillelagh of the Sherman Act. Both the bankruptcies and the anti-trust actions were cases of unprecedented complexity, which would often take several years in the processing, and which demanded the services of teams of lawyers rather than individuals. School-taught clerks fertilized the seedlings of complex cases, and the great law firms grew.

Before 1900 there was scarcely a firm which could boast as many as ten lawyers; by 1920 there were at least twenty New York firms with twenty lawyers or more. Today the top half-dozen Wall Street firms can offer their clients the services of about one hundred members of the Bar. Trained subordinates make it possible for senior partners to devote their time entirely to those parts of the legal function in which their talents are extraordinary, and to earn, as a result, extraordinary incomes. The size of the operation guarantees that every stone will be turned, every detail explored and understood.

These mammoth partnerships in the law are among the least understood phenomena of the managerial revolution. They are self-perpetuating bodies, drawing this generation's partners from last generation's associates, and what they

sell is almost exclusively efficiency and knowledge. Time, Inc., first went to Cravath, Swaine & Moore for legal assistance because Henry Luce's brother-in-law was a partner in the firm; social connections, or a parvenu's desire to make them, may have brought in some of the big firms' biggest clients. But once the client arrives, he stays, though all the persons depart who were involved in the original arrangement. After a few years as attorney for a large corporation, a large law firm has accumulated so thorough a background in its client's affairs that it has become virtually irreplaceable. In many cases a partner of the law firm sits on the company's board of directors, and in almost every case the law firm is regarded as part of the company's permanent secretariat.

BOILERPLATE AND AMOEBAE

MUCH of the work which a hundred-lawyer firm does for a billion-dollar corporation is simply a gigantic enlargement of what every lawyer does for every business client. Contracts are the basis of commerce; like the one-man office, the "law factory" negotiates, draws, and enforces contracts.

But the contracts are complicated. They may involve direct negotiation with the government, airplanes for the Air Force or atomic submarines for the Navy, contracts in which the placement and composition of every bolt must be specified—as well as a formula for possible renegotiation, or even cancellation. They may reflect all the touchy human attitudes subsumed under the heading "labor contract," or all the statutory trap doors cut by a wise old Congress beside the narrow path which leads to the sale of stocks and bonds.

"In the old days," a partner said recently, "a businessman could walk into a lawyer's office and describe his troubles, and the lawyer could give him an opinion—on the assumption that the description was accurate. Today, a man walks into my office and asks for my opinion on a contract, and I have to tell him that my opinion isn't worth a nickel. I'll have to go through his files and get a full background on the case before I can tell him anything. Even then," the partner added thoughtfully, "what I give him won't be an opinion. It'll be advice."

There can be no guesswork here: both the attitudes in negotiation and the terms of the final agreement must reflect a real-life situation. Digging up the facts is often a purely non-legal research job—but only a lawyer will know which facts are important. Twenty lawyers can work twenty days to draw up the necessary documents for an issue of mortgage bonds.

Sometimes the legal element is merely a matter of form, and all the work is research. Most of the giant law firms represent a bank which acts as transfer agent every time a corporation's stock is bought and sold. The seller's stock is handed over to the bank, which cancels and hides away the certificates (in most cases they cannot be destroyed), and then issues new certificates to the buyer. By the terms of its agreement with the corporation, the bank may be liable for a mistake in transferring stock ownership. And often the seller's shares are countersigned not by the owner, but by someone who claims to have the owner's power of attorney or to be trustee of the deceased owner's estate.

For its own protection, the bank must find out whether or not this claim is legally accurate; and the suspect certificate is shipped up to the law offices for investigation. A young lawyer then goes out to "examine the amoebae"—that is, to determine whether the man who sold the certificate actually had the right to sell it. He almost always did, which makes the work of verification about as dull as any work can be.

An equally tedious business is the preparation of documents for new security issues, gloomily referred to in the trade as "boilerplate." Firms which do a good deal of boilerplate always have a high ratio of salaried lawyers to partners; they, and the firms which service big banks, are unpopular with the younger men. Milbank, Tweed, Hope & Hadley used to examine amoebae for the Chase National Bank, and Dewey, Ballantine, Bushby, Palmer & Wood for the Bank of the Manhattan Company. Both firms would like to get all the work from the Chase-Manhattan amalgam—but not every associate is rooting for the home team.

Partners in the big firms, who order but do not perform boilerplate, find it more difficult to define "dull" and "interesting" work.

"At this time," said one of them, cautiously, "we don't represent clients that have a great deal of routine work. We do a good deal of litigation, which is supposed to be romantic and makes us popular with the younger men. Litigation, though, involves much reading in the history of a particular situation, which to my mind is damned dull.

"A great deal of practicing law is hard and dull work—unless you like it. A lot of it is unexciting. The end result is always very exciting."

A firm which serves a big corporate client

must maintain an alert attitude on a dozen fronts at once. RCA's conduct of its business may be affected by decisions made in state legislatures and Congress, the state and federal courts, in the Federal Communications Commission, the Federal Trade Commission, the Securities and Exchange Commission, the National Labor Relations Board, the Internal Revenue Service of the Treasury Department, and the Anti-Trust Division of the Justice Department. And others. Cahill, Gordon, as counsel to RCA, must be informed on every change of policy in any of these agencies—and must know what the change will mean to RCA.

SIXTH-SENSE STUFF

FINDING out what the government and judges have been up to is not so difficult as it looks. The Commercial Clearing House, Prentice-Hall, Kiplinger, and others run expensive services which keep lawyers up to date on all public decisions in various fields. Reading all the reports takes time, but not nearly so much time as finding out and deciphering all the decisions. Knowing the potential impact of each decision is the special skill—but it requires intimate knowledge of the client's business.

Formally, a firm is not said to be its clients' "lawyers," but its clients' "counsel"; and here the word retains its meaning. The lawyer counsels caution or daring, advises specifically on policy and operation.

"Your modern corporate lawyer," said a partner, "is a member of the command staff of a corporation. One: Finance. Two: Law. Three: Engineering. Four: Accounting. It's like the organization of an army. We like to think of the legal division as G-2."

The most valuable legal counseling is that which predicts the future: will the courts uphold the New Jersey fair-trade law? When the decision is to come from a judge a forecast can be plotted: the law works by a system of *stare decisis,* it stands decided, and a lawyer can look up past court decisions and make at least an intelligent guess at Yes or No.

Congress, though, is always unpredictable. And the alphabet agencies in Washington definitely represent a government of men rather than laws: how they will rule in a given situation depends less on precedent than on the weight of political and other pressure. The Interstate Commerce Commission, throwing out the basing-point system of steel prices, was merely sending down the lightning from storm clouds that had been in the sky a long, long time. The steel companies were able to make rapid and inexpensive adjustments, despite their howls of anguish, because their lawyers had seen the decision coming. This is sixth-sense stuff—sixth-sense, and a Washington office. Many big New York law firms have a Washington office.

Corporations take more easily to legal advice today than they did two decades ago. An attorney who had advised a client to obey the Wagner Act before it was okayed by the Supreme Court would probably have been an ex-attorney. (The corporate lawyer of the 1930s, however, was often more irritated than his client; in 1939 John Foster Dulles of Sullivan & Cromwell urged the corporate lawyer not to pick fights with government commissions simply "because this will afford the lawyer a chance to vent his general feelings against commissions as such.") These days, by and large, a corporation comes to a lawyer to find out what the law means rather than how he can get around it.

Not, however, in tax matters: every client wants his lawyers to hunt for loopholes in the tax code. Though it may seem morally dubious from the outside, this legal game of hide-and-seek is officially ethical, authorized by no less an analyst than Justice Holmes. The work, again, is mostly in prediction, in counseling rather than advocacy; rather than help his client make out a tax return, the lawyer tells the client which of alternative business practices will involve the least tax liability.

This is the newest and most rapidly growing specialty within the law, and for obvious reasons. At the present corporate tax rates, every dollar that can be deducted adds 52 cents to profits; hundreds of thousands of dollars can sometimes be saved by a slight change in accounting procedure. Business ventures that seem unprofitable can be attempted without anxiety, because the Treasury underwrites the risk. Sometimes the tax picture, as the aesthetes call it, shows the way for an unsuccessful business to absorb a good one—most notably in Kaiser Motors' purchase of Willys-Overland. Kaiser paid much less than the book value of Willys' assets. The difference between this payment and the book value was a tax loss for Willys, and could be carried back against its profits of previous years. To Kaiser the price was a bargain; to Willys the price plus the huge tax refund was a very good deal. The entire plan was conceived and delivered in the offices of law firms.

Most of the work which the large law firms do for individuals relates in some way to taxes.

Wills, for example, must be carefully drawn to save the individual from the dread prospect of leaving his money to the government. In this part of its work, the law firm can also scratch backs with an important client: estates require trustees, and what trustee could be more dependable than the bank for which the law firm is attorney?

KEEPING OUT OF COURT

LITIGATION, the actual advocacy of a client's cause before a competent tribunal, occupies less than one-tenth the time of a large law firm. Some firms avoid it entirely. Following the English tradition, they like to consider themselves their clients' "solicitors"; when the clients' affairs produce a lawsuit, they call in a "barrister."

"It's very convenient for them," said a litigating member of another firm. "A lawyer's reputation is on the line every time he tries a case. If you lose a client's case, you may lose the client. This way, you can say to the client, 'We got the best in the business for you. There just wasn't any way to win it.'"

More charitable attorneys give weightier reasons:

"Litigation work is sporadic, time-consuming, and tiring. You may not have enough of it over the course of a year to make a separate litigation department profitable. A partner with several clients to serve may find that whenever he undertakes a litigation for one of them he has to slight the others. And then, it knocks you out. You have to stay on top of an argument all day long, and maintain an appearance of calm control when people are surprising the hell out of you. You worry all day and all night, not about what *is* happening, but about what *might* happen, all the things you don't want to have come up in court. It's no work for an old man. If you look at those older lawyers who do handle court cases, you'll notice that they don't drink and they don't smoke, they were born with the constitution of a dray horse and they keep themselves in shape."

But every year, fewer law firms find that they can still afford the luxury of sending important court cases to independent barristers. Boards of directors are more careful with the stockholders' money than they used to be, and there is greater reluctance to pay what looks like two fees for a given piece of work. Nevertheless, several litigation experts—most notably Harold Corbin and Milton Pollack—have hung up individual shingles in the Wall Street area to meet the demand for barristers, and they do fine.

The ordinary run of lawsuits against corporations—the lady who slipped on the marble floor of the bank and bruised her hip, for an alleged $1,500,000 worth of psychological damage—never comes into the ordinary Wall Street office at all. Such cases are processed by house counsel, lawyers on the corporation's payroll or on the payroll of its insurance company. Some large firms maintain a distant, jobber's contact with such cases because they manage all a corporation's legal business, and subcontract the chicken feed to experts on corn.

A few of the special fields within the realm of corporate law do call their practitioners constantly before the bar or the commission or the arbitrator. Patents involve constant litigation, and so does admiralty law, which is usually the province of firms specializing exclusively in this salt-water world. (The biggest, with sixteen partners and twenty associates, is Haight, Deming, Gardner, Poor & Havens.) Labor work means repeated arbitrations, and in time of crisis frequent appearances before a War Labor Board, Wage Stabilization Board, or what-have-you. Any part of a law practice may produce a lawsuit at any time—a broken contract, an adverse decision by the Director of Internal Revenue, an insufferable ruling by the Federal Trade Commission. But even the firms which try a plenitude of lawsuits would still hold to Elihu Root's old dictum that "a lawyer's chief business is to keep his clients out of litigation."

Saving, of course, an Act of God—which, to a big corporate law firm, means an Anti-Trust Case. Both the Sherman and the Clayton Acts are vague laws, drawn to secure a general aim rather than a specific objective. For the purpose of bringing a suit, the phrase "restraint of trade" means what the Attorney General wants it to mean. And the corporation which has been sued must defend its business record, especially its dealings with and/or against its competitors, over a period of several decades.

The loss of an anti-trust suit will always force a company to make costly changes in its operating procedures, and may involve a substantial fine. (Or an even more substantial judgment of triple damages, if the case has been brought by a private party.) The "Brandeis brief," an enormous agglomeration of statistical and other material calculated to stun a court by its wealth of revelation, is standard operating procedure for the defense, and preparing such a brief requires literally years of work. Individual barristers are

not equipped to carry this kind of burden, and they tend to sneer at anti-trust actions as "not litigation at all—just office work carried on in a courtroom."

Perhaps the greatest whang-do in legal history was the anti-trust case against the investment banking houses. This one took about three years to prepare, and eight months just for the government to present evidence (the defense did not have to present evidence, because Judge Medina threw out the case). The total fees, paid to two out-of-town and eleven Wall Street firms—Breed, Abbot & Morgan; Cahill, Gordon, Zachry & Reindel; Cleary, Gottlieb, Friendly & Hamilton; Covington & Burling; Cravath, Swaine & Moore; Davis, Polk, Wardwell, Sunderland & Kiendl; Donovan Leisure Newton & Irvine; Emmet, Marvin & Martin; Shearman & Sterling; Sullivan & Cromwell; Webster, Sheffield & Chrystie—have been conservatively estimated around $3,000,000. They would have been higher, of course, if the case had run the full possible gamut of judgment and appeal.

Even larger fees are paid to the attorneys who shepherd a company from bankruptcy to reorganized normalcy. In such a case the SEC recently allowed $831,000 for the services of Guggenheimer & Untermyer (whose cable address is *Melpomene,* the Muse of Tragedy; they had asked for $3,200,000). Technically, this work is litigation, too, since it must be performed under the supervision of a court or a government agency. But the lawyers' time goes into sorting out the company's obligations and divvying up among bondholders and stockholders whatever is left of the corporation in which they invested. It takes years to reach an agreement, and by then, like as not, the economic situation underlying the agreement has changed, and everybody has to start all over again.

Wills and estates are the most profitable items in every law office, and any lawyer will feel his future best assured by an intimate relationship with a large, successful, federally-regulated corporation. But the drawn-out court cases, anti-trust actions and bankruptcies and reorganizations, are still the classic way to support a law firm. There is an old story about the young man fresh out of law school who came into his father's office and began going through the files with an idea of straightening things out. He came across an overstuffed folder with records of a court action that had been dragging on over the years, and found that the point remaining at issue between the parties was relatively insignificant. He called the attorney on the other side, and in five minutes closed out the case. Then he went into his father's room and proudly announced, "I've settled the Frammis matter."

"Everything cleaned up?" his father said. "All statements agreed upon?"

"That's right," said the boy.

"Well," said his father heavily, "when you leave the office this evening, lock the door and throw away the keys, because we are out of business."

[*Part II will deal with the organization and day-to-day operation of the Wall Street law firms, and the social implications of their work.*]

Retarding SHAKESPEARE

By Milton Kaplan

IN THE past few years, in response to the demands of the high schools for texts suited to the needs of the retarded reader, a new series of classics has appeared on publishers' lists. Attractively printed and illustrated, novels like *David Copperfield, A Tale of Two Cities, Les Miserables,* and *Moby Dick* have been "adapted" for the slow reader. In virtually every case, the editor introduces the book with an earnest assurance that the basic text has been left inviolate, save for the simplification of the vocabulary, the elimination of unessential parts, the abridgment of long passages, and the addition of a few transitional sentences. The spirit of the book, every adapter insists, continues to bloom through the parings, the prunings, the clippings, the transplantings, and the graftings.

As an illustration of this technique, in necessarily fragmentary form, let us take the opening



paragraph of Chapter III of *Silas Marner.* In leisurely manner, George Eliot writes:

> The greatest man in Raveloe was Squire Cass, who lived in the large red house, with the handsome flight of stone steps in front and the high stables behind it, nearly opposite the church. He was only one among several landed parishioners, but he alone was honored with the title of Squire; for although Mr. Osgood's family was also understood to be of timeless origin—the Raveloe imagination having never ventured back to that fearful blank when there were no Osgoods—still he merely owned the farm he occupied; whereas Squire Cass had a tenant or two, who complained of the game to him quite as if he had been a lord.

In the adaptation of *Silas Marner,* the brambles of difficulty are cleared away until the path of the author's meaning is discerned by the stumbling reader:

> The greatest man in Raveloe was Squire Cass, who lived in the large red house with the handsome flight of stone steps in front and the high stables behind it, nearly opposite the church. He alone of the land-owners in the parish was called by the title of Squire, because he alone possessed land enough to rent a farm or two to tenants.*

SO FAR, the adapters have limited their activities to prose, although one daring mariner has ventured on the sea of *The Odyssey*—in prose of course. It would seem to me, however, that in their solicitude for the slow reader the adapters have ignored the rich field of poetry. Surely they are doing the retarded student a grave injustice if they fail to use the techniques of adaptation to present poetic literature in more palatable form.

It would be simple enough. Here, for instance, is a Shakespeare sonnet:

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possessed,
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee—and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of dawn arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;
For thy sweet love remembered such wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

The theme of the poem, overgrown with cluttered lines and turgid figures of speech, cries for the precision of the adapter's axe.

Let us begin. Lopping off all the clinging vines of the imagery, we trim the first line until we have:

Poor and disgraced . . .

Simplified, the second and third lines become:

in vain I cry alone . . .

The rest of the octet resolves itself neatly into:

Desiring all that other men possess . . .

The sestet incorporates two figures of speech of relatively little consequence, for they merely underline the meaning, which is in substance:

But when I think your sweet love is my own,
My sorrow changes into happiness.

And here, in four brief lines, we have laid bare the heart of the sonnet:

Poor and disgraced, in vain I cry alone,
Desiring all that other men possess,
But when I think your sweet love is my own,
My sorrow changes into happiness.

The advantage of this procedure is that despite the cuts, we have retained many of the actual words Shakespeare uses, with only an occasional interpolation for transitional purposes; we have kept intact the iambic pentameter of the original; and certainly we have transformed the sonnet into a form which even the slow reader can understand.

If any publisher is interested, I should be happy to prepare an adapted version of all of Shakespeare's sonnets. With that out of the way, perhaps I shall try my hand on *Paradise Lost*

* *Silas Marner,* adapted by Mabel Dodge Holmes, Globe Book Company, page 17.

that these countries should not be unified by the Chinese Communists, or their puppets.

To save Korea from Communist unification we remobilized our armed forces, engaged a large part of them on distant battlefields, and spent billions of dollars to maintain the Republic under Syngman Rhee. To preserve Formosa we have allocated enormous sums to the Chinese Nationalists, stationed a fleet between the island and the mainland, and even threatened to go to war ourselves. In Viet Nam, we backed the French and the non-Communist Vietnamese allied with them with billions of dollars in aid. While we did not actually commit ourselves to war to prevent Communist unification of Viet Nam, it was not for want of official voices advocating such a course.

Since the defeat of the French Expeditionary Force in the great battle of Dien Bien Phu in 1954, our policy in Viet Nam has supported not merely anti-communism but also Ngo Dinh Diem. But while in this sense our policy has become more positive, our activity in the area has become more modest, and so have our words.

It is somewhat ironic, therefore, that where we are doing the least, the prospects for success are the best. Not only is there a good chance of preventing the Communist unification of Viet Nam, there is even the possibility of a positive advance of freedom.

A MAN WITH A MISSION

A KEY to this anomaly, I believe, is to be found in the character of Diem. Leadership is a revealing index to the situation in any country, whether it is regarded primarily as molding the forces within a society, or as giving them expression. There is a difference in a United Kingdom headed by a Churchill and by an Eden. A subtle change has taken place in the United States since leadership passed to The Team after the unfortunate illness of the President. It is difficult to envision the direction in which India might have gone in the past quarter-century without first a Gandhi and then a Nehru.

In some respects, leadership as a molder rather than an expresser of the social forces in a country is more significant in Asia than in the West. The shock of independence has left these countries in a very amorphous state. They are nations turning on a kind of giant potter's wheel. The fingers which shape them before the clay hardens will have much to do with their ultimate forms.

It is not accident that elections in many Asian countries are being conducted with ballots which show the portraits of contesting candidates side by side. More than a technique of voting is involved; there is a certain symbolism. The voter tears the ballot apart, deposits his preference carefully in the box, and casts the other candidate into the dust.

If Viet Nam has not set in the Communist mold—as was almost universally expected a year ago—it is due in large part to Diem.

I met him for the first time in the United States in early 1953. Although he was then in one of his frequent self-imposed exiles, he possessed a deep conviction and almost buoyant confidence that he would some day steer his country between colonialism and communism toward freedom. He had a unique training for the mission which he had set for himself. Reared in the classical atmosphere of an Oriental court (his father was a Mandarin), he had nevertheless been educated in the democratic and humanistic precepts of the West. He understood the pitfalls of both colonialism and communism.

He had attempted to work for the freedom of the Vietnamese people under the prewar government and had become one of its few respected administrators. But when it became clear to him that his talents were being used to perpetuate colonial control and corruption, he severed all connections with Bao Dai, incurring the deep-seated enmity of the ex-Emperor. He endeared himself as little to the Communists when he spurned Ho Chih Minh's offer to appoint him to the key post of Minister of Interior in the Viet Minh government.

When I talked with Ngo Dinh Diem three years ago at a luncheon given by Justice William O. Douglas, there seemed little likelihood that this man—outlawed by both sides in the Indochina conflict—would ever have an opportunity to put his nationalist idealism into practice. But only a few months later, when Viet Nam had been all but abandoned to the Communists, Diem was chosen by a reluctant Bao Dai, as a last resort, to head the government of free Viet Nam. The Communists greeted the selection with derision.

When I visited Indochina in the fall of 1954, Diem was a lonely figure in Saigon. He had inherited a government in chaos, run by a coalition whose only claims to authority were guns and influence with the ex-Emperor Bao Dai. It was composed of the gangsters and ex-river pirates of the Binh Xuyen semi-secret organization, the mystical quasi-religious sects of the countryside known as the Hoa Hao and the Cao Dai, and by colonial hangers-on. The de-

moralized Vietnamese army was a separate force, with a chief of staff nourishing expectations of establishing a military satrapy in south Viet Nam.

This weird conglomeration was held grimly together by the French Ministry for the Associated States in Paris and the French Expeditionary Corps based in Saigon. Bao Dai, who bore the title of Chief of State and served as the instrument of cohesion, issued orders and edicts from Cannes on the French Riviera.

While the various elements of power alternately vied and co-operated with each other in the struggle for control in Saigon, the Communist Viet Minh under Ho Chih Minh strengthened their grip on the country. The Geneva truce had consigned the northern half to the Viet Minh. They promptly fastened on it an authoritarian regime modeled after Communist China. Below the seventeenth parallel, underground Communist cadres and organizers were the real power in much of the countryside. A Vietnamese official indicated the extent of their penetration by bringing a brush down on a map of south Viet Nam.

"Wherever the bristles touch," he said, "there are Viet Minh."

They were the government even where officials nominally responsive to Saigon sat in the provincial and local offices. The people accepted Communist leadership partly in terror, but mostly because there was no real Vietnamese alternative.

In the jungle of colonial decay, corruption, and military defeat which characterized Saigon in 1954, Diem assumed the Presidency with few assets other than his nationalism, his personal incorruptibility and courage, and his idealistic determination. In addition, he had some cautious support from the American Embassy, the gratitude of several hundred thousand poverty-stricken refugees whom he had insisted upon evacuating from the Communist north, and the sympathy of a few small Vietnamese nationalist organizations.

Diem found few allies among the French and Vietnamese officials and military officers who crowded into Saigon in the wake of the defeat at Dien Bien Phu. The army leaders ignored his directives and constantly threatened him with rebellion. When he showed opposition to corruption, the Binh Xuyen tossed warning bombs into his residence. Colonial hacks, with straight faces, found him "unpopular," and French *colons* complained of his "stubbornness" and "inexperience."

When Diem indicated an intention of extending the authority of the government into the south Vietnamese countryside, the Hoa Hao and Cao Daist sects brandished their independent armed bands at the upstart in Saigon who threatened their "rights." The rights, it might be noted, were government subsidies and autonomous control of large areas of the countryside. In these areas the sects had the unchallenged privilege of exploiting the inhabitants in return for "protection," mystical quasi-religious services, and anti-communism.

THE SPECIAL INTERESTS

DIEM constituted a threat to all these special interests—the army, the sects and racketeers, the colonial bureaucracy, and the politicians allied with Bao Dai. They undermined Diem's constructive program by inertia, outright opposition, and conspiracy to bring about his removal. The not-very-remote danger of the Viet Minh seemed to concern them far less than the immediate danger of Diem. Some even appeared to believe that life with the Communists would be easier than with the new President.

In Saigon, in the fall of 1954, the teacup gossip measured Diem's political career, if not his life, in days and even hours. Diem, however, acted as though it would last forever. Outside the Palace of Independence, in which he sat with Eastern passivity, the clamor of opposition rose. The more Diem ignored it, the more furious it became.

He was criticized abroad for doing nothing and at home for doing too much. Actually he was doing the only thing he could do. He was maneuvering to free himself from the web of corruption and decadence and the vestiges of colonial control in which he had been enmeshed from the moment he assumed the Presidency. He was attempting to separate and dissolve the strands of this web which stretched from Paris and Cannes to Saigon and into the Vietnamese provinces. And he used his meager resources with great political skill.

Each core of Diem's opposition in 1954 was a part of the bankrupt legacy which he inherited. Put together, they revealed why half of Viet Nam had fallen to the Communist leader Ho Chih Minh and the balance was threatened, despite the presence of a French Expeditionary Force of 300,000 men and the lavish expenditures of billions in American aid.

The case of the Vietnamese army was symptomatic of the whole. Trained by the French and equipped and supported by the United States, i

was initially designed not as an instrument of a free Vietnamese government but as a supplement to the French Expeditionary Corps. Despite modern training and copious supply, it failed to perform even this limited function. And after the fighting was over, it became a serious divisive force in south Viet Nam. When Diem attempted to convert it into an element of national strength, the chief of staff—a Vietnamese of French citizenship—openly defied his orders. He ignored and vilified the President and would listen only to the French Expeditionary Corps or to Bao Dai in Cannes.

When Diem's "stubbornness" forced the removal of the rebellious chief of staff in November 1954, he had taken the first step in unraveling the strands of the web which had held him a virtual prisoner. He had in effect shifted the Vietnamese army from an independent and obstructive position into a subordinate one. If he had not done so, there would have been no opportunity to push a constructive program in Viet Nam. The gulf which already separated the army from the Vietnamese people could only have grown. In the end, the army would probably have degenerated into an oppressive warlordism, and by further alienating the people have paved the way for a Communist triumph.

DIEM'S next challenge came from the Binh Xuyen and the sects, particularly the Hoa Hao. The Binh Xuyen was literally a government within the government: the organized brotherhood of the corrupt and the lawless in and around Saigon-Cholon. Backed by regular armed bands, it had grown powerful on extortion, the drug traffic, gambling, and other questionable activities. By breaking its ties with the Communists who had previously bought it off, the Binh Xuyen had risen to a position of quasi-respectability, at least in official colonial circles. Although the organization continued to tap the revenues of illicit occupations, it became a pillar of strength in the Saigon government. When Diem came to power, Bao Dai took the precaution of placing control of the police and the national gendarmerie in the hands of the Binh Xuyen. It became, therefore, at once the principal enforcer and the principal breaker of the law in Saigon-Cholon.

What the Binh Xuyen was to the metropolis of south Viet Nam, the Hoa Hao and, to some extent, the Cao Dai were to the countryside. Their armed bands, supported by subsidies from Saigon and by exactions from the peasants, held the villages in a state of terror.

Previous governments in Saigon had made their peace with these groups by buying them off, by doing nothing to curb their predatory activities, or by entering into open alliance with them. With little support among the people, the succession of ineffective governments had to rely increasingly on these oppressors of the people to preserve even the fiction of ruling. And the more they relied on them, the more they separated themselves from the people.

When Diem began to call a halt to the patronizing of the Binh Xuyen and the sects, he was called "inexperienced" and "uncompromising." When he closed the gambling casinos in Saigon-Cholon on which the Binh Xuyen relied for a large part of its revenue, he was called a "madman." When he cut off the subsidies to the sects, it was "the end."

Diem ignored these criticisms and the repeated exhortations to compromise. In the meantime, he was strengthening his control over the Vietnamese army command and persuading leading generals of the Cao Dai sect to join the nationalist cause. With the Hoa Hao and the Binh Xuyen, however, there could be no compromise. They would accept no arrangement which impaired their privileged position of autonomous power. Diem could not concede that and still expect to lead the Vietnamese people.

Sensing their power slipping, the Binh Xuyen and the Hoa Hao launched a simultaneous rebellion in the spring of 1955. Bao Dai—who had not dared to remove the President because of his growing influence in Viet Nam and his support from the United States—made a circuitous attempt to aid the rebels. As soon as the revolution had broken out, he switched the army's chiefs of staff in order to prevent the government from dealing with the outbreak.

For twenty-four hours Diem's fate hung in balance. In the end, however, Bao Dai's action was ignored. The army remained loyal to Diem, and after a brief and bloody struggle in the streets of Saigon-Cholon and the surrounding countryside the revolt was crushed.

Both the Binh Xuyen and the Hoa Hao were driven from the capital. The remnants of the Binh Xuyen fled to the swamps along the river some miles south of Saigon. (It was from this area that they had originally emerged as river pirates to develop the demimonde organization that eventually held all Saigon-Cholon in its grasp.) The Hoa Hao retreated to the west, broke into small bands, and took refuge in remote mountains near the Cambodian borders.

The power of both of these dissident groups

has been broken. While they may still retain a capacity for harassing the government, it is on the level of piracy and banditry. Both organizations are reported to be negotiating with the Viet Minh in an effort to recoup their shattered fortunes.

"If the Viet Minh take them," a Vietnamese nationalist explained to me, "it will be a measure of the weakness of the Communists, not of their strength. I can think of nothing which will do more to discredit them in the eyes of the Vietnamese people."

By accepting the "war of the sects," rather than permitting a continuance of their power, Diem lost the prop of several thousand armed mercenaries in the conflict with the Communists. However, in giving tangible evidence of a leadership that would act for and not against the people, he gained far more. He gained the loyalty of the national army. He gained the confidence of numerous Vietnamese who had been exploited and degraded by the Binh Xuyen, the sects, and their accomplices among the French *colons*. He gained the respect of free foreign nations—and even of the Communists who recognized that a dangerous opponent had appeared in Saigon.

GOVERNMENT BY THE PEOPLE

IN A recent plebescite in south Viet Nam, Diem's picture was placed in the ballot box and Bao Dai's discarded by almost all of the six million people who voted. Before the election it was apparent that this would be the result. Bao Dai had long since lost any significant following—if, in fact, he ever had one in Viet Nam. His key role in the conspiracy to overthrow Diem was the last straw.

What the election implied however, was more important than the actual confirmation of the ex-Emperor's unpopularity. The elevation of Diem to chief of state was an indication that the people wanted a government which would derive its power primarily from them. It was a reflection of their search for a leader who would respond to their needs, rather than to those of a foreign power and native groups allied with it. They sensed that Diem could provide that kind of leadership. It is significant that not only Bao Dai but the Viet Minh as well opposed the plebiscite.

Diem has come an incredible distance in less than two years. When last I saw him in September 1955, he exuded an air of self-confidence and authority. And with good reason, for he had taken what was a lost cause of freedom and breathed new life into it. The principal challenge which had confronted him had been to sweep away the accumulated debris of a half-century of colonial inertia. He had met that challenge. He was ready for the Viet Minh.

The road ahead for Diem, however, is in some ways more difficult than the one he has already negotiated. At the present time, he wields great personal power in south Viet Nam, comparable to that of Ho Chih Minh in the north. His principal task now is to translate this power into a people's power. He must lead in the construction of a free nation almost from the ground up—and do it under the constant pressure of the Viet Minh.

The task involves, first, the development of new political institutions which will provide adequate channels of representation from the people to the government. Deposing Bao Dai has cleared the way, and Diem has indicated that he will act promptly to establish a constitutional government. The old opera house in Saigon is even now being refitted to house an elected constituent assembly when it is convened.

Diem has also shown an awareness of the need to tackle promptly south Viet Nam's vast problems of economic and social reconstruction. These affect primarily the people of the rural areas who constitute the great bulk of the population. Edicts have already been issued to alleviate the conditions of the farmers—and now that the dissidents have been brought under control, it should be possible to carry them out with increasing effectiveness.

The armed forces, too, must be improved. The "war of the sects" indicated that there had been a vast improvement in the morale and leadership of the army since Diem took office. And General John W. O'Daniel, recently head of the United States military mission at Saigon, has commented very favorably on the national army. But, in Viet Nam, as in most Asian countries where men with weapons have long been associated with oppression, there is a deep need to root the army in the populace.

These are Diem's principal challenges. There are also others, including the development of a whole new set of attitudes and relationships with respect to foreign nations. It is not easy for Asians to pass quickly from the bitternesses engendered by colonial dependency into new ties based upon national equality and mutual benefit. Yet the necessity to do so in a world of sharp ideological conflict is very great.

But happily, in dealing with these problems, Diem is no longer alone. He has a growing fol-

lowing among young articulate Vietnamese and increasing mass support. He also has the assistance of the United States and some other free nations. Before the Diem government came to power, American aid was probably more ineffective in Viet Nam than anywhere else in the world. It is now a positive asset.

It should be noted, however, that large-scale aid can be at best only a stopgap—not only in Viet Nam but in any country where it is employed. The efforts of the people themselves must ultimately provide the key to freedom. American aid is not a panacea. It is helpful if it stimulates the constructive energies of the recipients. It can be wasteful and harmful if it serves to stifle those energies by building unnecessary reliance on this country. Diem is not the kind of man who has removed his country's dependency on one foreign country only to shift it to another. He is nobody's puppet.

Viet Nam is also fortunate in having the resources which can supply the basis for an independent national existence, if they are effectively utilized. The economy of the country, however, is now in a difficult transition from a colonial to an independent base. Assistance from the United States, therefore, can be of particular importance at this time. But it must be designed consciously and intelligently to help put a strong economic floor under Vietnamese independence if it is to be useful.

The free south is potentially in a better position to unify Viet Nam than the Communist north. Its advantage lies not only in a superiority of resources but in its orientation toward freedom rather than totalitarianism. While the north is likely to come increasingly under the domination of Communist China, the south can grow steadily more independent. In short, Diem's star is likely to remain in the ascendancy and that of Ho Chih Minh to fade—because Diem is following a course which more closely meets the needs and aspirations of the Vietnamese people.

This likelihood may well explain the sense of urgency which the Communists have exhibited on the question of unifying the country. It may even lead them to attempt a military coup before it is too late. If Diem continues to pursue the building of a free nation in south Viet Nam with the same perceptiveness, courage, and sure-handedness which he has so far displayed, he will be ready for elections on unification when the conditions for a free choice exist in Viet Nam. Will the Viet Minh be willing to accept them at that time? It is doubtful, but if they do, it is likely to be Ngo Dinh Diem's picture that will go in the ballot box and Ho Chih Minh's that will be cast into the dust.

THE WELL BRED CHILDREN

by Helen Puner and Judith Murphy

WHEN unto us was born a son
In nineteen hundred forty one,
Behaviorism spurred our tots on—
Its prophet was a Dr. Watson.

(Train your babe like Pavlov's pup.
Down with bottle, up with cup,
Said the doc.
Schedule mealtime, schedule solace,
Conditioning comes über alles.
Cradles must not rock.)

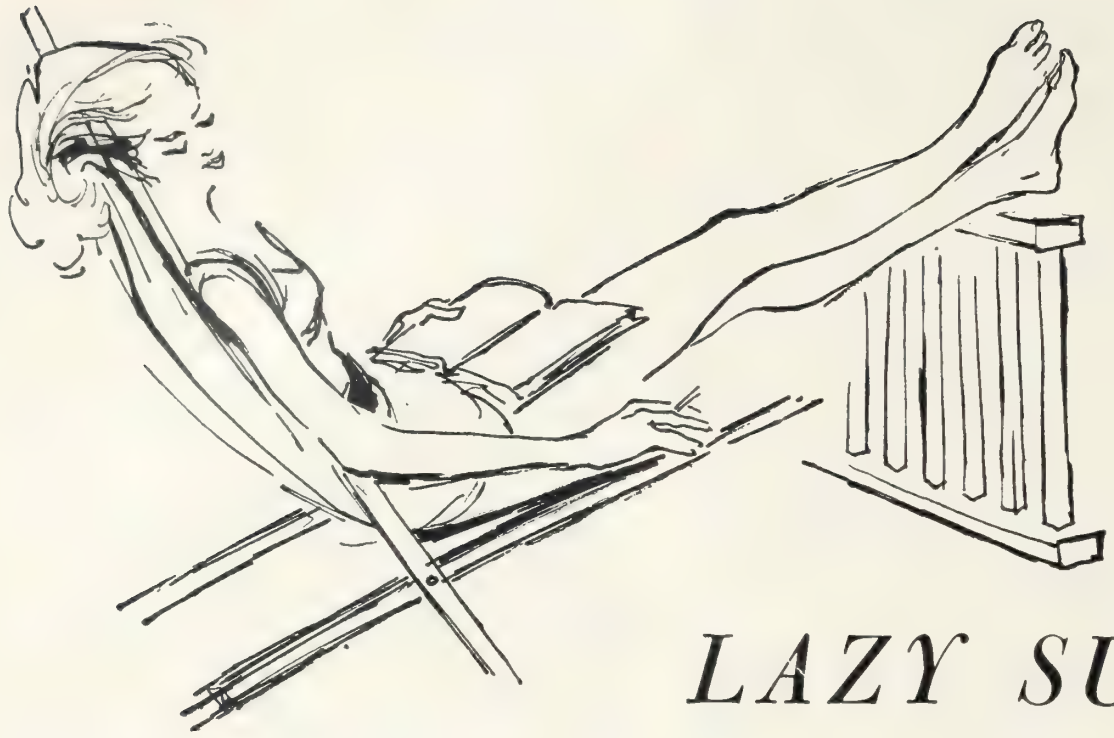
But then our second came along
When A. Gesell said Watson's wrong.
Misled moms must learn new tricks,
So echoed Aldrich, Spock, and Wickes.

(Life's a plant for love to nourish,
Loving makes your baby flourish,
Said A. Gesell and Spock.
Little ones must grow at leisure,
Development is not a seizure,
Cradles must now rock.)

Today our third looms large in sight
And rooming in is what's all right.
For separate rooms at birth, says Ilg
Make for psychic bile and bilge.

(No lone and cursory nursery!
For birth's enough adversity
For this new little chap.
We'll attune to nature's laws
As papooses do and squaws—
Parting is a trap.)

The modern infant's safely bred
According to what's lately read.
And we parents, ever-ready,
Well informed, but quite unsteady
Keep our eyes upon our book,
Never stop to take a look
At what a tangled web we weave
When first we practice to conceive.



LAZY SUSAN

A Story by Frances McFadden

Drawings by Maria Horvath

THE TWO little boys, Benjy and the Visiting Elk, were dawdling over their supper in the kitchen.

"What's that?" the Visiting Elk asked, pointing to the whirligig in the center of the table.

"It's a Lazy Susan," Benjy informed him.

"Was it named after your mother?" asked the Elk.

"No," said Benjy. Then, as he caught up with the implication his voice rose loyally, provocatively nasty. "No, Mr. Fatbottom. Of course not. *My* mother isn't lazy."

The Elk took up the challenge. "She doesn't work as hard as *my* mother," he said.

"Oh, yes, she does," said Benjy. "She works harder than anyone in the world."

Susan, having a stolen cigarette on the tipsy long chair on the back porch, leaned her head against the sagging canvas. She was so tired she could hardly move. The beds in the bunk house were still unmade. The supper dishes still to be washed. She hadn't taken the baby's temperature. The two little girls had to be fetched from supper at the ranch five miles down the valley. And now the boys' voices, floating through the screen door, presaged one of those endless arguments, boast topping boast, that often terminated in violence.

"She doesn't shoe the horses," the Elk was saying. "Dan is coming over from the ranch to shoe them."

"She could. She just doesn't want to," said Benjy. "She feeds the horses and she waters them. She has to fill that big trough by pail, all the way from the barn. And she cleans out the corral. You should see her raking up the manure and shoveling it. Sometimes the wheelbarrow is so heavy that she can hardly push it, and she goes like this—"

The cheek of him, thought Susan. The brazen cheek of that little imp, showing off to the older boy, staggering dramatically around the kitchen, imitating her at her Augean labors. He was about to be eleven. Raking the corral was supposed to be *his* chore. She only did it because she was so sick of nagging.

The Elk was unimpressed. "She doesn't get down on her hands and knees and scrub floors. Do you know how many rooms are in my grandmother's house? Twenty! Every summer my mother must scrub about half a mile."

"That's not anything," said Benjy. "Mom painted the jeep. And then she didn't like the color and she scraped it all off and the paint leaked into the engine, so she had to clean that. It took days and days."

"She hasn't got five children," said the Elk.

"She has four, and with you that makes five, so it's just as bad," retorted his host.

"Oh dear," thought Susan. "Now there is going to be bad blood. Why didn't Benjy shut up?" He was a year younger than the Elk. In a battle of wits he didn't have a chance. But he was still fighting.

Benjy: "Do you know how many meals my mother has cooked since she married my father? Thirteen thousand, five hundred and sixty-five! She figured it out once."

The Elk: "She hasn't been married as long as my mother. My mother must have cooked fifteen thousand at least."

Benjy: "You've got Mrs. Pettschwalk."

The Elk: "Not any more."

Benjy: "You've got a dish-washer."

The Elk: "It doesn't cook."



THERE was a long silence. Still eating. That would mean the end of the lamb that was to have held out through the morrow. Susan edged her chair sidewise, with her back to the screen door, slipped off her moccasins, and tucked her bare feet up on the porch rail. She took a book from behind the shutter and read.

Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,
Luxe, calme et volupté.

Her thumb lay on the printed page. The nail was cracked and stained from the jeep job. She tucked it under a page, settled herself voluptuously, closed her eyes, and repeated the words in whispers, like an incantation.

The back porch was Susan's refuge. Built in silver-mining days, abandoned for years among other gingerbread ghosts, the house had been partially restored for rental. An inner wall had been broken down to make a big dining-and-cooking kitchen. Since then, everyone used the new door which led out to a deck cantilevered over the lake. The old back steps, unused, had parted company and were slowly rotting, and the old stoop just hung there on the side of the house, half-sheltered by the remains of a trellis, one steer's horn still over the door—a haven of obsolescence. Here, for a few stolen minutes every day, unless some holocaust interfered, Susan flopped on the long chair. Sometimes she took with her a little gin and tap water, and set the glass on the floor beside her. But the gin, without company, made her cry. All July, every evening, she lay there, legs stretched out, feet on the rail, staring rebelliously at the lonely mountains.

It had been a bad summer. A dead coyote had been found in the town reservoir, and that scare was hardly over before the telegram came announcing that Sam, her Sam, had to fly on business to Istanbul—to Istanbul!—and could not possibly get West until the end of the summer. Then Rocket, the palomino, developed a limp, and Clover-bell, the old mare, guaranteed safe for widows and orphans, went wild and jumped the fence into the neighbor's lawn, where she stood staring at Susan with a look of triumph on her long, stupid horse face, waiting to be coaxed home with oats. The baby was complaining of a mysterious itch. The faucet of the kitchen sink, like all rented faucets, had begun a maddening drip-drip. In the dry mountain heat, the green lawn withered, no matter how often she nagged the children to move the sprinklers.

Then, as a final straw, the Juvenile Delinquent moved in next door, threatening to infect the whole neighborhood with his depravity. She was grateful when a wire came in August begging a bed for the tried and trusty Visiting Elk; but on the second day of his visit the Elk stepped on a rusty nail and was partially immobilized. Benjy and he spent hours hacking around, arguing endlessly, or practicing a dangerous exploit—climbing the gate post and trying to cross the top rail without holding on, while the horses, unexercised, stared over the fence and chewed up trouble.

If the truth were to be told, Susan could not have weathered the summer without her legs. Her blonde hair had dried out like straw, and refused to curl. Her skin, that tanned so gloriously down by the sea, shriveled and scorched. The dust, blowing in clouds from the corral, left pink rims around her eyes. But her legs—long, slim, strong, stemming from neat thighs under faded blue cotton shorts—were getting browner and better every day. A lovely patina had de-

invading her life without warning and without credentials. If she let him come once, he'd come again and again. Maybe she couldn't handle him; she hadn't had much practice since her marriage. Or maybe she wouldn't want to when the time came.

No, she thought, hovering over the bin and feeling the dank chill fanning her hot face, she should never have assented to his call. She must get out of it, quick. She must call the ranch and tell Dan to please say to the gentleman who owned the Jaguar—how dreadfully promiscuous it sounded!—that she could not keep the appointment for next week. No explanation—that would end it. She hurled two cellophane packages of wienies into the cart and moved resolutely to the turnstile.

She jabbed viciously at the choke and coaxed the accelerator with a practical toe. The jeep grumbled huffily, trembled a little, then shook all over and bounded off toward the library. She took the corners recklessly, calling crossly over her shoulder to the children, "Hang onto the baby, girls. Stop throwing those stones, Benjy, or you'll get out and walk." But when she came out of the library, she had under her arm, in addition to *The Space Ship Twins* and *Tenstrike,* a *Tale of the Rockies* and the *Habits of the Beaver,* a small volume of the poetry of Baudelaire. It was a relic of silver-mining days, the librarian said—left behind perhaps by the Frenchy that Frenchman's Bend was named for. The pages were ivory and the print very small. When she reached home, she rescued it from the bag of spinach and tucked it behind the shutter on the back porch.

ALL THAT week, after the meeting in the doctor's office, Susan performed her tasks automatically, reserving herself for the moments of retreat. The reading of Baudelaire had become ritual, the sesame that released her from reality. *Que j'aime voir, chère indolente, de ton corps si beau*—the words fell from her lips like caresses, evoking perilous images. Not-doing had become a place, somewhere in the East, way East of Istanbul. The circumstances of her presence there, and of the Jaguar's, were never quite clear. There was no beginning and no ending; the scene always dissolved just before her surrender. *O serments! ô parfum! ô baisers infinis!* Sometimes she had the sensation of drowning; she had to shake herself sharply, get up and walk dizzily about the yard in order to regain full consciousness. Then she felt wretched and a little frightened. She fancied the horses, with brute instinct, were staring at her reproachfully, and promised herself that she would forgo temptation in the future. But the next evening would find her stretched on a divan on a balcony scented with musk and havana, child of black midnights with flanks of ebony, running into trouble in her erring thoughts.

On the evening before the Jaguar's visit, her reveries were flavored with anticipation. Even now, she was thinking with a delicious sense of imminent peril, even now, his car may be racing down the Western slopes, skidding round the hairpin curves, so as not to be late for tomorrow. She would be waiting for him on the deck—in a dress, not in shorts. . . .



But here the voices of the children in the kitchen, high and angry and piercing, broke in. She found herself taking sides in their argument. She couldn't help it. Benjy was in the right; the Elk's mother didn't work nearly as hard as she did; she was always hiring sitters. Compared to life here, in fact, she had it easy.

The silence in the kitchen, the rattle of dishes in the sink and the drip-drip of the leaky faucet announced that supper was at last over and that a sketchy rinse had been effected. Presently the two little boys crossed the yard in front of her. The Elk was limping, though his foot had long since healed. Benjy, half a foot smaller, bare brown skin showing between his shrunken shirt and his levis, was tagging after, hands in back levi pockets. They were heading for the gate.

Susan flicked a horsefly off her bare toes and raised her book in mid-air to blot out the corral.

Mère des souvenirs, maîtresse des maîtresses, ô toi . . .

It was no use. Benjy's voice was high and penetrating. He was half-way up the gate post, still arguing.

"My mother can mend toilets," he jeered. "You know, Hippo, that old toilet in the bunk house. You know that tank on top of it. Mom climbed up on a chair and reached her hand into the tank and bent a wire, and the water came in again

and the ball floated and it was all fixed."

"Score," Susan said to herself grimly. The Elk sat down in the dust by the gate, removed his moccasin, peeled off one end of the adhesive, looked at his wound affectionately, pressed the adhesive back again. Then he delivered his *coup de grâce.*

"My father," he said, speaking slowly and enunciating with awe-ful pride, "my father says that my mother is on the verge of a nervous breakdown." There was unrefutable finality to his statement.

"Benjy has lost," thought Susan. Poor little booby, he tried, but he wasn't quick enough. The Elk is just like his father, never satisfied until he has the last word. Now he's had it, and they'll shut up, thought Susan. But she had not reckoned with Benjy. On the top of the post, but still hanging on, he stopped.

"My mother," he said, "isn't going to have a nervous breakdown. And do you know why?"

"Why?" said the Elk.

"Because tomorrow is my birthday, and do you know what?"

"What?" said the Elk.

"I can do anything I like on my birthday. She promised me I could. She doesn't know it yet, but I'm going to rent a Geiger counter at Neil's Hardware and we're going to take the jeep and the horses and go way up to Diamond Lake to dig for uranium. There's an old iron mine there. Dan says the rock is black and it looks like it might be a hot vein. We're going to have to dig and dig. Maybe we'll have to go a thousand feet. And we'll have to bring back some big rocks to test again on Neil's scintillator. Do you see the trail? No, not there, stupid. Look, way up there. It's not a road. No cars can get through, but Mom won't mind. She can make it. She's strong. She's stronger than anyone in the whole world."

He nerved himself to rise without support on the top of the post, crossed the top rail at a clip, stood for a second on the second post, then, with a frenzied yell, staggered, lost his balance and fell on the Elk. They rolled over and over in an amicable wrestle, unlocked, struggled to their feet and went chasing around the corner of the barn.

SUSAN slammed her book, flipped her chair upright, shook herself, and put on her moccasins. A breeze had come up. The limbs of the aspens were bending, all their little leaves in a silver flutter. In the lake, under the dark pines below the deck, a green branch was moving across the face of the water, making ripples behind—a beaver getting ready for winter. The sun had gone down behind the mountains; its sheer cliffs were a deeper, cooler red. Here and there, among the aspens on the upper slopes, there were splotches of autumn yellow.



Susan swung herself off the porch and walked to the edge of the deck. She stood squarely, like Benjy, with feet apart and hands in her back pockets, supporting her sturdy spine. Her eyes followed the trail. It wound up and up along the old railroad embankment, then dipped into a canyon, disappeared, reappeared some five hundred feet above, climbing still higher toward the pass that led to Diamond Lake. The air would be good up there, above timber line, above everyone and everything. The gentians would be a wild dark blue. There would be patches of snow on the shale that tumbled down into the icy black water of the lake and the bleached bones of cattle littering the upper pastures. Who knows what else they might discover in the black rock of the wilderness? The girls and the baby and the shovels and the Geiger counter would go with her in the jeep; the boys would ride the horses with provisions and sweaters in the saddlebags. They'd have to start early if they were to get back before dark. No one would know where they had vanished. They'd get out of town in the freshness of the early morning, while everyone was asleep. And by noon, if the jeep held out, they'd be way up there in those wild fierce peaks—a mother and her young on their way to Eldorado.

Natalie Davis Spingarn

ST. ELIZABETHS

pace-setter for mental hospitals

As a taxpayer, you own and support one of the world's best centers for treating mental illness—a pioneer for the last hundred years.

SINCE more than half of this country's hospital patients—upwards of 700,000 people—are mentally ill, one might expect the mental hospital to enjoy as much public confidence as the special centers for cancer or heart disease. As everybody knows, this is far from the case. People frequently choose suicide rather than commitment—especially to any of the almost 98 per cent of the hospitals which are publicly run. The average citizen regards "asylums" with horror and shrinks from the idea of sending a member of his family to one, even on doctor's orders.

Some of the dread may be justified; the "shame of the states" has surely received its share of publicity. But far too little attention has been paid to the other side of the picture.

There is, for instance, St. Elizabeths, the federal government's huge mental hospital in the District of Columbia. It is not typical of the nation's mental institutions; on its one hundreth anniversary last year, the head of the World Health Organization's Mental Health Section described it as one of the three hospitals in the world which have consistently practiced humanistic psychiatry. But as a pace-setter in its field, it offers a glowing example of how a mental hospital can be run.

It is even more interesting because it cares for residents of the District of Columbia—which, incidentally, has one of the highest mental hospitalization rates in the country: about 879 per 100,000 as compared to New York's 586. These rates are always highest in densely populated areas where erratic behavior is not easily tolerated. And in any national capital there are also many uprooted people who have neither family nor state to be responsible for them if they are taken ill. Among St. Elizabeths patients are employees of the government; such federal wards as certain veterans, Indians, and prisoners judged unfit to stand trial; and those individuals—dubbed "White House cases" by the hospital staff—who come to Washington with intricate plans for saving the Republic from plots and conspiracies, who take pot shots at Congressmen, or who harry the Patent Office for recognition of their genius. These often show up at the hospital in short order; Capital police and Secret Service men have learned to recognize the glassy eye and the heroic stance.

THE WALLED CITY

ST. ELIZABETHS consists, somewhat unexpectedly, of clusters of old red brick buildings, loosely Victorian in architecture, set high on a promontory where the Potomac and Anacostia rivers come together. Even on the hottest of the Capital's infamous summer days, breezes blow over its carefully tended grounds, lightly touching the two hundred species of trees and shrubs, the elegant flower borders, and, in accordance with therapeutic practices that have prevailed as long as the recognition of insanity, the minds of the patients with healing peace.

One can enter casually through any of the three gates in the high brick walls that enclose the grounds, usually with only a nod to the uniformed guards on duty. Inside, one finds patients with "ground privileges" and employees—the two groups are almost indistinguishable—going about their business on the trim sidewalks. At first only

the bunches of keys at the waists of doctors, nurses, and attendants, the tight screening on the porches, the grillwork at almost every window, and the occasional shouts from behind some of them, identify the visitor's whereabouts. St. Elizabeths' wide lawns, hilltop setting, and spectacular view of the Capital's major landmarks have led many people to compare it to a campus. This it is not.

It is, in fact, a 364-acre walled city whose citizens are some 7,500 patients and 2,500 staff members—including 1,700 professionally trained psychiatrists, psychologists, psychiatric aides, nurses, social workers, occupational therapists, vocational rehabilitation counselors, chaplains, and recreational workers. On its $13,000,000 annual budget the hospital supports its own police and fire departments, a 400-acre farm in nearby Maryland, a shoe factory, laundry, bakery, and private railroad. Since it is a federal institution, its superintendent is responsible to both the Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare and the 535 members of Congress whose sympathetic interest it is his duty to maintain. He must therefore be able to traverse political hazards with agility, and without being labeled a politician.

These are not qualifications that a psychiatrist is always called upon to offer. According to one member of the profession, there are "only a handful in the country who could run St. Es." The man who has been running it with signal success for eighteen years now is a gracious, highly articulate, non-neurotic doctor from Massachusetts named Winfred Overholser. Nothing about him suggests the popular conception of a psychiatrist. Beardless, with thick gray hair, merry hazel eyes behind glasses, and a New England twang in his speech, he could easily pass for a Senator or the head of a large corporation. Merely the sight of his tall, portly, self-assured figure striding slowly across the grounds inspires confidence.

As a St. Elizabeths therapist, who is not averse to a certain amount of psychiatric jargon, puts it: "Dr. Overholser makes a good Daddy figure around here. Father implies an authoritarian presence. Daddy on the other hand is kindly, he can command you if he wishes, but he usually merely leads you, helping you to grow and be creative in your own right."

As either Father or Daddy, his days are divided between the many facets of his complex hospital world, on each of which he keeps a close check. Reading through a stack of reports in his office, he may be interrupted by a telephone call from a Bureau of the Budget official to discuss the future of Godding Croft, the hospital farm. Making ward rounds, he visits a dance therapy class; checks on the remarkable progress being made with the new "tranquilizing drugs"—chlorpromazine and reserpine—which calm the patient, relieve his anxiety, and leave his mind clear and amenable to further treatment; and quietly listens to the many patients who approach him with their problems and thoughts, no matter how disjointed and ludicrous these may seem. Retiring to his study to finish a paper to be read before the Capital's Literary Society, he may take time out to call his chief nurse and report a student:

"Don't nurses stand up when doctors enter the room any more?"

No vital decision—from the use of a new drug to the drafting of a warm letter to new patients, the consideration of whether a fantasy like "Harvey" would be disturbing for the patients, or the handling of a habeas corpus writ—is made without Dr. Overholser's consent. And because he believes that St. Elizabeths should play a major role in the general battle against mental illness and in educating the public, he is (unlike many psychiatrists) always available to the press and almost always willing to comment on the intricacies of human behavior.

THE PIONEERS

THE history of St. Elizabeths parallels the great developments in psychiatric treatment over the past hundred years; and in many cases the hospital itself was the instigator of progress. In a corner of Dr. Overholser's study stands the small mahogany schoolhouse desk on which, in 1855, Dorothea Lynde Dix drafted an Act of Congress beginning:

"The title of the institution shall be the Government Hospital for the Insane and its objects shall be the most humane care and enlightened curative treatment of the Insane of the Army and Navy of the United States and the District of Columbia."

When the remarkable New England crusader wrote those simple, dignified words, very little was known about psychopathology. The world of psychology has turned over many times since then, the hospital has been rechristened St. Elizabeths (with no apostrophe), the Army and Navy have acquired mental-hospital facilities of their own, and high government officials, including Congressmen, are now usually treated at Bethesda Naval Hospital. But Dorothea Dix's aspirations have remained the keynote of St. Elizabeths.

In 1855 there was little to do for madness except to make the patient's surroundings as pleasant as possible. So, from its earliest days, St. Elizabeths has put strong emphasis on flowers, trees, shady walks, and on keeping its patients occupied with music, dancing, and various kinds of recreation. The first superintendent, Dr. Charles H. Nichols, believed in using as little restraint as possible—muffs and mittens existed at the hospital but were seldom used—and in choosing his staff with care.

"I never before so fully as now appreciated the extent to which the condition of patients is dependent on the character of their attendants," he wrote in the first year, comparing the disturbed state in the wards under a departed attendant with the calm that existed under her successor. "The patients are fond of her and she of them, and they jog on quietly, cheerfully, and hopefully together. How important it is that we get good attendants for our patients."

(Today Dr. Overholser tells new employees, "If you can't take any kind of abuse from a patient, you shouldn't work here. If a patient can't act crazy in this hospital, where can he make a comeback?")

Dr. W. W. Godding, who became superintendent in 1877, started a school of nursing, an innovation in an "insane asylum," and employed the first full-time pathologist in any mental hospital in the United States, Dr. I. W. Blackburn, a pioneer in neuropathology. The third superintendent, Dr. A. B. Richardson, died after only four years' incumbency, to be succeeded by Dr. William Alanson White, who played an intimate part in the development of modern psychiatry.

So important was Dr. White's contribution that the William Alanson White Psychiatric Foundation, sponsor of the Washington School of Psychiatry, which stresses the interpersonal aspects of this branch of medicine, was established in the Capital during his own lifetime—thanks largely to the efforts of a gifted, idiosyncratic disciple of his who came to St. Elizabeths as a young Veterans Bureau doctor after World War I, Harry Stack Sullivan.

When the theories of Sigmund Freud, translated into English in 1908, met with resistance, to put it mildly, it was Dr. White who brilliantly defended them at a meeting of the Medico-Psychological Association, now the American Psychiatric Association. And under his direction, St. Elizabeths became one of the first public mental hospitals to have a clinical psychiatrist on its staff who devoted his full time to psychoanalytically oriented psychotherapy.

Dr. White set up one of the first psychological testing laboratories in the United States at St. Elizabeths, began an extended occupational-therapy program, developed the school of nursing, and established the first Medical and Surgical Department in an American mental hospital. (It is still the only one in a public mental hospital which the American Medical Association recognizes for the training of interns in general medicine.) In this department, for the first time in the Western Hemisphere, malaria was given therapeutically to a patient with general paresis.

Himself an innovator, Dr. White encouraged his staff to do original research and publish their findings, and helped to start scientific journals to give them a forum. From St. Elizabeths grew what some experts consider the two most valuable textbooks on psychiatry in the English language: White's *Outlines of Psychiatry* and Dr. Arthur P. Noyes' *Modern Clinical Psychiatry*.

PSYCHIATRY AND THE LAW

BECAUSE St. Elizabeths must treat federal prisoners, the thorny problem of how to determine whether or not a criminal is "sane" has from the start been one of its chief concerns. The seventh patient ever admitted, in 1855, was a house painter named Richard Lawrence who, twenty years earlier, had misfired two pistols at President Andrew Jackson. He had been prosecuted by District Attorney Francis Scott Key (who dabbled in song writing on the side), and adjudged "under the influence of insanity" at the time he made the first armed attack ever attempted on a President of the Republic. Later both Superintendent Godding and former Superintendent Nichols testified at the trial of Charles Guiteau, the disappointed office seeker who assassinated President Garfield.

Godding's acute understanding of social psychology led him to predict, accurately: "If the President dies, no plea of insanity can save this man from the gallows. If the President lives, no commission of lunacy will fail to find him insane."

Some years later, Dr. White was one of the psychiatrists who testified at the trial of Harry K. Thaw, the wealthy, mentally unstable playboy who killed architect Stanford White. And though he found these court proceedings distasteful, he and two St. Elizabeths colleagues were afterwards persuaded by Clarence Darrow to make complete psychiatric examinations of Leopold and Loeb, the Chicago students who killed the Franks boy to prove that there could be "a perfect crime."

At their trial, White testified for seven hours, bringing the psychiatric story behind the crime to the public and making it aware, for perhaps the first time, of psychiatric terms like "unconscious."

Today Dr. Overholser is frequently called upon to give expert testimony in both civil and criminal cases, and, unlike Dr. White, he enjoys the "smoke of battle and play of wits" in the courtroom. His special field is psychiatric jurisprudence and his considerable contributions to it won him the first Isaac Ray award of the American Psychiatric Association. He is also the recipient of a host of medals and honorary degrees, a Chevalier of the Légion d'Honneur, and, like his hospital's other superintendents, a past president of the American Psychiatric Association.

All St. Elizabeths superintendents and many of its staff worked to eliminate the mandatory jury trials under which patients used to be committed in the District of Columbia—a battle won only in 1938 when a Commission on Mental Health was created. More recently, the testimony of a St. Elizabeths staff member laid the groundwork for a far-reaching decision in which the Court of Appeals discarded the older tests for sanity and ruled simply that an accused person is not criminally responsible if his unlawful act is the product of a mental disease or defect.

And, appropriately enough, it is a patient under criminal charges who is today most closely associated with St. Elizabeths.

"Is Ezra Pound still there?" is the inevitable question whenever the name of the hospital is mentioned. The poet, accused of treason in Italy during World War II, was committed as a federal prisoner after a psychiatric panel, which included Dr. Overholser, judged him unfit to stand trial. Last year, when Ernest Hemingway complained to a *Time* reporter that Pound should be free to go and write poems, Dr. Overholser was annoyed.

"Many of Pound's literary friends have visited him at St. Elizabeths," he observed. "T. S. Eliot and H. L. Mencken have been here, but never Hemingway. I know Hemingway is an eminent literary man, but I've never heard he was a prominent psychiatrist. Maybe if he visited Pound he wouldn't be so quick to pontificate."

Pound lives quietly at St. Elizabeths, visited daily by his wife but refusing to see many other would-be visitors, having little use for the staff, and not participating in the hospital's intellectual life. He is, of course, free to write poetry.

By a curious twist of fate Pound is spending his postwar days close to a brain he is alleged to have greatly admired. In a bottle of formaldehyde in the superintendent's locked safe is a small gray portion of the brain which once was part of Benito Mussolini. It was obtained by Dr. Overholser through the Army for study, but post mortem changes made satisfactory examination impossible. So it rests in its bottle.

FINDING THE BEST TREATMENTS

BOTH admission and dismissal rates are high at St. Elizabeths: during any given period the number of patients dismissed is approximately 65 per cent of the number admitted. But since there are many patients who have been hospitalized for long periods, including one who has lived seventy of her ninety-nine years at the hospital ("A triumph for preventive medicine," says Dr. Overholser, "a failure for psychiatry"), staff members disclaim enthusiastic news stories giving the impression that they can pass miracles overnight. Wonderful as the advances in public health and medicine over the past two decades have been, they have also brought St. Elizabeths, in common with all mental hospitals, its most pressing current problem: what to do about elderly patients with the degenerative disorders of old age.

About 40 per cent of the women and 30 per cent of the men admitted to St. Elizabeths each year now are sixty or over, and a new five-hundred-bed geriatric building, provided with all the latest equipment, has been built to house them. It can house them, but it cannot cure most of them. Yet to cure and restore to normal life is the primary job of the modern mental hospital. Many of St. Elizabeths' staff, like hospital administrators elsewhere, are beginning to feel that some special provision—like the British "half-way houses" which combine the functions of a hospital and a nursing home—must be made for these elderly people whom modern medicine has kept alive but cannot keep in touch with reality. Then the psychiatric hospitals can get on faster with the business of curing.

Throughout its hundred years, the St. Elizabeths approach to this business has been an eclectic one. It has always been willing to try new or to revive discarded treatments, if they seemed to be worth investigating.

"We undertake to be old-fashioned or any-fashioned if by any means we may save some," said Superintendent Godding in 1877. "We are not wedded to any system."

Nor is St. Elizabeths today. Its doctors are currently much interested in the new drug therapies and in all forms of psychotherapy, both individual and group. But they look with apprehension on drastic procedures. Dr. Overholser and most of the staff are bitter about lobotomy, the brain operation introduced to the United States by a former St. Elizabeths Director of Laboratories, Dr. Walter Freeman, in collaboration with a neurosurgeon.

"A mutilating operation at best," says Dr. Overholser. "Just finishes the job so the patient has fewer brains left."

St. Elizabeths has used electro-convulsive therapy, but very sparingly, and in the past several months since the advent of the "tranquilizing drugs" it has given electric shock treatments to only ten patients. But it continues to use hydrotherapy—a series of relaxing baths, or stimulating showers, as indicated—which was first introduced in 1897, because it has continued to prove effective.

It has also had great success with psychodrama, spontaneous dramatizations by patients of life situations. Last spring, as part of the centennial celebration, the patients prepared and presented "Cry of Humanity," a pageant about Dorothea Lynde Dix and her crusade for more enlightened treatment of the insane. Later, audiences throughout the country saw the play on the first dramatized television program in which mental patients ever appeared, unashamed, without the overprinted masks the public has come to expect in photographs of them.

PSYCHIATRY AND RELIGION

THE wide respect in the profession for treatment methods at St. Elizabeths has made the hospital a training ground for students in all medical and allied professions. The American Medical Association has approved it for residency training in psychiatry and surgery, as well as for rotating internships; and it offers qualified field training to clinical psychologists, social workers, occupational therapists, practical and affiliate student nurses, and chaplains. As a result, it is one of the few mental hospitals that can be highly selective about its staff of trainees; it is usually flooded with applications.

The chaplains' branch, organized in 1946, is the newest weapon in St. Elizabeths' therapeutic arsenal. The kinship between psychiatry and religion, now popularized by numerous "peace of mind" books, is comparatively new. For years many psychiatrists felt, with Freud, that the future of religion might be little more than an illusion. Dr. Overholser, who was once Moderator of the American Unitarian Association, the highest position a layman can hold in that church, has always felt otherwise.

When he was a young psychiatrist in the Massachusetts state hospital system, he came to know the Reverend Anton T. Boisen, who later wrote *Exploration of the Inner World* as a result of his experiences as a mental patient, and who became the founder of modern clinical pastoral training. Boisen was the first minister to point out the potentialities of the mental hospital—both as a training ground and as an area where ministers could make a substantial contribution. At St. Elizabeths five chaplains used to be paid $100 each a year to conduct Sunday services and occasional funerals. Today two full-time Protestant ministers, one full-time and one part-time Roman Catholic priests, and a Rabbi (who serves only part time because St. Elizabeths has only 250 Jewish patients) conduct an active religious program, including the training of theological students and ministers.

Its position as a federal institution has given St. Elizabeths unique advantages and disadvantages. It has enabled it to maintain an average cost of five dollars per patient per day as opposed to the nation-wide mean expenditure of $2.70 for non-federal public hospitals. It also means that Congressional approval must be constantly sought, never an easy task.

There have been three full-scale investigations of St. Elizabeths—during one of which a superintendent was asked by a Congressman whether he doped his patients by the full of the moon. It does not help when excitable staff psychiatrists make the headlines, as one of them did a few years ago by asserting that alcohol was a major factor in Congress, with damaging effect on legislation. (He was no longer a staff member ten days later.) The hospital has always, however, emerged with a clean bill of health, though sometimes without something else it considered important. A 1946 reorganization, for example, took away the Board of Visitors, a volunteer advisory group which had proved most helpful, and severed the hospital's ties with the military after it had cared for thousands of Navy patients during World War II. And every so often a reorganizing commission or a reorganization-minded official suggests that, since 75 per cent of its patients and budget are supplied by the District of Columbia, it be transferred from federal to District hands—an especially alarming proposal to make, since the District is not noted

for the excellence of its welfare institutions.

But thus far Congress' support has been forthcoming and has enabled the hospital to maintain the high standards that attract a superior staff. In its hundred years of operation, St. Elizabeths has had only five superintendents. What state Governor does not sigh for an institution with the same record? (St. Elizabeths' staff get plenty of other offers. In one week last year, the hospital's Assistant Superintendent, Dr. Addison Duval, was approached about the mental health commissionerships of three separate states. He preferred to remain where he was.)

It is not merely that St. Elizabeths pays good salaries by civil-service standards, either. The superintendent, for example, gets better than $14,000 a year plus some maintenance benefits, but even this is far less than its physicians could net in private practice. There is something more about the hospital that appeals to first-rate men—partly its tradition, equipment, and enlightened policy, partly the extraordinary efficiency with which it is run.

Although he makes it his business to know everything that is going on in the hospital, Dr. Overholser has delegated responsibility so that he is freed of a great load of administrative detail. His assistant, Dr. Duval, an administrative expert who has spent his whole professional lifetime at St. Elizabeths, performs all the management jobs done on a ship by the executive officer. First Assistant Physician, Dr. Jay L. Hoffman—a soft-spoken, contemplative man whom a recent visitor described as the psychiatrist he'd most like to be analyzed by—is in charge of the actual therapeutic treatment. The Executive Assistant, M. Keller Madden, supervises the business management. This leaves Dr. Overholser time to make the hospital's policy and to handle its all-important relations with the outside world.

Overholser is willing to go to any honorable length for St. Elizabeths. Consequently both his staff and his patients tend to think that he can accomplish anything, whether it is raising money for a psychodrama project, or a research study of suicide, or the enactment of a special bill to permit a foreign-born doctor to stay in the U. S.

"I don't know whether it's due to Dr. O or not," says a young resident in surgery, "but this is a wonderful hospital. You feel it as soon as you arrive. The reason is simple: it will help you in any possible way to cure your patient."

A patient who has been in four other mental hospitals agrees. Now he is well on his way to recovery. When he was admitted to Howard Hall, the walled maximum-security building for the criminally insane, he expected cells, rifles, side arms, perhaps clubs and blackjacks. Instead he was escorted to his ward by a fellow patient, introduced around, and given a tour of the building. He saw patients working in a shop (one of them taking a correspondence course to learn how to be a radio mechanic), editing a newspaper, playing softball and badminton, even pitching horseshoes; he heard a patient orchestra practicing; he was told that there was patient self-government in Howard Hall, and almost no attempts at escape.

"This hospital," he says, "offers a patient every opportunity for recovery, if he can—or will—take advantage of it."

IT'S DIFFERENT NOW, OF COURSE

> The substantial privileges accorded to women, in the U. States strike the attention of foreigners.—It is highly honorable to the *men* of America & places them, in a most important point of view, in the front rank of civilized nations.—But the women appear to me to take the courtesies & privileges accorded to them too much as a right, & the manner in which they look for such concessions & attentions as are here yielded to them gives them a confident bearing which detracts from that air of timidity & feebleness which constitutes their title to the generosity of the rougher sex.
>
> —*From Richard Cobden's diary made during a trip to America in 1859 (Princeton University Press, 1952).*

Harold A. Larrabee

POOR RICHARD in an Age of Plenty

The Benjamin Franklin of the legend, penny-saving and early-rising, would look foolish now—in a time of decreasing work, increasing play—but was that the real Ben?

IT IS almost certain to be a legendary Benjamin Franklin whose 250th birthday will be celebrated on January 17, 1956. It will be, that is, the apostle of industry and thrift as the sure way to affluence, the patron saint of the savings banks, the original American poor boy who made good and stood before kings. We shall probably hear a great deal about the prophetic wisdom of the anticipator of Horatio Alger and the late Dale Carnegie; and contemporary critics will be swift to point out the irrelevance and even the quaintness of such eighteenth-century, pre-industrial, era-of-scarcity notions in a time of burgeoning leisure, high-velocity consumption, and a ladder of opportunity with upper rungs increasingly earmarked for the top IQs. What is left, they will ask, of Poor Richard in the face of a four-day week? Is his secularized Puritan doctrine of work-and-save any longer the secret of Western productivity, or its shame?

This state of affairs has come about because, in spite of the labors of battalions of Franklin scholars, a single aspect of the actual Benjamin has achieved such overwhelming prominence that the other facets of his genius have been obscured. The person most responsible for this, of course, is Franklin himself. He was just too skillful a writer for his own good in the eyes of posterity. Using a "simple style aimed at simple people," he wrote a part of himself all-too-convincingly into the character of the later Poor Richard and the hero of the *Autobiography*. As a result, some of his characteristics are by now so deeply embedded in the American personality that for us, his fellow countrymen, to continue to misunderstand their significance is to fail to understand ourselves, and how we came to be what we are.

For whatever code of conduct Americans have professed since Franklin's day, more of them have actually lived by the maxims of Poor Richard, as they understood them, than by any other system of morality. To a degree, Louis B. Wright is warranted in saying that "for the past two centuries, Franklin's homely aphorisms and observations have influenced more Americans than the learned wisdom of all the formal philosophers put together."

It would be more accurate to say that Poor Richard's counsels coincided and conspired, more than others, with the already prevailing aspirations and opportunities of both a "rising nation" and an up-and-coming middle class. The way in which many of these millions of ambitious individuals interpreted Franklin's teachings, however, would have shocked the sage of Philadelphia to the core. In their anxiety to imitate his success in achieving a financial competence, they managed to miss the point of his early strivings and sacrifices—along with his urbanity, his playful, mocking skepticism, his fierce scientific curiosity, and his boundless concern for the welfare of his fellow citizens.

Those who still know Franklin only as the advocate of "industry and prudence as the surest way to plenty" need to take a fresh look at this printer who, having become "free and easy" by his own (and his wife's) efforts at the age of forty-two, both preached and practiced (as far as the crises of the time would permit) the gospel of early retirement and public-spirited leisure for the second forty-two years of his long life.

Ever such a prodigious worker that he regarded himself as lazy, he gave to the pursuit of wealth not the most, but the very least attention that was compatible with his real objective: the freedom to do as he pleased.

Considering his life as a whole, the busy Franklin spent less than three out of seven days in money-making. By working a full six-day (and sometimes nearer a seven-day) business week for about twenty years, he enabled himself at forty-two to look forward to many decades, as he supposed, of zero-day weeks: a dream rudely shattered by manifold calls to public service in the Revolution and after. He took out no patents on the lightning rod and the Franklin stove, either one of which could have made him a fortune comparable to Henry Ford's.

"So the years roll," he wrote to his mother just after his retirement, "and the last will come, when I would rather have it said, 'He lived usefully,' than, 'He died rich.'"

The critics who denounce the creator of Poor Richard as a "cheap and shabby, money-grubbing, penny-pinching soul" forget that, at the full tide of a prosperous career, Franklin (in a letter to his friend Cadwallader Colden) explained his motives in retiring thus:

> I am in a fair way of having no other tasks than such as I shall like to give myself, and of enjoying what I look upon as a great happiness, leisure to read, study, make experiments, and converse at large with such ingenious and worthy men as are pleased to honor me with their friendship or acquaintance, on such points as may produce something for the common benefit of mankind, uninterrupted by the little cares and fatigues of business.

Franklin's announced intention to use his hard-won financial independence for "amateur" projects of his own choosing was no idle dream. This is shown by the ardor with which he undertook to solve some of the mysteries of electricity in the years between his retirement from business in 1748 and his involvement in colonial politics and defense in 1754. His fame as the inventor of the decidedly practical lightning rod has obscured the facts that electricity in his day, as I. Bernard Cohen has pointed out, "was not a practical subject," and that the lightning rod itself was a "predicted new element of experience" resulting from Franklin's "pure" researches. Fresh from more than two decades of struggle for business profits, he found almost ideal happiness in the life of an unpaid scholar seeking knowledge for its own sake. It was Franklin, after all, who made the classic defense of pure science when someone watching the first balloon ascent in Paris asked, "What good is it?" and he replied, "What good is a newborn baby?"

ORACLE OF THE BOURGEOISIE

HOW was it, then, that Franklin, along with millions of his supposed disciples, acquired the labels of crass utilitarian and barbarous dollar-chaser? Principally because, on a sea voyage to England in 1757, having more time than usual on his hands, he decided to write a "farewell" preface to the next year's edition of *Poor Richard's Almanack* in the form of a speech incorporating the maxims on worldly prudence and economy which he had inserted in his annual publication during the last nineteen of its twenty-five years' appearance. For that purpose he invented the character of a wise old man, Father Abraham; and the venerable sage's oration was published by Franklin's nephew, Benjamin Mecom of Boston, first as *Father Abraham's Speech*, and later as *The Way to Wealth*. The latter title proved to be irresistible, sweeping the book to a popularity without precedent, not only in the colonies but through translations in Europe. There have been over a thousand editions in English, and some three hundred or more in other languages, to say nothing of the nineteenth-century success manuals which plagiarized Franklin without shame, even as he had gleaned (and usually improved) a large part of his sayings from many sources. Poor Richard's counsels concerning the shortest route to honest riches became the very "voice and oracle of the bourgeoisie" everywhere. Who knows how many participants in quiz contests believe that "God helps them that help themselves" is in the Bible?

But the unnumbered throngs who were influenced by *The Way to Wealth* and its reinforcing illustration, the *Autobiography*, were unaware that Franklin never intended in these books to write a philosophy of life for everyone. Father Abraham was talking about *ways* to wealth for those at the bottom of the ladder, and not about the worth of wealth itself, or what ought to be done with it, much less about the perils of its pursuit. His approach was hypothetical. He was saying in substance, *if* what you want is to be "healthy, wealthy, and wise" (as apparently you do), *then* my advice to you is "early to bed, and early to rise."

He was a moralist discussing instrumental values and not final goods. Above all, he did not

claim that his "ways" of patience and self-denial were good in themselves apart from the goals to which they might lead, nor did he try to dictate to anyone else what his or her goals should be. He assumed that the most avid readers of his advice would be young people, many of them as poor as he had been, with ambitions to become "free and easy," to be "masters of their own time, and not at everyone's call but their own." With Robert Burns, they were to amass a competence

> Not for to hide it in a hedge,
> Nor for a train attendant,
> But for the glorious privilege
> Of being independent.

They were to escape as quickly and as permanently as possible from "the little cares and fatigues of business" in order to attend to the really important concerns of life. Leisure was not for sheer loafing. As Father Abraham said, "Leisure is Time for doing something useful; this Leisure the diligent Man will obtain, but the lazy Man never. . . ." Franklin was positive that the pathway to such freedom was paved with hard work and self-denial, but he did not presume to tell his readers what they would find at the end of it. They should proceed experimentally, as he had done, finding out by experience what was suited to the conditions of American life, and their own developing needs and aspirations. His moral teaching—like that of John Dewey, now so much under attack—was a dynamic doctrine of "open ends" rather than of fixed moral absolutes forcing all individuals into a single mold.

Granting that he was temperamentally deficient in "aesthetic passion," Franklin nevertheless had his own clear ideas of what he had found to be final goods for himself. There was a place in his scheme of things for something besides useful labor, as witness his remark in a letter to Colonel Henry Bouquet: "How happy are folks in heaven, who 'tis said, having nothing to do but talk with one another, except now and then a little singing and drinking of *aqua vitae*." In the *Autobiography* and *The Way to Wealth* he was not talking about the full life but only a part of it. He said specifically (in a letter to La Rochefoucauld) that he hoped that his candid account of his early experiences would benefit "young readers, as exemplifying strongly the effects of prudent and imprudent conduct in the commencement of a life of business." By leaving out Franklin's self-confessed youthful imprudences and making his advice appear to apply to the whole of anyone's career, many editors of his life story (especially for school children) have made him seem to be an impeccable, self-righteous, priggish preacher of a gospel of material success through tireless commercialism.

AN UNGODLY PURITAN

THAT this drab picture grossly misrepresents the real Franklin is easily shown, and without invoking the risqué bagatelles of his later years when he was the idol of the salons of Paris. One needs only to rediscover the earlier Poor Richard of the first six years of the *Almanack*, when Franklin was writing (in the words of Sydney G. Fisher) for "colonists who were not then Americans, but merry Englishmen, heavy eaters and drinkers, full of broad jokes, whimsical, humorous ways . . . and all the freshness, the sap, and rollicking happiness of old English life." As Carl Van Doren has said, "Everybody knows the Poor Richard that has been saved in Father Abraham's speech, nobody knows Poor Richard as he was in the racy years which made him known to his contemporaries."

This early Richard Saunders, the comic stargazer with his wife Bridget, was far from an advocate of industry as the road to riches, and often referred to the latter in anything but laudatory terms. "Wealth," he wrote in 1736, "is not his that has it, but his that enjoys it." Or again, "A little house well filled, a little field well tilled, and a little wife well will'd are great riches." Repeatedly he warned against the dangers of avarice: "He does not possess wealth, it possesses him." "Poverty wants some things, luxury many things, avarice all things." "Avarice and Happiness never saw each other. How then should they become acquainted?"

Others of his early aphorisms show a fine disdain for mere prudence:

> An egg today is better than a hen tomorrow.
>
> As charms are nonsense, nonsense is a charm.
>
> There's more old drunkards than old doctors.
>
> Never spare the parson's wine nor the baker's pudding.
>
> He that can take rest is greater than he that can take cities.
>
> Hast thou virtue? Acquire also the graces and beauties of virtue.

The "sturdy, snuff-colored Benjamin Franklin," the moral bookkeeper and self-disciplinarian who so infuriated D. H. Lawrence, needs

balancing by this other Poor Richard, the humorist who risked obloquy ("The villain of our mythology is the scoffer," as Murray Kempton said recently of H. L. Mencken) by indulging in cynicism about the opposite sex.

> When Mars and Venus in conjunction lie,
> Then, maids, whate'er is asked of you deny.
>
> Neither a fortress nor a m——d will hold out long after they begin to parley.
>
> Let thy maidservant be faithful, strong, and homely.
>
> Why does a blind man's wife paint herself?
>
> You cannot pluck roses without fear of thorns,
> Nor enjoy a fair wife without danger of horns.
>
> Keep your eyes wide open before marriage, half shut afterwards.

What happened subsequently was that Franklin, with a remarkable sense of timing, overplayed (for our tastes, but not for those of his contemporaries) the genuine moral discovery—the largely Calvinist or Puritan, at any rate Protestant, principle—that humanly "desirable ends do not come of themselves," but have, quite simply, to be worked for. Given the normal human tendency to indolence, this calls for either external or internal compulsion or discipline. Man is the only living creature who has taught himself to labor—that is, to exert himself voluntarily and regularly beyond the urges of instinct or the pressing needs of the moment. To maintain such self-discipline requires some sort of tension in the form of a sentiment of duty or obligation, which keeps in motion what David Riesman has called the "psychological gyroscope" of the inner-directed individual.

This inner tension the New England Calvinists, in their anxiety over eternal salvation, possessed in some instances to an almost unbearable degree. For how could there be a greater strain than that imposed by infinite perfection upon finite, sinful men? As the elder Oliver Wendell Holmes said of Franklin's contemporary Jonathan Edwards, "He prescribed a rule of virtue more suited to angels than to flesh and blood." Furthermore, although nothing that man could do in the way of good works could earn one iota of his salvation, the Calvinist sought by diligence in his earthly as well as his heavenly calling to assure himself that he was in a proper state to receive the free gift of grace if it should be forthcoming. The result was that, in the setting of pioneer life in New England, the Puritans' "interminable high seriousness" and constant searching of conscience extended from the meetinghouse to the countinghouse, and their constant practicing of the virtues of industry, thrift, honesty, and the like was bound to bring them earthly riches. Had not Calvin said that "riches should be the portion of the godly, for godliness hath the promise in this life as well as the life to come"?

It was Benjamin Franklin, growing up in Boston but rejecting Calvinist theology in favor of deism, who perceived that the Puritan moral virtues, quite apart from their religious significance, led to worldly prosperity in a land of opportunity. Determined to "make the best of both worlds, if there were two," he adopted and sought systematically to practice the whole list of virtues, having trouble, as he conceded, with order, chastity, and humility. He became "the ungodly Puritan," who saw the growing discrepancy between Puritan preaching and Yankee practice, and decided, in Herbert W. Schneider's words, "to change the preaching." The secular direction he took was followed by generations of Americans, whose practices had become so completely worldly by the 1920s that they earned from Walter Lippmann the epithet of "Puritanism *de luxe*."

Franklin's problem as a moralist was that of maintaining enough tension to keep men hard at work in their daily callings without a belief in the traditional theological rewards and punishments, and without succumbing to the lure of selfish greed. His own motivation was a fusion of scientific curiosity, love of conversation, and unabashed humanitarianism. Long before he was able to indulge his yearnings fully, he was consumed with a desire to find out the nature of

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FELICIA LAMPORT

THYME GALLOPS WITHAL

> OF EVERY condiment and herb
> On cookery's escutcheon
> She puts a little touch in;
> Allowing no restraint or curb,
> She throws in bitter, sweet, acerb,
> And when at last she leaves the kitchen,
> Returns to put another smitch in.
>
> To such a cook may fate accord a
> Permanent herbaceous boarder.

things and be in a position to "do good" for the rest of humanity. One way to do that was to show men how to become independent; and Americans in general have agreed with Franklin in putting off-the-job leisure ahead of higher pay for longer hours. To save time, however, is not the same as to know how to spend it. Since Franklin offered his testimony only as an example which might, in a democracy, either be followed or ignored, the field was left open to the short-sighted who listened only to Poor Richard's cry: "The sleeping fox catches no poultry. Up! Up!"

THE DECLINE OF WORK

WHATEVER their motivations, however, it is generally conceded that Americans since Franklin's day have preserved and developed to an extraordinary degree what they have supposed to be his secularized Puritan doctrine of the duty-to-be-busy. Their characteristic response to any situation is still: "What can we *do* about it." As Jacques Barzun has recently written, "We don't let God carry the burden or the blame, *we* take them on." We reserve our admiration, on the whole, not for talkers or dreamers or contemplatives, but for those activists in every sphere who deliver tangible benefits to mankind. Tension is our natural state, and we suspect all those whose slogan is "Relax."

But in dealing with the so-called underdeveloped regions of the twentieth-century world, we find ourselves frustrated by the discovery that this Puritan workmindedness of ours is far from universal: "The natives just won't work!" They lack that "professional conscience" or "compulsion to work" or "respect for the dignity of labor" that seems essential to keep the white man's industrial system going. We are told almost hourly that our century is plagued by the impatient demands of these "backward" millions for the fruits of Western productivity without the willingness to discipline themselves to the labors which have been its mainspring. Such warnings are sometimes matched by complaints that our own younger generation is bent on "security" and disposed to coast along on the accumulated surplus of their forebears, as if Cadillacs really grew on trees.

Yet to remedy matters by imitating the example of Thomas Mellon, founder of the Pittsburgh banking fortune, who bought and gave away a thousand copies of Franklin's *Autobiography,* hardly seems to make sense. Recent studies, such as Irvin G. Wylie's *The Self-Made Man in America* have revealed the "rags to riches" theme as a myth for the consumption of the American many and a truth only for the exceptional few. "A majority of our wealthy citizens do not now, and never did, come up from the ranks of the poor." Yet the story of this country's fantastic economic growth remains a legend of individual initiative and acquisitiveness, and the myth dies hard.

Labor as an unmitigated curse and leisure as a distinct escape from it into idleness are notions which are increasingly out-of-date. As a recent *New York Times* editorial remarks: "The whole nature of work is changing. . . . There remains no doubt whatever that as the years go by labor will be more and more a matter of mind and of an almost effortless skill, and less and less a matter of weary and tiring toil." With the line which separates work from leisure becoming blurred, the precepts of the later Poor Richard seem doomed to become articles of export from a country which, in all but a few rural pockets, is well on its way into a less compulsively laborious age.

In a period of relative plenty by no means evenly distributed, then, the legendary Franklin fares badly. But the actual founding father comes off surprisingly well. It is true that he had little poetry in his soul, only humor instead; and his "innocence" in thinking well of his fellow men does not suit our modern neo-Calvinists. All the terms of his real formula of self-discipline = independence = usefulness need redefinition in the light of an era of abundance and technical complexity far beyond his wildest dreams. It still remains true, however, as George Soule writes in his *Time for Living,* that "The challenge in absence of discipline from a boss is to learn to discipline oneself."

By compiling *Father Abraham's Speech* and ending his *Autobiography* at age fifty, with thirty-two years of "more important transactions" in a bewildering variety of avocations still to be told, Franklin became the apostle of workmindedness and the undisputed ancestor of the American success story. But it is fascinating to speculate what might have happened if he had gone on to complete the account. Instead of the legendary Poor Richard, who made work out of everything, including leisure, there might have come down to us the genial author of the pioneer American treatise on geriatrics, the joys of early retirement, and the art of making work and leisure indistinguishable by turning work into leisure rather than leisure into work.



By LOREN C. EISELEY

Drawings by Bernard Perlin

THE BIRD and the Machine

I SUPPOSE their little bones have years ago been lost among the stones and winds of those high glacial pastures. I suppose their feathers blew eventually into the piles of tumbleweed beneath the straggling cattle fences and rotted there in the mountain snows, along with dead steers and all the other things that drift to an end in the corners of the wire. I do not quite know why I should be thinking of birds over the *New York Times* at breakfast, nor particularly of the birds of my youth half a continent away. It is a funny thing what the brain will do with memories and how it will treasure them and finally bring them into odd juxtapositions with other things, as though it wanted to make a design, or get some meaning out of them, whether you want it or not, or even see it.

It used to seem marvelous to me, but I read now that there are machines that can do these things in a small way, machines that can crawl about like animals, and that it may not be long now until they do more things—maybe even make themselves—I saw that piece in the *Times* just now—and then they will, maybe—well, who knows—but you read about it more and more with no one making any protest, and already they can add better than we and reach up and hear things through the dark and finger the guns over the night sky.

This is the new world that I read about at breakfast. This is the world that confronts me in my biological books and journals, until there are times when I sit quietly in my chair and try to hear the little purr of the cogs in my head and the tubes flaring and dying as the messages go through them and the circuits snap shut or open. This is the great age, make no mistake about it; the robot has been born somewhat appropriately along with the atom bomb, and the brain they say now is just another type of more complicated feedback system. The engineers have its basic principles worked out; it's mechanical, you know; nothing to get superstitious about; and man can always improve on nature once he gets the idea. Well, he's got it all right and that's why, I guess, that I sit here in my chair, with the article crunched in my hand, remembering those two birds and that blue mountain sunlight. There is another magazine title on my desk that reads "Machines Are Getting Smarter Every Day." I don't deny it, but I'll still stick with the birds. It's life I believe in, not machines.

Maybe you don't believe there is any difference. A skeleton is all joints and pulleys, I'll admit. And when man was in his simpler stages of machine building in the eighteenth century, he quickly saw the resemblances. "What," wrote Hobbes, "is the heart but a spring, and the nerves so many springs, and the joints but

so many wheels, giving motion to the whole body?" Tinkering about in their shops it was inevitable in the end that men would see the world as a huge machine "subdivided into an infinite number of lesser machines."

The idea took on with a vengeance. Little automatons toured the country—dolls controlled by clockwork. Clocks described as little worlds were taken on tours by their designers. They were made up of moving figures, shifting scenes, and other remarkable devices. The life of the cell was unknown. Man, whether he was conceived as possessing a soul or not, moved and jerked about like these tiny puppets. A human being thought of himself in terms of his own tools and implements. He had been fashioned like the puppets he produced and was only a more clever model made by a greater designer.

Then in the nineteenth century, the cell was discovered, and the single machine in its turn was found to be the product of millions of infinitesimal machines—the cells. Now, finally, the cell itself dissolves away into an abstract chemical machine—and that into some intangible, inexpressible flow of energy. The secret seems to lurk all about, the wheels get smaller and smaller, and they turn more rapidly, but when you try to seize it the life is gone—and so, it is popular to say, the life was never there in the first place. The wheels and the cogs are the secret and we can make them better in time—machines that will run faster and more accurately than real mice to cheese.

I have no doubt it can be done, though a mouse harvesting seeds on an autumn thistle is to me a fine sight and more complicated, I think, in his multiform activity, than a machine "mouse" running a maze. Also, I like to think of the possible shape of the future brooding in mice, just as it brooded once in a rather ordinary mousy insectivore who became a man. It leaves a nice fine indeterminate sense of wonder that even an electronic brain hasn't got, because you know perfectly well that if the electronic brain changes it will be because of something man has done to it. But what man will do to himself he doesn't really know. A certain scale of time and a ghostly intangible thing called change are ticking in him. Powers and potentialities like the oak in the seed, or a red and awful ruin. Either way, it's impressive; and the mouse has it, too—or those birds, I'll never forget those birds, though I learned the lesson of time first of all. I was young then and left alone in a great desert—part of an expedition that had scattered its men over several hundred miles in order to carry on research more effectively. I learned there that time is a series of planes existing superficially in the same universe. The tempo is a human illusion, a subjective clock ticking in our own kind of protoplasm.

A CANYON BETWEEN WORLDS

AS THE long months passed, I began to live on the slower planes and to observe more readily what passed for life there. I sauntered, I passed more and more slowly up and down the canyons in the dry baking heat of midsummer. I slumbered for long hours in the shade of huge brown boulders that had gathered in tilted companies out on the flats. I had forgotten the world of men and the world had forgotten me. Now and then I found a skull in the canyons and these justified my remaining there. I took a serene cold interest in these discoveries. I had come, like many a naturalist before me, to view life with a wary and subdued attention. I had grown to take pleasure in the divested bone.

I sat once on a high ridge that fell away before me into a waste of sand dunes. I sat through hours of a long afternoon. Finally glancing by my boot an indistinct configuration caught my eye. It was a coiled rattlesnake, a big one. How long he had sat with me I do not know. I had not frightened him. We were both locked in the sleep-walking tempo of the earlier world, baking in the same high air and sunshine. Perhaps he had been there when I came. He slept on as I left, his coils, so ill discerned by me, dissolving once more among the stones and gravel from which I had barely made him out.

Another time, I got on a higher ridge, among some tough little wind-warped pines half covered over with sand in a basin-like depression that caught everything carried by the air up to those heights. There were a few thin bones of birds, some cracked shells of indeterminable age, and the knotty fingers of pine roots bulged out of shape from their long and agonizing grasp upon the crevices of the rock. I lay under the pines in the sparse shade and went to sleep once more.

It grew cold finally, for autumn was in the air by then, and the few things that lived thereabouts were sinking down into an even chillier scale of time. In the moments between sleeping and waking I saw the roots about me and slowly, slowly, a foot in what seemed many centuries, I moved my sleep-stiffened hands over the scaling bark and lifted my numbed face after the vanishing sun. I was a great awkward thing of knots

and aching limbs, trapped up there in some long patient endurance that involved the necessity of putting living fingers into rock and by slow, aching expansion bursting those rocks asunder. I suppose, so thin and slow was the time of my pulse by then, that I might have stayed on to drift still deeper into the lower cadences of the frost, or the crystalline life that glisters pebbles or shines in a snow flake, or dreams in the meteoric iron between the worlds.

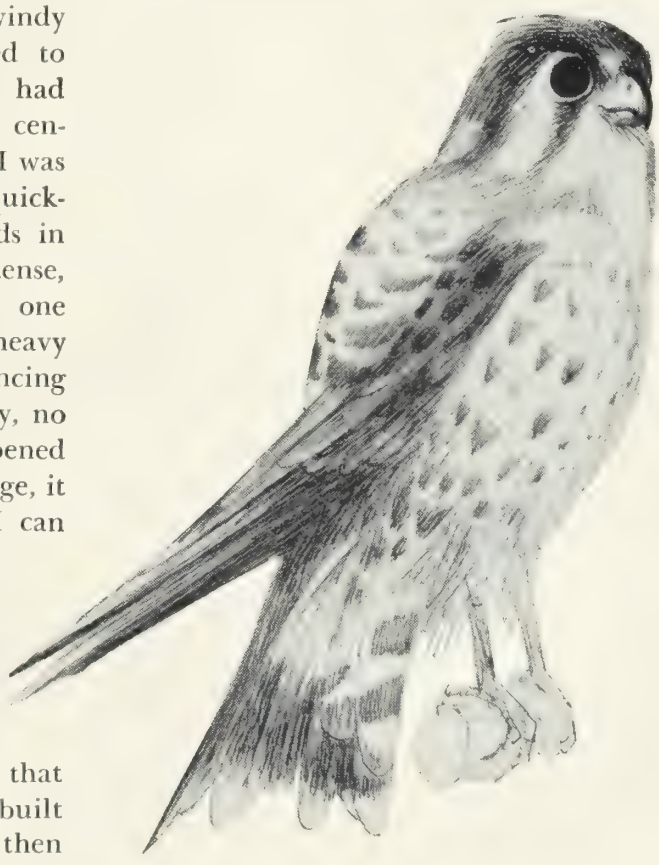
It was a dim descent but time was present in it. Somewhere far down in that scale the notion struck me that one might come the other way. Not many months thereafter, I joined some colleagues heading higher into a remote windy tableland where huge bones were reputed to protrude like boulders from the turf. I had drowsed with reptiles and moved with the century-long pulse of trees; now, lethargically, I was climbing back up some invisible ladder of quickening hours. There had been talk of birds in connection with my duties. Birds are intense, fast-living creatures—reptiles—I suppose one might say—that have escaped out of the heavy sleep of time, transformed fairy creatures dancing over sunlit meadows. It is a youthful fancy, no doubt, but because of something that happened up there among the escarpments of that range, it remains with me a life-long impression. I can never bear to see a bird imprisoned.

We came into that valley through the trailing mists of a spring night. It was a place that looked as though it might never have known the foot of man, but our scouts had been ahead of us and we knew all about the abandoned cabin of stone that lay far up on one hillside. It had been built in the land rush of the last century and then lost to the cattlemen again as the marginal soils failed to take to the plow.

There were spots like this all over that country. Lost graves marked by unlettered stones and old corroding rim-fire cartridge cases lying where somebody had made a stand among the boulders that rimmed the valley. They are all that remain of the range wars; the men are under the stones now. I could see our cavalcade winding in and out through the mist below us: torches, and lights reflected on collecting tins, and the far-off bumping of a loose dinosaur thigh bone in the bottom of a trailer. I stood on a rock a moment looking down and thinking what it cost in money and equipment to capture the past.

We had, in addition, instructions to lay hands on the present. The word had come through to get them alive, birds, reptiles, anything. A zoo somewhere abroad needed restocking. It was one of those reciprocal matters in which science involves itself. Maybe our museum needed a stray ostrich egg and this was the payoff. Anyhow, my job was to help capture some birds and that was why I was there before the trucks.

The cabin had not been occupied for years. We intended to clean it out and live in it, but there were holes in the roof and the birds had come in and were roosting in the rafters. You could depend on it in a place like this where everything blew away and even a bird needed



some place out of the weather and away from coyotes. A cabin going back to nature in a wild place draws them till they come in, listening at the eaves, I imagine, pecking softly among the shingles till they find a hole and then suddenly the place is theirs and man is forgotten.

Sometimes of late years I find myself thinking the most beautiful sight in the world might be the birds taking over New York after the last man has run away to the hills. I will never live to see it, of course, but I know just how it will sound because I've lived up high and I know the sort of watch birds keep on us. I've listened to sparrows tapping tentatively on the tin of the air conditioners when they thought no one was listening, and I know how other birds test the

vibrations that come up to them through the television aerials.

"Is he gone?" they ask, and the vibrations come up from below, "not yet, not yet."

Well, to come back, I got the door open softly and I had the spotlight all ready to turn on and blind whatever birds were there so they couldn't see to get out through the roof. I had a short piece of ladder to put against the far wall where there was a shelf on which I expected to make the biggest haul. I had all the information I needed just like any skilled assassin. I pushed the door open with the hinges only squeaking a little after the oil was put on them. A bird or so stirred—I could hear them—but nothing flew and there was a faint starshine through the holes in the roof.

I padded across the floor, got the ladder up, and the light ready, and slithered up the ladder till my head and arms were over the shelf. Everything was dark as pitch except for the starlight at a little place back of the shelf near the eaves. With the light to blind them, they'd never make it. I had them. I reached my arm carefully over in order to be ready to seize whatever was there and I put the flash on the edge of the shelf where it would stand by itself when I turned it on. That way I'd be able to use both hands.

Everything worked perfectly except for one detail—I didn't know what kind of birds were there. I never thought about it at all and it wouldn't have mattered if I had. My orders were to get something interesting. I snapped on the flash and sure enough there was a great beating and feathers flying, but instead of my having them, they, or rather he, had me. He had my hand, that is, and for a small hawk not much bigger than my fist he was doing all right. I heard him give one short metallic cry when the light went on and my hand descended on the bird beside him; after that he was busy with his claws and his beak was sunk in my thumb. In the struggle I knocked the lamp over on the shelf and his mate got her sight back and whisked neatly through the hole in the roof, and off among the stars outside. It all happened in fifteen seconds and you might think I would have fallen down the ladder, but no, I had a professional assassin's reputation to keep up and the bird, of course, made the mistake of thinking the hand was the enemy and not the eyes behind it. He chewed my thumb up pretty effectively and lacerated my hand with his claws, but in the end I got him, having two hands to work with.

He was a sparrow hawk and a fine young male in the prime of life. I was sorry not to catch the pair of them, but as I dripped blood and folded his wings carefully, holding him by the back so he couldn't strike again, I had to admit the two of them might have been a little more than I could have handled under the circumstances. The little fellow had saved his mate by diverting me, and that was that. He was born to it, and made no outcry now, resting in my hand hopelessly, but peering toward me in the shadows behind the lamp with a fierce, almost indifferent glance. He neither gave nor expected mercy and something out of the high air passed from him to me, stirring a faint embarrassment.

I quit looking into that eye and managed to get my huge carcass with its fist full of prey back down the ladder. I put the bird in a box too small to allow him to injure himself by struggle and walked out to welcome the arriving trucks. It had been a long day and camp still to make in the darkness. In the morning that bird would be just another episode. He would go back with the bones in the truck to a small cage in a city where he would spend the rest of his life. And a good thing, too. I sucked my aching thumb and spat out some blood. An assassin has to get used to these things. I had a professional reputation to keep up.

THE CRY OF THE HAWK

IN THE morning with the change that comes on suddenly in that high country, the mist that had hovered below us in the valley was gone. The sky was a deep blue and one could see for miles over the high outcroppings of stone. I was up early and brought the box in which the little hawk was imprisoned out onto the grass where I was building a cage. A wind as cool as a mountain spring ran over the grass and stirred my hair. It was a fine day to be alive. I looked up and all around and at the hole in the cabin roof out of which the other little hawk had fled. There was no sign of her anywhere that I could see.

"Probably in the next county by now," I thought cynically, but before beginning work I decided I'd have a look at my last night's capture.

Secretively, I looked again all around the camp and up and down and opened the box. I got him right out in my hand with his wings folded properly and I was careful not to startle him. He lay limp in my grasp and I could feel his heart pound under the feathers but he only looked beyond me and up.

I saw him look that last look away beyond me

into a sky so full of light that I could not follow his gaze. The little breeze flowed over me again, and nearby a mountain aspen shook all its tiny leaves. I suppose I must have had an idea about then of what I was going to do, but I never let it come up into consciousness. I just reached over and laid the hawk on the grass.

He lay there a long minute without hope, unmoving, his eyes still fixed on that blue vault above him. It must have been that he already was so far away in heart that he never felt the release from my hand. He never even stood. He just lay with his breast against the grass and my eye upon him.

In the next second after that long minute he was gone. Like a flicker of light, he had vanished with my eyes full on him, but without actually seeing even a premonitory wing beat. He was gone straight into that towering emptiness of light and crystal that my eyes could scarcely bear to penetrate. For another long moment there was silence. I could not see him. The light was too intense. Then from far up somewhere a cry came ringing down.

I was young then and had seen little of the world, but when I heard that cry my heart turned over. It was not the cry of the hawk I had captured; for, by shifting my position against the sun, I was now seeing further up. Straight out of the sun's eye, where she must have been soaring restlessly above us for untold hours, hurtled his mate. And from far up, ringing from peak to peak of the summits over us, came a cry of such unutterable and ecstatic joy that it sounds down across the years and tingles among the cups on my quiet breakfast table.

I saw them both now. He was rising fast to meet her. They met in a great soaring gyre that turned to a whirling circle and a dance of wings. Once more, just once, their two voices, joined in a harsh wild medley of question and response, struck and echoed against the pinnacles of the valley. Then they were gone forever somewhere into those upper regions beyond the eyes of men.

I am older now, and sleep less, and have seen most of what there is to see and am not very impressed any more, I suppose, by anything. "What Next in the Attributes of Machines?" my morning headline runs. "It Might be the Power to Reproduce Themselves."

I lay the paper down and across my mind a phrase floats insinuatingly: "It does not seem that there is anything in the construction, constituents, or behavior of the human being which it is essentially impossible for science to duplicate and synthesize. On the other hand . . ."

All over the city the cogs in the hard, bright mechanisms have begun to turn. Figures move through computers, names are spelled out, a thoughtful machine selects the fingerprints of a wanted criminal from an array of thousands. In the laboratory an electronic mouse runs swiftly through a maze toward the cheese it can neither taste nor enjoy. On the second run it does better than a living mouse.

"On the other hand . . ." Ah, my mind takes up, on the other hand the machine does not bleed, ache, hang for hours in the empty sky in a torment of hope to learn the fate of another machine, nor does it cry out with joy nor dance in the air with the fierce passion of a bird. Far off, over a distance greater than space, that remote cry from the heart of heaven makes a faint buzzing among my breakfast dishes and passes on and away.

A GOOD MAN NOWADAYS IS HARD TO FIND

WHERE it can be done without social discomfort and that now is almost everywhere, the full beard is most natural, most comfortable, most healthful, most expressive, dignified and beautiful. Some may doubt this, but they must make allowance for the perversion of fashion and habit. Nature gave man a beard for use and beauty; and marked the softer graces, and more exquisite delicacies of woman, by want of it. Shaving the face then renders it effeminate.

—*Illustrated Manners Book,* 1855.

Concluding a Novel in Four Parts

by GRAHAM GREENE

LOSER TAKES ALL

Stranded with his bride, Cary, in Monte Carlo on their honeymoon because Dreuther, his boss, does not arrive to take them on his yacht as he promised, Bertram, a London accountant, perfects a system and wins at the tables. He lends money to another partner in his firm, Bowles (nicknamed A. N. Other) whom he meets at the tables, with the provision that if Bertram wins the next day he will own Bowles' shares in the company. Meanwhile Cary, feeling neglected, is going out with another man. To spite her, Bertram takes another woman to dinner and sees Cary in the same restaurant.

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"HOW I envy a life of action," my imposing companion said and laid down her bag—chinkingly—on the table. The whole bird's nest of her false blonde hair shook and the amber earrings swung as she turned to me and said confidingly, "Tell me, Colonel. I love—passionately—to hear men talk of their lives." (Cary's eyes in the mirror across from me became enormous: her mouth was a little open as though she had been caught in mid-sentence.)

I said, "Oh well, there's not much to tell."

"Men are so much more modest than women. If I had deeds of derring-do to my credit I would never tire of telling them. Cheltenham must seem very quiet to you." I heard a spoon drop at a neighboring table.

I said weakly, "Oh well, I don't mind quiet. What will you eat?"

"I have such a weeny-teeny appetite, Colonel. A *langouste thermidor*. . . ."

"And a bottle of the Widow?" I could have bitten my tongue—the hideous words were out before I could stop them. I wanted to turn to Cary and say, "This isn't me. I didn't write this. It's my part. Blame the author."

A voice I didn't know said, "But I adore you. I adore everything you do, the way you talk, the way you are silent. I wish I could speak English much much better so that I could tell you. . . ." I turned slowly sideways and looked at Cary. I had never, since I kissed her first, seen so complete a blush. Bird's Nest said, "So young and so romantic, aren't they? I always think the English are too reticent. That's what makes our encounter so strange. Half an hour ago we didn't even know each other, and now here we are with—what did you call it?—a bottle of the Widow. How I love these masculine phrases. Are you married, Colonel?"

"Well in a way. . . ."

"How do you mean?"

"We're sort of separated."

"How sad. I'm separated too—by death. Perhaps that's less sad."

A voice I had begun to detest said, "Your husband does not deserve you to be faithful. To leave you all night while he gambles. . . ."

"He's not gambling tonight," Cary said. She added in a strangled voice, "He's in Cannes having dinner with a young, beautiful, intelligent widow."

"Don't cry, *chérie*."

"I'm not crying, Philippe. I'm, I'm, I'm laughing. If he could see me now. . . ."

"He would be wild with jealousy, I hope. Are you jealous?"

"So touching," Bird's Nest said. "One can't help listening. One seems to glimpse an entire life. . . ."

The whole affair seemed to me abominably one-sided. "Women are so gullible," I said, raising my voice a little. "My wife started going around with a young man because he looked hungry. Perhaps he was hungry. He would take her to expensive restaurants like this and make

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her pay. Do you know what they charge for a *langouste thermidor* here? It's so expensive, they don't even put the price on the bill. A simple inexpensive café for students."

"I don't understand, Colonel. Has something upset you?"

"And the wine. Don't you think I had to draw the line at his drinking wine at my expense?"

"You must have been treated shamefully."

Somebody put down a glass so hard that it broke. The detestable voice said, *"Chérie,* that is good fortune for us. Look—I put some wine behind your ears, on the top of your head. . . . Do you think your husband will sleep with the beautiful lady in Cannes?"

"Sleep is about all he's capable of doing."

I got to my feet and shouted at her—I could stand no more. "How dare you say such things?"

"Philippe," Cary said, "let's go." She put some notes on the table and led him out. He was too surprised to object.

Bird's Nest said, "They were really going too far, weren't they? Talking like that in public. I love your old-fashioned chivalry, Colonel. The young must learn."

She took nearly an hour before she got through her *langouste thermidor* and her strawberry ice. She began to tell me the whole story of her life, beginning over the *langouste* with a childhood in an old rectory in Kent and ending over the ice cream with her small widow's portion at Cheltenham. She was staying in a little *pension* in Monte Carlo because it was "select," and I suppose her methods at the Casino very nearly paid for her keep.

I got rid of her at last and went home. I was afraid that Cary wouldn't be there, but she was sitting up in bed reading one of those smart phrase books that are got up like a novel and are terribly bright and gay. When I opened the door she looked up over the book and said, *"Entrez, mon colonel."*

"What are you reading that for?" I said.

"J'essaye de faire mon française un peu meilleur."

"Why?"

"I might live in France one day."

"Oh? Who with? The hungry student?"

"Philippe has asked me to marry him."

"After what his dinner must have cost you tonight, I suppose he had to take an honorable line."

"I told him there was a temporary impediment."

"You mean your bad French?"

"I mean you, of course."

Suddenly she began to cry, burying her head under the phrase book so that I shouldn't see. I sat down on the bed and put my hand on her side: I felt tired: I felt we were very far from the public house at the corner: I felt we had been married a long time and it hadn't worked. I had no idea how to pick up the pieces—I have never been good with my hands.

I said, "Let's go home."

"Not wait any more for Mr. Dreuther?"

"Why should we? I practically own Mr. Dreuther now."

I hadn't meant to tell her, but out it came, all of it. She emerged from under the phrase book and she stopped crying. I told her that when I had extracted the last fun out of being Dreuther's boss, I would sell my shares at a good profit to Blixon—and that would be the final end of Dreuther. "We'll be comfortably off," I said.

"*We* won't."

"What do you mean?"

"Darling, I'm not hysterical now and I'm not angry. I'm talking really seriously. I didn't marry a well-off man. I married a man I met in the bar of the Volunteer—someone who liked cold sausages and traveled by bus because taxis were too expensive. He hadn't had a very good life. He'd married a bitch who ran away from him. I wanted—oh, enormously—to give him fun. Now suddenly I've woken up in bed with a man who can buy all the fun he wants and his idea of fun is to ruin an old man who was kind to him. What if Dreuther did forget he'd invited you? He meant it at the time. He looked at you and you seemed tired and he liked you—just like that, for no reason, just as I liked you the first time in the Volunteer. That's how human beings work. They don't work on a damned system like your roulette."

"The system hasn't done so badly for you."

"Oh yes, it has. It's destroyed me. I've lived for you and now I've lost you."

"You haven't. I'm here."

"When I return home and go into the bar of the Volunteer, you won't be there. When I'm waiting at the 19 bus stop you won't be there either. You won't be anywhere where *I* can find you. You'll be driving down to your place in Hampshire like Sir Walter Blixon. Darling, you've been very lucky and you've won a lot of money, but I don't like you any more."

I sneered back at her, but there wasn't any heart in my sneer, "You only love the poor, I suppose?"

"Isn't that better than only loving the rich? Darling, I'm going to sleep on the sofa in the

sitting-room." We had a sitting-room again now, and a dressing-room for me, just as we began. I said, "Don't bother. I've got my own bed."

I went out on to the balcony. It was like the first night when we had quarreled, but this time she didn't come out on her balcony, and we hadn't quarreled. I wanted to knock on her door and say something, but I didn't know what words to use. All my words seemed to chink like the tokens in Bird's Nest's bag.

14

I DIDN'T see her for breakfast, nor for lunch. I went into the Casino after lunch and for the first time I didn't want to win. But the devil was certainly in my system and win I did. I had the money to pay Bowles, I owned the shares, and I wished I had lost my last two hundred francs in the kitchen. After that I walked along the terrace—sometimes one gets ideas walking, but I didn't.

And then looking down into the harbor I saw a white boat which hadn't been there before. She was flying the British flag and I recognized her from newspaper photographs. She was the *Seagull.* The Gom had come after all—he wasn't much more than a week late. I thought, you bastard, if only you'd troubled to keep your promise, I wouldn't have lost Cary. I wasn't important enough for you to remember and now I'm too important for her to love. Well, if I've lost her, you are going to lose everything too—Blixon will probably buy your boat.

I walked into the bar and the Gom was there. He had just ordered himself a Pernod and he was talking with easy familiarity to the barman, speaking perfect French. Whatever the man's language he would have spoken it perfectly—he was of the Pentecostal type. Yet he wasn't the Dreuther of the eighth floor now—he had put an old yachting cap on the bar, he had several days' growth of white beard and he wore an old and baggy pair of blue trousers and a sweat shirt. When I came in he didn't stop talking, but I could see him examining me in the mirror behind the bar. He kept on glancing at me as though I pricked a memory. I realized that he had not only forgotten his invitation, he had even forgotten me.

"Mr. Dreuther," I said.

He turned as slowly as he could; he was obviously trying to remember.

"You don't remember me," I said.

"Oh, my dear chap, I remember you perfectly. Let me see, the last time we met. . . ."

"My name's Bertram." I could see it didn't mean a thing to him. He said, "Of course. Of course. Been here long?"

"We arrived about nine days ago. We hoped you'd be in time for our wedding."

"Wedding?" I could see it all coming back to him and for a moment he was foxed for an explanation.

"My dear chap, I hope everything was all right. We were caught with engine trouble. Out of touch. You know how it can be at sea. Now you are coming on board tonight, I hope. Get your bags packed. I want to sail at midnight. Monte Carlo is too much of a temptation for me. How about you? Been losing money?" He was sweeping his mistake into limbo on a tide of words.

"No, I've gained a little."

"Hang on to it. It's the only way." He was rapidly paying for his Pernod—he wanted to get away from his mistake as quickly as possible. "Follow me down. We'll eat on board tonight. The three of us. No one else joins the boat until Portofino. Tell them I'll settle the bill."

"It's not necessary. I can manage."

"I can't have you out of pocket because I'm late."

He snatched his yachting cap and was gone. I could almost imagine he had a seaman's lurch. He had given me no time to develop my hatred or even to tell him that I didn't know where my wife was.

I put the money for Bowles in an envelope and asked the porter to have it waiting for him in the bar of the Casino at nine. Then I went upstairs and began to pack my bags. I had a wild hope that if I could get Cary to sea our whole trouble might be left on shore in the luxury hotel, in the great ornate *Salle Privée.* I would have liked to stake all our troubles *en plein* and to lose them. It was only when I had finished my packing and went into her room that I knew I hadn't a hope. The room was more than empty—it was vacant. It was where somebody had been and wouldn't be again. The dressing table was waiting for another user—the only thing left was the conventional letter. Women read so many magazines—they know the formulas for parting. I think they have even learned the words by heart from the glossy pages—they are impersonal.

"Darling, I'm off. I couldn't bear to tell you that and what's the use? We don't fit any more."

I thought of nine days ago and how we'd urged the old horse-cab on. Yes, they said at the desk, Madame had checked out an hour ago.

I told them to keep my bags. Dreuther wouldn't want me to stay on board after what I was going to tell him.

15

DREUTHER had shaved and changed his shirt and was reading a book in his little lounge. He again had the grand air of the eighth floor. The bar stood hospitably open and the flowers looked as though they had been newly arranged. I wasn't impressed. I knew about his kindness, but kindness at the skin-deep level can ruin people. Kindness has got to care. I carried a knife in my mind and waited to use it.

"But your wife has not come with you?"

"She'll be following," I said.

"And your bags?"

"The bags too. Could I have a drink?"

I had no compunction in gaining the Dutch courage for assassination at his own expense. I had two whiskies very quickly. He poured them out himself, got the ice, served me like an equal. And he had no idea that in fact I was his superior.

"You look tired," he said. "The holiday has not done you good."

"I have worries."

"Did you remember to bring the Racine?"

"Yes." I was momentarily touched that he had remembered that detail.

"Perhaps after dinner you would read a little. I was once fond of him like you. There is so much that I have forgotten. Age is a great period of forgetting." I remembered what Cary had said—after all, at his age, hadn't he a right to forget? But when I thought of Cary I could have cried into my glass.

"We forget a lot of things near at hand, but we remember the past. I am often troubled by the past. Unnecessary misunderstanding. Unnecessary pain."

"Could I have another whisky?"

"Of course." He got up promptly to serve me. Leaning over his little bar, with his wide patriarchal back turned to me, he said, "Do not mind talking. We are not on the eighth floor now. Two men on holiday. Friends I hope. Drink. There is no harm, if one is unhappy, in being a little drunk."

I was a little drunk—more than a little. I couldn't keep my voice steady when I said, "My wife isn't coming. She's left me."

"A quarrel?"

"Not a real quarrel. Not words you can deny or forget."

"Is she in love with someone else?"

"I don't know," I told him. "Perhaps."

"Tell me. I can't help. But one needs a listener." Using the pronoun "one" he made mine a general condition from which all men were destined to suffer. "One" is born, "one" dies, "one" loses love. I told him everything—except what I had come to the boat to tell him. I told him of our coffee-and-roll lunches, of my winnings, of the hungry student and the Bird's Nest. I told him of our words over the waiter, I told him of her last simple statement, "I don't like you any more." I even (it seems incredible to me now) showed him her letter.

He said, "I am very sorry. If I had not been—delayed, this would not have happened. On the other hand you would not have won all this money."

I said, "Damn the money."

"That is very easy to say. I have said it so often myself. But here I am—" He waved his hand round the little modest saloon that it took a very rich man to afford. "If I had meant what I said, I wouldn't be here."

"I do mean it."

"Then you have hope."

"She may be sleeping with him at this moment."

"That does not destroy hope. So often one has discovered how much one loves by sleeping with another."

"What shall I do?"

"Have a cigar."

"I don't like them.'

"You will not mind—" he lit one himself. "These too cost money. Certainly I do not like money—who could? The coins are badly designed and the paper is unclean. Like newspapers picked up in a public park. But I like cigars, this yacht, hospitality, and I suppose, I am afraid, yes," he added, lowering his cigar point like a flag, "power." I had even forgotten that he no longer had it. "One has to put up with this money."

"Do you know where they will be?" he asked.

"Celebrating, I imagine—on coffee and rolls."

"I have had four wives. Are you sure you want her back?"

"Yes."

"It can be very peaceful without them."

"I'm not looking for peace—yet."

"My second wife—I was still young then—she left me, and I made the mistake of winning her back. It took me years to lose her again after that. She was a good woman. It is not easy to lose a good woman. If one must marry it is better to marry a bad woman."

"I did and it wasn't much fun."

"How interesting. He took a long pull and watched the smoke drift and dissolve. "Still, it didn't last. A good woman lasts. Blixon is married to a good woman. She sits next to him in the pew on Sundays, thinking about the menu for dinner. She is an excellent housekeeper and has great taste in interior decoration. Her hands are plump—she says proudly that they are good pastry hands—but that is not what a woman's hands should be for. She is a moral woman and when he leaves her during the week, he feels quite secure. But he has to go back, that is the terrible thing, he has to go back."

"Cary isn't that good." I looked at the last of my whisky. "I wish to hell you could tell me what to do."

"I am too old and the young would call me cynical. People don't like reality. They don't like common sense. Until age forces it on them. I would say—bring your bags, forget the whole matter—my whisky supply is large, for a few days anesthetize yourself. I have some most agreeable guests coming on board at Portofino—you will like Celia Charteris very much. At Naples there are several bordels if you find celibacy difficult. I will telephone to the office extending your leave. Be content with adventure. And don't try to domesticate adventure."

I said, "I want Cary. That's all. Not adventure."

"My second wife left me because she said I was too ambitious. She didn't realize that it is only the dying who are free from ambition. And they probably have the ambition to live. Some men disguise their ambition—that's all. I was in a position to help this young man my wife loved. He soon showed his ambition then. There are different types of ambition—that is all, and my wife found she preferred mine. Because it was limitless. They do not feel the infinite as an unworthy rival, but for a man to prefer the desk of an assistant manager—that is an insult." He looked mournfully at his long cigar ash. "All the same one should not meddle."

"I would do anything. . . ."

"Your wife is romantic. This young man's poverty appeals to her. I think I see a plan. Help yourself to another drink while I tell it to you. . . ."

16

I WENT down the gangplank, swaying slightly from the effect of the whisky, and walked up the hill from the port. It was a quarter past eight, and the sight of a clock reminded me for the first time of what I had not told Dreuther. Dreuther had said, "Don't use money. Money is so obviously sordid. But those little round scarlet disks. . . . You will see, no gambler can resist them." I went to the Casino and looked for the pair: they were not there. Then I changed all the spare money I had, and when I came out my pockets clinked like Bird's Nest's bag.

It took me only a quarter of an hour to find them: they were in the café where we used to go for our meals. I watched them for a little, unseen from the door. Cary didn't look happy. She had gone there, she told me later, to prove to herself that she no longer loved me, that no sentiment attached to the places where we had been together, and she found that the proof didn't work out. She was miserable to see a stranger sitting in my chair, and the stranger had a habit she detested—he stuffed the roll into his mouth and bit off the buttered end. When he had finished he counted his resources and then asked her if she would mind not talking for a minute while he checked his system.

"We can go up to five hundred francs tonight in the kitchen," he said; "that is five one-hundred-franc stakes." He was sitting there with a pencil and paper when I arrived.

I said, "Hullo," from the doorway and Cary turned. She nearly smiled at me from habit—I could see the smile sailing up in her eyes and then she plucked it down like a boy might pluck his kite back to earth, out of the wind.

"What are you doing here?" she said.

"I wanted to make sure you were all right."

"I am all right."

"Sometimes one does something and wishes one hadn't."

"Not me."

"I wish you'd be quiet," the young man said. "What I am working out is very complicated."

"Philippe, it's—my husband."

He looked up, "Oh, good evening," and began to tap nervously on the table with his pencil.

"I hope you are looking after my wife properly."

"That's nothing to do with you," he said.

"There are certain things you ought to know in order to make her happy. She hates skin on hot milk. Look, her saucer's full of scraps. You should attend to that before you pour out. She hates small sharp noises—for instance the crackle of toast—or that roll you are eating. You must never chew nuts either. I hope you are listening. That noise with the pencil will not please her."

"I wish you would go away," the young man said.

"I would rather like to talk to my wife alone."

"I don't want to be alone with you," Cary said.

"You heard her. Please go." It was strange how cleverly Dreuther had forecast our dialogue. I began to have hope.

"I'm sorry. I must insist."

"You've no right. . . ."

Cary said, "Unless you leave us, we'll both walk out of here. Philippe, pay the bill."

"*Chérie,* I do want to get my system straight."

"I'll tell you what I'll do," I said. "I'm a much older man than you are, but I'll offer to fight you. If I win I talk to Cary alone. If you win, I go away and never trouble you again."

"I won't have you fighting," Cary said.

"You heard her."

"Alternatively, I'll pay for half an hour with her."

"How dare you?" Cary said.

I put my hand in my pocket and pulled out fistfuls of yellow and red tokens—five-hundred-franc tokens, thousand tokens, shooting them out on to the table between the coffee cups. He couldn't keep his eyes off them. They covered his system.

I said, "I'd rather fight. This is all the money I've got left."

He stared at them. He said, "I don't want to brawl."

Cary said, "Philippe, you wouldn't. . . ."

I said, "It's the only way you can get out of here without fighting."

"*Chérie,* he only wants half an hour. After all it's his right. There are things for you to settle together, and with this money I can really prove my system."

She said to him in a voice to which in the past week I had become accustomed, "All right. Take his money. Get along into that damned Casino. You've been thinking of nothing else all the evening."

He had just enough grace to hesitate. "I'll see you in half an hour, *chérie.*"

I said, "I promise I'll bring her to the Casino myself. I have something to do there." Then I called him back from the door, "You've dropped a piece," and he came back and felt for it under the table. Watching Cary's face I almost wished I hadn't won.

She was trying hard not to cry. She said, "I suppose you think you've been very clever."

"No."

"You exposed him all right. You've demonstrated your point. What do I do now?"

"Come on board for one night. You've got a separate cabin. We can put you off in Genoa tomorrow."

"I suppose you hope I'll change my mind?"

"Yes. I hope. It's not a very big hope, but it's better than despair. You see I love you."

"Would you promise never to gamble again?"

"Yes."

"Would you throw away that damned system?"

"Yes."

There was a song when I was young—"and then my heart stood still." That was what I felt when she began to make conditions. "Have you told him," she asked, "about the shares?"

"No."

"I can't go on that boat with him not knowing. It would be too mean."

"I promise I'll clear it up—before night."

She had her head lowered, so that I couldn't see her face, and she sat very silent. I had used all my arguments: there was nothing more for me to say either. The night was full of nothing but chinking cups and running water. At last she said, "What are we waiting for?"

We picked up all the bags and then we walked across to the Casino. She hadn't wanted to come, but I said, "I promised to bring you." I left her in the hall and went through to the kitchen—he wasn't there. Then I went to the bar, and then on to the *Salle Privée.* There he was, playing for the first time with a five-hundred-franc minimum. A. N. Other was at the same table—the five thousand squares littered the table around him. He sat in his chair with his fingers moving like mice. I leaned over his shoulder and gave him *his* news, but he made no sign of interest, for the ball was bouncing now around the wheel. It came to rest in zero as I reached Philippe and the bank raked in their winnings.

I said to Philippe, "Cary's here. I kept my promise."

"Tell her not to come in. I am winning—except the last round. I do not want to be disturbed."

"She won't disturb you ever again."

"I have won 10,000."

"But it's loser takes all," I said. "Lose these for me. It's all I've got left."

I didn't wait for him to protest—and I don't think he would have protested.

17

THE Gom that night was a perfect host. He showed himself so ignorant of our trouble that we began to forget it ourselves. There were cocktails before dinner and champagne at dinner and I could see that Cary was getting a little

uncertain in her choice of words. She went to bed early because she wanted to leave me alone with the Gom. We both came out onto the deck to say good night to her. A small breeze went by, tasting of the sea, and the clouds hid moon and stars and made the riding lights on the yachts shine the brighter.

The Gom said, "Tomorrow night you shall persuade me that Racine is the greater poet, but tonight let me think of Baudelaire." He leaned on the rail and recited in a low voice, and I wondered to whom it was in the past that the old wise man with limitless ambitions was speaking.

Vois sur ces canaux
Dormir ces vaisseaux
Dont l'humeur est vagabonde;
C'est pour assouvir
Ton moindre désir
Qu'ils viennent du bout du monde.

He turned and said, "I am speaking that to you, my dear, from him," and he put his arm around her shoulder, and then gave her a push toward the companionway. She gave a sound like a small animal in pain and was gone.

"What was the matter?" the Gom said.

"She was remembering something." I knew what it was she was remembering, but I didn't tell him.

We went back into the saloon and the Gom poured out our drinks. He said, "I'm glad the trick worked."

"She may still decide to get off at Genoa."

"She won't. In any case we'll leave out Genoa." He added thoughtfully, "It's not the first time I've kidnapped a woman."

He gave me my glass. "I shan't keep you up drinking tonight, but I wanted to tell you something. I'm getting a new assistant accountant."

"You mean—you are giving me notice?"

"Yes."

Unpredictable, the old bastard, I thought—to tell me this now, as his guest. Could it be that in my absence he had met and spoken with the Other? He said,

"You'll need a bigger income now you are married. I'm putting Arnold in charge of General Enterprises. You are to be chief accountant in his place. Drink your whisky and go to bed. They are getting up the anchor now."

When I went down I wondered whether Cary's cabin would be locked, but it wasn't. She sat on one bunk with her knees drawn up to her chin staring through the porthole. The engines had started and we were moving out. The lights of the port wheeled around the wall. She said, "Have you told him?"

"No."

"You promised," she said. "I can't go sailing down Italy in this boat with him not knowing. He's been so terribly kind. . . ."

"I owe him everything," I said. "It was he who told me how to act to get you back. The trick was his. I could think of nothing. I was in despair."

"Then you must tell him. Now. At once."

"There's nothing to tell. You don't think after he'd done that for me, I'd cheat him with Blixon?"

"But the shares?"

"When I went to find Philippe, I took back the money I'd left for the Other. The option's forfeited. The Other's fifteen million richer—and Philippe has our last five million if he hasn't lost it. We are back where we were." The words were the wrong ones. I said, "If only we could be."

"We never can be."

"Never?"

"I love you so much more. Because I've been terribly mean to you and nearly lost you."

We said very little for a long time: there was no room for anything but our bodies in the cramped berth, but some time toward morning, when the circle of the porthole was gray, I woke her and told her what the Gom had said to me.

"We shan't be rich," I added quickly for fear of losing her again, "but we can afford Bournemouth next year. . . ."

"No," she said sleepily, "let's go to Le Touquet. They have a Casino there. But don't let's have a system."

There was a promise I'd forgotten. I got up and took the great system out of my jacket pocket and tore it in little pieces and threw them through the porthole—the white scraps blew back in our wake.

The sleepy voice said, "Darling, it's terribly cold. It's snowing."

"I'll close the porthole."

"No. Just come back."



After Hours

EASY ROAD TO CULTURE, SORT OF

NO MODERN scholar, whatever his special competence, can ignore the impact on educational practice of those two British authorities, W. C. Sellar and R. J. Yeatman, the authors of *1066 and All That*. It fell to these courageous innovators to redefine the word "memorable" to mean not what *should* be remembered but what *can* be remembered.

This realistic principle has since been increasingly applied in the colleges and universities. Notable achievements have been made in reducing the number of Great Ideas and Men to a manageable figure, and in compressing the body of organized knowledge into at most two or three more-or-less manageable departments. Strange as it may seem, however, until my own study of the matter no effort had been made to reduce all of higher education to *one course*.

The following syllabus is purely tentative. Exact research under rigidly controlled conditions will undoubtedly reveal that some elements in it are *not* memorable. The author will in that event welcome deletions or emendations of a negative character, but it must be understood that no proposal to *add* to the outline can be entertained. The survey course described below therefore replaces all others.

First Semester: Western Thought

Western thought was invented by the Greeks, who were the first people to realize they were thinking. The most memorable Greek thinker was Aristotle, author of the *Metataphysica* ("After Physics, What?"). One day while he was walking in the shade with King Midas (*cf.* Golden Mean, peripatetics), he fell into a bathtub and tried to pass it off by shouting "Eureka!" This is known as the Hypocritical Oath. Attention should also be paid to Greek Art, which is very classical and represented by the Wingless de Mille (Nike the Greek).

The Greek period was followed by the Roman period, which may roughly be divided into Decline and Fall. This period is somewhat decadent and noteworthy for such authors as Suetonius, Apuleius, Petronius, and Henry Miller (his *Nexus, Plexus,* and *Sexus* are especially memorable). The cruelty of the Roman period is typified by Floradora, mother of Cato the Elder, Cato the Younger, Marcus Cato, and Neiman Marcus (*"Timeo dallas, et panem circenses"*). Having set fire to Rome, she asked Julius Caesar to put his hand in the flame to see if it was hot enough.

"You brute," he replied.

This brings us to the Medieval period and to St. Thomas Aquinas, the author of *Theologica, Indian Summa.* According to Henry Adams, Aquinas may have been the architect of the Cathedral of Beauvais, which collapsed. Aquinas was consequently banished to St. Heloise, where he wrote entertaining letters under the name of Abelard. Adams, who was also an architect (Mont St. Michel and Chartres), was thus the original Doubting Thomist.

The Medieval period was followed in quick succession by the Renaissance, the Reformation, the counter-Renaissance, and the counter-Reformation. The Renaissance was started by Erasmus of Rotterdam, author of *Moriae Encomium*, a rather poor biography of his friend Sir Thomas More. Erasmus is the subject of an egg-tempera portrait by Holstein ("that Jersey cow," as he was called by Henry the Eighth). He also started

the Oxford Reform Movement, which supported the teaching of Greek and other reforms. But the Reformation was started by Martin Luther, composer of the oratorio *Erwache durch Freud* ("Awake and Read Joyce"). Luther officiated at Finnegan's Wake. Wanting to get if not a *summa* at least a *magna,* he wrote a thesis which he then had to pin on the door of the church; as he explained later, *"Ich kann nicht anders"* ("I couldn't get it under"). This thesis would have been banned from the mails but for a memorable legal decision by Cardinal Wolsey.

The Seventeenth Century stands halfway between the Medieval period and the Modern period, and is thus exceedingly transitional. It was memorable for the Rise of Science and for John Donne, a kind of seventeenth-century T. S. Eliot. Though he was not interested in Science and spelled badly ("Noe Manne is an Iland"), Donne was made vector of St. Paul's and became a kind of seventeenth-century Norman Vincent Peale. The Seventeenth Century is thus exactly like the Twentieth Century and all centuries in between may be skipped. During the Twentieth Century, Western Thought became confused with Eastern Thought, as a result of *The Meeting of Northrop and Southrop,* and has thus come to an End. It is also memorable for neo-Protestantism ("Love thy Niebuhr"), or Rockefeller Plaza Orthodoxy *(Luce et Vanitas).*

Second Semester: Science

Science was invented by the Greeks, who were the first people to realize that it was a Good Thing. It was also invented by Galileo, who leaned against the Tower of Pisa to see if it would move *(eppur si muove).* Later on, science was re-invented by Descartes. After losing a bet with Pascal, he was forced to live in a stove *("j'ai faim, donc je cuit").* The bet resulted from a balloon ascension by Robert Montgomery, which in turn gave rise to the cinematic theory of gases, or Gauss (plural: *gassendi).*

The most memorable branch of science is physics. Some people think that physics was invented by Sir Francis Bacon, who was hit by an apple when he was sitting under a tree one day writing Shakespeare. This is not true. It was *Roger* Bacon, and it wasn't Shakespeare; it was Christopher Marlowe. Later physics was taken up by Isaac Newton, who invented the Second Law of Thermodynamics (there is no *First* Law of Thermodynamics). Newton also discovered that the straightest distance between two points is inversely proportional, though he did not say to what. This was left to Einstein. Einstein is chiefly memorable for being smarter than Newton.

Astronomy was independently discovered by Copernicus and Kepler, who sent the news to each other *(de nova stella)* by sidereal messenger. This was very slow, since astronomers measure time in light-years, or the amount of light in a year. Some astronomers like to find stars by themselves, like Hershey, the famous discoverer of the Milky Way and the Mars Bar; others prefer to go around in a Cepheid cluster, or Magellanic cloud. A memorable contest once took place in astronomy between the Red Giants and the White Dwarfs, refereed by Hubble, the inventor of the Red Shift. Ever since, all games in astronomy have been played according to Hoyle.

Another memorable branch of science is electronics, which is the science of amplifying messages by putting them through a degenerative circuit. Electronics can handily be demonstrated in the home by filling a Leyden Jar full of formaldehyde and turning on the radio. Through the magic of modern communications, electronics reminds us of such famous communicators as Wiener, Weaver, Faraday, and Ohm ("Be it ever so faraday, there's no place like ohm"). Originally electronics inventions were named after people (Lee the Forest, Jennie the Transformer, etc.) but they are now named after Polish patriots —Edvac, Eniac, Cosmotron, and Radar. The reason for this is to embarrass the Russians, in the hope that they will turn a non-compatible color.

We come now to the social sciences, which are divided into sociology, anthropology, cultural anthropology, anthropological sociology, sociological anthropology, psychology, dynamic psychology, group dynamics, palmistry, and statistics (optional). The most memorable thing about the social sciences is the principle of *anomie,* or autonomy, which holds that people tend to behave like each other. This helps to explain such phenomena as the in-group, the out-group, the peer-group, and Margaret Mead. For best results, advanced field work in the social sciences should be conducted among the Mountain Arapesh, who are a pretty lonely crowd.

Biology is especially memorable because of evolution. This was the subject of a maternity suit (the Stopes trial) between William Lane Bryant and the famous lawyer, Clarence Darwin. Darwin believed in the survival of the best fit, but Bryant won, which was the origin of demography, or populism. In disgust, Darwin joined the navy as an enzyme and was sent around the world on a beagle. Evolution might have been

forgotten, had it not been for Julian Huxley, who attended the trial and wrote a famous book about it, called *Natural Selection without Glasses, or Eyeless in Gaza.*

Included under biology should also be the history of medicine, which is most memorable when it is psychosomatic. This branch of medicine was invented by the famous physician, Peristalsis, who also invented nutrition *("Mann ist was Mann isst").* Nutrition teaches the importance of getting plenty of protein and chlorophyll, both of which are contained in black-strap molasses (G. Hauser Wienerschnitzel, Yoghurt, and Strap Iron Co., Mfgrs., *Advt.*). Psychosomatic medicine is difficult to practice without an Orgone Box, which is guaranteed to make you feel Jung and to last for 1,000 years *(tausendjahrende Reich).* Psychosomatic medicine is not to be confused with extra-sensory perception, which most doctors reject and keep a sharp watch on *(der Wacht am Rhine),* nor with psychiatry, which is concerned with the psyche (soma). Since psychiatry was originally invented by the Greeks ("Oedipus, schmedipus, so long he loves his mother"), it is the end of the course.

Final Examination

(1) Name a great idea.

EVERYTHING IS ORCHIDS

IF THERE is any art form that is less indigenous to America than the twinkle-toes kind of classic ballet, somebody like Lincoln Kirstein is keeping it a secret. Curiously, however, the ballet is one of our few cultural exports that seems to meet with almost universal applause in France, where audiences are tough; in England, the home of Moira Shearer; and in Italy. When the New York City Ballet company goes abroad it plays to full and enthusiastic houses for long engagements. It has performed at Covent Garden in London at the invitation of the Arts Council of Great Britain, at the Edinburgh Festival, and festivals in Holland, Italy, Germany, and Spain. It was the first foreign ballet company ever invited to perform in the Paris Opera House.

Most cultural exports from America to Europe are greeted with something considerably more emphatic than apathy. When we send paintings to France they are panned by the impolite press. The same is true in England and Italy and Germany. Only our frivolous arts are really popular, and Europe's cultural mentors look on them as corrupting influences.

But with the ballet everything is orchids. Why?

I've been watching the New York City Ballet company off and on for a long while (the last time was last night), and it seems to me that the reason for its success abroad is in the universal ground-rules of the art. It is one of the few visual



arts practiced in our time in which the performer is called upon to have almost perfect control of his medium before anyone thinks he is worth looking at. Self-expression can only start in the ballet when technique is completely under control, and the techniques of the dancer of classic ballet are acquired at the cost of long and tiresome drill and a kind of dedication that excludes most of the rest of life. The same cannot be said today of painting and sculpture.

The ballet audience is a sort of international society of fans. They know the rules and qualities of good performance, the way any American baseball fan knows what to expect of a good second baseman. In ballet as in baseball you may argue about technique, but you don't argue with it. Our best ballet is technically of the first order and since it is trained and directed and choreographed (all right, you think of a better word) by one of the most imaginative artists of our time, George Balanchine, it not only commands respect wherever it goes but evokes enthusiasm as well. It would be nonsense to say that the language of the dance is international, but it is not nonsense to say that respect for technique is universal and that the classic ballet speaks with the same voice to enthusiasts of the dance wherever this ancient, but far from dead, language is known. You can still parse the language of the ballet, while in the other visual arts it becomes increasingly difficult to know which is the subject and which the predicate. The international language of painting and sculpture, you might even say, is a lost clause.

—Mr. Harper

the new BOOKS

PAUL PICKREL

Popular Government, the Fully Informed Citizen, and People like Us

ACCORDING to John Stuart Mill, his father "felt that all would be gained if the whole population were taught to read, if all sorts of opinion were allowed to be addressed to them by word and in writing, and if, by means of the suffrage, they could nominate a legislature to give effect to the opinions they adopted." Something like this is probably still the prevailing view of the relation between education and popular government.

But among the assumptions underlying such a view are at least three that now appear more than a little doubtful. One is the assumption that the citizen can master "all sorts of opinion," can be fully informed, and wants to be badly enough to make the effort. Another is the assumption that purely technical acquirements enable the individual to reach sound decisions—that the ability to read a newspaper equips a man or woman to judge wisely what he reads there. And the third is the assumption that all problems of government can be solved by bringing together a bunch of elected representatives who are simply long-handled rubber stamps wielded from afar by their constituents.

Anybody who has thought about the subject for five minutes realizes that in the world we inhabit there cannot be any such person as a fully informed citizen. This is not the result of a bad educational system and cannot be remedied by a better one. It is the result of the sheer mass of information—and the highly technical nature of much of the information—that lies behind public issues. No one man can know enough to have intelligent opinions on what our import policies on rare earths should be and how reliable the political leadership in Afghanistan is and whether price supports for hemp are needed. If democracy demands that we master all these questions, and thousands more like them, then democracy is doomed, because we cannot do it.

Even if the citizen had the capacity to master all these questions, and the time and will to do it, he would still fail to be fully informed on public issues, because a good deal of the information he would need is not available: it is secret. How can the citizen, however conscientiously he does his homework, know if the CIA should have a smaller budget or guided-missiles research a bigger one? Though some things may be secret that need not be, it is hard to see how a government could survive in the world we know without some secrecy. That fact alone makes the concept of the fully informed citizen obsolete.

At the same time that the mass of information needed to form intelligent opinions has increased (and some of it has disappeared from view), the estimate of the citizen's capacity to deal with information has shrunk. Psychological tests have won the day. After we have expressed all our doubts about how good such tests are and even about what they measure, the fact remains: they demonstrate that human minds differ in some measurable dimension, and that the differences are very considerable and ineradicable. And while the psychologists have been busy showing that some of us cannot learn very much, the psychoanalysts have been busy showing us that we are often unable to use properly even what we do manage to learn. The human mind, according to the psychoanalysts, is not a slightly murky fluid which need only be filtered through a newspaper to yield the pure distillate of truth; sometimes it is a crotchety, perverse organ warping what it knows to dark and dangerous ends.

John Stuart Mill's father had never seen a copy of the Sunday *New York Times,* which a strong man can still carry home by himself but certainly cannot read through without help. He had never heard of an IQ or a compulsion neurosis. And he had never seen his ideas in practice.

We have. Germany under the Weimar Republic was a pretty good example. It was one of the most literate nations the world has ever seen; it came at the end of an era in which the very name of Germany was practically synony-

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mous with education throughout the West. It suffered no dearth of publications to bring information and opinions to the people; even its printing was technically superb. It had a scheme of proportional representation as ingenious as the human mind can devise to permit the citizens to elect representatives "to give effect to the opinions they adopted." But it could not prevail against Hitler.

The public school movement grew out of such hopes as the elder Mill expressed. Is it any wonder if it has lost vigor and direction as those hopes have been more and more undermined? And it is worth remembering that the human material the schools have to handle has changed since Mill's time. Better food means that the youngsters are bigger and stronger and more rambunctious; if Dr. Kinsey's figures are right, the boys reach sexual maturity about a year earlier than they did fifty years ago. Pre-school rearing is increasingly permissive. Distractions multiply. The organization of work (and child-labor laws) make it all but impossible for urban children to share in the world of adult responsibility.

It is not a cheering situation.

HOPE SPRINGS ETERNAL

YET the voice of old Mill's heirs is still heard in the land. If you doubt it, look at Morris L. Ernst's **Utopia 1976** (Rinehart, $3.50). This book is not a utopia in the sense of being an imaginary construct of an ideal society, but it is indubitably utopian, in the sense that it is a rambling, generous-spirited summary of Ernst's optimistic wishes for society. Since most of these wishes are not going to come true, the book need not long detain us, but the treatment of education is worth mentioning as symptomatic of a dying school of thought.

Ernst's longest chapter deals with education. This is characteristic of the utopian tradition. It is easy to dream up fine new societies, but where will the people come from to live in them? Well, education will have to create them. So Ernst disposes of "War, Peace, and the UN" in thirteen pages, but it takes him twenty-nine pages to deliver his ripe thoughts on "Education and the Rich Life." Ernst is not concerned with what education is or ought to be; he just knows that it is a Good Thing. He is as innocent of any notion of human limitation as old James Mill himself. "To those who declare that many people are unfit for more education," he writes, "the clear future answer will be that the deficiency is in the educators and not in the people." Which is doubtless reassuring to the people, though it can only deepen the look of desperation in the educator's eye.

It may be unfair to say of Arthur Bestor, author of **The Restoration of Learning** (Knopf, $6), that he is another disciple of James Mill. He is certainly not to be confused with Ernst as a student of educational problems. For one thing, he has taken the trouble to investigate psychological testing, as he has taken the trouble to investigate many other aspects of contemporary education that need an investigator of his shrewdness and vigor and thoroughness. He is not daydreaming about what he wishes education might be; he is passionately concerned for what education is now and what has to be done to make it better.

At the same time Bestor's point of departure (and his great limitation as a thinker on education) is essentially the same set of ideas that James Mill entertained. He adds only one new term to Mill's formulation of the role of education: according to Bestor, the student—in addition to being literate and informed—needs "to learn to think." As a consequence of putting the educational problem in this simple way, Bestor makes rather absurd claims for what the old-fashioned intellectual training he advocates will do for the student. At one point, for instance, he is talking about the student's progress in the study of history; "in high school," he says, "the pattern of history becomes at last clear." But any high-school student for whom the pattern of history has become clear has been sold down the river by somebody. Wise men read history all their lives without its pattern ever becoming clear, and when it does become clear they usually cease to be wise.

At bottom Bestor has not decided what education is for. He is sure that the *method* of education ought to be intellectual, but he seems not to have decided what its *object* should be. He often lapses into the vocabulary of "education for citizenship," with unhappy results. He lashes out, for example, at those who "de-emphasize foreign languages during a period of war and postwar global tensions." But the argument for studying foreign languages based on the political situation of the moment is false and misleading. Would world tensions really be relaxed one iota if every American could discuss the pen of his aunt in French of flawless Parisian accent? If the political situation provides the reason for studying foreign languages, what languages should we study—a few years ago Korean, now Russian, next year Swahili perhaps? Should we not study foreign languages in time of peace? Are "global tensions" sufficient incentive to make a youngster learn the principal parts of one irregular verb? No.

AND curiously enough, in spite of his distinction as a historian, Bestor is a little unsatisfactory in dealing with the historical questions his book raises. Though he is sure that the "essential thing" in history is "to incorporate the perspective of time into one's day-to-day judgments," he is pretty impatient with those who

look at educational problems that way. Concerning one problem he says, "To use the past as the principal standard of comparison is, in itself, an avoidance of the real issue." The main historical question Bestor's book raises is this: was the "traditional" (*i.e.*, late-nineteenth-century) curriculum abandoned because it would not work in the modern context of mass education, or was it abandoned because the professors of education stole the schools out from under our noses? Bestor thinks it was theft, but it is hard to believe that the educationists he quotes from so copiously and so tellingly are bright enough to steal anything as big as the public-school system.

Yet when you have said everything that can be said against Bestor, and said it as harshly as it has been said here, the fact remains that he has performed a valuable public service. He has gone through an immense body of writing by what he calls "educationists," chiefly men and women responsible for training teachers, and he presents incontrovertible evidence that many (though not by any means all) of these people are not up to the mark. His quotations from the reports of the Illinois Curriculum Program alone are devastating: the reports are written in a style at most semi-literate, and the poverty of imagination and the intellectual chaos they display are appalling.

Nor is his skill in exposing nonsense Bestor's only contribution. He has gone into the dull and complicated subject of certifying teachers with characteristic diligence; his suggestions for reform are excellent. His proposals for using learned societies to maintain standards in public schools are sound, though he probably expects too much of them; his plan for integrating high-school teachers into such societies is admirable. He also devotes several chapters to a scheme for regrouping students in the schools on the basis of mental age; he has worked hard on this, but it is still open to a good many objections.

Bestor is not a great or original educational thinker; in the end his plea for a return to the traditional curriculum will probably have to go unheeded, because the assumptions of a James Mill are too deeply eroded to furnish the foundation for so vast an enterprise as American public education. But even though we may not be able to go in Bestor's direction, he has performed a real service in demonstrating that the way we are now headed simply will not do.

AND GLADLY STOP TEACHING

JOAN DUNN'S **Retreat from Learning** (David McKay, $3) is an extended footnote to Bestor's book, written from the inside. This is a girlishly talkative account of the four years Miss Dunn spent as a teacher in a New York City high school and why she quit. Some of her criticisms need not be taken altogether seriously; they only show how surprised a well-brought-up girl can be that working for a living among other people results in general laceration of the ego. And her indignation at the incompetence of some of her colleagues is the result of a youthful idealism that has not yet learned that a large part of the world's work has to be done by mediocre people. Her arraignment of teaching on the grounds that you have to get up too early is heartfelt but amusing—early rising is certainly one of life's unmitigated horrors, but many occupations require it.

But Miss Dunn does succeed in doing a number of things admirably. She shows the sterility of a rigidly conformist educational philosophy that has lost its stuffing; she shows how a curriculum designed to interest the students really bores them; she shows how the teacher's spontaneity is ground away by a vast educational bureaucracy. Civic responsibility is too vague to provide an imperative for learning; the world of work too remote. What the students need—and their boredom with the trifling piffle being offered them shows that it is also what they want—is to be introduced to a world where something matters, a world of shape and significance.

WHY education for citizenship is not enough, even from a political point of view, is shown in a fine essay by Lord Percy of Newcastle, published under the unfortunate title **The Heresy of Democracy** (Henry Regnery, $4). The title is unfortunate not only because it will put off

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some prospective readers but also because it is a little misleading. Percy is not opposed to what most of us call democracy—a representative government responsible to the people, such as we have in Britain and the United States. What he is condemning is any state that presumes to speak with the voice of God. In our era that kind of state is most often a popular democracy, based on the assumption that the voice of the people is the voice of God. Such a state, Lord Percy argues, is inevitably irresponsible, immoral, and totalitarian.

To summarize Percy's learned and subtle argument very crudely, democracy becomes totalitarian when it ceases to make a distinction between crime and sin. When the state no longer confines its police powers to the criminals (those who have committed overt offenses defined by statute) and starts going after the sinners too, then it becomes the only source of morality in society. It is responsible to nothing outside itself. There arises a vast univocal political party which regards dissenters not as opponents to be dealt with but as sinners to be purged. The scope of criminal law expands and legal procedures change, so that courtrooms become overgrown confessionals.

Percy does not draw from his argument any direct conclusions for education, though his own distinguished career has been divided between political service and educational administration. But the implications seem clear. If the state has to be kept responsible to something outside itself, then the individual must be prepared for something more than citizenship, and something better: he must be a fully developed moral being, capable of censuring and restraining the state, not merely serving it.

THE MAN IN THE DINING ROOM

THIS whole problem is approached in a different way by Canada's eminent Minister of External Affairs, Lester B. Pearson, in his excellent collection of lectures **Democracy and World Politics** (Princeton University Press, $2.75).

Among other things, *Democracy and World Politics* is an answer to those writers like Sir Harold Nicolson in England and Walter Lippmann here who have argued that democracy has made diplomacy impossible. What Pearson has to say on this point is worth quoting at some length:

"The malady which Mr. Lippmann warns us against, of indecisiveness, reluctance to face reality or take the necessary but hard decisions, is not, as I see it, inherent in democracy as a political or constitutional system. It is, rather, the result of an internal derangement within individual men. This malady, which is contagious, can hit *any* society if enough men in positions of political influence abdicate their own responsibilities in favor of their special selfish or superficial interests.

"For this purpose, the key difference between a representative democracy and other forms of political society is that in the former every citizen as an elector is in a position to influence a decision; the attitudes of more people have an immediate and significant bearing on political events. When the moral tone of the majority is sound this is a source of strength. . . . In autocratic or oligarchic societies, on the other hand, the moral and intellectual flabbiness of only a few men in the seats of power will lead to the disintegration of great empires, as it did in 1917 in Russia.

"Democracies are not . . . more susceptible than other societies to the political disease which destroys civilizations, and which I have described as a loss of character and a weakening of moral fiber. . . . There is nothing in the theory or practice of democratic government which requires a public servant to speak or vote or act contrary to his own judgment of the nation's best interests. . . . The practicing politician should, before reaching a decision, make an estimate of the public acceptability of any given course; usually he will be right to adapt his timing and method of presentation to it. But that is a very different thing from acting against his own best judgment of what, all factors considered, the national interest requires. To do this latter is a form of betrayal.

"The essential political principle of democracy is what is called responsible government: the provision

that the government, if its exercise of power is not approved, can be removed from office by the electorate. This provision is in no sense based on the assumption, demonstrably false in the light of even short periods of history, that the opinion of the majority on every issue is invariably right; but rather on the sound theory that the most appropriate, though possibly not the most expert, judge of good cooking is not the man in the kitchen but the man in the dining room."

This is not only a reply to Lippmann; it is also a reply to James Mill. Pearson's ideal for the individual is not that he shall be an expert on all matters—that impossible creature, the fully informed citizen; and his ideal for a government is not that it shall be a collection of rubber stamps mechanically representing the constituents. What we want, both in government and everywhere else, are men and women who are morally aware and morally responsible, and an institutional framework that enables moral responsibility to be exercised in human affairs. This provides a sound objective for education.

IT CAN HAPPEN HERE

BUT, it will be objected, public schools in the United States cannot "teach morality," because of the constitutional separation between church and state. It is true that the schools cannot preach to the students —which is just as well, since of all educational techniques preaching is the least effective. But it does not at all follow that the public schools cannot introduce students to a moral universe, a world where things matter, and some things matter more than others. There is a difference between moral prescription and moral experience. Moral prescription will largely have to be left to other institutions than the school, but the school can certainly enlarge the student's moral experience. The chief vehicle, I think, must be art—literature, music, painting and sculpture, and so on. The arts are civilization's storehouse of felt values, the rendering of what has seemed important to those of powerful imagination and profound feeling and great mastery of expression. They do not prescribe; they dramatize in a context of feeling.

This is not the place to defend education through art, or to show how it would be achieved in practice. But anyone interested in pursuing the subject should look at a couple of older books that have recently come back into print: **On the Aesthetic Education of Man,** by the German poet Schiller (Yale University Press, $3), and **Homo Ludens,** by Johan Huizinga (Beacon Press paperback, $1.25). The first is a new translation of a series of letters on the education of children through art written 160 years ago; the second is a fascinating account of "man the player" and the contribution of play to civilization, with many implications for educational theory.

(On the subject of reprints, it should also be mentioned that Robert M. Hutchins' **Great Books,** originally published as an introduction to the many-volumed edition of the books themselves, has now been made available separately by Simon and Schuster, at $3. Here Hutchins continues to advocate as the objective of education the realization of the individual's "full human potentiality," which has been his chief contribution to educational thought in this generation. He also continues to advocate what he calls "the Great Conversation" as the means of achieving this objective. But development of our full human potentiality requires more of us than an exchange of opinion.)

A WISE and wonderful little book called **Education: The Lost Dimension,** by W. R. Niblett (Sloane, $2.50), puts the problem of contemporary education better than anything else I have seen. This book should be widely read in educational circles, but it also has many things to say to anyone who wants to understand himself better and lead his life more wisely.

The "lost dimension" of the title is the dimension of feeling or imagination. Several considerations have convinced Niblett that education has to be concerned with that dimension. For one thing, his study of anthropology has shown him that education always cues the child into the emotional life of the community; we can either recognize that fact and learn

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to do the job well, or forget it and do the job hit-or-miss. For another thing, observation has convinced Niblett that education in science has not fulfilled all the hopes once entertained for it (some of his criticisms of education in science are remarkably like those recently advanced by J. Robert Oppenheimer). Niblett also thinks that schools are overimpressed by the results of psychological testing. The IQ tells us something about one dimension of the mind, but only one. It proves nothing about the capacity for feeling.

"The inward life is a life of imagining and feeling, and upon its health and vigor the quality of our living and the quality of our convictions must depend." Niblett's book is not a plea for curriculum reform; it is a plea for a very important and necessary shift in emphasis.

FROM England comes another book diametrically opposed to Niblett's argument. This is **The Foreseeable Future** (Cambridge University Press, $2.50), in which the author, the Nobel Prize-winning physicist Sir George Thomson, tries to chart the possible technological future of mankind. Thomson believes that education in the future should be more "quantitative," more scientific, with even less importance attached to those subjects which inform and develop the imagination and feelings than now.

Yet when Thomson wanders from his fascinating speculations on the technology of the future, his remarks raise grave doubts about how adequate the quantitative education he advocates is. He leaves war out of his calculations of the future, he says, because neither its occurrence nor its intensity can be predicted: these are matters of human passion and therefore lie outside the scientist's ken. But isn't it foolish to direct all your educational energy into constructing a highly developed technology if the passions that can destroy it are left as primitive and untutored as when they came out of the jungle?

SPACE does not permit more than a mention of a most distinguished recent contribution to the history of educational thought, A. Dwight Culler's **The Imperial Intellect** (Yale University Press, $5), a beautifully informed and graciously written account of Cardinal Newman's theory of education and experience as student and educator. The book convinces me that Cardinal Newman reached few conclusions that can guide us in establishing policies for public schools in twentieth-century America, but it also convinces me that his work raises questions which no one who wants to think seriously about education—at any time or in any place—can ignore.

BOOKS *in brief*

KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON

FICTION

The Boy Who Made Good, by Mary Deasy.

Ivor Kelly, the boy who "made good," was a small-town youngster who grew up to run for governor in a state of the Upper South in 1935. One of those people with overwhelming personal charm, able to give everybody confidence in themselves and in him—though he had little in himself—his philosophy of life was: "If you're not willing to take extraordinary chances, nothing extraordinary will ever happen to you." He lived his philosophy to the hilt, so a lot happens and it's quite extraordinary. The story is told with emotion, yet restraint, by the girl, twenty years his junior, who is in love with him.

Little, Brown, $3.95

NON-FICTION

Life and Language in the Old Testament, by Mary Ellen Chase.

This book is more than even its inclusive title would indicate. It is a defense of the Hebrew mind and imagination in comparison with the Greek by one who loves and appreciates both with deep and affectionate perception. She starts with Matthew Arnold's assertion that:

> the ancient Hebrews were governed by obedience to their Sacred Law and to the Will of God as expressed within it, in other words by *strictness of conscience,* whereas the Greeks were governed by *spontaneity of consciousness.* Or, to put it more simply, that the Hebrews saw life in terms of *conduct,* whereas the Greeks saw life in terms of *thought and beauty.*

Then by piling example on example and interpretation on interpretation she works her way to her conclusion about the Hebrews:

> Although their peculiar genius was not bequeathed to future ages in any remarkable works of their hands or in philosophical conceptions and ideas, it was bequeathed in *words* . . . and their rare gifts of literary expression owed more to their sense of wonder and their instinct for worship than to any other of their mental and spiritual endowments. . . . The ultimate source of both these qualities lay, of course, in their extraordinary vitality, both physical and spiritual.

Then there are tucked away in the last chapter a few revealing paragraphs on literary criticism. But to this reader the most illuminating passages are those on time and place as they are dealt with in the language of the Old Testament—a language that has no word for "hour," no definite clear-cut tenses, only the perfect (translated as the past) and the imperfect (roughly translated as the future). The very forms of the verbs seem to affirm that that which *was,* is now and ever more shall be. It becomes easy to understand why the Hebrews possess such a sense of their own history and destiny. . . . These are only a few of the subjects discussed in Miss Chase's book and if sometimes she seems to make her point not once but many times, one has the feeling it is because she knows and loves her subject so well that to omit anything is an anguish.

Norton, $

The Retrial of Joan of Arc, by Régine Pernoud.

Twenty years after the trial and condemnation of Joan at Rouen, the Papal commissioners undertook a retrial, again at Rouen, which lasted six years (1450-56) and resulted in

her rehabilitation. The six years were spent in hearing witnesses and taking down statements from all over France. The people and priests from Domremy who knew her as a child appeared; Jean, Count of Dunois, her aide, could not come in person but he wrote one of the most vivid chapters of personal history in his account which tells, among other things, what it was like to be at the side of the Maid when she was raising the siege of Orléans. Priests who had been her confessors during her trial and held the cross for her at her burning were heard; her squires and heralds. In the pages, suddenly very much alive, is a cross section of fifteenth-century France. And here is this remarkable record, astonishingly enough for the first time in English, edited by a woman who is a devout Catholic and a distinguished historian. Katherine Anne Porter has written a beautiful introduction.

Harcourt, Brace, $4.75

Life With Fiorello, by Ernest Cuneo.

Mr. Cuneo, a lawyer who among his other activities is President of the North American Newspaper Alliance, started his career in 1931 as a law clerk in the office of Fiorello LaGuardia when the latter was holding the balance of power in the seventy-seventh Congress. This casual, amusing, very frank book by a man who knew Fiorello intimately from that day forward, has in it much of the vitality, punch, and enthusiasm that New York's Little Flower generated wherever he went. There is humor here, too, and evocative history of the Depression and prewar years and issues. There is less about the Mayoralty. But it is an affectionate book, fun to read as LaGuardia must have been fun to know. And that is what the author intended. If occasionally the figures of speech get out of hand—"In the vast cathedral of American history, he deserves stained glass."—"To the citizens of New York in the Roaring Twenties, Fiorello was as inescapable as the aurora borealis in the life of the Eskimo."—"He was much more than the handwriting on the wall; he was a neon light on the end of the civic nose."—it is, one is sure, because the subject lends himself to such hyperbole.

Macmillan, $4

Mr. New York: The Autobiography of Grover Whalen.

This book, which is all about New York, has much less personality than the biography above and, oddly, much less of New York's flavor, though Mr. Whalen, as the world knows, has been present at nearly every large civic function since Mayor Hylan's day. He has been New York's host for thirty-five years, under seven Mayors, and the events that he has seen are themselves a kind of history. His chapters on the World's Fair, his particular baby, are especially interesting. The author has for so long been presenting a formal façade for New York that perhaps it is unfair to expect him to give us the intimate feel of any smoke-filled rooms or any lively personal revelations. Anyway here is New York's shining façade for thirty-five years, and Mr. Whalen's for slightly longer, still more or less in top hat and cutaway.

Putnam, $5

A Night to Remember, by Walter Lord.

It is a pity that on the rather garish jacket of this book, showing a Hollywood liner, lights ablaze, heading for a papier-mâché iceberg, there is no mention of the *Titanic.* But even if there were, it could give no idea of the really remarkable scope and excitement (mental as well as emotional) of this document. Mr. Lord has interviewed nearly every living survivor of that fateful night of April 14, 1912. He has pored over all the documents and newspapers here and in England that pertain to the tragedy. (There are in the book, for instance, reproductions of the menu for the last meal served aboard, of a survivor-steward's pay slip from the White Star Line showing that pay stopped as the waters washed over the *Titanic.)* There are the now-familiar stories of heroism and cowardice, but with a difference. When the first boats were loaded, it now becomes clear, the passengers didn't really believe that the ship was sinking and many of the women climbed in as a kind of discipline when they would have much preferred staying in the warm saloon to which they believed they'd return anyway. The band never played "Nearer My God to Thee." It played ragtime and at

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the end the Episcopal hymn, "Autumn." The thing that everyone remembers about the final lurching dive of the great ship as her stern rose up against the Christmas-tree sky was an unearthly racket as everything inside her slid and banged and crashed toward the bottom:

> There has never been a mixture like it—29 boilers . . . the jeweled copy of the Rubaiyat . . . 800 cases of shelled walnuts . . . 15,000 bottles of ale and stout . . . huge anchor chains (each link weighed 175 pounds) . . . 30 cases of golf clubs and tennis rackets for A. G. Spalding . . . Eleanor Widener's trousseau . . . tons of coal . . . 30,000 fresh eggs . . . dozens of potted palms . . . 5 grand pianos . . . a little mantel clock in B38 . . . the massive silver duck press.

And the list goes on. With all this vivid description Mr. Lord makes a point for the social historians. This night, he thinks, marks the end of an era. After that night no one would ever again believe unquestioningly in the march of technological progress; never again would the rich be so overwhelmingly privileged; never again would the fate of third-class and steerage passengers be as shockingly accepted.

> For the Titanic was also the last stand of wealth and society in the center of public affection. In 1912 there were no movie, radio, or television stars; sports figures were still beyond the pale; and café society was completely unknown. The public depended on socially prominent people for all the vicarious glamour that enriches drab lives. . . .
>
> After she sank the New York *American* broke the news on April 16 with a lead devoted almost entirely to John Jacob Astor; at the end it mentioned that 1,800 others were also lost.
>
> The 190 families in First Class were attended by 23 handmaids, eight valets, and assorted nurses and governesses—entirely apart from hundreds of stewards and stewardesses.

One wants to quote the whole book. There is not a dull line or an inconsequential one.

Holt, $3.50

If you should find yourself with a Christmas check burning a hole in your pocket, there are several magnificent gift books which—according to your tastes—will be a joy to you and a treat to the whole family, through 1956 and beyond.

The Fifteenth Century: From Van Eyck to Botticelli, by Jacques Lassaigne and Giulio Carlo Argan.

This latest in Skira's series of "Great Centuries of Painting" is as beautiful as its beautiful predecessors with 116 reproductions in full color and gold. The text is equally illuminating.

Skira, $20

The Jerome Kern Song Book, edited by Oscar Hammerstein II.

Words and music—simply and singably arranged—of songs unbelievably familiar to nearly all Americans. From "Show Boat," "Roberta," "Sally," "The Cat and the Fiddle"—to mention only a few of the famous operettas.

Simon & Schuster,
T. B. Harms, $7.50

A Century of Punch Cartoons, edited by R. E. Williams with a foreword by Malcolm Muggeridge.

The subhead describes this as containing 1,000 humorous and nostalgic drawings from 100 years of England's famous weekly. And so it does.

Simon & Schuster, $4.95

An American Architecture: Frank Lloyd Wright, edited by Edgar Kaufman.

Everything about "organic" architecture in the words of the great man himself, in 250 illustrations, closely integrated with the text. Special, but illuminating.

Horizon, $10

The Eye of Man, by Selden Rodman. A controversial and exciting book about "form and content in Western painting" with 100 reproductions in black and white.

Devin-Adair, $10

House & Garden's New Complete Book of Gardens, by the editors of *House and Garden.*

320 pages—92 in full color—of advice and information for the home gardener.

Simon & Schuster, $10

FORECAST

Campaign Year

It's normal to expect some political biography in an election year, and the early months of 1956 are lively with it. The Book of the Month has chosen for its March selection the second volume of Harry S. Truman's monumental memoirs, *Years of Trial and Hope* (1946-52) which Doubleday will publish in February. (This selection will also include, by special arrangement, the first volume, *Year of Decisions.)* Also in February, Lippincott lists *My Brother Adlai,* an informal biography by Elizabeth Stevenson Ives in collaboration with Hildegarde Dolson. (Not strictly biographical, but in the field, is Adlai E. Stevenson's own collection of his major speeches since 1952, *What I Think.* Harper will publish it early in '56.) Then in April Holt is publishing the story of Richard M. Nixon by Ralph de Toledano, associate editor of *Newsweek,* under the succinct title, *Nixon.* General Matthew B. Ridgeway's memoirs, *Soldier,* will obviously be more military than political, but advance rumors have it that what he has to say about our current defense policies will not be without political repercussions. (Harper, spring.)

Biography, Not Political

The January Book of the Month is *Bugles and a Tiger* (Viking) by John Masters, author of *Nightrunners of Bengal* and *Bhowani Junction.* It deals with his experiences as a professional soldier in the Indian Army. . . . Later in the spring Random House will release Orville Prescott's biographical *The Five Dollar Gold Piece: The Development of a Point of View.* Also in the spring, from Putnam, comes "the most complete biography of Maude Adams that can ever be written." The claim seems justified for when Miss Adams died, in 1953, at the age of eighty-one, she left all her writings, letters, and photographs to Phyllis Robbins of Boston, her close friend for more than fifty years, and it is she who is writing the book. With Peter Pan back in the headlines (November 6 was the fiftieth anniversary of the American opening of the play which Barrie wrote for Miss Adams) the year won't be all politics.



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The Louisville Orchestra and its unique project of commissioning new works by contemporary composers has won the acclaim of maestros, critics and music lovers everywhere. Time Magazine reported: "The over-all quality was higher than critics dared hope." The Philadelphia Inquirer said: "Provocative works, superbly performed and recorded in highest fidelity." Dimitri Mitropoulos commented: "Your encouragement of contemporary music and composers has had repercussions all over the world . . . you definitely put Louisville on the map as a world musical center." These superlative works are used in contemporary music courses by virtually all universities and are being broadcast throughout the world via the Voice of America.

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the new RECORDINGS

Edward Tatnall Canby

ARCHIVE

DON'T let the formidable get-up (if I may use such an unscholarly term) of Decca's new German-imported "Archive" series of recordings put you off some extremely fine music-making. I have heard of numerous record stores that haven't yet stocked the series. I can guess why. The titles, the credits, the identifications, even the record numbers, are so frighteningly complex that no storekeeper without a Mus. D. in musicology could cope with them.

One disc now before me has the numerical designation—for a single record—*14018 AMP ARC 3002* and this, I see, refers only to one side. They don't give you the ordinary title of these discs until a General Outline has been set forth, in large type: *"IInd Research Period: The Central Middle Ages, Series A: Troubadours and Minnesingers, Adam de la Halle: Le Jeu de Robin et Marion, Adam de la Halle: 13 Rondeaux. . . ."* Or take the label, prefixing music by Henry Purcell, that grandly announces *"Western Europe from 1650 to 1750"*—thereby making it highly probable that Purcell will wind up among the W composers on many a record shelf!

Inside each envelope, along with the record (triple-sealed with two plastic bags and a genuine glued paper seal), are huge file cards, one for each and every piece on the record—sometimes three or four of them. A blue form at the top has boxes for an improbable number of vital facts, among which the usual statistics are hopelessly invisible—text, version, publisher, where published, editor, place recorded, hall or studio, engineer, conductor, instruments, not to mention composer's birthplace and death, locality of composition, first performance and, of course, the Archive Number, as above.

But the mistake we are so likely to make is to assume that this sort of teeth-gnashing scholarship presupposes stuffy, unmusical, "dry" performance. Musicology, the science of musical scholarship, does have a reputation in this respect, sometimes deserved. If a frustrated musician isn't a music critic, it is said, then he's sure to end up a musicologist. There's an unpleasant grain of truth in this, too, as most musical people (and musicians) are well aware. Imagination and poetic feeling, the life of musical art, are oppositely polarized to that careful logic which must go into the outward aspects of scholarship.

Yet the difficulty is much worse here than in Europe, especially in Germany. Over there, the scholarly approach is more accepted, more familiar, more routine in the best sense; in the public mind it is less of an eccentricity, its complexities are more easily taken for granted—in railway timetables as in musicological treatises. In Germany, one can be normally imaginative, even poetic, and yet be a scholar.

Over here there are musicians and there are musicologists (as there are authors and librarians) and never the twain do meet. The badge of an artist, hereabouts, is to be temperamentally unscholarly. The hallmark of the musicologist, at least in a good part of the public mind, is to play as he writes, polysyllabically, which is to say, unmusically.

The "Archive" project, let me say, has some of the loveliest, most imaginative musicianship I've heard for a long time. It has taken unique and far-seeing advantage of the relatively vast LP spaces, to record not the usual fragments and excerpts but, instead, whole works, complete collections—an entire Gregorian Easter Mass, for instance, from beginning to end lasting almost an hour.

An effort of the greatest interest, this with remarkably fine performers, and if Decca can see its way to translating the Deutsche Grammophon gobbledegook into titles of one syllable, it will surely be widely successful. Individual records will be reviewed here periodically and if your dealer hasn't got them ask Decca. They *are* available now, and by the dozens, too.

Post-Christmas Round-up

De la Halle: Le Jeu de Robin et Marion; 13 Rondeaux. Anon: 17 Dances of the 13th and 14th C. Pro Musica Antiqua (Belgium), Safford Cape. Archive 14018 APM.

(Best I can do with the appalling titular material described above.) The name of Safford Cape is enough to make many jump for this one. The music is mostly single-melody, without harmony or added counterpoint, but how little it matters! The Belgians are marvelously musical; they have a wonderful way of making the music sound real, alive, human; yet the performing is as accurate and authentic as it can be, and even the words are a source of special interest in the odd and undoubtedly correct pronunciations of the very old French. The Rondeaux, sweet love songs, are in parts (three) and of the earliest dissonant type; but in contrast to the time of their discovery, eighty years ago, they are remarkably easy and natural for our modern ears.

This early musical period of the Middle Ages is going to be a fruitful and gratifying source of real musical enjoyment from now on.

Purcell: 15 Fantasias for 3, 4, 5, 6, Viols. Archive ARC 3007.

(I've used the other half of the long record number here—see also the "APM" designations.) This is the "Western Europe" disc referred to above. The

WORTH LOOKING INTO . . .

Chaucer: The Canterbury Tales. Dramatized by Nevill Coghill. Cecil Trouncer *et al.* (BBC Third Program). The Spoken Word: Album 1 (2).

Molière: Le Malade Imaginaire. Cérémonie du Malade; Evocation de la Mort de Molière. Romeo Charles *et al.* Orch. dir. Cadou. Music of Destouches, Lulli, Charpentier, Gervais. London Int. TW 91076/7 (2).

Beaumarchais: Le Barbier de Seville. Micheline Boudet, Jean Weber, *et al.* Ambiance musicale de Marcel Landowsky. London Int. TW 91058/9 (2).

I Can Hear It Now: Winston Churchill. Edited by Edward R. Murrow and Fred W. Friendly. Columbia ML 5066 (1, with booklet).

Spotlight on Percussion. Arnold Goldberg, classical percussion; Kenny Clarke, jazz drummer, Al Collins, narr. Vox DL 180 (1, with booklet).

famous fantasias, written in a then-archaic style after Byrd and Gibbons and the like, have been recorded before with violin-family strings, notably in the pre-war English Music Society 78s, and with the more suitable viols in a few excerpts. Here is the set, played as is entirely proper without any vibrato. The musical effect—while at first a bit toneless, like a soggy harmonica—grows ever more pleasing as the remarkable intonation, the pure chords, and the somewhat heavy-footed figurations begin to tell.

Each fantasia is made of a number of connecting sections in different tempi, with much of the characteristic cross-relation (A against A flat, etc.) and rapidly shifting semi-modal harmony that makes seventeenth-century music so strong to our ears.

Paganini: Violin Concerto #4 (newly discovered). Arthur Grumiaux; Lamoureux Orch., Gallini. Epic LC 3143.

Paganini was vastly secretive about his technique and the music which he wrote to show it off. He knew the value of a bit of mystery. This concerto, composed exclusively for a Paris performance, never to be played elsewhere, took the critics by storm after they had waited out several concertsful of suspense. It subsequently disappeared.

The music proves mainly the well known fallibility of audiences and critics. It won't send you the way it sent the Parisians. Just more Paganini, very musical as always, full of too many tricks as always, big in sound and unimportant in content. The master fiddler's magic doesn't work very well today, except for fiddlers, who will be fascinated.

Sibelius: Symphonies #4, #5. Phila. Orch., Ormandy. Columbia ML 5045.

Lush in sound and gorgeous in outward intensity, these two performances nevertheless leave me cold. They are subtly wrong—dreadfully wrong—in a hundred ways, though I can't find words to explain them. The sound of the music is here, but not the sense. It is as though Ormandy were in over his head and floundering, which seems unlikely, I'll admit.

The Fourth, incidentally, shows up even here as a remarkably modern symphony in ways not perhaps realized before. The acutely dissonant, dynamic motive of the augmented fourth, introduced with the first notes and used throughout the work as a powerful structural binder, is of the essence of modernism, as practiced by Bartok, Stravinsky, Berg, Shostakovich. The thin, transparent soloistic instrumentation within the large orchestra is similarly of today and not at all of the Romantic past.

Falla: Concerto for Harpsichord. Rieti: Partita. Surinach: Tientos. Sylvia Marlowe, Concert Arts Players. Capitol P-8309.

This is the first recording of this problematical late work of Falla that seems to me to have solved the problems of balance and tempo that have made hash of other recorded versions. The more rapid pace of much of the music here makes far more sense of it than I had heard before. And at last a recording engineer has realized that Falla meant the harpsichord to sound *exactly* as on the stage—faint, silvery, unobtrusive. Other versions, mistakenly amplifying the faint sounds, have made a monstrous grunting of a keyboard part that—as I once heard in a live performance—is delicately insistent, depending on sharp tone color rather than sheer volume to balance the force of flute, clarinet, oboe, violin, and cello. The other works are composed especially for Miss Marlowe's harpsichord.

The Siena Pianoforte. (Scarlatti: Six Sonatas; Mozart: Sonata in B Flat, K. 333). Charles Rosen. Esoteric ESP 3000.

Esoteric has made much of the fabulous sound of this historic piano, a highly decorated upright built for the Italian Kings in the last century and, after a very checkered career, uncovered unaccountably after World War II in the middle of the Libyan desert. I find it less than fabulous, though pleasing and unusual in sound: this particular recording suffers from poor Mozart interpretation and fair Scarlatti. Several more discs have been issued since, among them a Bach-Busoni that sounded good on a brief sampling I heard.

The piano's sound actually is not unfamiliar, an elegant version of the sort that came from pianos of the middle and early nineteenth century and back into the Mozart period. It is soft, a bit twangy, with a full but gentle bass and an over-all modesty of effect. Reminds me of the old square pianos.

Chopin: Waltzes. Artur Rubinstein, piano. RCA Victor LM 1892.

After many a hard and powerful recording and a couple of million concert performances, Rubinstein is mellowing into a newly fine solo pianist, notably in the less hackneyed works which he plays only occasionally on tour. These waltzes are marvelously expert in execution and definitely *con amore,* if still a bit on the chrome-plate side.

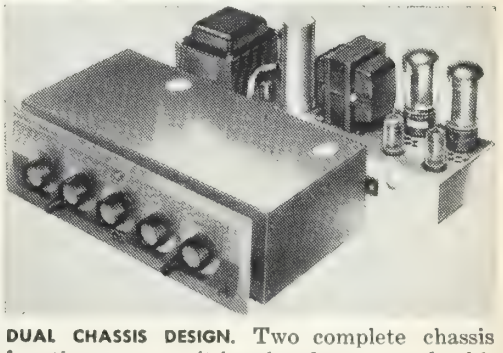
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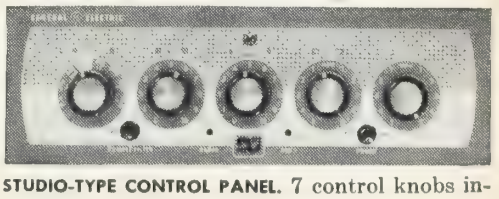


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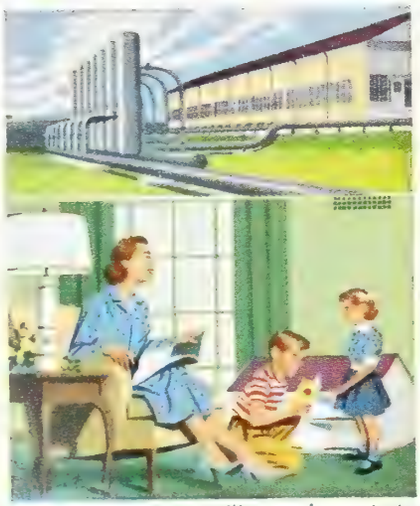
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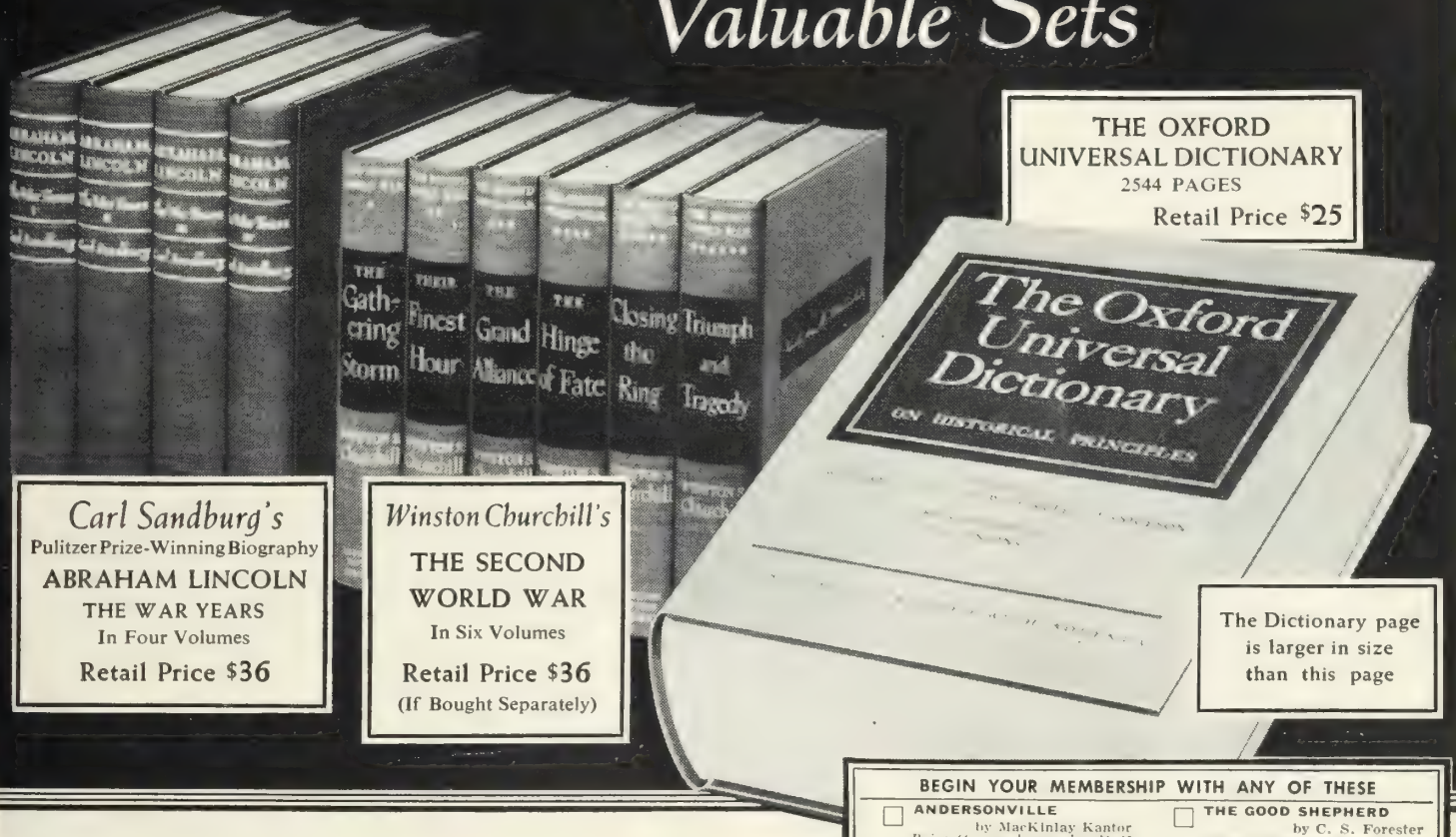
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LETTERS

Pay by the Year

To the Editors:

Your December issue carries a constructive article by Harold J. Ruttenberg ["Pay by the Year: Can the Unions Afford It?"]. It appeals to me as being possibly the best thing yet written in a lay magazine on the subject of the annual wage.

Perhaps I feel more strongly than most because I have stressed for almost twenty-five years that (a) the annual income is the key to compensation policy and (b) the annual income per worker is directly proportionate to annual economic or money productivity per worker.

As far as I know the statistical demonstration of the soundness of the annual-income principle first came in 1932; it had been practically applied some years before Mr. Ruttenberg began to advocate it. . . . .

We have effectively applied this principle for periods ranging up to seventeen consecutive years in American, Canadian, Puerto Rican, English, and German manufactures. The extensive references to it in the business press indicate its appeal to workers in all of those countries. Although Mr. Ruttenberg is scarcely a pioneer in this field, he will find himself warmly welcomed by some very good company among his fellow industrialists.

A. W. Rucker
The Eddy-Rucker-Nickels Co.
Cambridge, Mass.

The December *Harper's* is worth its weight in gold . . . simply because of the crystal-clear, vividly luminous searchlight into the future contained in "Pay by the Year." Harold J. Ruttenberg has done all of us, employers and workers alike, a gigantic service.

As an employer of seventy-five who has lived with a CIO union for fifteen years without a strike, and never a day shut down, this careful analysis points the way simply and clearly to a better future. James Robertson, Mayor
Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

There is nothing wrong with what appears to be Harold J. Ruttenberg's basic thesis that if organized labor wants a guaranteed annual wage its leaders will have to assume the responsibility of helping the business with which they are bargaining to keep on laying golden eggs.

But he should have had enough experience on the labor side to concede that one reason why the "little Lord Fauntleroys" come around every so often with a pistol is that logic has hitherto proved a poor substitute for force when management declines to lay the facts on the table.

Any time the average employer decides to treat us as "partners" in his enterprise—in other words, to give us the facts of his business along with an honest appraisal of his situation and an honest invitation to share in the problem—we'll lay that pistol down. . . .

Joseph E. Garland
American Newspaper Guild AFL-CIO
South Sudbury, Mass.

I think Mr. Ruttenberg misses the main points of economics by a million miles. We want to oppose monopoly, not support it, and the plan he outlines would support it.

He admits the employment of the worker would depend upon the earnings of the corporation. So workers would conspire against the consumer in arranging higher prices for basic commodities. Workers are doing some of this now, but not on such a large scale. . . . Charles W. Shepard
Atlanta, Ga.

Country Slickers

To the Editors:

I was heartened by the comments in the December P & O on the farm-subsidy question. The relation between sensational increases in productivity on farms and the present "plight" of farmers is hardly ever mentioned. . . . However your comments include one rather tattered fallacy that ought to be disposed of, that is that the public pays farm subsidies twice, once in taxes and once in high food prices. This is not so. The real situation is complex and depends on such unmeasurable factors as the public's price- and income-elasticities of demand and the supply functions for farm products.

A more telling argument against price supports is in the serious distortions they produce in the consumers' choice between buying farm goods and buying other things. . . . S. A. Jorgersen
Washington, D. C.

Many American farmers do not fit into the category of "The Country Slickers Take Us Again." The American Farm Bureau of which we are members has gone on record in support of Mr. Benson. We do not believe the farm problem can be solved through government high-price supports. . . .

Much of what you say is very true and a disgusting picture as well as a disgrace. The problem as we see it is tremendous. . . . We own and operate 330 acres of good land stocked with 100 pure-bred Holstein cattle. Our capital investment is in excess of $150,000 from which we have a net income that is less than one per cent. Ours is a fourth-generation family farm. We have two children, neither of whom is willing to farm because there are easier ways of making a living. However we do believe that the salvation of American economy rests in family-owned and -operated farms. . . .

We are not willing to sell our vote to the politician who is offering us an immediate rosy future; we know that there is no immediate answer that will govern all types of American agriculture. The answer to one type often has an untoward effect on another. . . .

Bonita P. Cowling
Neenah, Wisc.

Does J. F. who wrote "The Country Slickers Take Us Again" know or care about the number of hungry bellies in this and other countries? Does he know that three billion dollars spent for price supports is counterbalanced by good products stored and available for war and other calamities?

Leon C. Hurtt
Missoula, Mont.

J. F. replies: The argument, advanced by many of our readers, that food surpluses in storage should be regarded as a war reserve does not strike me as altogether persuasive. Our military authorities seem agreed that the next war, if we have one, will be decided in a matter of days, if not hours; and that one immediate result will be a considerable drop in food consumption, since most of the urban population would never need anything more to eat.

I have read the article by John Fischer in the December issue of *Harper's* with a great deal of interest. It is excellent.

Ezra T. Benson
Secretary of Agriculture
Washington, D. C.

I am in full agreement with most of "The Country Slickers Take Us Again," but on page 22 you fall into a common error. You tell us that new machinery, new fertilizers, new varieties of hybrid seed, new pest killers, new techniques have caused an astronomical rise in out

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put per man and per acre. As far as output per man is concerned, you have a case, but the sad fact is that output per acre has scarcely risen at all during the past forty years and, in the case of some crops, has dropped to a depressing degree. . . .

LEONARD WICKENDEN
Weston, Conn.

You regularly attempt to discourage any type of prejudice, racial or otherwise. Why then the sudden bigotry, narrow-mindedness, and class hatred of your attack on the farmers? . . .

You reduce the whole problem to the simplest possible terms—unfair representation as the cause, eliminate a million people and forty million acres as the cure. . . . In this complicated economy you could no more take a large slice of income from the farmers than you could suddenly reduce the wages of all labor by 25 or 50 percent. . . .

ROY U. JORDAN
Emporia, Kan.

. . . My grandson, who lives on my farm, is the twelfth generation of my family to get his living exclusively from the soil. The last six generations have subsisted—with some comfort but very little ease—on a rough side hill farm high up in the Catskills. . . .

Except for a few months during World War II when the government paid a consumers' subsidy on milk direct to the producer, no dollar of outside money has ever come into our farm operation. . . .

I have never sold my vote. I'm so unsophisticated I never realized anyone would pay for it in America—except possibly big-city racketeers. Perhaps I should have joined some organization which would negotiate for me, but I've always been independent. Most farmers operate and think that way. . . .

You are right on one score. I *am* a "country slicker." And I'm slicker than you are, for I know better than to say or even imply that reduced farm population compensates for shrunken farm income. A shared loss is greater for each individual as the number of sharers decreases. . . .

I must congratulate you for listing a few of the big outfits now taking a lion's bite out of the federal treasury. These big new rich-town farmers burn me up too. Nearly all of them are charging their farm losses, with or without the subsidy, as an offset against federal income-tax liability from their regular business. . . . But the serious damage comes from the surplus they create. . . .

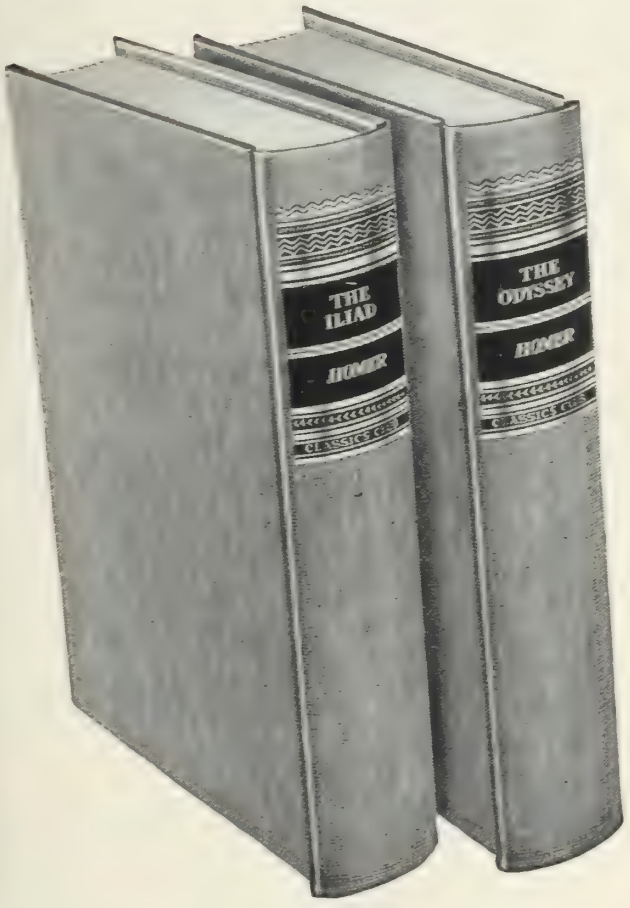
GEORGE D. TAYLOR
Stamford, N. Y.

P & O's glib appraisal of the current agricultural scene serves only to spread

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confusion about an extremely serious problem.

Net farm income has dropped 29 per cent since 1952. Prices of equipment and products have remained the same or risen. . . .

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Millions of family farmers have gone on producing at full capacity even in times when consumer demand was down. . . . If farmers had not gone on producing during the depression of the 1930s, only a sudden and complete makeover of our basic institutions would have prevented mass starvation. . . .

If this nation is to continue to be the best fed in the world, it is going to have to learn to live with abundance. Actually there is only one surplus in the world: a surplus of empty stomachs.

JAMES G. PATTON, President
National Farmers Union
Denver, Col.

. . . The article from the *New York Times* from which you quote in "The Country Slickers Take Us Again" has been thoroughly discredited. A recent survey by *Wallaces' Farmer and Iowa Homestead* revealed that most Iowa farmers own cars in the low-priced field and that most of these cars are far from being "brand new." A very low percentage of the cars owned are in the Cadillac, Buick, Oldsmobile class. Unfortunately, many persons will continue to use the *New York Times* article as a quickie to prove that farmers are "living in clover." . . . G. P. DEYOE
Champaign, Ill.

Supreme Court

TO THE EDITORS:

Irving Dilliard's "Warren and the New Supreme Court" in the December issue is informative. However, as a practicing attorney, I am compelled to take exception to certain language used by Mr. Dilliard in the following statement: "It looks as though the Supreme Court as now composed will hear more cases and produce more decisions, and its decisions will be more in favor of the individual citizen than they were at the hands of the 'Vinson Court' in the Administration of Harry S. Truman."

As the guardian of our liberties, the Supreme Court is the watch dog of legislative and executive action. It cannot be "in" or any part of any Presidential Administration. To indicate that such is the Court status is inaccurate and imputes Presidential influence which every self-respecting lawyer of either political party knows does not exist. . . . As a matter of fact the "Vinson Court" in the author's language was also "in the Administration of Dwight D. Eisenhower."

JOHN R. FOLEY
Kensington, Md.

The article on the Supreme Court erroneously states that Associate Justice John Marshall Harlan is a graduate of New York University Law School whereas the Justice is perhaps the most distinguished alumnus of the New York Law School, an entirely different institution. . . . JOHN G. HERVEY
American Bar Association
Oklahoma City, Okla.

Young Guitars

TO THE EDITORS:

Thanks so much for publishing Mr. Wertenbaker's story on "Journey with Young Guitars" [December]. Its charm and joyousness and above all the simplicity of life are worth any fiction story. One comes away with a feeling of thankfulness that children may still grow up—and adults too for that matter—in such an atmosphere. . . .

N. MEYER
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Einstein's Equations

TO THE EDITORS:

My sincere thanks to *Harper's* and to Leonard Engel for "What Einstein Was Up To" [December].

The terribly destructive power of the atom developed from the implications of the famous "Einstein equation" has overshadowed, in the popular mind, the far greater contribution of the general theory of relativity to a complete mathematical description of the physical universe. For thirty years Einstein labored to arrive at a mathematical theory sufficiently comprehensive to account for all that happens or can happen in the world of stars and atoms. . . . One wonders whether his failure was not due to the inherent impossibility of the finite human mind to obtain an exterior view of a cosmic enclosure of which, after all, that mind is the very center. . . .

PAUL SABINE
Colorado Springs, Col.

. . . I am glad that someone has made an attempt to explain in layman's language the main purpose of Mr. Einstein's research. . . . CLARA R. LAIN
Tarzana, Calif.

Symonds Memorial

TO THE EDITORS:

The article, "Death of a Correspondent" by John Carlova, in the December issue moved me profoundly. The impact was doubly so because, as it may interest your readers to learn, for several months now we have been trying to obtain sufficient funds to endow two libraries dedicated to the memory of Gene Symonds, one to be located in the Singapore Journalist Club, the other in the public library of his home town, Lima, Ohio. These collections will be named "Gene Symonds Memorial Collection" and will consist of volumes in the field of journalism, past and present. . . .

If any of your readers wish to contribute, they can send checks or money orders to the American Library Service, 117 West 48 St., New York 19, N. Y.

SYMON GOULD
American Library Service
New York, N. Y.

Cultural Cartoons

TO THE EDITORS:

Congratulations to cartoon critic Ignatius Mattingly ["Some Cultural Aspects of Serial Cartoons," December]. Clear is the future: comic classes commenced by colleges; Krazy Kat culture conferred on all. . . .

LAWRENCE GREENBERG
Rockville Center, N. Y.

I thought that one of the most interesting aspects of our cartoons, serial or otherwise, Mr. Mattingly left out: they are turning out in many cases to be merchandising strips. Chester Gould makes most of his income by selling mamma dolls; Barney Google hawks neckties; and Al Capp too must have some tie-up with a toy factory. This unhappy situation is, of course, going to spread, and Madison Avenue copywriters will, alas, draw our cartoons. . . .

L. W. MICHAELSON
Iowa City, Ia.

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JOHN FISCHER

the editor's EASY CHAIR

For twenty years and two months, Bernard DeVoto wrote The Easy Chair not as an editor but as an independent columnist. In many ways he was unique; his death leaves the kind of gap that nobody could quite fill. The Easy Chair here reverts to the purpose for which it was originally started more than a century ago: at least for some time, it will be written by members of the editorial staff.

Intellectual with a Gun

ON AUGUST 25, 1944, an American on a secret assignment rode a jeep into Paris with the Free French infantry of LeClerc's Division. Fighting was still going on in the streets. His orders were to meet a particular group of underground agents in a small hotel near the center of the city.

When he reached it, they were not there. Instead the room appointed for the rendezvous was occupied by three strangers.

"One of them," he reported later, "was loading cartridge clips in a corner away from the windows. She was the most beautiful woman I have ever seen." (No trifling compliment; for the American—C. D. Jackson, now a satrap of the Luce Empire—is a man-about-the-world who has seen more than his share of pretty girls.)

"Another was the grandson of Victor Hugo; I never did find out what he was up to. The third was a priest, in full clerical costume. He was crouched at a window, firing a machine pistol at the Nazi troops and Pétain militiamen in the street below."

This gunman turned out to be Father Raymond-Leopold Bruckberger, of the Dominican Order—perhaps the most uncloistered priest since Richelieu. A few days later, as Chaplain General of the Resistance, he welcomed Charles de Gaulle at Notre Dame cathedral when the general paid his first visit to the liberated city.

Earlier he had served—not entirely in a spiritual role—with the Foreign Legion and a corps of Commandos. He had been gravely wounded, imprisoned by the Gestapo, and twice awarded the Croix de Guerre.

Yet Father Bruckberger is best known in Europe, neither as priest nor hero of the underground, but as a highly controversial intellectual. So controversial, in fact, that he has been forced into virtual exile. He committed two offenses which many Frenchmen still cannot forgive:

(1) As editor of a brilliantly fierce little magazine, *Le Cheval de Troie,* he opposed the excesses of the postwar purge of collaborationists. In particular, he exposed the Communists' tactic of using the purge to kill off innocent people (including many of their underground comrades) who might have later provided an effective non-Communist leadership in French politics.

(2) He expressed a sympathetic interest in the United States. To those French intellectuals whose prime article of faith is contempt for everything American, this was sheer betrayal.

These combined resentments compelled him to close down his magazine and seek refuge in this country. Since his arrival he has continued to behave in a shockingly unconventional fashion. First of all, he refused to settle in New York; he has lived in such intellectually unfashionable places as Minnesota, New Jersey, and Chicago. Then he took the trouble to learn something about the country; probably he is the only Frenchman who has ever traveled through twenty-four states by bus. (After three or four more years, he hopes to discover enough to write the first really informed book about America, by a European, since De Tocqueville.) Finally, he writes an occasional best seller—*The Seven Miracles of Gubbio* and *One Sky to Share* are the best known here—without giving up his franchise as a card-carrying European intel-

lectual. His criticisms of American fiction, for example, have stung hard enough to provoke a reply from such a formidable antagonist as Robert Penn Warren.

Bruckberger's suggestions for American intellectuals, on page 68, may touch off another brisk debate. Probably without quite realizing it, he is asking them to recast themselves in a foreign mold, to operate as if they were European intellectuals. The two breeds are so different that it is highly doubtful whether the American species could ever make the conversion—and if they did, it is even more questionable whether the result would be as happy as Bruckberger believes.

TO MAKE the switch, they would have to give up two of their most deeply-rooted traditions:

(1) Ever since the cradle days of American literature, our most influential writers have held that their main job was to hack away at the deadwood which eternally crops up in every society. From Hawthorne's *The Scarlet Letter* to Sinclair Lewis' *Main Street* . . . from Thoreau to Mencken . . . Mark Twain to Norman Mailer and John O'Hara . . . the dominant note has been critical.

The results often have been spectacular: witness the reactions to *Uncle Tom's Cabin, The Jungle, The Grapes of Wrath,* and *Native Son.* (Note, too, that such novels—and their non-fiction companions, from Olmsted's work on the Cotton Kingdom to Riesman's on the Lonely Crowd—have been addressed primarily to the American audience. What effect they might have on foreigners is a question which rarely crossed the authors' minds. If the neighbors overhearing our family arguments got the wrong idea, we couldn't have cared less.)

Seldom have any of our intellectuals thought it worth their while to defend the good things in American life. Those seemed self-evident. Anyhow, they were amply proclaimed by the politicians and advertising men. The most useful task, then, for intellectuals—so they assumed—was to cauterize, not to poultice. For the reasons noted by Adlai E. Stevenson on page 31—and argued recently by Robert Penn Warren in the *New York Times*—this kind of surgery is what keeps the American organism so vigorous.

So far as it goes, this argument is sound enough. But very few American intellectuals have yet faced up to the further questions implied in Bruckberger's article. Granted that surgery is always necessary, have we now reached a point in history where some additional treatment may be needed to save the patient? Are the doctors so busy trimming away the familiar warts and calluses that they have failed to pay much attention to a polio epidemic invading the neighborhood?

Certainly the value of the American Idea no longer is self-evident to a good many millions of people—notably the just-awakening minds of Asia and Africa. All they know about this country, in most cases, is what they learn from the Kremlin—and from such widely-exported samples of American culture as Mickey Spillane and Hollywood's Blackboard Jungles. Whatever feeble rebuttal may be offered now has to come primarily from a handful of cowed diplomats and harassed propagandists in our overseas information services. Now that all of us (the intellectuals included) are under a really lethal attack for the first time in our experience, can they afford to leave the case for the defense in such hands alone?

If some of our writers and artists do attempt the shift in attitude and purpose which Bruckberger prescribes, it will come hard. They will find it embarrassing, as if somebody had asked them to defend their wives' virtue before a meeting of the Parent-Teachers Association. Nevertheless, this part of the prescription probably is worth trying. It might produce very considerable results—not in Europe, for the reasons noted below—but in the Middle East, Africa, and the Orient. In those parts of the world the small, but immensely influential, educated class has developed a hardy resistance to governmental propaganda; but it is still willing to listen to independent spokesmen who can win its respect.

This they can do, not by issuing manifestoes, but by explaining candidly what goes on here, good as well as bad. The few who have tried—Kenneth Galbraith in his *American Capitalism,* for example, and Frederick Lewis Allen in *The Big Change*—have met with surprising success.

(2) The second part of Bruckberger's prescription, on the other hand, probably will never be swallowed by the American intellectuals who really matter. And a good thing, too.

For he is suggesting that they set themselves apart as a self-conscious, privileged Mandarin Caste. This is, of course, the European tradition; and from time to time a few American intellectuals have wanted to transplant it over here for their private benefit.

These are the bruised and ineffectual souls who hang around the fringes of the little magazines, the universities, the remnants of Greenwich Village, Big Sur, Rockland County, and Cape Cod. They would like to stand aside from American life, to squint at it through their private lenses, and then to hand down Cultural Guidance. They yearn for the rest of the country to take this guidance seriously; to recognize their special status as a self-appointed elite; and, naturally, to reward them adequately for their



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service in herding the grateful Philistines along the path to enlightenment. Because none of these things happen, they feel unappreciated and complain that America is "anti-intellectual."

This of course is nonsense; and this small but noisy group of mourners does not by any means speak for American intellectuals.

This country is never likely to tolerate, much less reverence, a special intellectual class, any more than it is likely to replace the Bar & Grill with sidewalk cafés on the Parisian model. But this does not mean that the country is "anti-intellectual." (Nobody calls us "anti-peasant" just because we don't have a peasant class.) It simply means that our goal has always been the classless society. We aren't there yet, but we are closer than anybody else has ever come; and at this late date we are hardly going to swerve back toward the hierarchical patterns of European culture.

Indeed, the very term "intellectual" sounds a little false in these latitudes. Most Americans are not willing to grant that there is any valid distinction between an "intellectual" and an intellectual man. They "expect every man to take an active part"—as Russell Lynes once put it—"and rather resent a group that sits by and criticizes."

This is largely true even of the men whom Europeans would describe as intellectuals—and who would themselves snort at the label. Robert Sherwood, James Conant, Elmer Davis, Woodrow Wilson, Bernard DeVoto, Vannevar Bush, Learned Hand, Paul Douglas, and Mr. Justice Holmes—to mention only a handful—have spent their lives hip-deep in public affairs. When they criticize, their words carry weight—precisely because they are not spectators isolated in the left-field bleachers, but veteran members of the ball club.

(Maybe there is a hint here—a more practical one than Bruckberger's—for those intellectuals who fret because the public and the politicians refuse to take them seriously. In most communities, the political machinery of both parties is wide open to anybody who is willing to invest a little time and energy. Every ward leader is always on the lookout for one or two new block workers; there is no ceiling for the volunteer who does a competent job at the foot of the ladder. And the intellectual will soon find that politicians *always* listen to any man who can get out the vote in the Second Ward.)

EVEN if American intellectuals should band themselves together into a kind of Heavy Thinkers' Association and issue trumpeting manifestoes, there is no reason to believe that their European counterparts would pay the slightest attention.

Why? Simply because most European intellectuals seem to have a deep internal need to construct a loathsome picture of America. This has nothing to do with facts. It is a compulsion, like the Nazi urge to create a hateful myth about the Jews, and it cannot be touched by rational argument.

There appear to be two explanations.

To begin with, the European intellectual—particularly in France, which sets the key for the rest of the continent—sees America as a personal threat. Because he was raised in a hierarchical class system, and has won a privileged status within it, he feels that a society without classes is a direct menace to his honors, his pride, and his livelihood.

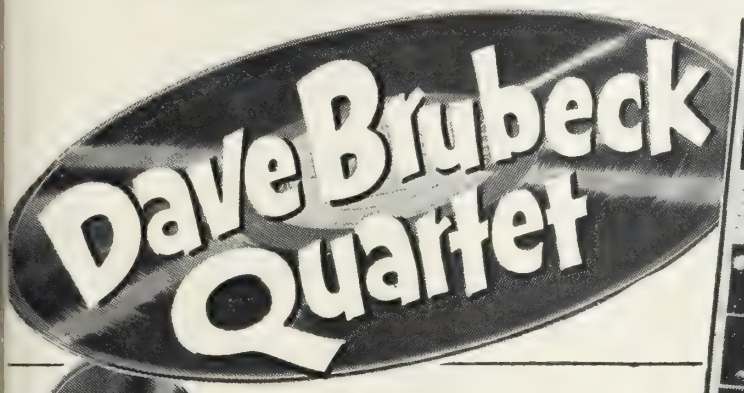
Nor is his fright purely selfish. He thinks of himself as the guardian of culture—the heir and trustee of everything precious in Western civilization—as indeed his class has been for centuries. In his mind, the very concept of culture is riveted to the concept of an elite, a priesthood dedicated to cherishing the sacred flame. He cannot imagine how culture could exist where such an elite is lacking. By definition, then, he knows that America has no culture and cannot possibly develop one. (A classic statement of this creed was presented by Ortega y Gasset in *The Revolt of the Masses.)*

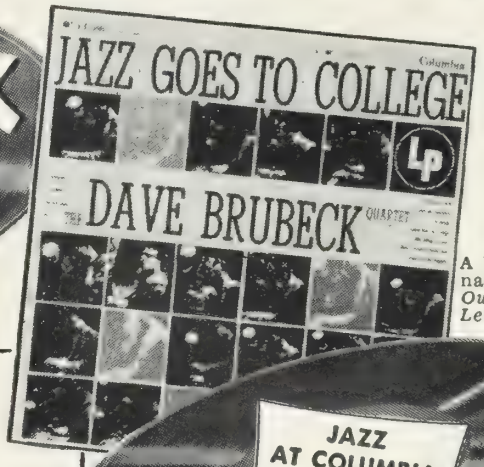
When he watches the powerful solvents of American influence eating into the mortar of the European social order, therefore, he believes that all Western civilization is crumbling. This is what he means when he rages against "Coca-colonization" and all the creeping symptoms of mass culture—from universal education to book clubs, TV,

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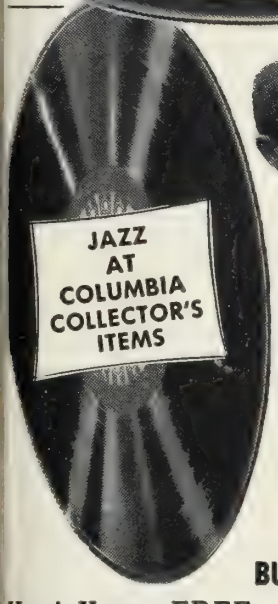






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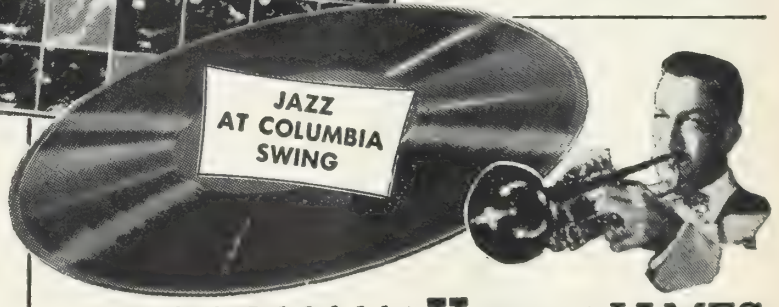




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supermarkets, and ready-made suits —which he lumps together under the epithet of "American materialism."

Russia does not frighten him in the same way. True, the Communists talk about a "classless society"—but the European intellectual knows they don't really mean it. He can see for himself that the Soviet Union has a hierarchy of classes more rigid than anything Western Europe has known since the heyday of feudalism; and within this structure the intellectual has his familiar, reassuring niche. His class is, in fact, the second most privileged in every Soviet state—enjoying pay and honors only slightly lower than those allotted to The Party's ruling nobility. It is hardly surprising, therefore, that such professional intellectuals as Sartre, Bourdet, and Aragon turn automatically toward the Kremlin. At bottom, their impulse is close kin to that of such conservatives as Maritain and Bernanos, who pine for a social order different in color but identical in its neat array of classes.

Another psychological necessity reinforces all these prejudices. Today's Frenchmen have a pathetic need to look down on somebody. For roughly three hundred years they found it natural to feel superior to practically all mankind. Beginning about the reign of Louis XIV, they took it for granted that France was the ultimate flower of civilization; and, in fact, for generations no nation could rival them in military glory, scientific achievement, bureaucratic efficiency, the arts, or the graces of living.

B U T now the French can no longer conceal, even from themselves, the fact that they have come down in the world. Their military dominance vanished in 1870. Their economy began to lag with the Industrial Revolution. In science, medicine, and technology they have long been outdistanced. Every year since World War II, the pretense that France is still a Great Power has looked increasingly ridiculous. The last of her colonies are breaking away. And—the final humiliation—for ten years the French have been demonstrating before all the world that they cannot even govern themselves. (A French politician solemnly proclaiming that the Moroccans are not yet ready for self-government is perhaps



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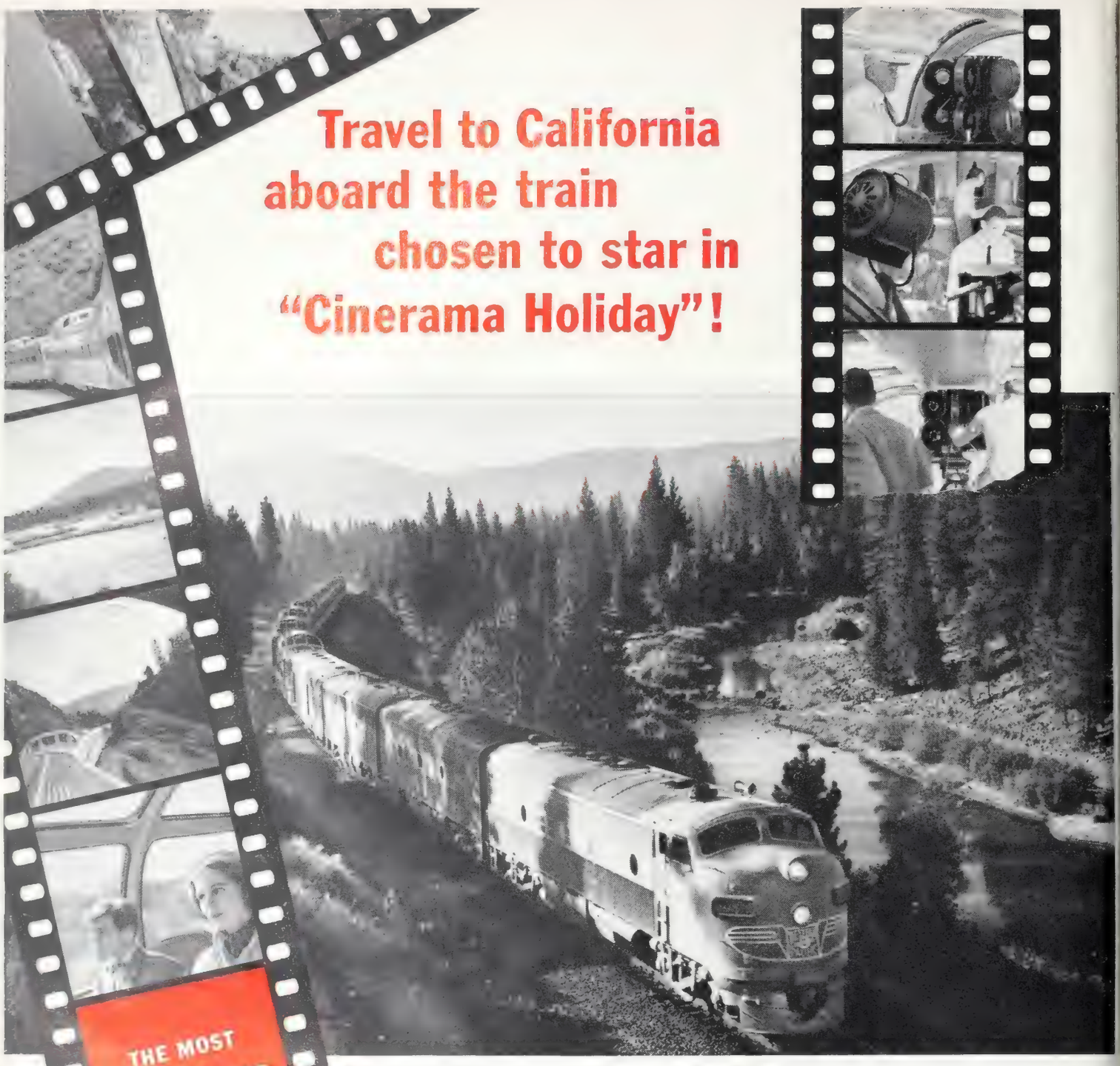
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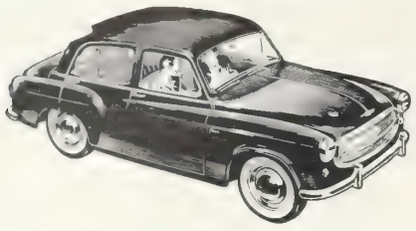
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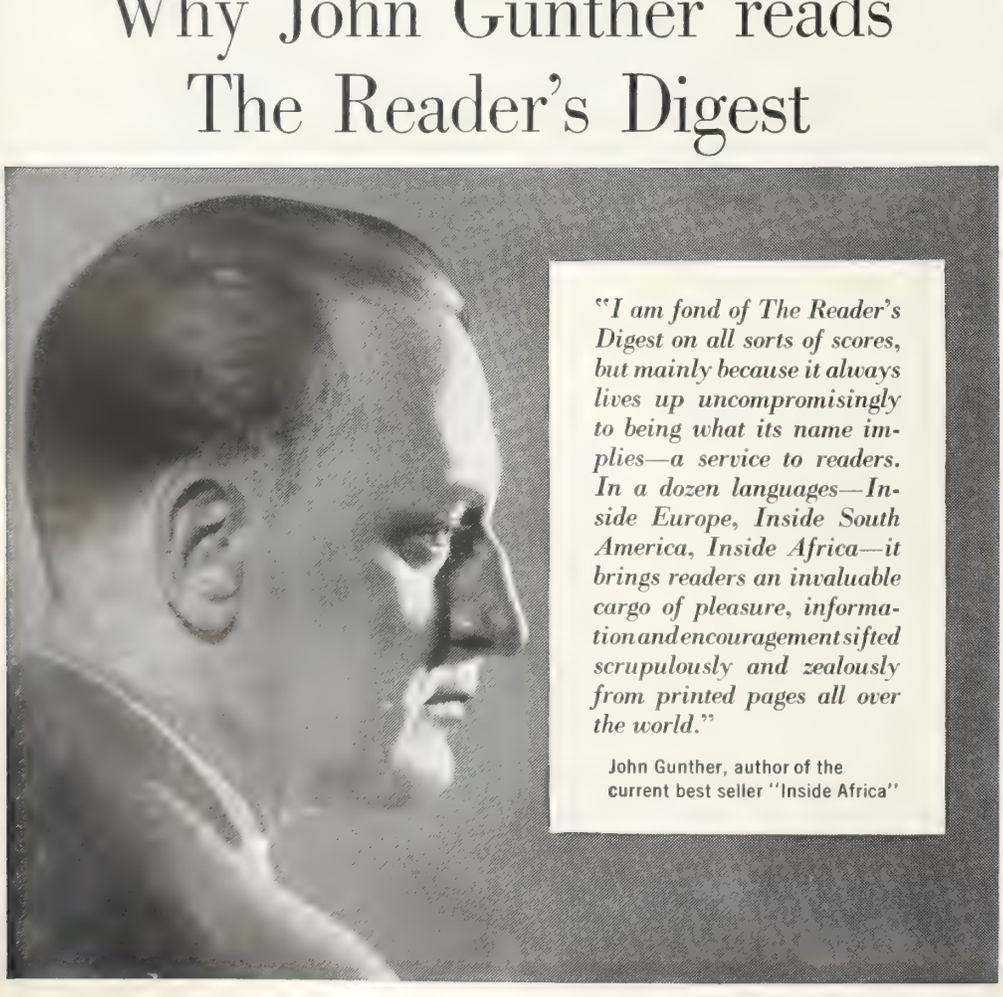


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Why John Gunther reads The Reader's Digest



"I am fond of The Reader's Digest on all sorts of scores, but mainly because it always lives up uncompromisingly to being what its name implies—a service to readers. In a dozen languages—Inside Europe, Inside South America, Inside Africa—it brings readers an invaluable cargo of pleasure, information and encouragement sifted scrupulously and zealously from printed pages all over the world."

John Gunther, author of the current best seller "Inside Africa"

the finest comic performance to b found anywhere on the Continent.

About all they have left to nourish their self-respect is a fierce belief i their cultural superiority. Obviously the most satisfying way to feed thi belief is to sneer at the barbarou Americans, who have pushed ahea of them in so many other fields.

In these circumstances, any a tempt to puncture their favorit legend might turn out to be a intolerable blow to the Gallic pride Here the facts are not merely irrele vant; they may be positively danger ous. Certainly it is not in our long range interest to destroy the last pro of self-confidence in a nation alread bogged deep in defeatism, cynicism and despair. A French sneer does u no harm—but as a therapeutic devic it clearly does them quite a lot o good. Why not let them keep it?

Meanwhile, our intellectuals migh do well to stick to their own trad tion—untidy, unregimented, and in perfectly defined, like the rest o American life. In time, even Fathe Bruckberger may become reconcile to it; for he is, by nature, a partic pant rather than a sideline critic an this is the kind of society where h belongs.

COMING NEXT MONTH

Under the guise of "emancipating the American Indian, the Bureau o Indian Affairs in Washington is play ing into the hands of powerfu private interests in the country wh want to take over Indian lands an resources—part of the whole "land grab" campaign. In "The Raid o the Reservations," **Dorothy Van d Mark** tells the story behind th Bureau's Relocation Plan.

Most Americans believe that Sovie propaganda has thoroughly sold th Russian people on their government But **Albert Parry**, Professor of Rus sian Civilization and Language a Colgate University, has dug up som interesting facts to show that, wha ever its success in satellite nation the old line is beginning to bore th Comrades at home.

A man who is ingenious can live no too badly in New York City withou a home, a job, money, friends, o recourse to official charity. **Edmun G. Love's** "Subways Are For Sleep ing" is a true case history.

A unique classroom driver training device, developed as a public service by the Ætna Casualty and Surety Company, proves its effectiveness in carefully controlled research. By cutting costs and reducing the number of teachers needed to provide "behind-the-wheel" training, the Ætna Drivotrainer will make it possible for more and more high schools to train their students to "drive and live."

Toward a Generation of Safer Drivers

ONE DAY last winter, a fast-moving car overtook a driver training car from Hollywood High School which was slowly making its way down Laurel Canyon toward the movie capital. The student driver had had only two hours of actual on-the-road experience and therefore was cautiously descending the steep and winding highway, no faster than 25 miles an hour.

The driver of the speeding car, disregarding a double white line which warned of a curve ahead, and with no thought of the danger he was creating, attempted to pass. Just as he overtook the student's car, a truck suddenly appeared, coming around the bend.

Panic-stricken, the impatient driver cut in to the right, heedless of everything save his blind desire to avoid the oncoming truck. That he had the space to get back into his own lane without a collision which might have overturned his own car and hurled the school car down a steep bank was due to the correct and trigger-quick response of the student driver.

The student had spotted the truck the moment it appeared. Instantly he braked and veered to the right, foreseeing the other driver's desperate swerve back into line. The cars cleared each other by a matter of inches.

Dr. Walter G. Patterson, the instructor, who was riding in the front seat with his pupil, breathed a sigh of relief, and so did the other members of the class who were sitting behind him in their official role of back seat "observers." Dr. Patterson had gone into action himself with his dual-control clutch and brake when he spotted the truck, but there had been no need for his intervention.

On the way back to the school, Dr. Patterson pondered. For a beginning student to be able to react so quickly and correctly was something new in his experience. Might the explanation lie in the training the boy had received on an experimental device, the Ætna Drivotrainer, recently installed at Hollywood High? The boy had met several emergency situations on the Drivotrainer paralleling the one he had just experienced in real life. He had been drilled in the correct response to these situations. When confronted with the real thing, he had made a split-second response, and a *correct* one!

Dr. Patterson, one member of a special team of Los Angeles educators who were evaluating the new device, thought a lot more about the near tragedy in the ensuing days. The boy *might* have reacted that way without Ætna Drivotrainer instruction—but then again, he might not have!

Dr. Patterson had observed that the students in the Drivotrainer class appeared to have more confidence, and to be better at simple manipulative skills and at complex tasks like parallel parking. What if these things *were* connected? Maybe they were really on the right track in this unique method of driver training.

A Grim Prediction

The automobile death and injury toll has been called "the greatest uncontrolled social problem facing the country today." In 1954 approximately 38,000 men, women, and children were killed in traffic accidents. Two million more were maimed or injured.

In the last 50 years, *one million* Americans have died in traffic accidents, a greater number than all the American soldiers killed in combat

from the start of the Revolutionary War up through the present day. A grim prediction from the Association of Casualty and Surety Companies warns that one out of every two Americans today faces the statistical likelihood of being killed or injured in a traffic accident!

According to the Association of Casualty Companies, only 15 per cent of all accidents come from mechanical or roadway defects. The remaining 85 per cent come from one source only: *the man behind the wheel.* Human frailties—including lack of knowledge, lack of skill, and, in particular, improper mental attitudes—lie at the root of most accidents. An accident report may list the cause of an accident as "passing on a curve," but the *real* cause is much more likely to be found in the mind or the emotions of one of the drivers—the lack of forethought, the impatience, or the irritation which made him ignore the dangers of passing at such a spot.

Education is needed for drivers in all age groups. But those who have studied the matter—the President's Highway Safety Conference, the National Safety Council, the National Education Association, the American Automobile Association, the Association of Casualty Companies, and many others—have agreed it is needed in particular for the boys and girls who come of driving age each year in our schools. In these young people, many educators believe, lies the best long-range answer to the problem of traffic safety. If all our secondary schools—public, parochial, and private—offered both classroom and "behind-the-wheel" driver education we could, in a generation, put on our highways about 40 million drivers who had been *trained for safety.*

Although driver education is making some headway, it is regrettable that of the 20,000 high schools in the country, only half offered driver-education courses during the last school year. Only about 37 per cent of the schools offered both the classroom course *and* the "behind-the-wheel" instruction which educators agree is necessary to develop a really safe driver. Of the 1.6 million public high school students eligible for driver education last year, only 468,000—or about three out of ten—received both classroom *and* "behind-the-wheel" instruction.

Costs and Teacher Shortage

There are two reasons why more students are not receiving behind-the-wheel instruction: high cost and the current teacher shortage. In a typical high school classroom today, a teacher instructs twenty-five to thirty-five students at a time in subjects such as English, mathematics, and history. But in the driver-training car, the teacher can handle only three or four students at a time—the one who is driving, and the two or three who ride as observers.

This teacher-pupil ratio (the teacher is virtually a tutor) sends the cost of driver training skyrocketing compared with normal classroom subjects. Even when the training cars are loaned free of charge to the school district by public-spirited automobile dealers, driver training costs $35 per pupil, on the average, and in some cases as much as $50 or $55 per pupil.

As a corollary to its high cost in dollars and cents, driver training has proved to be expensive in teacher time. With the current teacher shortage, many a school administrator has been reluctant to "spend" the manpower necessary to offer all his students "on-the-road" training. One of the best ways to make sure that driver training will be available to more and more students each year is to cut the cost of the training (in both money and teacher time) without reducing its quality.

With this aim in mind, the Ætna Casualty and Surety Company decided to lend a helping hand. Ætna Casualty has long believed that it is the function of an insurance company to endeavor to *prevent* as well as to *pay* for losses, not just among its own policyholders but among people at large.

Because of its philosophy, which recognized a proper concern with public safety, and because of its experience as a pioneer in the field of driving tests, Ætna Casualty brought not only desire but a certain backlog of experience to bear on the problem. As its initial step, the Company several years ago began a series of discussions with educators to determine whether a classroom driver-training device, especially designed for school use, might not have an important contribution to make. In these discussions, the concept which became the Ætna Drivotrainer began to take form:

1. The device would apply to the training of automobile drivers the same principle found successful in pilot training devices like the Link Trainer and the Dehmel Flight Simulator.

2. The trainer would be a *multiplace* device so as to enable one teacher to instruct ten to fifteen students or *more* at a time.

3. The aim of the trainer would be to *reduce,* not *eliminate,* expensive "on-the-road" time.

4. The Ætna would produce *especially for use with this trainer* a series of motion pictures stressing: (a) judgment development in traffic situations; (b) handling the car in certain common emergency situations; and (c) the display of good driving attitudes at all times. In the films, educators agreed, students could be exposed to especially staged situations which could not be duplicated in real life due to the expense or hazard involved.

To find out whether such a training device would be both economical and effective, Ætna Casualty financed the development of the Drivotrainer and, working closely with a special committee from the New York City Board of Education, began the production of nineteen teaching films for use with the new trainer.

Drivotrainer in Action

In order to get accurate, impartial appraisals of the Drivotrainer under differing circumstances, Ætna Casualty made several installations for research and evaluation. A thirteen-place Ætna Drivotrainer classroom was established in New York City, first at Brooklyn High School of Automotive Trades, and subsequently at Bryant High School.

A five-place unit was installed at Iowa State Teachers College, a natural choice because of its research facilities and its outstanding record of training driver-education teachers. An eight-place unit was set up in Hollywood High School, under the control of the Los Angeles Board of Education. Los Angeles gives driver training to more students each year than any other city in the country.

All equipment at these three "study" installations was loaned by Ætna Casualty to the school or college without cost. Facilities to house the Drivotrainer and the services of researchers, administrators, and teachers were provided by the two school systems and by the college as their share of the project.



DRIVOTRAINER CLASSROOM at Oak Park–River Forest High School. Each of the "classroom cars" has the instruments and controls found in a real car. Students are required to "drive" to meet situations shown in instructional motion pictures. Screen at front of classroom represents view they would have through windshield of moving car. All their driving actions are automatically recorded for teacher's benefit on master score card.

Full findings from all of these installations are not yet available but the shape of the final picture is becoming clearer. New York City expects to arrive at a definitive conclusion by the end of the current school year and is hopeful that the Ætna Drivotrainer may be one means of making driver training available to more and more of its students. Officials have already found that the Drivotrainer can make important contributions in sharpening driver judgment in traffic, making possible safe training in emergencies, and inculcating important attitudes for expert driving. Group instruction in these areas may be given more economically and effectively on the Ætna Drivotrainer than in a regular training car, New York observes in a preliminary report of its research.

Iowa State Teachers College will continue its research, but has already made an optimistic interim report. Research has been completed in Los Angeles and a formal report issued.

The Los Angeles Experiment

In the Los Angeles study, 240 students were divided into two equal groups. The "control" group received the regular California State Prescribed Course, namely six class hours of actual on-the-road driving. The "experimental" group received fifteen class hours in the Ætna Drivotrainer, but only three class hours of on-the-road driving, just half that received by the control group.

The two groups were carefully equated at the beginning of the course on such factors as age, sex, IQ, previous driving experience. Before the course started they were given four tests: an attitude test, a driving test on the Ætna Drivotrainer, and two paper-and-pencil knowledge tests. These tests, says the Los Angeles report, "indicated no significant difference between the groups with regard to initial driving ability."

The same four tests were given at the end of the course to both groups in order to compare the effectiveness of the two methods of instruction. The Los Angeles report states that while both groups showed positive progress on all test scores, there was "a consistency in the direction of difference between the two groups and these differences were in favor of the experimental (Drivotrainer) group."

A searching, twenty-minute road test was also given to both groups at the end of the course. Prepared by the safety section of the Los Angeles schools, the test was given by driver-training teachers who did not know whether the students they were examining were from the control or experimental group. No significant differences were found between the two groups on this test.

The Siebrecht Attitude Test given at the end of the course showed significant change for the better in the Drivotrainer group. No significant change could be found in the attitudes shown by the control group.

Recognizing the paramount importance of developing good attitudes in a driver-training course, the Los Angeles report underlines this attitude gain by the experimental group by observing: "Educationally, this may have import for teaching methodology and for the Ætna Drivotrainer course."

On the driving test given on the Drivotrainer at the end of the course, the experimental group showed significantly greater improvement.

Summing up, the Los Angeles report states: "Results indicate that practically the same progress in driving skill and knowledge will be experienced by the student trained by either the experimental method, using the Ætna Drivotrainer plus three hours of on-the-road training, or the California State Prescribed Course." The report also says that, as a result of the study there is "greater awareness of the infinite scope of the contribution which the Ætna Drivotrainer may make to the field of driver education."

Substantial savings in per pupil instruction costs were possible with the eight-place Drivotrainer unit used in the study, Los Angeles reported, and these per pupil savings would increase sharply with a fifteen-place unit such as would be used under normal operating conditions.

Fully as important as cost savings are the contributions which the Drivotrainer can make toward solving the teacher shortage. Whereas four teachers could give behind-the-wheel instruction to 560 students in Los Angeles by the conventional, car-only method, these same four teachers could instruct 840 students by using the Drivotrainer and giving three hours of on-the-road training—a 50 per cent gain in the number of students reached.

Confirmation that the Drivotrainer makes possible substantial reductions in on-the-road time came in the interim report released recently by Iowa State Teachers College. This report said: "The research staff has formulated one major preliminary conclusion: A combination of approximately fourteen hours of Drivotrainer

instruction and three and one-third to four hours of practice driving is equivalent in instructional effectiveness to six hours of practice driving. . . . Project personnel not involved in the design of research plans or the analysis of results have come to a similar conclusion as a result of their personal observation of the program thus far."

Of the nineteen Drivotrainer motion pictures—ranging from instruction in elementary skills up through driving in heavy traffic and meeting emergency situations—the Iowa report observes: "The teaching value of these films is unsurpassed in driver education."

The Aetna Drivotrainer Spreads

Important though formal research is to the new training device, enthusiasm for the Drivotrainer method of instruction has not awaited the completion of statistical analyses. The Oak Park–River Forest High School, just outside of Chicago, became the first in the nation to purchase a Drivotrainer, and is now well into its second year of instruction with a fifteen-place classroom. "The students like it; the parents like it; and, best of all, it works," Ray C. Soliday, the instructor, observed in a recently published article.

Out on Long Island, a mobile "classroom" consisting of an eight-place Drivotrainer installed in a specially designed trailer circulates among several schools. The Freeport High School reports that the Drivotrainer makes it possible to cut on-the-road time in half, to reach twice as many students, and to get results equally as good as those it was getting with the regular six-hour program.

In Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, and in Dearborn, Michigan, the local associations of insurance agents as a public service have given Ætna Drivotrainer classrooms to their school systems, and have thus established a *continuing* method of combining accident prevention and good community relations which several other agents' associations are currently considering very seriously.

Two commercial driving schools—one in Springfield, Massachusetts, and the other in Upper Darby, Pennsylvania—now offer Ætna Drivotrainer instruction; and a fifteen-place unit has been purchased by an adult education association in Sweden for use in that country.

Though perhaps the most far-reaching in its implications, the Ætna Drivotrainer is just one of the means by which Ætna Casualty shows its belief in the importance of public service. The Company believes that important measures of public good will, so necessary for the health and continued growth of any business, can be *earned* by taking a broad view of the responsibilities of good corporate citizenship. The primary function of a casualty insurance company is to provide financial reimbursement in case of loss. Its most natural opportunities to go beyond this function, to provide extra service to the public, lie in the field of trying to *prevent* those losses from occurring.

In addition to the safety engineering service offered to commercial policyholders, Ætna Casualty has maintained for a number of years a complete educational service designed to prevent or reduce accidents, crimes, fires, and other forms of loss. Included in this educational service have been booklets, folders, and posters; motion pictures, several of which have won the top safety "Oscars"; attention-arresting action displays; and a whole series of testing devices designed to teach drivers to compensate for their physical limitations. All of these aids are offered to the public without charge.

In addition to maintaining these general public safety activities, Ætna Casualty realizes that further progress is possible with the Drivotrainer. Consequently the Company is doing its utmost to ensure that this new and most promising teaching tool may be brought to maximum effectiveness. Testing of teaching techniques, working out the most effective blending of Drivotrainer and on-the-road instruction, study of existing films for effectiveness, production of additional films, experimenting with the application of new "wide screen" techniques to the Drivotrainer—these are a few of the items on the agenda, now and for the future.

The Ætna Drivotrainer has reached its present stage of development through the "working partnership" which has existed between the Ætna Casualty and Surety Company and educators. The Company deeply appreciates the confidence implied by this relationship and looks forward to advancing with the schools, during the years to come, toward the common goal of training a generation of safer drivers.

Additional copies of "Toward a Generation of Safer Drivers" are available on request. Address: Public Education Department, Ætna Casualty and Surety Company, Hartford 15, Connecticut.



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A Beast That Looms, and Sports, and Speeds Away

SEA serpents have been sighted in waters round the globe for centuries. They resemble flying saucers and Abominable Snowmen in two abilities: they loom mysteriously, and they speed away at high velocities.

A third quality distinguishes the sea serpent both from these newer big names in unnatural history and from dragons and other monsters of fabulous lineage: the sea serpent is pleasant in disposition and neutral or friendly toward man. Despite ample provocation by inquisitive and predatory human beings, he remains loyal to the Peaceable Kingdom and hasn't a mean bone (if any) in his body (provided he has one). In all sightings accredited here, only monsters of pleasant mien are acceptable. The Loch Ness monster sighted by **David M. Slorach** on page 35 is eminently qualified—though Mr. Slorach himself makes no identification of his own monster with the genus.

It is disagreeable, therefore, to admit that the earliest record of a Loch Ness monster which we have run across concerns a sacrilegious water beast who attacked one of St. Columba's companions while swimming across the River Ness about the year 565. This event, which was described a century or so later by Adamnan in his life of Columba, is one of several matters mentioned in 1934 by Lieutenant Commander R. T. Gould in his book on the Loch Ness monster—only to be dismissed with a scornful reference to folklore and deep-rooted superstition. On grounds of its malevolence we believe this *aquatilis bestia* (as Adamnan called it) should be barred.

Commander Gould, who mounted a motorcycle for his tour of the Loch Ness area and held interviews with scores of witnesses, was a convert to the amiable beast and reproduced in his book not only verbal testimony but also drawings made by viewers and several photographs, including one—taken by R. K. Wilson, FRC at a range of 150 to 200 yard which in profile strikingly resemb Mr. Slorach's description of the fo quarters (if any) of the beast.

The preternatural shyness of su monsters before observers when th are equipped with gun or camera h undoubtedly had survival value f them. One "serpent of the ocean for example, which was seen Gloucester Bay, Massachusetts, du ing the month of August 1817, h all the qualities of his kind—peac able, uncertain, sportive, given rapid disappearances. "He was se by two hundred people," wrote Fellow of the Royal Society, t Honorable David Humphreys, in series of letters to the President the Society published in New Yo that year. . . .

"He was seen by two hundre people, at one time, sporting almo the whole afternoon, near the lan under the Wind-Mill-Point. Th spectators, in general, agree sub stantially, as to the form, but va considerably in opinion as to th length of the animal.

"This difference of opinion, as t the length, perhaps may be parti accounted for on the principle o what seafaring men call *loomin* Owing to the state of the atmosphere or the point of view, the same floa ing spar appears sometimes 40, an at others, 100 feet long."

According to Humphreys, no po sible efforts were being spared by th enterprising fishermen and whal men of Gloucester and Marblehea to kill or take the monster, by mean of firearms, harpoons, lances, net and hooks. "But it is feared, from hi amazing velocity, all will prove un successful." And so they did.

Sightings of specimens in the lake of Wisconsin—*inland* bodies o water like Loch Ness—have occurre since 1882 but have, unfortunately introduced some terrifying details such as huge jaws (Rock Lake August 1882) or a habit of over turning small water craft (Geneva 1890s). But, oddest of all, and per

P & O

ps most characteristic, was a crea-
re miscalled "a huge snake or
agon" which somehow managed to
kle the soles of the feet of a
isconsin coed who was dozing
nile sunning herself in the year
17 on a fraternity house pier in
e of Madison's Four Lakes. The
ung lady was startled by what she
ought was frivolity on the part of
r host. She roused herself and saw
e head and neck of the beast and
ught "a friendly, humorous look
its big eyes." She fled, to the great
triment of science. Charles E.
own, an American folklorist, has
ade the irreverent suggestion that
me of the Wisconsin sightings were
vented by summer resort promo-
s. In any case, the true character
the beast is well preserved in this
count of that ingratiating ogle.

David M. Slorach, who recently
w the Loch Ness monster, has been
ing in Los Angeles since 1954. He
a representative of the Saxone Shoe
ompany of Scotland, a Scot aged
xty-one, father of Maureen and
ichael, belonging to the Clan
uhyvl—one of the clans "broken"
continuous warfare. But he seems
most peaceful man.

Before coming to this country Mr.
orach held a number of positions
nultaneously: member of the
ecutive of the Scottish Council for
evelopment and Industry; senior
ecutive officer of the Scottish
oard for Industry; reviewer of tech-
ical, industrial, or historic literature
ferring to Scotland for the Kemsley
ess; and honorary director of the
lasgow Technical Exhibition, the
orth East Coast Technical and
ientific Exhibition, and the Shef-
ld Scientific Exhibition.

He was educated at Edinburgh,
urham, and Sheffield Universities
nd saw service in the Royal Navy in
e first world war.

FIFTEEN MILLION VOTES

O MANY politicians, the Gar-
ntuan child born last Decem-
er in New York and christened
FL-CIO was a prodigy of be-
ign promise; but to the officers
f the National Association of Manu-
acturers it looked like a monster
hreatening "ghost government" by
bor leaders. Many observers are
ill haunted by the fear that George

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Meany and Walter Reuther may be able to pick the next President of the United States by "controlling" some 15,000,000 votes.

Inside the organization, however, union men remember only too well labor's dismal failure to stop Senator Taft in Ohio in 1950 when the leadership attempted to rally all forces against him. In addition the immediate problems to be handled by COPE (the new Committee on Political Education) are acute and baffling—how to set up new joint offices in Washington, how to absorb official "in-laws" harmoniously, how to draw up and spend a larger budget, how to organize union members for any kind of rudimentary political action, how to lift workers' sights beyond wage-and-hour and grievance concerns, how to get out the vote some nine months hence.

As far as the AFL-CIO's job of training members for political action is concerned—and this is, after all, a kind of adult education—the role of Dave Beck and his strong International Brotherhood of Teamsters is at present negligible or, at any rate, undisclosed. The modern Teamster is a good deal more like the driver of a mule train in the days of the Old West than like Plato's Charioteer guiding the two horses of Reason and Passion. Until now the Teamsters have grown and prospered because they have commanded the units of maneuverable horsepower needed to win a strike or raid a rival union. They haven't had time for political counseling. Dave Beck himself voted for Dewey in 1948 and for Eisenhower in 1952—he told reporters on "Face the Nation" last fall; it seems unlikely that his vote will fit into Meany's or Reuther's pocket.

How Dave Beck and the Teamsters got where they are today is reported on page 74 by **Sidney Lens,** labor official and analyst. Mr. Lens is director of the Chicago Local 329 of the United Service Employees Union, which was an AFL affiliate. His last book, *A World in Revolution* (published in January by Praeger), concerns the world's underdeveloped countries and American foreign policy.

. . . A four-year free lance in the political arena, **Adlai E. Stevenson** is now committed to fight for nomina-

P & O

n by the Democratic convention
s coming August. His forthcom-
book, *What I Think*, will bring
ether his major speeches and writ-
s since the '52 campaign. "Party
the Second Part," which leads off
s month on page 31, is taken from
introduction to that book.

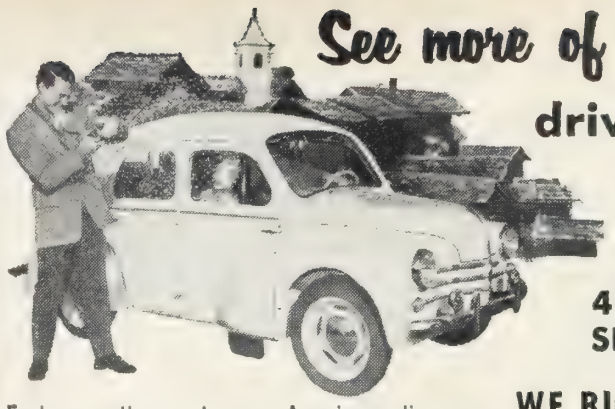
. At the beginning of 1956, a num-
of economic forecasters were
rmed because things seemed to be
ing too well. **Robert Lekachman's**
We're So Rich, What's Eating
?" (p. 38) gives a professional diag-
sis of the elements, functional and
ychogenic, in the nation's flagrant
t uneasy good health. Assistant
ofessor of Economics at Barnard
ollege, Mr. Lekachman was editor
the Columbia Bicentennial vol-
ne, *National Policy for Economic*
elfare at Home and Abroad, and
working now on a history of eco-
mics. He spent four years in the
my in World War II, ending up
a sergeant in the Pacific.

. Little remains of Lord Byron's
es of Greece, "where burning
ppho loved and sung," in **Francis**
ing's amiably unheroic article,
Greece Without Ruins" (p. 43), but
predict it will launch an added
atload of American tourists bent
finding conditions of travel and
bits of life still conspicuously dif-
rent from what they could find
ong U.S. 40.

Mr. King himself is an enthusiastic
ough not indefatigable traveler
nd writer. Born in Switzerland and
ought up in India, he was edu-
ted in England and published his
st novel while at Oxford. His book
st known in the United States is
he Dividing Stream, about Italy,
here he spent many summer vaca-
ons. Since 1951, he has been in
reece as a British Council lec-
rer.

. . Indulging a nostalgia of the
ose, as he calls it, the artist **Stein-**
erg traveled two years ago in Greece
nd Turkey, sniffing smells he hadn't
nelled in twenty-five years. Some
f the drawings of Athens he brought
ack appear on pages 46 and 47.

Steinberg was born in Romania,
raduated in architecture in Milan,
nd lived in Santo Domingo before
oming to the United States and



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serving in the Navy and with the OSS. The latest of his published books of drawings is *The Passport,* and his next exhibit will be in Chicago in March.

. . . "A New Audience for Radio" (p. 57) was written jointly by **Dr. Albert Abarbanel,** social psychologist, radio commentator, and lecturer, and **Alex Haley,** who was named the Coast Guard's first Chief Journalist in 1950. Mr. Haley joined the service in 1939 as a mess attendant and after the war continued in the Coast Guard in writing jobs in New York and San Francisco.

. . . **Jack Cope,** whose story, "Bushmen Hunting" (p. 60) is his third in *Harper's* during the past two years, is a South African writer. He grew up on a farm in Natal, a white boy among Zulus, and did not go to town till he was twelve. Having drifted into newspaper work, he spent some years in Europe as a correspondent.

His first novel, *Fair House,* was published in England and the Commonwealth last year. He now lives in Cape Town.

. . . Each of the poets this month has several books to his credit. **W. S. Merwin** will have a third volume of poems out this spring, *Green with Beasts;* **Fred Lape,** who runs a farm in Esperance, New York, and manages the George Landis Arboretum, has written *A Barnyard Year* and *A Bunch of Flowers;* **Evelyn Ames** has published a children's book and a novel, *Only the Loving.*

SILENT REPUBLICANS

AT THE request of the editors of *Harper's* a major official of the Eisenhower Administration prepared an article in reply to Dean Acheson's "The Parties and Foreign Policy," which appeared in the November issue. It was scheduled for publication this month; but shortly before press date it was withdrawn—presumably because the Administration wanted to avoid any controversy which might give a partisan tinge to the foreign-affairs questions which will be coming up in the current session of Congress. The editors still hope to publish such an article at a later date.

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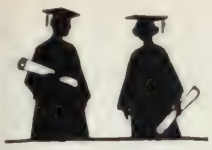
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Harper's MAGAZINE

PARTY OF THE SECOND PART

Criticism in Politics

ADLAI E. STEVENSON

AFTER the elections of 1952 I remained the "titular head" of the Democratic party. In our country this role is a very ambiguous one. The titular leader has no clear and defined authority within his party. He has no party office, no staff, no funds. Neither is there any system of consultation whereby he may be advised of party policy and through which he may help to shape that policy. There are no devices such as the British have developed through which he can communicate directly and responsibly with the leaders of the party in power.

Yet he is generally deemed the leading spokesman of his party. And he has—or so it seemed to me—an obligation to help wipe out the inevitable deficit accumulated by his party during a losing campaign, and also to do what he can to revive, reorganize, and rebuild the party.

Taking account of these things, I concluded to try to play my part as best I could, and with some degree of planned consistency. I enlisted a small, informal group of experts in various fields to review and evaluate critically our major public policies, most of which were of Democratic origin. I also resolved to travel extensively in order to enlarge my knowledge of the problems of a world in which the United States has such preponderant power and, therefore, responsibility. And, finally, there was the necessity of earning some money and maintaining a personal staff.

This was the background to my attempts to fulfill in some measure the responsibilities I inherited from the campaign of 1952. In speeches, articles, and lectures I expressed my view of the contemporary scene. I attempted from time to time to put before the people considered assessments of the Administration's policies. And in the mid-term elections of 1954 I played an active and rewarding part in the campaign from Alaska to the Atlantic.

Whether all this added up to responsible political leadership, I do not know. What I do know is that it added up to a staggering amount of writing and speaking—and that much of what I said was primarily criticism.

If "the duty of a loyal opposition is to oppose," I cannot see how one can offer effective opposition without giving reasons for it; and these

reasons are, of course, criticisms. Yet I very well know that in many minds "criticism" has today become an ugly word. It has become almost *lèse-majesté*. It conjures up pictures of insidious radicals hacking away at the very foundations of the American way of life. It suggests nonconformity and nonconformity suggests disloyalty and disloyalty suggests treason, and before we know where we are, this process has all but identified the critic with the saboteur and turned political criticism into an un-American activity instead of democracy's greatest safeguard.

The irony of this position—so often held by people who would regard themselves as most respectably conservative—is that it is nowhere more ardently embraced than in Moscow or Peiping. There the critic really is a conspirator and criticism is genuinely an un-Russian or un-Chinese activity. In fact, if I were asked to chose a single principle which underlines more than any other the difference between the Communists and the free philosophy of government, I would be inclined to single out this issue of criticism, which we in the West not only tolerate but esteem.

But for the Communists there is one infallibly correct or "objective" method of conducting politics, science, literature, the economy, foreign affairs, love affairs, plumbing, and chess. This one orthodoxy is determined by the Marxist-Leninist world view which, in its turn, is luminously clear to the leaders who happen at the moment to be maintaining themselves at the top of the hierarchy. At all subordinate levels, the only duty is to conform, and the regime continues—infallible, intolerant, and intolerable.

HE WHO GETS KICKED

THERE is nothing new, of course, about compulsory conformity. It has long, frighteningly long, antecedents. Tribal society and archaic civilization and the great Asian cultures—in other words, the overwhelming mass of mankind in time and space—have also believed in a fixed social order, guided by those in authority which individual men and women are expected not to criticize but to accept. Since the beginning of time governments have been mainly engaged in kicking people around. The astonishing achievement in modern times in the Western world is the idea that the citizen should do the kicking.

So when a large segment of our fellow citizens in this empirical nation develop a strong distrust of criticism, they are reverting to one of humanity's oldest and most deeply rooted instincts. They are abandoning an attitude of mind which one society and one only has managed to evolve—our own free society. And they are suppressing an attitude toward authority and its exercise which has been as characteristically American as baseball.

Here in the West our traditional attitude is that criticism is neither a menace nor an aberration. It is an essential principle of social development. The reason for this is, I suppose, that no civilization has ever had so haunting a sense of an ultimate order of goodness and rationality which can be known and achieved. We even take the goal of a perfect society seriously. Our attitude toward criticism springs, I believe, from our unique belief in man. We believe that in every human being is implanted reason and the capacity to search for and recognize the truth.

But we also believe that this divine spark, this godlike reason, is in tough competition with other needs and drives in the human psyche, including the drive for power. Everyone has it in him to reach for truth and discover it. Similarly, everyone has it in him to distort truth and subject it to his own often dubious ends. The gifts are delivered impartially. Governors and governed are equally equipped and equally vulnerable—the only difference being that the temptations to misuse power are greater for those in positions of power, and likewise their obligations not to mislead their sovereign, the people, are also greater.

How, then, in the face of all these risks and hazards, can truth be advanced and a better order of things achieved? Is not the answer to refuse no man his part in the search and to believe that, if the search is honest, out of all the questioning and searching, the fuller, better answer will emerge? "Great is the truth and will prevail!"—provided no arbitrary limits are set to the probings and searchings of the human mind. That such a process implies criticism is obvious. Criticism is simply the method by which existing ideas and institutions are submitted to the test of principles, ideas, ideals, and possibilities. Criticism, in its fairest and most honest form, is the attempt to test whether what is, might not be better.

This sense of man's balanced greatness and fallibility in the search for truth has made ours a profoundly questing civilization. The Greeks gave us the Promethean myth: of man challenging not impiously but rationally the eternal gods. They laid the foundations of all ordered inquiry in the Socratic method, the method of advancing

upon truth by constant critical questioning and by the rejection of the irrational and illogical as the inquiry proceeds. The Jews gave us the extraordinary figure of Job who, virtually alone of all the figures of antique religion, insisted upon questioning "God's ways with man." Our modern world found its voice in Goethe's Faust, to whom no social order was finally satisfying. And it has always seemed to me singularly appropriate that one of the great symbolic occurrences in our American political history was that honest, fierce, and dignified exchange of criticism known as the Lincoln-Douglas debates in my home state of Illinois.

WHAT MAKES CRITICISM "CONSTRUCTIVE"

THE tradition of critical inquiry and discussion informs our entire civilization. Our scientific progress is based upon a final belief in rational order, coupled with trial and error in establishing that order. At its finest, our religious tolerance is based not on a denial of a spiritual order, but upon the belief that man's dignity demands that he should make his own search—and find, through freedom to know and to see, the truth which he has it in him to find. And in the field to which fate seems particularly to have assigned me—the field of politics—I claim that our political institutions reflect, profoundly and dynamically, the critical view of life. As Walter Bagehot said: "It was government by discussion that broke the bond of ages and set free the originality of mankind."

We believe that it is better to discuss a question even without settling it than to settle a question without discussing it. And to conduct the discussion the party system has sprung up, based upon the premise that no one political organization has a monopoly of truth and reason. (The totalitarian principle is the exact opposite —that all truth lies in the single party.) The fact that no one planned the party system—that it arose both in Britain and America spontaneously from the conflict of ideas, not of men—suggests how natural an expression it is of fundamental attitudes in the Western mind. The party in power, not possessing infallibly all the answers and being exposed, moreover, to the pressing temptations of power, requires the constant check of critical opposition. Equally, the opposition, mindful that it must be able in due season to take over government, should shun irresponsible criticism.

In this manner, the critical tension between the parties tends to keep both closer to the line of responsibility and honest policy-making. The critical dialogue between them is the means of enlightenment to both. The administration in power and the opposition alike are essential to the healthy functioning of the political system. In no other society has the problem of power been so ambitiously, yet subtly, resolved. Self-criticism and self-examination are the indispensable—and not-so-secret—weapons of democracy.

But in thus asserting the role of criticism in our public life, I have to make one reservation. The function of criticism as the means of defining virtue and advancing the general welfare can be realized only if its purpose is honest. Scientific research contributes nothing to the advancement of learning if a scientist knowingly falsifies his findings to advance his career or to satisfy "the Party line." Religious freedom is weakened by prophetic frauds and cheap exploiters of emotionalism. Above all, in politics, criticism divorced from honest and constructive purpose ceases to be a proper instrument of democracy. Criticism, as an instrument not of inquiry and reform, but of power, quickly degenerates into the techniques of deceit and smear.

The fact that the totalitarians have made the most blatant use of such techniques should not blind us to the fact that their malevolent appearance is not unknown among the democracies. When, for example, in the elections of 1951 some British Labor party candidates cried that Churchill was a warmonger, they were using not criticism but mud to maintain themselves in office. Yet that was good clean fun compared to the long campaign in this country of some Republicans to discredit the intelligence, the honesty, even the loyalty, of Democratic leaders in order to capture or keep public office. But such criticism, which is calculated to obscure facts and drown reason in a tide of passion, bears no relationship to legitimate criticism which appeals to facts and reason. It debases the democratic process.

This matter goes deeper than the feuds of parties or the day-to-day tactics of political campaigning. If criticism is distorted into calumny, mud-slinging, and doubletalk—or if at the other extreme criticism is silenced in a reverential hush —it is not simply this or that party or this or that political figure that must suffer. It is the Republic itself.

No one can suppose that America, in spite of its great achievements and visible well-being, has yet reached the Beatific Vision. No one can suppose the system so perfect that, as a Duke of

Cambridge once remarked, "any change in whatever direction for whatever reason is strongly to be deprecated." Since there *is* constant need for change and constant room for improvement, since there is scope for better and wider horizons in our daily life, I would ask by what other mechanism they can be achieved if the spirit of constructive criticism is stifled or abused.

That "a nation without means of reform is without means of survival" is as true today as it was in the time of Burke; yet no reforms have ever been accomplished in free society without full, searching, and vigorous criticism.

At all times, such criticism has been resented. At all times, the attempt has been made to discount it by attacking and vilifying the motives of the critics. But democracy has never been saved either by smears or silence. Today, when mass literacy, mass communication, and growing concentration of ownership of press and radio make conformity the easy option, it is all the more imperative to enliven the attitude of questioning, based upon honest concern for the well-being of the Republic, and upon respect for the honesty of other people's critical approach.

For, paradoxical though it may seem, free criticism can flourish only in a society where mutual trust is strong. The spirit of criticism shrivels when citizens distrust their neighbors and the give and take of confidence gives place to the silence of suspicion. The neighborliness, the charity, the very goodness of a society can best be measured by the freedom with which men may honestly speak their minds. Criticism is therefore not only an instrument of free society. It is its symbol and hallmark as well.

TOBACCO by W. S. Merwin

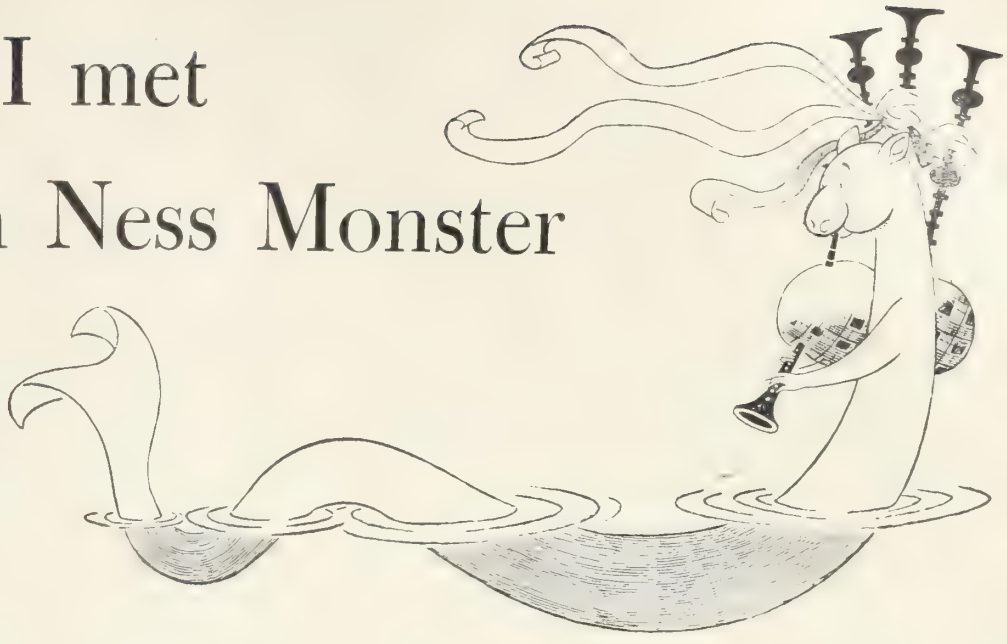
"NOTHING in the world like it; you can tell Aristotle."
And a filthy habit too; yet the ghost of this burning,
Imbibed with practice, is balm undeniable,
So rejoicing the senses, so pleasant to the tongue,
That once they know it, they crave it still. Which, faking
With pencil shavings, in a pipe where the soap still bubbled,
I would pretend I was addicted to, as a child.

Grows faster than you would believe, once it gets going.
The devil green in it. And lovely
The big leaves, in the least air wagging and slatting
Like hands strung up loose at the wrists, or heads vacantly
Disapproving; but if we are made that way
It is lunacy, surely, to carp at nature
Especially when there is so much to enjoy in her.

To avoid the tax on it (we will soon
Be assessed for breathing) if you have even one green finger
The weed will flourish in your own garden
—Hoe often: the roots like access to God's sweet air—
Though the result may prove rather more rank than you prefer
If the cure of it is dependant on just your own
Crude devices: the drying, the disguising of the poison.

Oh yes, a vice. You knew it beforehand. And you
Would give it up, normally, but it's a help when you're working.
You can keep it within reason. Just the same, it will kill you
In the end: you can feel it now tarring
Your lungs to a shameful squeak, feel your heart constricting;
But as you bemoan it in horrified amaze
At how much it costs, think too what fun it is.

How I met the Loch Ness Monster



By DAVID M. SLORACH

Drawings by N. M. Bodecker

EARLY in 1954, I was staying at Inverlochy Castle in Scotland, the home of Mr. J. M. Hobbs, owner of the Great Glen Cattle Ranch. On the morning of February 4, he was to accompany me by road to Inverness, where I had an appointment with the Provost at 10:00 A.M. Unfortunately, just as we were getting into our cars, some urgent estate business came up, so Mr. Hobbs suggested that I start by myself and let him catch up with me later.

I ought to explain that Inverlochy Castle is situated near Fort William at the western end of the geological fault, known as the Great Glen, which cuts Scotland in two. From Fort William, the fault runs in a northeasterly direction to Inverness sixty miles away. Along the floor of the glen are three narrow lakes, Loch Lochy, Loch Oich, and Loch Ness. Loch Ness, the largest, is twenty-four miles long and from a mile to a mile and a half wide. The road to Inverness runs along the south shores of the first two lochs and the entire north shore of Loch Ness. The surface of the road is good and the scenery is of surpassing beauty, but there are many turns and sharp corners that call for care in driving. Scottish law restricts motorists to 30 mph in built-up areas, but outside of these, there is no speed limit.

The morning was unusually fine for the time of the year, warm as a summer day and crystal clear. But I was in no mood to dwell on the scenic beauties I passed; I had little time to spare if I were to make my appointment. I concentrated on the road and my driving, while part of my mind was already involved with the business matters that lay ahead. By the time I had gone through Fort Augustus, halfway to Inverness, I estimated that I had saved a few minutes.

Here the road curves sharply, rises, and falls, so I had little chance to admire the view of Loch Ness, now on my right; but in occasional fleeting side glances, I observed that the surface of the loch was smooth and that I could see the far shore quite clearly. Then ahead of me, at a considerable distance, I noticed an odd object in the water. It was about 400 yards from the shore, and from where I was it looked like a rounded body on stilts, as if two storks were standing on a rock in the water.

The shape struck me as odd, and I kept glancing at it. As I came closer, the form changed its appearance. Now it looked like a tree trunk sticking up about three feet out of the water and surmounted by a boss or enlarged piece. Its shape now reminded me of a comic ornament popular at one time—a china cat with a long neck. The thing ahead of me looked exactly like the neck and head part. One black floppy "ear" fell over where the eye might be and four black streaks ran down the "neck." It was these that I had previously mistaken for the legs of storks. The rest of the object was of a curious dead white color.

A few moments later I threw another glance in the direction of this amusing looking object and noticed that some yards nearer to me lay a

second dark object like a barrel or buoy. By now, I was nearly abreast of both objects, and at the speed I was traveling I could give them only a hasty look. Suddenly, out of the corner of my eye, I caught a glimpse of movement, and I checked my speed to look again. The object in front and the barrel-shaped object were traveling through the water at great speed, throwing up a huge wave behind. I slowed to around 35 mph, but the object raced ahead and was soon out of sight behind a clump of firs.

Increasing my speed again, I pulled up beyond the trees where I had a clear view of the loch and the shore in both directions for a considerable distance. It occurred to me that perhaps the objects were being towed by a fast motor boat, but almost immediately I dismissed the thought. If there had been a boat, I should have heard the noise of the motor. Everything had been quiet. Now there was still silence, and nothing unusual to be seen.

I started off again, trying to keep my mind on my driving, but thoughts kept nagging at me. What were the objects? How had they darted off at such great speed so suddenly? How were they coupled together?

The road took a sharp bend to the left above Urquhart Castle, a picturesque ruin overlooking a large bay beside which nestles the village of Drumnadrochit. The road runs high above the bay, giving a fine view of the water, and here I nearly turned the car into the loch. Suddenly, blindingly, it flashed through my mind that the object was the legendary Loch Ness Monster and nothing else. The bay must have given me the idea, for here, more than any other place on the loch, the Monster had been seen many times, and appeared to have its haunt.

Until that moment, my mind had been far from thoughts of the Monster. Now I was furious with myself because the idea had not come to me when I was approaching the object, when in fact, I could have slowed up to get a really good look at it instead of merely glances from a fast-moving car. Furthermore I had a loaded camera in the car with me. Opportunity had knocked all right, and I had been deaf to it. Now the chance was gone, and there was nothing at all I could do about it.

I KEPT my appointment with Provost Grigor of Inverness, and after our business was completed I asked him offhandedly if the Loch Ness Monster had popped up its head lately. With a twinkle in his eye he replied that the Monster had not yet been seen that year.

"Ye ken," he added slyly, "the tourist season disna start for a few months yet."

"Then the Monster is only a story?" I asked.

"Oh, no. It's real enough, whatever it is. Too many responsible people have vouched for the truth of seeing it."

"Many people claimed to have seen Flying Saucers, Provost," I replied.

"Maybe so. That might be a kind of mass suggestion, but it dies away, that sort of thing. The Loch Ness Monster has been seen right back to the thirteenth century. Recently it was reported to have been seen by the Brothers of the Monastery at Fort Augustus. Whatever the beast is, it seems real enough. The puzzle is, what is it?"

I had to leave the Provost for a meeting at the Town Hall, and on my way, I met a friend, Mr. Renfrew, then principal representative of the British Board of Trade in the Highlands area. I told him my experience and asked his opinion. He replied that my description of movement at great speed and of the head and bulge part tallied with other reports he had heard. He told me that a bank manager in Inverness, whose name he mentioned, had seen the Monster the previous September, and that Mr. Hunter Gordon, chairman of the engineering firm of Resistance Welders, Inverness, had had the experience twice. I knew Mr. Gordon and he was the last man I would have accused of erratic imaginings.

Mr. Renfrew advised me, however, not to broadcast my experience nor speak of it to the press at the press conference later that morning. While many people firmly believed in the existence of the Monster, he explained, others scouted the idea and regarded tales of seeing it as, to put it kindly, the offspring of a gifted imagination.

"That sort of reputation would do you harm," he said.

My host, Mr. Hobbs, was also at the meeting, and I called him aside to ask if he had noticed anything odd in the loch as he drove along later. He laughed at my idea of a Monster. He agreed that there appeared to be something odd in the loch, but he thought it was probably a pair of seals—a female with a male following to guard her from behind as is the way with seals. He added that for years, winter and summer, he had traveled the road by the loch almost daily and had yet to see a sign of the so-called Monster.

Back home, which lay just outside Glasgow at the foot of the Lennox Hills, I mentioned the matter to my wife.

"Loch Ness Monster, nonsense," she said. "If it hadn't been early morning I'd have suspected

that you were the victim of the well-known Highland hospitality, suffering from an overdose. You saw a tree trunk, maybe, and let your imagination run wild. On that loch, the waves and the air currents and cloud shadows can conjure up anything."

ALTHOUGH I told no one else of my experience, the story spread with amazing speed, and the Loch Ness Monster began to haunt me. When I entered the austere government building, St. Andrew's House, in Edinburgh, a high official hailed me: "Hello. How is the Monster getting along?" In Glasgow, the U.S. Consular staff teased me. Gradually I became accustomed to friends and business acquaintances making sly remarks about green snakes, sea serpents, and pink elephants, while others tapped their foreheads as they nodded my way. Some of the kinder ones hinted that I was suffering from overwork.

On one occasion while walking down the street with a friend I called his attention to the odd sight of a policeman in uniform wearing a civilian cap. Without looking to check, he smiled soothingly and patted me on the shoulder. When he did at last see the policeman and realized I was right, he tried to suggest that I was responsible for odd things happening. But the last straw was yet to come, and it did.



I had an important proposal to put to a meeting of businessmen. I knew there was opposition, so I studied the subject night after night from every conceivable angle until I was sure I had the answer to every possible query anyone could raise.

As I rose to my feet in the meeting, a man got up and said, "Before Mr. Slorach addresses us, I know you will all be interested to hear that he saw the Loch Ness Monster recently."

Bleakly I glanced around at the sea of faces. This was Waterloo. I sat down and did not present the case.

The following month, I visited Inverness again and saw a book in a bookshop entitled *The Loch Ness Monster*. I bought a copy. Inside was a composite drawing of the Monster from descriptions collected. It was not exactly what I had seen but, in a vague way, very much like it. The book stated that the Monster was seen only when conditions were warm—which fitted my experience. It also suggested that what was seen above water was possibly the dorsal fin or some other part of a much larger body lying below water. Recently I heard Walt Disney state the same idea.

"Scientists," he said "suggest that the object seen was the dorsal fin of a shark or whale."

The book also informed me that the true depth of Loch Ness cannot be ascertained although it is stated to be 750 feet. The rocky sides of the loch are arranged as tilted shelves, tilted downwards from the horizontal so as to make pockets at the shore side. At the bottom of the loch, the shelves overlap. There is a current local legend that the bodies of persons drowned in the loch are never seen again. The rock formation would account for that. But others believe in a more sinister reason.

I have also done further research, but every theory advanced to "explain" the Loch Ness Monster that I have read or heard—such as the seal, whale, or shark theory—falls down on examination. Loch Ness is a fresh-water lake; how could animals conditioned to life in salt water live in the fresh water and where would they get their food? Again, assuming that the Monster is a large sea creature, how did it get into the loch? The only sea access is the nine miles of the shallow River Ness, which passes through the center of a busy town. It would be impossible for any large creature to ascend this water, and even if it were possible, at least one person would surely have noticed something.

No. The theories only pile mystery on mystery. There is a way out, of course. One can refuse to believe that anything like the Monster exists, discredit one's own eyes and the reports of hundreds of responsible persons.

My own doubts were finally resolved near Aberdeen. I was seated with a friend in a hotel when another man came in. My friend hailed him:

"Hi, come over here and meet the fellow who saw the Loch Ness Monster, Dick."

Dick came over, and I recognized him as Richard Synge, a recent Nobel Prize winner for scientific achievement. After the greetings were over, he said to me, "Draw me a sketch of what you saw on Loch Ness."

I did so and he took it in his hand to examine it.

"That," he said quietly, after a moment, "is exactly what I saw myself on Loch Ness last year. What it is I cannot guess."

Robert Lekachman

If we're so rich, what's eating us?

A skeptical economist explains the widespread uneasiness about our business boom . . . and examines the future prospects of the consumer market.

WHEN I was a child in an unfashionable enclave of the fashionable north shore of Long Island, my mother used to console me for the manifest disparity between our worldly possessions and those of our neighbors. The rich, she said, were not happy, or their money brought them only trouble. In the pragmatic way of youth, I should gladly have put the proposition to the test of personal experiment. As an adult, I observe that—in a more modest fashion—most Americans recently have had the chance to examine the connection between money and contentment.

In the past fifteen years the average person's command over goods and services has doubled and his work week has shortened. Now, for the first time in fifty years or more, a majority of American families live in homes of their own—whatever the size of the mortgage which adorns the rooftree. Everybody owns an automobile and many possess two or three. The percentage of young people going to college has steadily risen and within the next twenty years may reach 50 per cent or more of the available candidates. *Fortune Magazine* was impelled in a recent issue to print a portfolio of $250,000 houses because the $50,000 and $100,000 house has become so commonplace. One of these mansions displayed gold fittings in the bathroom: if spirits have a sense of humor, Thorstein Veblen must have smiled sardonically. Our only shortages are in such inexpensive items as teachers and domestic servants.

All these good things, worthy of universal exultation, have caused instead a chronic case of economic hypochondria. As a nation we spend an inordinate amount of time feeling our indices, trembling when freight car loadings drop and rejoicing when they rise. Apparently as our supply of reassuring statistics increases, our need for reassurance grows. We make surveys of businessmen's intentions to invest and of consumers' plans to buy. When the results are optimistic, we worry about their reliability. When they are gloomy, we worry the more. The stock market, focus of the hopes and fears of many thousands, is most sensitive of all. Like a man with nervous indigestion, it cannot bear the least uncertainty. Its tumbling act after President Eisenhower's heart attack was probably more the consequence of this nervous delicacy than it was of the fear that a Democrat might be elected President in 1956. For there is amazingly little difference between the economic opinions of the average Democratic and the average Republican politician. And the sensible investor, when he is thinking rather than feeling, knows this is true.

WE WORRY because we have much to lose: homes, cars, television sets, washing machines, freezers, and all the other appurtenances of the wealthy of the world. Moreover, we are still obsessed with the memory of the last depression, which ended only when World War II began.

The pessimist can construct a reasonable case. Farm income has been dropping for several years, just as it did in the 1920s. Automobiles, produced in record numbers, pile up in record numbers in dealer inventories. For several years the number of housing units built has exceeded the number of new families who have set up housekeeping; and some of the credit terms extended to buyers of these houses have been dangerously generous. Consumer credit in general has increased rapidly—perhaps too rapidly—and when consumers begin to pay back sums larger than current borrowings, retail sales are likely to fall. For three years we have enjoyed a bull market which has drawn an increasing number of people into it. These are undeniable weak spots in an economy otherwise amazingly robust.

The obvious comment is that 1955 is not 1929, in the stock market or anywhere else. By and large, people are using their own money to

buy securities, prodded by margin requirements unheard of in 1929. In consequence, frantic cries for more margin are no longer heard in the land. Moreover, large institutional investors—pension and welfare funds, life insurance companies, foundations, and mutual funds—influence the market far more than in 1929, when some of them did not even exist. Unlike the small investor, they are patient, cautious, and immortal—in a word, disposed to buy when others sell.

Consumer credit has not increased much more rapidly than national income. Besides, it is more than matched by the assets owned by borrowers. Inability to meet installments is much less likely to occur today than ever before, because workers enjoy the protection of unemployment compensation, severance pay, and in some instances even an approach to a guaranteed annual wage.

Legislation also sets limits to the decline in farm income. Even flexible farm price supports, when combined with soil conservation benefits and credit facilities liberal when compared to 1929, prevent catastrophe; and it is a fair sporting proposition that, should farm income continue to drop, Congress will either restore fixed supports or increase aid to farmers in some other way. 1956 is an election year and the lesson of the 1948 swing of farmers to the Democrats is green in the memories of both parties. Finally, there are fewer farmers on the land every year, as the combination of mechanization on the farm and high wages in factories lures them to the cities.

Another prominent new feature of our economic landscape is our continued military expenditure, fated apparently to hover around $34 billion annually, or about 10 per cent of our national income, a percentage higher than total private investment in many years of slack economic activity. Added to this item of government spending, moreover, are other large sums for schools, roads, and other public improvement which past population increases render necessary, and future expansion of population may still further enlarge.

But the most important reassuring development since 1929 is the tacit commitment of every Administration to maintain full employment by all the techniques at its command. These techniques include not alone the traditional banking controls which increase or lower interest rates and vary the supply of money, but also the more powerful fiscal weapons which operate upon the federal budget. Put at its simplest, any national Administration can increase total spending, total production, and total employment by diminishing taxes or increasing its own outlays—whether on public works, on subsidies to afflicted groups, or on some combination of the two. Increased government spending raises some incomes directly and, through the multiplier effects of respending, other incomes indirectly.

There is nothing secret about these fiscal methods. And most people feel sure that no government will stand idle while its citizens suffer. For this reason, arguments in recent years have concentrated on the timing and the type of governmental intervention in boom as well as depression, seldom upon the desirability of such intervention. In the sense that fiscal policy is the invention of the late Lord Keynes, we are all —Republicans with Democrats—Keynesians now.

WHY THE BOOM BOOMS

SUCH might be the answer of the economic optimist to his gloomier brethren. My own view is that we are quite right to worry about keeping rich, but that one proper source of our economic anxiety lies deeper than the changes we have examined and partially dismissed. It lies in the present character of our ten-year boom. Originally based upon accumulated wartime shortages, large amounts of liquid assets saved during the same period, and an unexplained population upsurge, this boom more and more depends upon a single psychological proposition: Americans, unlike most other people, like change in the products they buy, the homes they live in, the clothes they wear, even the location of their jobs.

No one, to my knowledge, has even estimated the portion of American manufacturing output which is the consequence of model changes in automobiles and other durable items. And, wherever possible, the manufacturer (ably assisted by the advertising agency) does his best to convince his customers that last year's model is obsolete, unfashionable, and socially degrading. Women have done more than refurbish their wardrobes as fashion dictated, they have refurnished their homes as well. By now the case is classic of the family who purchased a television antenna to save themselves from the shame of not appearing to own a television set. It is worth more than a sentence to add that our great communication industries, radio, television, newspapers, and periodicals are supported by the appeals of advertisers, and inevitably come to resemble the merchandise they hawk.

The boom depends upon a combination of new products and changes in old ones. "New"

is a good word in the American lexicon and so we welcome ballpoint pens, juice-dispensing refrigerators, synthetic fabrics, television, antibiotics, new surgical techniques, and anything else which has the glamor of novelty around it. "Accuray" tests our cigarettes automatically. I assume that we are properly grateful. Properly coaxed we will drink rum because it is light and dry, not heavy and dark as of old, vodka because it is tasteless or, alternatively, liqueurs because they are tasty.

Whatever portion of our funds remains unexpended upon new products and adaptations of old ones, we are likely to devote to new services or increased use of old ones, suitably brought up to date. New restaurants, new ships, new beauty fashions, even new kinds of insurance against the disasters our activities make increasingly likely: all of these catch our fancy. The rocket line which first announces regular service to the moon will turn away customers. Manufacturers will design rocket wardrobes and, no doubt, some maker of patent medicines will prepare a specific against moonstroke.

DISPLACED WORKERS

AND so our boom continues: because a great many people buy a great many things for which their need is small and because businessmen, themselves passionate exponents of novelty, spend billions of dollars upon the manufacturing facilities which produce these ephemerae.

Even if this unexampled prosperity continues, which I shall suggest is not likely, we might wonder whether its human costs are not too high. For novelty carries with it major drawbacks for workers, consumers, and businessmen alike. Created by the restless minds of businessmen, mechanization and now automation make jobs disappear overnight. In our comparatively humane version of capitalism the workers who held these jobs usually have the chance to try something else in the same company and the effect is eased for all by the rapid pace of industrial expansion. But, however mitigated, the worker suffers psychic loss when no one wants his skill and he must learn a new routine operation, even if nothing happens to his income. All too frequently his income decreases. Worse still is the status insecurity which afflicts the displaced worker. It is human to rank one's self in relation to others, but it is part of the burden of constant technical change that status must be both uncertain and temporary. Few are the manual workers who can reasonably expect to spend their working years in the pursuit of the same craft, much less the same job.

When whole industries decline, the plight of their workers is still more desperate. When men in large numbers stopped wearing hats for reasons still mysterious, the hat-worker in Danbury, Connecticut, whose skill had developed with the years was faced with the unpleasant choice of clinging to his job at reduced wages or starting afresh—at beginner's rates—in some other industry. Many thousands of workers and their towns have faced such choices. We do ill to cloak their fate in the economist's euphemism, frictional unemployment.

Hardest hit of all are workers whose plants disappear. Alert managements sensitive to competitive advantage are prone to reconsider plant locations as raw material sources vanish and market centers shift. When the foundry attached to the New Departure Division of General Motors in Bristol, Connecticut, is moved by corporate fiat to East Stroudsburg, Ohio, what does the Bristol worker do? Perhaps he likes Bristol, owns a home there, belongs to community organizations, and enjoys pleasant friendships. His personal loss bulks large when he moves. His financial loss is likely to be substantial if he remains. Yet, such corporate transfers amount to little more than a routine function of management.

As for the consumer, his life is also precarious. Our fluid society makes status all the more important. But, here is the rub, how do you determine your status? In this magazine some time ago the highbrow-middlebrow-lowbrow problem was aired. Undoubtedly most of the distinguishing signs of any one of these uneasy groups—and there are many subgroups—have already changed since the article was written. Indeed, the article itself promptly became a classifying characteristic. Not to have read it stamped one as a lowbrow fit for the *Reader's Digest*. Those who read it and enjoyed it were probably middlebrows. Those who carefully avoided reading it and even more carefully analyzed it were presumably highbrows.*

Our society makes it painfully difficult to discover what we must do to become what we aspire to become, especially since we are seldom sure of our models. What shall we buy? Where shall we live? What must we read? It gets harder all the time. For every time we ask a different answer returns and the worst of it is that the fact of asking itself may be regarded as

* I read the article.

a mark of low taste. In consequence we buy many things which are only briefly satisfactory; we quickly discard them in favor of superior symbols, if not superior products. Men who read the *Wall Street Journal* succeed. Do you read the *Wall Street Journal?* Men of distinction drink Lord Calvert. At slight extra cost be a man of distinction. And so it goes. The pressure begins before birth and continues until the fashionable undertaker consigns the weary body to rest in a stainless steel casket proof against that ultimate consumer, the worm.

The businessman feels these and other pressures. His too is a status problem. How does he rank in the hierarchy of corporate executives? Where should he put his plant? Shall it be as striking as Lever House, only of course different? What must he do in the community to impress his standing upon the minds of all? Within his industry, successful businessmen hasten change and frequently appear to expand, merge, diversify, or spread as much for the reward in the symbols of status as for the financial proceeds. Possessed of a spirit of enterprise which is the wonder of the world, our businessmen play a hard game and lead a difficult life—restless, overworked, and prone to sudden termination.

HOW LONG CAN IT LAST?

THE critical question remains unanswered: why should not the boom, whatever its costs, continue forever? As foreign observers have often noted, Americans have a lasting affection for novelty. Why should they not continue to enjoy the heightened version now marketed? Consumers may well spend their lives testing new products and new models and die loyal Americans. As for our businessmen, they boast an established reputation for dedication and ferocity. Why shouldn't the type breed true?

The answer to this question has two parts. First of all there are limits even to our passion for novelty. The number of extreme fashion changes consumers will stand for is finite. Clothes designers dare not revolutionize silhouettes annually, lest their customers retaliate by wearing last year's models. Somewhere, too, the sweet voice of reason impinges upon the inner ear of the automobile buyer and the home furnisher. We love change, true, but we love other things too, among them security and stability. The constantly shifting environment of the home must in time evoke a yearning for peace. This is one possible interpretation, at any rate, of the large market for spiritual and psychological panaceas of the How to Find God in Six Lessons variety. Increased religious interest of a deeper kind is another symptom indicating that we may already have more novelty than we can stand.

At this point, moreover—and this is the second part of the answer—the boom has satisfied many tastes and replaced many obsolete consumer goods which filled genuine needs. The millions of housing units built since 1945 have given space to everyone who craves it and can pay for it. Only those who like their relatives now live with them. Detroit's frenetic rate of output has swept old cars from the road. New appliances abound in the home. In other words, the safer, less precarious portion of the boom is behind us: that span of years based firmly upon replacement of wartime shortages, extension of technological advances to all economic classes, expanding population, and—since 1950—a high level of public investment associated largely with defense requirements.

Of these major real props to prosperity only the last two remain. We cannot count upon a continuing increase in population because we do not understand the causes of past increases and of past reversals of declining birth rates. In our troubled world, only spending for military needs seems destined for indefinite extension. Our boom rests, therefore, far too much on fashion and multiplication. Fashion, we have said, has its boundaries. There are limits also to the number of extra cars, television sets, and other appliances we will buy. Which is another way of saying that our boom in consumer durable goods paced by autos and housing may be close to its end.

Much business investment is directly related to current consumer spending and expectations of its continuance. When this spending, for any reason, diminishes, investment plans in the industries which make automobiles, electrical appliances, and furniture, to name some of the immediate victims, would certainly be curtailed. These industries, let it be said, do not exhaust investment outlets and sizable amounts might well be spent both by the government and by private enterprises looking beyond the immediate future. But almost certainly total private investment would shrink as consumer spending decreases.

No sensible person in our world would willingly put a date on these events. But this much can be said. When the boom ends, our fiscal and monetary devices for combating de-

pression will meet a cruelly severe test. The test will be severe because we have waxed so rich that our margin of choice is wide. We can refrain from spending a very large share of our national income because much of what we buy satisfies our fancy rather than our urgent physiological needs. Should general apprehension be aroused at the beginning of economic contraction, consumer spending *could* shrink tremendously and our citizens remain not the less well-fed, comfortably housed, and presentably clad.

Moreover, the excesses of the past will intensify our difficulties. Many who have borrowed to the limits of a capacity optimistically calculated and predicated upon faith in rising income will discover that the burden of debt is crushing when incomes and prices are dropping, but interest payments remain unshrunk. Individuals in their situation will do well if they manage to retain their possessions. They cannot reasonably be expected to add to them. In consequence, some of the investment commitments made in fair economic weather will be canceled or, if construction has been completed, will stand idle and act as a drag upon the prospects of economic revival.

I can only conclude that the foundations of our boom are less secure than they were, say three or five years ago, and that even its superstructure, the realm of fashion and multiplication, is precariously balanced. My object is not to frighten: we can exclude from sensible calculation a disaster of 1929-33 proportions. Too much has changed since then. But neither can we safely assume that the next recession in economic activity will decorously limit itself to the dimensions of 1947 and 1949. At any rate, we are exceedingly likely to learn once more that economic activity can diminish as well as expand. We have, this time, every reason to hope that the lessons of the desperate 1930s have taught us how to shorten the span of depression and mitigate its effects. But we are unrealistic if we claim to have ended the business fluctuations which have characterized the life of industrialized nations since the last quarter of the eighteenth century.

FRED LAPE

TWENTIETH CENTURY PASTORAL:

Cow at Her Own Drinking Fountain

YOU MIGHT prefer a pasture spring
with frogs upon the bottom,
but that's for any cow that comes,
and this is yours, exclusive,
piped from a concrete water tank,
with heating coils about it,
and guaranteed to make you drink
more than you want to.

A little plain about the basin,
and nothing much on color,
but give me time and you'll have one
of Henry Moore's conceptions.
And then your joy will wax (I hope)
and you will drink by gallons,
and down your milk will daily flow
into Manhattan.

Francis King

GREECE WITHOUT RUINS

If you're going to Greece to see the classic remains, you know what to expect, but there are other aspects of modern Greece —particularly its people—that make it even more appealing for the tourist.

IN MANY ways, Greece is today the ideal country for tourists. Life, even in Athens, is still cheap; and even in Athens there have still not been enough tourists either to blunt the edge of the people's hospitality or to sharpen their avarice. If the traveler is eager to learn something about Greece, Greece is, as a rule, equally eager to learn something about him. There is little private life and the most personal questions are asked on the merest acquaintance, but the sense of isolation which is the price of a private life in a foreign country also does not exist.

Moreover—unlike many direct, uninhibited, frank people—the Greeks are not intolerant; they laugh at the majority of human aberrations, and on the rare occasions when they are angered by them, they act swiftly, if savagely, and then forget and forgive. I once traveled through the Peloponnese with a lecturer in classical history of an incredible conceit, meanness, and rudeness; yet each separate manifestation of his egotism was only greeted by our hosts with paroxysms of benevolent laughter. To them he was a type, a character. They almost admired him; they certainly did not dislike him.

Greek hospitality is, of course, proverbial; which is no excuse for taking advantage of it. "We made our way all the way from Athens to Salonika without spending a penny" is the kind of boast one often hears. "At one village they even slaughtered a kid for us"—or a lamb, or a chicken. This regardless of the fact that the inhabitants of many Greek villages are vegetarian for most of the year, not from conviction, but necessity.

"It's impossible to make any return for fear of offending them" is another common remark. To which the answer should be, "Well, have you tried?" Naturally there are difficulties in offering money to one's hosts; but when one's host's children lack candy, toys, and often even clothes, the problem is not insurmountable.

In contrast with those who praise Greek hospitality, there are others who constantly complain of being "gypped."

"We asked them to join us for a meal and they arrived with a party of at least a dozen and left us with the bill."

This does occasionally happen in Greece. The idea of a party of people going out together and then, at the end of the evening, dividing the bill, is abhorrent to the Greek. Someone treats; someone is treated. Thriftiness is a vice, and money is not for investment or for banking (for investments depreciate and banks have been known to fail) but for spending on oneself and one's friends. In few other countries can people so much enjoy making a splash.

The wealth of the Greeks, one of their writers has said, can be usually found on their backs or in their mouths, where gold teeth are valued high above porcelain. And along with this love of show goes a delight in make-believe, understandable enough among a people materially so poor but imaginatively so rich. Much of the conversation of Greeks is taken up with fantasies in which they believe for the moment. The literal-minded Englishman or American often makes the mistake of checking this exuberant imaginative rapture. This is entirely wrong. You must match such fantasy with fantasy of your own. In Greece you do not confess that a thing is impractical: you merely fail to put it into prac-

tice. If, therefore, a Greek friend asks an impossibility of you, you say that you will try to do what you can, and then, with all the good will in the world, you quietly omit to do it.

This is a Greek characteristic which it takes time to uncover; others, like gaiety, generosity, and courage, are immediately apparent. Too often when one encounters such gaiety in other countries, it is artificially induced and leaves a hangover of remorse and headache. Though headaches are not uncommon in the glare of Greece, remorse is almost unknown; in this at least the modern Greek differs from his guilt-ridden ancestors.

THE GREEK WORDS FOR IT

A KNOWLEDGE of ancient Greek is a help and not a hindrance (as many people believe) to the traveler. Even in the capital, streets and shops are marked only in Greek lettering. Passers-by, however scanty their knowledge of any tongue but their own, are always willing to help; but since, like most Mediterranean peoples, they are both reluctant to confess ignorance and anxious to tell one what one would most like to hear, this help is not always reliable. Nor should you trust the taxi-drivers, who often ask their passengers how to get to even the largest thoroughfares. This is not due to villainy, as many suppose, but to the fact that many of the drivers are peasants who have been sent their cabs by relatives in America, and have been in Athens only a little longer than the tourist himself.

Those who know ancient Greek will find that, once they have mastered the changes in pronunciation, it will not be long before they can phrase simple sentences. Nowadays two languages exist in Greece, the language of common speech and also of the best of modern Greek literature, and the "purified" language, used by all the newspapers except those of the extreme left, by the universities, and the government.

The language issue, like so many other issues in Greece, is a political one. Those writers who are most fervid in their support of an extreme form of the vernacular are usually of the left, whereas those university professors whose textbooks are produced in a language so refined as to be all but unintelligible to their students, are of the right.

In general, unless the traveler intends to stay in Greece for many months or has a natural ability in languages, he will not bother himself with learning more than a few indispensable words. Greeks themselves are excellent linguists, and in Athens it is not unusual to meet people who speak four or five languages fluently. As a rule, the older generation speak French as a first foreign language and the younger generation English.

In the course of a week in Greece it is not unusual for the tourist to use every mode of travel from the mule to the airplane. The Greek peasant, being naturally adventurous and a lover of everything new, takes to the air with none of the trepidation with which the tourist takes to the mule. As a result, air travel in Greece is not merely cheaper than first-class rail or sea travel, but is habitually chosen by private soldiers going on leave or by farmers visiting the capital. The interior Greek Air Lines, TAE, are comfortable and efficient and have not a single accident to their discredit. Flights, especially to Rhodes, Crete, and Corfu, tend to be heavily booked, and the traveler should on no account rely on a last-minute reservation. Unfortunately, since the planes are DC-3s and all journeys in Greece involve passing over uncertain or rapid alternations of land and sea, journeys are usually bumpy.

Trains are slow, except on the main Athens-Salonika line, but the first and second classes are both comfortable. Third class is, however, the pleasantest way of traveling if you are prepared to endure wooden seats, livestock, and the noise of your fellow travelers. Greeks never read on trains, preferring to talk. When they wish to rest from conversation, an accordion or guitar is produced and they launch into song. When urged to sing "one of your own songs," I have sometimes unhappily and self-consciously croaked "There is a tavern in the town," to have it acclaimed as a wonderful example of the *"myrologia,"* or dirge, by my audience. Bits of sheep-cheese, olives, and draughts of wine are repeatedly pressed on one.

Boat is, by general consent, the least satisfactory mode of travel in Greece. Last summer I bought in the morning a first-class ticket on a boat to Mykonos which, when I arrived at Piraeus in the afternoon, had already left for Haifa on a cruise. Returning from the same expedition I had, for lack of cabins or even chairs, to sleep on the floor of the smoking room.

Boat and bus are, of course, unrivaled ways of seeing the superb Greek landscape. Apart from a few luxurious tourist charabancs, the busses tend to be battered, noisy, and far from clean, but they afford the traveler a splendid chance of getting in touch with the people. Greece is

perhaps really two countries—Athens, and the provinces—and the Athenians have seen so many foreigners in recent years that it is surprising that they remain as hospitable as they are; but the people of the rest of Greece, and especially of remote districts like Epirus, are touching in their interest and attention.

They will always quickly offer the foreigner the front seat so that he can see the view, will pour out fascinating, if inaccurate, information about the places through which he passes, and will keep him constantly supplied with food and drink. All that is expected in return is an English or American cigarette and, if possible, the pleasure of being photographed. Greeks have an extraordinary passion for being photographed, and carry round with them enormous wads of photographs, almost invariably of themselves.

Considering that they are largely a maritime people, Greeks are oddly prone to travel sickness, and a journey, whether by bus, plane, boat, or even train, rarely ends without at least one person, usually a woman, being prostrated. A lemon, elegantly sniffed, is the first sign that one's neighbor is not her usual robust self. The fruit in itself has deplorably little effect, but any offer of more scientific remedies is usually rejected. Eventually a *"sakoula"*—a little sack, or paper bag—is demanded, in which relief is temporarily found. When the bus makes a meal stop, one notes, with apprehension, that one's ailing neighbor is now stuffing herself with a greasy bean soup.

There is never any lack of adventure on a Greek journey. Once, on a bus, I found myself sitting next to a sinister-looking old man, clutching a large cardboard box which gave forth occasional faint, but uncanny hisses. Having been put through the usual personal cross examination, I misguidedly asked about the contents of the box. My traveling companion grinned to show two rows of teeth that appeared to have been wrapped in silver paper, and replied: "De snake. You want to see?" I rapidly shook my head. The hissing continued, in an unnerving fashion, until we reached our destination.

Travelers should be warned against giving way to impatience if, as often happens, the bus or boat makes stops not included on the timetable. By allowing yourself to be annoyed by a delay which probably does not matter to you, you deprive yourself of the pleasures of finding yourself for a few minutes, hours, or even—you must face it—days, in a spot you had never intended to visit. In this way I have attended a wedding in the center of Euboea; visited an Aegean island whose name I had never even heard before I arrived there; and seen some superb dancing in a remote village near the Metsovo Pass.

Those who travel in their own cars are of course able to stop and start at will; but they will be most conscious of the dangers of Greek roads. Traveling in a bus you are distracted by the Greeks around you. If you are driving yourself or—worse—if you are seated beside the driver, you suffer all the agonies of avoiding trucks that hurtle round corners on the wrong side of the road, of being passed at the crest of a hill, or of swerving away from motorcyclists who shoot out of blind turnings without any previous warning. Greeks feel that to be overtaken on the road is, in some curious way, to lose a trick in the game of life.

But though their road manners are appalling, they are wonderfully kind and helpful if you suffer a breakdown. However, you should beware of the amateur mechanic, whose enthusiasm exceeds his skill, and who may well make bad irreparable.

A charming custom is for children to stand beside the road with bunches of wild flowers which they brandish at the motorist. They are delighted with the equivalent of a nickel, or two or three cigarettes they can take home to their fathers. Excellent yoghurt can also often be bought by the roadside.

SLEEPING, EATING, AND DRINKING

ATHENS has four first-class hotels, and a number of the second and third class which are clean and comfortable, though in no way comparable to the hotels of Switzerland, Austria, or Italy. There is an acute shortage of accommodation in the capital, and the staffs, particularly of the four large hotels, adopt a decidedly high-handed attitude toward guests. The major hotels have restaurants and, in many cases, insist on their clients' paying for at least one meal a day in them. The smaller hotels often have difficulty in providing even an adequate breakfast.

In recent years excellent tourist pavilions have been built at the main tourist centers. In the smaller towns and on many of the islands, accommodation is let, not by the room, but by the bed so that, for example, on the island of Hydra, three of us had to pay for seven beds in order to get two rooms among us. Since each bed cost around sixty cents, this was not quite as expensive as it sounds. [*Continue on page 48.*]



Drawings of Athens...





. . . *by Steinberg*



If the hotels in the provinces lack modern conveniences, their owners amply compensate for every discomfort by an unfailing kindness. There are few experienced travelers who would not prefer to stay at, say, the Castalia hotel in Delphi than at the recently-built tourist pavilion.

There are innumerable attractive taverns and restaurants in Greece, but their attractiveness is usually of atmosphere only, and one goes to them not to eat, as one would in other countries —though one eats in them incidentally—but to see a view, to strike up acquaintances, or to watch the dances.

The Greeks, like the English before the war, do not care about food, provided it looks and tastes the way they are used to. The range of dishes is extremely small, and all food is served tepid. In Athens there are, of course, excellent restaurants to which these strictures cannot be applied, and in both Volos and Salonika one can eat deliciously. But as a general rule, the wise traveler in the provinces will find himself restricting his diet to fish (almost invariably good), *souvlaki* (meat on the spit), chicken or roast lamb, with salads of lettuce, cabbage, tomato, and cucumber.

Travelers who do not take to the resinated wines (and few do at first taste) and are prepared to disregard the contempt of long-standing philhellenes, can find, in most restaurants, bottles of unresinated Greek wine, both white and red. Beer is comparatively expensive.

Of *apéritifs* the most common is *"ouzo,"* a spirit-like anisette which becomes opalescent when water is added and which is generally served with a *mezé*—a piece of cheese, half-a-dozen olives, a pickled gherkin, or some other tid-bit. Fizzy lemonade (*"gazosa"*), fresh lemonade, and cherry-syrup (*"vissinada"*) are also popular. But, of all Greek drinks, water is best; even though there are still travelers who stubbornly stick to bottled waters. Greeks often say, when asked about the villages from which they come: "We have the most wonderful water," in the same way that Frenchmen or Italians say: "We have the most wonderful wine." Whatever you drink or eat at a café or tavern, you are invariably also served a glass of iced water. The Greeks are an extremely temperate people, and it is rare to see them intoxicated except at a *"panegyri"* or festival.

The Greeks have a passion for sweetmeats, which no doubt derives from the centuries of Turkish occupation. There are travelers who take to *kataifi, baklava,* and other such confections of pastry, nuts, and syrup, but they are too sweet for most tastes. To my palate they seem to be indistinguishable from pages of the air mail edition of the *Times* soaked in molasses. The *loukoumi,* or Turkish delight, the best of which comes from the islands of Syra and Chios, is far more agreeable.

When one visits a Greek friend, at whatever hour of the day, at home or at work, one is usually offered a cup of Turkish coffee, accompanied not infrequently by a cube of this *loukoumi* or by a spoonful of jam. The jams are wonderfully exotic—rose petal, wild strawberry, and fig being my favorites.

Other Greek specialties which should not be missed are the large brown olives from Kalamata; *yoghurt,* especially in Macedonia; enormous prawns *(garides);* meat wrapped in vine leaves *(dolmades);* and fruit, especially figs and peaches.

A word should be said about tipping. You are served both by a waiter, who receives the 12 per cent gratuity included in your bill, and by an assistant waiter or *mikre* who receives only what you leave on the table for him. It is usual to leave something small in addition for the waiter, but it is not necessary to do so; on the other hand it is essential to leave a tip for the *mikre,* who will otherwise make nothing at all. Money placed on the table belongs to the assistant; money left on the plate on which change has been brought is claimed by the waiter. Most foreigners do not know this, and the waiter benefits—and the assistant waiter suffers—in consequence.

DANCING TO THE BOUZOUKI

THOUGH a naturally unmusical people, the Greeks have a passion for music, especially for singing; and though a naturally cheerful and optimistic people, they have a passion for songs which deal with themes of death, exile, and unrequited love. The scale on which most of their popular music is based is in itself unbearably sad to Western ears, and the way in which the songs are delivered, through the nose, accentuates this melancholy. The most common dances, like the *kalamatiano,* are monotonously rhythmic shuffles performed in a circle by a chain of dancers, one of whom is the leader. In other, more vigorous dances the leader has the opportunity to show off a considerable virtuosity and acrobatic grace.

The traditional dances of the villages and islands should not be confused with the *zembekika,* the dances which have their origin in the Piraeus and the seaports of Asia Minor. Greeks

regard the *zembekika* with shame. It is performed by the *mangi*, the sharpies, by dock laborers, soldiers, sailors, and factory hands, and unlike the traditional folk dances, it is performed alone or, at most, with a single male partner. The music is provided by *"bouzouki,"* a banjo-like instrument whose jangling often sounds like Wanda Landowska and Fats Waller playing simultaneously on the harpsichord. The term *"bouzoukia"* is also used of the actual music played and of the taverns in which it is found.

Tourists often have the impression that these taverns are "dangerous." They certainly appear so, ill-lit and full of unshaved men in greasy dungarees, cloth caps, and flamboyant if dirty shirts. But in actual fact there can be no country in Europe in which pleasure is less tainted with criminality or squalor.

In the taverns it is usual to order a can of wine and plates of cheese, salad, fried liver, octopus, etc., into which the whole company dips indiscriminately. However beautifully executed the dance, it should never be applauded: the dancer performs for himself, and not for those around him. If there is an orchestra, the performer slips a ten- or twenty-drachma note to the leader during the course of his dance, and you may, if you wish, "treat" a dancer to another dance. You may also send over a can of wine to him.

The tourist is likely to be chiefly interested in the performances of classical Greek tragedy at the theaters of Epidaurus, Delphi, and Herodes Atticus in Athens. In such settings no productions of Aeschylus, Euripides, and Sophocles could ever be total failures; frequently they are glorious successes. The Greek theater is notable for the performances of individuals, rather than of companies. There are a number of fine, and one or two great, actresses, but there is no actor of comparable stature. Katina Paxinou is the Greek actress best known abroad, but her recent performances have been criticized for being over-histrionic and even crude. Elsa Vergi is probably now the major figure in the Greek theater.

Greek films are technically poor, and their stories, not infrequently concerned with unmarried mothers who slave to support and educate children who will never know them until the last close-up, are not as a rule calculated to interest a sophisticated taste. English, American, and French films are widely shown, with subtitles in Greek.

Greek musical standards are low. Chopin is the favorite composer; Liszt, Beethoven, and Tchaikovsky are also frequently played. The National Orchestra seems to prove the adage that there are no bad orchestras, only bad conductors: it is capable of excellent performances under a Mitropoulos.

Fortnightly concerts of chamber music are given by the lake of Vouliagmeni, surely one of the most beautiful beaches in the world. During the day the lake is full of elderly sufferers from rheumatism bobbing up and down in its sulphurous waters; but at night it takes on a charm and mystery, the sounds of owls hooting, distant goats bleating, and water slapping the rocks all merging, not incongruously, into the strains of Vivaldi or Gluck.

But it would be a mistake to visit Greece for its theater, its cinema, or its music; or even, primarily, for its ruins. One should visit it, first and foremost, for its unparalleled landscape and its unparalleled inhabitants.

ANOTHER GREAT TRADITION OF THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING PEOPLES

MELBOURNE realized . . . that the English, however progressive and idealistic, liked their foreign policy to be cheap. They might cheer the spectacle of a foreign people rightly struggling to be free; the last thing they wanted was to spend money or soldiers in helping them to win the struggle.
—From *Melbourne* by Lord David Cecil.

Martin Mayer

Keepers of the Business Conscience

The Wall Street Lawyers, part II

A handful of elite law firms supply an astonishingly large share of our national leaders . . . the story of where they come from, how they rise to power, what they earn—and what should trouble their souls.

OF THE last eight unsuccessful candidates for President, three are or were Wall Street lawyers. Graduates of Wall Street firms are presently Secretary of State, Ambassador to Great Britain, Chairmen of U.S. Steel and of the Chase-Manhattan Bank. Among the present crop of partners in the Wall Street law firms are men who were recently Secretaries of the Army and the Air Force, our Special Negotiator in Korea, the head of our delegation to the United Nations General Assembly, the director of the OSS. No other profession—not even the military—can match the quantity of national leadership that has been drawn from this one, small segment of the Bar.

Drawn quietly, however. Wall Street law firms represent corporations rather than individuals. They earn all but a miniscule part of their fees by advising and negotiating for clients, rather than by appearing for them in court. Even when their work does call them before a Bench, their advocacy of a cause will be mostly the undramatic business of helping witnesses to describe complicated economic phenomena. Little of what they do is newsworthy, and when it is they try to keep it out of the newspapers. They avoid as far as possible any public identification of themselves as lawyers for such-and-such billion-dollar corporation, or partners in so-and-so hundred-man law firm. Within the firms, men rise soundlessly, without any public announcement, to their dominant positions.*

It is possible to be quite familiar with the public careers of "Wild Bill" Donovan, Thomas K. Finletter, Kenneth Royall, or Ernest Gross, and yet not to know that they are Wall Street lawyers. Instead of bringing prestige as a lawyer to their public activities, they carry back to private practice the prestige of their former positions in government. In the American past, leading lawyers were always considered among the makers of public policy; politicians solicited their advice on matters of state, and civic groups were constantly urging them to run for public office. Today, the best paid and most important American lawyers practice their profession in virtual anonymity, their names hidden in or below the multi-chambered title of a large law firm. Among the results of the large-scale, anonymous practice has been, to quote the late Chief Justice Harlan Fiske Stone, "a regrettable decline in the public influence of the Bar."

An average large corporate law firm in New York might have twenty-five partners, fifty associates, sixty-five secretaries, stenographers, and file clerks, two librarians, and half a dozen office boys (or girls). The partners will each occupy

* Because the canon of ethics of the Bar forbids lawyers to solicit publicity, and specifically decries the "granting of interviews," all quotations in both articles have been ascribed to anonymous "partners."—*M.M.*

a large private office complete with carpet and conference table, and each will have a private secretary, probably with her own room. (A very few firms still have male secretaries and stenographers, hangovers from the prewar days when women were scarcely to be seen anywhere on Wall Street; on the other side, a very few employ lady associates.) Most associates will work two to an office, though the top eight or ten may have rooms of their own. There must be a secretaries' bullpen and an office boys' room with duplicating equipment; at least one large conference room (very showy, this); a reception room; a large storeroom; and a library large enough to hold at least six or seven thousand volumes (and these are volumes, not books), plus tables and chairs for twenty or thirty bookworms. Preparing new offices at 40 Wall Street for Dewey, Ballantine, Bushby, Palmer & Wood, and moving the firm to its new address, cost the lawyers and their new landlords a total of $250,000.

In midtown New York, where many office buildings are built on plots 150 x 250 feet, you can sometimes find on the lower levels space enough to cram such an office onto one floor. Wall Street, however, is a succession of narrow skyscrapers, and the prestige by which law firms live demands frequently that they occupy a tower suite. There they straggle up and down private stairways, three, four, and five floors to a firm. Some, like Sullivan & Cromwell, are wood-paneled in their public areas, and have wide, "architected" stairways; some, like Shearman & Sterling & Wright, have marble corridors with black baseboards (S & S & W represents the First National City Bank, and an inter-building bridge, eighty feet above street level, connects its offices with the bank's offices); some, like Davis, Polk, Wardwell, Sunderland & Kiendl, are just nondescript offices. Most of them have spectacular harbor or skyline views from the better windows.

INFIGHTING

TO A great extent, a law firm is the pooling together of a number of individual practices; it is not like an ordinary business. The corporate form of organization is forbidden, and probably wouldn't work anyway. Senior partners usually have far less authority than corporate presidents; but authority exists; somebody has to make policy decisions. In some firms a body of three partners lays down the internal law; in others the senior partner sits as arbitrator over any disputes that may arise within the firm.

Aside from occasional pettifoggery, these disputes ordinarily fall into three categories: (1) money; (2) the assignment to one lawyer rather than another of certain talented employees; (3) a conflict of interest between two clients represented by different partners in the firm. This last occasionally causes broken partnerships: neither lawyer is willing to give up an important client, and the firm cannot ethically represent both if they are suing one another. When both clients are large ones, the argument about which one to slough off will be bitter, and the losing lawyer may take half the partners with him when he leaves the firm.

Money is always a touchy question, especially since nobody knows for sure the income of his opposite numbers in rival firms. Most authorities agree that the one, two, or three highest-ranked partners of every big Wall Street law firm take home from $150,000 to $350,000 each, every year. In the middle range, lesser partners slice the melon to the extent of $40,000 to $75,000; and junior partners may range down as low as $15,000 —no lower. The income up top will depend on the year's business (partnerships cannot carry surplus income over from year to year); the income down below is usually guaranteed.

Many Wall Street law firms have no written partnership agreement. There is an oral understanding that all the fees earned by each partner will be paid into the common pot, and that the pot will be divided thus and so. A memorandum of the divvy arrangement will be deposited in some safe as a check against memory, but it will not necessarily be signed. (Those firms that do have written agreements on these subjects are apologetic: "We used to have nothing in writing but it didn't work well, and I'm sure you'll find everyone else has given it up, too.") The absence of a written agreement makes possible fluidity within the partnership: if a man brings in a big new client, his share of the pot can be upped in a single partnership meeting.

Promotion of any one partner, however, means in the competitive world of the law a defeat for the partners over whose heads he jumps. The spectacular rise of John T. Cahill, who started as a policeman's son, changed the firm of Wright, Gordon, Zachry, Pralin & Cahill to the firm of Cahill, Gordon, Zachry & Reindel. Shearman & Sterling became Shearman & Sterling & Wright. The firm begun by a few young lawyers, half a century ago, as Root, Clark, Buckner & Howland, is now Dewey, Ballantine, Bushby, Palmer & Wood. Both Elihu Root, Jr., and Grenville Clark

are still alive, associated with Cleary, Gottlieb, Friendly & Hamilton, a fraction which split off from "the Root firm" a decade ago.

Most of the large Wall Street law firms were organized at the turn of the century, and some of the labels have scarcely changed. Neither Sullivan nor Cromwell is alive, nor White nor Case; of Cravath, Swaine & Moore only Moore, now eighty-four, is left. The surviving names of Curtis, Mallet-Prevost, Colt & Mosle, which has a stranglehold on the legal end of United States–South American trade, are Colt at ninety-four and Mosle at eighty-seven; neither is active. Inside such firms revolutions can occur quietly, and they do.

Every once in a while a partner will seize a few of the more talented associates and depart with them to form his own firm. More often partners will fight with each other within the firm to secure the services of an associate who can be counted on to do a really thorough research job, or to propose a brilliant line of argument, or simply to get along well with a client who demands a lot of personal attention. No lawyer is better than the data and the arguments in his mind, and an associate who stuffs his boss's head full of useful material can make a lawyer look even better than he is. Though some of the old-timers sneer at their confreres' reliance on mere employees ("some lawyers need a crutch, others don't"), the assignment of associates to one partner rather than another is a major headache.

"Of course," said one of the men who handles such problems, "our partners usually try to be reasonable. They overestimate their needs only a little."

THE BREEDING OF PARTNERS

IN HIS book on *The Cravath Firm*—the one precious public record of life within a Wall Street law office—the late Robert T. Swaine noted that only three men from outside had been taken into Cravath as partners during the period 1906-48. This figure is no lower than the average for the Wall Street firms: most of them can boast that not one of their partners ever worked in another office. The quality of the young men hired into the big firms as associates will determine not only the quality of the staff work behind the partners, but the eventual quality of the partnership itself.

"Where law firms fall down," said a senior partner of a large firm, "is in their failure to get the best graduates from the law schools."

This reliance on inbreeding to produce new generations of partners gives the large corporate law firms a certain resemblance to a well-run civil service. Family and social connections are always nice to have, but any young man who does well enough at college to win admission to Harvard, Columbia, or Yale Law School, and well enough at law school to rank in the top 5 per cent of his class (which is signalized by elevation to the school Law Review), will find himself welcome on Wall Street. Ordinarily, he will not have to look for a job: the job, personified by a recent graduate working for a large firm, will come up to school scouting for him, well before he graduates. If all goes as planned, the bright young law student will journey down to Wall Street during his senior year for interviews with the "hiring partners" of several firms. Before graduation day he, and from 100 to 130 like him, will receive a formal invitation to employment at one of New York's twenty largest law firms. And he will start work in September, already within looking distance of the top of his new profession, at a salary that will run somewhere between $4,000 and $4,800 a year.

From this base his salary will rise in annual bursts of $500 to $1,000, and unless the year has been disastrous there will be a Christmas bonus, as little as $100 in some firms, as much as $1,000 in others. These figures are in themselves sufficient incentive to draw the best graduates to the big firms, since small law offices generally pay starting clerks somewhere between $25 and $40 a week. To the near-graduate choosing between one big law firm and another, however, money is not a major consideration. (Nor is it supposed to be. One prominent firm feels that salary should mean nothing at all, and will not even discuss the subject until the candidate has accepted his job. There is, of course, no secret about the fact that this firm pays as much as anyone else—it's just a matter of principle.)

Instead, the novice worries about the kind of work he will have to do—and his chance of becoming a partner. This chance varies from one in seven to one in fifteen, depending on the firm and the year in which he joins it.

"Often," said a managing partner, "we'll have a sudden expansion of work, and we'll simply need three or four more men with status. We'll look around the office and sigh about the associates who left us last year or the year before because we couldn't see any real chance of a partnership for them. And the men who get the partnerships may not be as good as the men we lost."

Every firm agrees that accident of assignment, as the Army calls it, is a major factor in any associate's elevation or departure.

"Out of every twenty men," said another partner, "three will become partners. Three others, say, were our mistakes—we never should have hired them in the first place. The other fourteen are partnership material, and plenty of them prove it after they've left us; they just didn't have the breaks."

In his book, Swaine wrote that ten years was too long for a man to be an associate unless he'd been promised a partnership. One or two prominent partners think that under today's conditions twelve would be a better figure than ten, but most feel that ten is about right. Different firms, however, have different opinions on what makes a young lawyer partnership material.

"First," said one, "you get to be a *de facto* partner. Then you get *de jure* recognition." His meaning was made more crystalline by a later statement: "The difference between a practicing lawyer and a professor is that a practicing lawyer has clients."

In this firm, the new partner is the associate who has come into intimate relation with clients, who has "performed the partner's job." (Sometimes he is a young man who knows clients socially.) Another firm denied that relations with clients, or the corollary ability of business getting, was a major factor in making partners: "We promote the man who has made an impact on the partners he's worked for. There's a lot of luck in that, too."

YOUNG MAN IN A POOL

ASSOCIATES exist as a convenience for partners, and the method of using them depends on the organization of the firm. Almost all firms insist that each corporation is the client of one particular partner; even if the firm is completely fragmented into the various legal specialties, one partner will receive all a client's bad news and (after consultation with the appropriate members of his firm) hand back all the advice. ("You can't have the client deciding what his legal problems are.") One of the largest firms on Wall Street claims that its members are all completely rounded lawyers, and not specialists in any one field: "They specialize in the affairs of their clients." The contention is that whatever legal sharpness may be lost is more than balanced by the partner's intimacy with his client's business as a whole. Another firm is quite frankly a group practice, in which the partner who actually handles the client serves mostly as diagnostician. There are all shadings in between.

Both extremes present dangers to the associate. Where the partners specialize in clients, the firm tends to regard its young lawyers as a "legal pool," similar to the "secretarial pool": whoever isn't busy at the moment gets called in to help, and then sent back to the pool when the individual job is done. Where the partners are each concerned exclusively with one narrow field, they tend to demand the same specialization from their assistants—without necessarily asking whether this bright law-school graduate is best suited to a life of drawing wills.

Most firms try to have an associate work with a considerable number of partners, in many different fields of the law, during his first year—then they and he can decide where he would best fit into the pattern of the firm. Like all ideals, this scheme is only rarely carried through. If the associate is assigned to an important case in litigation, he will probably spend at least one full year with this one case alone. And if he does a really good job for the partner to whom he is first assigned it will require high explosive to get him off that partner's personal staff. This is personally highly flattering, and occasionally profitable in terms of a future partnership—but it is also a most likely method of jamming square pegs into round holes.

Both time and space conspire against the corporate lawyer, and especially against his young associate. The law is always presenting deadlines: for tax filing, for the submission of a brief, for the argument of an appeal, for the closing of a contract. Personal inspection and conferences with executives are often necessary if the lawyer is to know his client's business as well as he should—and the client's factory is usually in Kankakee or Walla-Walla, while his offices are in St. Louis, and his case will come up for trial in Washington. Both partners and associates in the ordinary corporate law firm must count on one to three months a year out of town. During his first year especially, the young lawyer will work nights (his office will feed him dinner, on the expense account); later the pressure will slacken, but a night a week remains customary, up to and often including old age.

Swaine tells a pleasant and possibly fictitious story about his partner Hoyt A. Moore, who was once urged to hire some additional associates because the staff was seriously overworked.

"That's silly," said Moore. "No one is under pressure. There wasn't a light on when I left at two this morning."

Few professional writers turn out so much copy as partners demand from their associates. Every research job results in a memorandum, which is expected to be concise but thorough. A senior partner's time is worth $100 an hour, and he does not wish to waste it in deciphering an employee's language: he is likely to be stern with an associate's prose style. If the partner makes speeches or writes articles, he will expect an associate to prepare at least the first draft: it's good for the boy's education, anyway. And sometimes a firm will test an associate's abilities by asking him to prepare a report on a hypothetical situation.

Such an assignment was a lightning bolt of luck to a new associate at Davis, Polk, Wardwell, Sunderland & Kiendl, who was asked to find the points of law that could be driven home in the courts if the government ever seized the steel mills. A month after he finished his report Truman did seize the steel mills, and the dazzled associate found himself at the right hand of John W. Davis, assisting at an argument before the Nine Dignities of the Supreme Court.

CORPORATION BAIT

THIS young man probably has a better than average chance at a partnership, but average is only one in twelve. What happens to the other eleven—outstanding graduates of their law school but rejects from the Wall Street mill?

"Well, take your *Who's Who*," said a partner, "and look down the list of corporate executives. You'll find that a lot of them came out of the big law firms. You can tell a firm's quality by the roster of its alumni."

To do his job, the corporate lawyer must know his client's business upside and down—and when the boss leaves, there may be no one so well trained to replace him as the attorney. Out of the last three chairmen of the board of United States Steel, two have come from the Wall Street law firm of White & Case; and Winthrop Aldrich went from a law firm to the chair of the Chase Bank.

Chairmanships do not come to associates, but lesser executive positions often do. An expanding corporation will usually feel the need for house counsel, a lawyer on the payroll and just down the hall; and these jobs can pay as much as $60,000 a year (and usually lead to at least a vice presidency). If the client has a full-scale legal department of his own (and many do, especially railroads, public utilities, oil and insurance companies), he needs replacements; and again the associate has the inside track. Occasionally there are business opportunities pure and simple: a client has been impressed with an associate's commercial intelligence, and invites him to head up some new branch of the client's business. As an ordinary matter the client will talk to the partners about his offer before he makes it, but the associate will go ask advice, anyway.

"Unless we are absolutely certain that we will have a place for him in the firm," said a weary partner, "we always advise an associate to accept a good job."

Some associates leave the security of the big firm to hang out a shingle and undertake the perilous private practice of law. Some leave for government service (some come in from government service rather than directly from law school, too); these may return. Others catch the eye of a smaller firm, which dangles bait before them. The temptation to bite is always high. "I don't like to see an associate leaving after two or three years," said a partner, "because it means we won't get much benefit from the training we've given him. But I'd rather see him go early to a good job than wait around ten, twelve, fifteen years until all he can get is a bad job."

In some offices there are senior associates, men who never won a partnership, but never left, either. The security offered by a big law firm is absolute: though every firm hates to see men hanging around aimlessly (and those firms which have pension plans for the secretarial staff never extend them to the legal staff), nobody is ever fired except for immediate and specific cause. And a senior associate in a big firm will make more money than the average New York lawyer.

Generally speaking, there is a cheerful camaraderie among the associates, almost all of an age, all striving toward the same remote and unlikely goal. Some are politicians, adroit at avoiding the lengthy and dull assignment that promises no glory, studiously excellent in their handling of the partners. Others are bookworms, fascinated by The Law, for whom every assignment presents some wrinkle worth exploring. At most firms there is a coffee break in the afternoon, or tea in the library, when the associates gather with the partners and talk shop; sometimes there is a weekly luncheon for a department of the firm, or, informally, for a gang of a dozen associates. There are after-hours poker games, too, sometimes with partners participating. Dewey, Ballantine publish an intra-office newspaper, *The Bull*, to keep everyone in touch. And there is always at least one annual firm

party, given at a club or a hotel ballroom or some senior partner's country estate, at which everybody mixes.

Conviviality is an asset for a lawyer anywhere, though, as one senior partner put it, "You don't hold clients because you're a nice fellow. You hold them because you win cases; personality is distinctly secondary."

There is no question that an associate leads a nervous, almost frenzied life—but no question, also, that associates never had it so good. Today's partners can make the blood run cold with their reminiscence of their own early days in the Wall Street firms. Swaine recalls that Paul Cravath would go over an associate's work around six o'clock and suggest revisions, which were to be completed and brought to Cravath's Murray Hill mansion at midnight, when the boss would return from the Opera, of which he was a director. From midnight to two Cravath would criticize the work done and pose further questions; the answers were to be deposited on his desk before his regular eight-o'clock arrival at the office. In those days, Swaine wrote, "between the partners and the associates, dignified formality was relaxed only in the occasional displays of a partner's temper over an associate's unsatisfactory work."

SERVANT OF BUSINESS?

JUSTICE Harlan Fiske Stone had been a a partner in two Wall Street firms before he went on the bench. He was a Republican, appointed to the Supreme Court by a Republican President, and there had been no reason to believe that he disapproved of the system in which he had received his own training. It was thus an occasion of considerable shock when, on June 15, 1934, speaking at the dedication of a new building for the University of Michigan Law School, he loosed a cannonade on his former partners at the Bar.

"The successful lawyer of our day," he said, "more often than not is the proprietor or general manager of a new type of factory. More and more he must look for his rewards to the material satisfaction derived from profit as from a successfully conducted business, rather than to the intangible and indubitably more durable satisfactions which are to be found in a professional service more consciously directed toward the advancement of the public interest. . . . At its best this changed system has brought to the command of the business world loyalty and a superb proficiency and technical skill. At its worst it has made the learned profession of an earlier day the obsequious servant of business, and tainted it with the morals and manners of the market place in its most anti-social manifestations."

This is 1930s stuff, and could easily be dismissed as that—except, Stone repeated his accusations in 1947, shortly before his death. And a man who was Stone's partner in private practice recently described the function of his firm as "helping corporations to borrow and lend money. That's the circus; everything else is a sideshow. If a lawyer works in Reno, the circus is divorce; if he works in Detroit, the circus is automobiles." It is no disrespect to this intelligent and responsible attorney to point out that Stone's criticism is merely a value judgment on his description.

Justice Stone did not intend to issue a blanket condemnation. A number of corporate lawyers have always felt that, in the words of a Wall Street partner, "they keep the conscience of business." Almost every large corporation swipes patents once in a while; some lawyers will make the swipe stick by filing nuisance suits against the aggrieved inventor until, harassed out of any possibility of profit, he drops his claims; other lawyers will tell their clients to pay up. Some will plot corporate raids; others will discourage them. Not every lawyer regards his interests as identical with those of his clients. There is, no doubt, a large element of hypocrisy in the purist's claim that the lawyer stands first for the law and second for his client—but this is the kind of hypocrisy that makes possible the rational organization of society.

Moreover, it makes possible the extravagantly favored position of that closed community, that trade union called the Bar. Accountants are necessary in the preparation of tax returns, and labor-relations consultants are often useful in negotiations between management and labor. Substantial bodies of law cover both the tax field and labor contracts, and in their work the accountant and the labor consultant are commonly called on to give what amount to legal opinions. At this point the Bar Association (a committee of lawyers) may hale them before a judge (a former lawyer), who will hold that they have been "practicing law without a license." Austin Fisher, a labor-relations consultant, has traced many of these cases to the desire of "bar associations to protect the pocketbooks of their members by staking out a maximum number of exclusive claims to the business of selling advice for a fee." And there can be no question that the

Bar Association's view of the Society of Certified Public Accountants, at least as regards tax work, is similar to the Teamsters Union view of the Brewery Workers Union, whose members drive beer trucks.

OR UNCOMMITTED FORCE?

BUT the comic elements in this jurisdictional dispute should not be allowed to conceal the matters of fundamental public policy which underlie it. Accountants and labor-relations consultants are essentially technicians; the lawyer, in his pure state, is something more. He can survey his client's cause from the high eminence of the common law—if he so wishes.

Fifty years ago it was generally recognized that a lawyer cannot make a prior ethical commitment to his client, and it was considered professionally incorrect for a lawyer to sit on a client's board of directors. Few important modern Wall Street lawyers have held to this unwritten code. Clients want their lawyer on the board because it is convenient to have a legal opinion at the table; lawyers want to sit on boards because (not to put too fine a point on the matter) it sews up the client's legal business. So, gradually, over the years, the lawyer's position on the client's board has become a routine matter.

The formal answer to Justice Stone's final attack on the large law firms was delivered by Robert Swaine in a speech to the New York Bar Association. It is an intensely effective answer, pointing out the great contributions, both of efficiency and of morality, made by the modern lawyer to the modern economy. But part of Swaine's effectiveness came from his advocacy of a new canon of ethics which would forbid a lawyer to accept a place on a client's board, and in his concern over the admittedly slight consideration that a large law firm gives to considerations of public policy. Swaine's defense is well remembered by the Wall Street legal community; but neither his new canon nor his concern has remained in the memory.

Much publicity has been given to the recent rash of worthless and semi-worthless uranium stocks. The documents that make these issues possible are drawn by law firms, some of them quite eminent law firms. Recently one of New York's more important partnerships advised one of New York's more important underwriters that it would be okay for the underwriter to handle an insurance stock that could not legally be sold in New York State. Sales were made by the New York underwriter to citizens of New York—but the actual sale was consummated in New Jersey. The prospectus on which this stock was sold was essentially misleading because it failed to mention that the insurance company's earnings figures were based on a tax gimmick which Congress was about to kill. But the Securities and Exchange Commission, in typical 1955 fashion, allowed the prospectus to circulate. So everything was legal.

It was just this sort of reasoning that infuriated Justice Stone, and saddened Robert Swaine, and does not seem even to annoy many modern corporate lawyers. There are a few old-fashioned men who are disturbed, who remember that the financial scandals of the 1920s could not have occurred without the willingness of lawyers to abandon their position of public trust, to regard themselves as servants of business rather than servants of the law. The men are dying out who flourished in the prestige that the law commanded before 1920. And young associates no longer concern themselves with such problems; they are too busy fitting themselves for existence in the 1950s, when efficiency, accuracy, and intelligence are the only values to be sought. Moreover, they work on little pieces of big cases, and even if they had the inclination they would rarely have the opportunity to assess the values and the motives behind a client's cause.

Nevertheless—given the imperfect commercial morality of a competitive economy—the Wall Street law firms unquestionably act on their clients as a force for ethical behavior. It is also likely that the standard of ethics among the Wall Street firms is higher than in the legal profession as a whole. But the responsibilities are far greater, especially since the Wall Street firms do the bulk of their work in the now-you-see-it, now-you-don't field of the financial market. There is always considerable pressure on the Wall Street firms to draw up stock prospectuses with sex appeal. The lawyer who regards himself as merely an agent for his client will have no countervailing force to oppose against such pressure.

Justice Stone concluded his 1934 address by saying that "the zeal of the student for proficiency in the law, like that of his elder brother at the Bar, comes from a higher source than selfishness. It is devoted to his conception of a useful and worthy institution. But that conception is a distorted one if it envisages only the cultivation of skill without thought of how and to what end it is to be used. . . ."

Albert Abarbanel and Alex Haley

A NEW AUDIENCE FOR RADIO

Advertisers have hit a lush vein of ore in an unexpected spot—but it has to be mined with intelligence and tact.

IN THE past few years American radio stations have stumbled upon an unexpected new source of prosperity to meet the growing television challenge: programs directly slanted toward Negro listeners. About 15 per cent of the country's stations—some 400 in all—are now giving this market a median 10 per cent of their air time, and the results, for both stations and sponsors, have been remarkable.

In New Orleans, a building firm had to cancel its spot advertisements on a local Negro radio program because it could not handle the rush of business. In Atlanta, an appliance dealer, using the same advertising means, sold more washing machines than all the other dealers in the city combined and won a thirteen-week General Electric sales competition. In North Carolina, a realtor with a dozen building lots to sell bought spots on a Negro program one Friday night and sold the entire twelve by the next Monday night. In Harlem, a small businessman quadrupled his gross receipts in the two-week period after he tried five daily spot radio ads. In Pittsburgh, a dry-cleaning shop which began sponsoring a daily five-minute broadcast of Negro neighborhood, church, club, and social news expanded into four huge modern establishments within five years.

With returns like these, it is small wonder that sponsors willingly pay high prices to have their products mentioned on such programs—and are thereby saving a number of small radio stations from oblivion. Station WMRY in New Orleans is a good example. Station manager Mort Silverman put it this way:

"Before 1950 we were featuring good music and failing. May twenty-eighth of that year we switched to a solid Negro format. In a month we paid our way, and revenue has increased steadily ever since. I think it's safe to say that now we are one of the most successful of the eleven New Orleans stations."

"Negro radio," as it is popularly called, seems to have sprung up almost spontaneously, overnight, all over the country. The surprising thing is that no one thought of it before, that for years talented Negroes knocked at closed doors, trying to get jobs in radio. For America's sixteen million Negroes represent an important consumer group—their combined annual earnings are one billion dollars greater than the annual national income of Canada—and for several reasons they are peculiarly susceptible to a specific appeal for their trade. Almost all Negroes share a common desire for race progress, and the stations and sponsors who make a special effort to attract them are showing an increased respect for Negroes as a people. Any discriminated-against minority group is also quick to take personal pride in the achievements of any of its members, so radio programs featuring Negroes offer excellent opportunities for listener identification. And finally, in segregated areas, such programs indirectly tell their listeners where they can go to shop without fear of being embarrassed.

In city after city, as poll after poll has shown, 50 to 90 per cent of the Negro population listen to the radio station which seems most aware of Negro interests. WDIA in Memphis found that its Negro programs were being heard in seven of each ten Negro homes in the city throughout the broadcast day—that is, by a total of 562,212 persons or 46.9 per cent of all the residents it serves. WSOK in Nashville, which concentrates on a Negro audience, claims that its listeners represent 30 per cent of the total city market, while six other stations compete for the remaining 70 per cent.

As an added bonus, Negro programs often attract white listeners as well. Negro radio began with the simple formula "The Bible and the Blues"—religious programs to appeal to older listeners, jazz to draw the young—and both

types are fairly universally popular. As a North Carolina station manager put it, "Jive programs are popular with all the younger set. Rural people love spirituals without regard to race." So Mrs. Mary MacNeil, a Negro teacher in South Carolina who tells the stories behind favorite hymns, has a sizable white following, while Joe Adams, the "Mayor of Melody" on Santa Monica's KOWL, is so strong a favorite that in 1953 the Los Angeles city council proclaimed a Joe Adams Day, with the Governor among the banquet guests. Some advertisers on Negro programs in Kentucky have found that a third of the response is white, and in 1952 Chattanooga, Tennessee, voted WMFS's Evelyn Cato, a Negro woman who discusses fashions, recipes, child care, and civic news, the most popular woman on the air.

Manufacturers of household products have also become aware that in many cities, especially in the South, Negro domestic workers make out the shopping lists in the homes where they work.

Yet when Negro radio started, many potential advertisers were afraid that an open invitation to Negroes would cut down their white trade. A Tennessee station manager recalls plaguing one department-store owner until he agreed to place a few spot ads as a test. "He never admitted the results to us," the manager observes, "but he took a year contract."

Other advertisers doubted that Negroes would buy what they had to sell. The head of a home remodeling company took the stand that Negroes depreciate property, not improve it. He was rather reluctantly persuaded to gamble on advertising over a Negro program. Within two months, he had nineteen jobs, ranging in price from $500 to $3,000, to do for Negro clients. Another home reconstruction firm in Gary, Indiana, grossed $200,000 in jobs traceable to its Negro radio advertising.

ONLY THE BEST QUALITY

BUT Negro radio did not achieve its present success without some humiliating experiences in learning how sensitive this market is. It has long been proved that modern Negroes want the same quality as that offered to everyone else —or better. As a sales expert has pointed out, until prejudice has disappeared, Negroes will always feel in competition with whites. Negro radio had to learn this important lesson all over again. Many a station manager still blushes remembering the wrath that followed the promotion of a cheap product like, in one case, a twenty-five-cents-an-ounce perfume. Mistakes like this lost listeners and destroyed popular confidence. Today no station manager would think of allowing an advertiser to use a Negro program for anything other than a first-rate brand of goods.

Negro programs must also be free from the slightest hint of ridicule or condescension. A bakery which used a parody of "Mammy's Little Baby Likes Shortnin' Bread" lost the Negro trade it had. A station near a Negro university which hired a semi-illiterate Negro disc jockey was barraged with telephone calls and letters from the students until it took him off the air. Another station had to fire a white announcer who introduced jazz records in a pseudo-Negro dialect. (Dozens of white disc jockeys do command enthusiastic followings on Negro programs, but they play it straight, or "cool.") A wine which advertised that it was made "in the good old Southern way" was conspicuously not bought by hundreds of metropolitan Negroes. A mortgage company which built up enough Negro trade to open an "Afro-American" branch was amazed when it failed.

Today most stations discuss advertisements for Negro programs with local Negro leaders, and at least five Negro psychologists have been hired as consultants by various station managers.

But a Negro radio program cannot succeed merely by not offending its audience's sensibilities. It must also win support. One Southern station manager began by asking Negro ministers and teachers in the vicinity for advice before he started Negro programing.

"They spread the word," he explains, "and their endorsement was the beginning of our success. Then our very first Negro shows advertised that we wanted to give local talent a break. The average Negro community has many amateur singers and musical groups; we've found some here that are really good. Another thing we do is make free announcements for all kinds of social groups. It's amazing how much good will we've won with little things like this. We devote only about one-third of our time to Negro programs, but we know their community almost solidly considers this their station."

His experience is typical. The most successful Negro radio programs offer two things: a variety of services and a chance for Negro talent. Stations in small cities often help listeners swap, sell, or buy various possessions; many locate jobs for the unemployed; and virtually all of them war against crime and promote civil rights. Many can point to specific results. The weekly

appeals for the needy over Chattanooga's WMFS led to the establishment of fifteen "Good Neighbor Clubs" which now operate in Tennessee, Georgia, and Alabama. WLIB in New York City in three days found 209 applicants for forty orphaned Negro children, who are often hard to place for adoption.

The Negro talent which appears on the Negro radio is almost as varied as the services. A number of small stations feature local ministers, as well as entertainers. And representatives of the Negro press are in such demand that many of them have shifted or merged careers. The Pittsburgh *Courier,* the largest Negro newspaper in the world, lost Mal Goode to local radio station WHOD. WDAS in Philadelphia has popular columnist Randy Dixon and former White House correspondent James Wood from the Baltimore *Afro-American.* Negro editor Arthur Aiken newscasts for WUSN in Charleston, South Carolina.

Almost any outstanding Negro personality is a good bet for the Negro radio. Great pro athletes like trackman Jesse Owens and halfback Buddy Young lure large audiences of sports fans. WLIB in New York City has popular model Sara Lou Harris and her nationally known comedian husband, Buddy Bowser, as a breakfast team.

THE BIG MARKET

THE following such personalities attract is also having an effect on race relations, as Charlotte, North Carolina, discovered not long ago. One of its radio stations, WGIV, has been devoting about half its time to Negro programs, half to white, and advertising itself as "Everybody's Station," under the picture of a white and black hand clasped. WGIV's leading star is a college-educated Negro who calls himself "Genial Gene" and spends about three and a half hours a day on the air. Recently, against competition from four other stations, "Genial Gene" was voted Charlotte's top disc jockey. One thousand of his votes came from the all-white Central High School, causing the Charlotte *Daily News* to comment:

"It has more than usual meaning against the background of reaction to the Supreme Court decision on segregated schools."

On and off the air, "Genial Gene" is a powerful force in the community. He provides publicity and entertainment for both white and Negro student groups; he holds office in a dozen social, fraternal, and religious organizations. He was North Carolina representative at the National Education Congress, and he recently declined the post of State Co-ordinator of Education because he was too busy to accept.

With performers like "Genial Gene," Negro radio is taking a new direction, away from the simple "Bible and Blues" type of program toward a broader, metropolitan appeal. The leader in this field is the Negro National Network, organized late in 1953 by Leonard Evans, a Negro market expert, and two advertising agency partners, John Wyatt and Reggie Schuebel. The network, which has already signed forty-three member stations, has pioneered in popular transcribed serials based on realistic vignettes of modern Negro life. Its original venture was "Ruby Valentine," a soap opera starring Juanita Hall which scored an immediate hit. This was followed by other productions starring Cab Calloway, Hilda Simms, and Ethel Waters; and today NNN is also feeding live broadcasts of events of special interest to Negroes to all its stations.

NNN claims the greatest success any specialized media has had in America in more than fifty years. According to its president, Evans, it now reaches almost 84 per cent of all the Negroes in the United States daily. Among the sponsors advertising on its programs are William Wrigley, Pet Milk, and Philip Morris. (Other big-league advertisers on Negro programs include the A & P, Buick, Coca-Cola, Firestone, General Electric, General Motors, and Westinghouse Electric Corporation.)

In its decade of life, Negro radio seems to have satisfied almost everybody. It has brought American businesses enormous previously untapped profits. It has rejuvenated small radio stations and added new income to large ones. It has opened the doors of still another industry to Negroes: fifteen years ago less than ten Negroes in the entire country earned their living in radio; today there are almost a thousand, and broadcasting schools in all the metropolitan areas report a sharp increase in Negro applications and enrollments.

Finally, the stations' and sponsors' concerted overtures to Negroes have had a wide public impact in the race-relations field.



Bushmen Hunting

A Story by JACK COPE

Drawings by Gil Miret

THE WIND had died down in the night and a red sunrise flared from below the dolerite mountain jags away toward Bushmanland. The air seemed full of the finest particles of desert sand settling and sifting down after the dust storm. For nearly an hour, since before dawn, the camp had been astir and the three overloaded jeeps were packed and ready to move, but the team were arguing. Three colored men, servants and drivers to the geologists, stood against one of the motor vehicles talking quietly, mostly in single syllables; their heads and faces were wrapped in towels and only their eyes showed, placid, dark-brown, shaded by thick lashes. The team members had patches round their eyes protected by sunglasses and the rest of their skin was scorched. Their lips were painfully cracked but they went on talking hoarsely and angrily. Two were South Africans and the third an American. The American kept his temper. He had made up his mind and nothing would move him. The others wanted to head back for O'Okiep but he was going on; he would go on all the way, he said; what the hell kind of expedition was it that left the job unfinished?

The other two, stung by his easy, deliberate way of putting it, turned savage weatherbeaten faces on him. Then they referred for support to a fourth man, small, thin, and wizened. From the shapeless roof of his hat to the soft, handmade *velschoens* he was the human counterpart of the desert. The blinding sun, the winds with a rasp-edge of sand, the frosts in the dry, cracking winter nights when the scene was like the face of the moon—these had turned him into something that had a touch of awe and wonder and pity. Nationality or race or color were nonexistent in his appearance; they had been overlaid by a harder reality. Time had battered against him so mercilessly that it had left a face ageless as his surroundings and there was no telling if he were forty or sixty or eighty. His own daughter did not know but she thought him nearer to a hundred. Anxiously she watched him dealing with the strangers. She saw him lower his head and contemplate the ground and then turn slowly toward the American.

"No good," he said. "I will go with you, Mr. Sebright, but you waste petrol. Nothing is new there—all the same over again."

"Well, anyway, let's start, Waterboer."

Her father's name was Klaas Waterboer and knowing Bushmanland and the Namaqua highlands as well as he knew his own fingers he had come to act as guide for the expedition. He was a trekker and the territory he roamed was about ten thousand square miles which gave a man a living, if he knew his way around, and yet waited subtly to destroy him. He had left his camp and trek-wagons and little bunches of hardy desert sheep and karakuls in the trekveld far south and come up with the geologists. He showed them spectacular faults and seams he knew in the mountains. They scaled the great mesas and looked down from the table-tops at the dun-colored jeeps and tents and the three-cornered signal-sheet set out to guide the light De Havilland plane that flew from O'Okiep every second day to drop supplies. Giant valleys were carved in the mesa, range behind range in the glittering

mirage, sometimes looking blue like ice or green with forest and the shimmer of waterfalls. But there were no trees, no water, hardly a blade of living grass or a leaf on the stunted Karroo-bush. The valleys flowed with sand; here a flat bed lay between deep furnace walls of rock, but in other gorges the sand of millions of years dashed and heaved its tide up until it flowed over the shoulder of the mountains. From the midst of the sand-seas black rocks rose like islands

THE GEOLOGISTS studied rocks pointed out by Waterboer, often with a shrug of impatience. But they had found crystals of pinkish scheelite indicating tungsten beds, gray stibnite antimony, and promising outcrops of copper and cobalt deposits. Waterboer's daughter Sara traveled with him, cooked his food, and kept the tent tidy. Most of the time they were not traveling she sat inside the tent opening and gazed between the slits of her eyelids at the brilliant desert. In the daylight she kept her face covered with cotton stuff, forehead and nose and cheeks, so that her dark eyes alone were visible down the shady tunnel of her kappie. She usually had her kappies lined with green and kept the hoods neat and stiff with starch. Home-made mittens covered her hands and she had long dresses almost to the ground and black cotton stockings tucked into flat-heeled *velschoens.* She was the last of the trekker's daughters.

Sara Waterboer became aware, without actually owning it or putting it into a precise form, that her father for some days had been heading off the prospectors. He did not want them to go any further, he did not want them to find anything valuable here. Above all, he did not want to see a mine spring up where nothing had ever been except the droves of buck moving with the rare flowering of the desert, once a year or once in two years if it rained, and the men following them. As long as the mines kept out, Klaas Waterboer remained free in a country as large as a state. Few would ever want to come here. The Bushmen had gone; the Hottentots had gone; and the trekkers were receding back into the villages and settled areas.

That morning, hearing the three men argue and snap heatedly, Waterboer felt he had almost succeeded. The sandstorm of the day before had done it and now they were on the point of turning back. One of the South African geologists was speaking, frequently pausing to cough and clear his throat.

"All right, Sebright, go ahead, but we take no responsibility, none whatsoever, that's understood."

"It's on my head." The American sounded cheerful and even smiled.

"We've seen a lot of this country and Waterboer knows every stone in it. He says it's no go, and so do we."

"Waterboer's coming with me. You head back with the samples and I'll be out another few days at the most."

"Why, damn it, why?"

"A sort of hunch. Anything I find will go in on our joint report. You've got nothing to—" he began saying "bellyache" but checked himself and said "—to complain about."

"So you're going to find something rich off your own bat and be big about it? As likely as hell. We are all beaten this round and you know what we are up against—the pay limit. Ore reserves for a dozen mines but none rich enough by itself to carry out a railway line or power or a water-pipe. And without them the ore could be at the bottom of the ocean. What in God's name are you going to find out there—blister copper, gold bars?"

"Maybe," Sebright said.

"Uranium?" the other man croaked.

"Maybe."

"C'mon. For God's sake leave him to it . . . *En jy, Waterboer,*" he said in Afrikaans, *"jy's gek!"* (You're crazy.)

Waterboer's tiny creased-up eyes darted for a moment and he stared again at the sand and crystalline pebbles at his feet.

All three colored men were on the two jeeps as the engines were started.

"Are you going back too, Martens?" Sebright said to his driver.

"*Ja my baas.*" He did not raise his eyes. A winch could not have dragged him from his place.

"Well. . . . And you, Sara, are you going too?"

She shook her head.

"Sara stays along with me," Waterboer said.

THEY watched the two returning jeeps pick their way slowly round the foot of the sand-drifts, coming out on old level beds lying like a mist between sides of the great rift. Trailed by little puffs of white, the jeeps looked as they receded in the distance like a strangely shaped pair of craft on a fantastically colored mountain lake. Then the drone of the engines faded and nothing more could be seen. The desert was silent and dead. Shadows of the



mountains streaked back across the sand levels and the sun came into full possession. A blue-headed koggelmander lizard wriggled out on a rock near the camp and blinked at Sara.

Sebright drove and Waterboer sat at his side giving indications with a turn of his wrist. Seldom a word passed between them. The old man might say "Slow" or "Higher up," but the American had almost an instinct for the desert and he sensed just when to rush a sand-drift or when to back out of danger and try another track. By midday they had reached a place where the rock walls closed in and the valley floor was not half a mile wide. It was hot, but Sara took no notice of the sweat running down her back. She sat hunched up in the back seat and stared. A half profile of the driver's face took in the aluminum side-shield of his glasses, part of his peeling nose, and an outline of his stubbly jaw and chin. It was a strong, set jaw and the neck was smooth, young, and muscular though burned bright red.

"O my arme hart!" she said to herself simply but with a fervent and tragic feeling.—Oh my poor heart! She was fifteen, or not quite fifteen. In the evenings when the sun had gone and if the wind was not blowing she would untie the strings of her kappie and take the cloths from her face; she combed out the black curly hair over her shoulders and unbuttoned her blouse from the throat down to the swell of her bosom. Then people could see she was young and had a smooth skin free from wrinkles, not quite white, creamy rather, but so smooth and so young. She also had pure white teeth and a straight nose and pink lips but there was no color in her cheeks. The color would go out of her lips and the wrinkles creep round her eyes and mouth no matter what she did against the desert. By the time she was twenty she would look middle-aged, and in another five years she would be ageless and aged. The desert might not change her much after that because she belonged to it.

Once you belonged to the desert you stopped counting time and a strange compassion grew in your heart. The old trekkers wanted nothing but the endless slow drift of the donkey-wagons; sheep bleating; the camp shelters made of frames and grass matting as the nomads and hunters had made them for maybe millions of years. But the young people revolted. Like the lights of a copper-mine twinkling over the sand-drifts and rocks, the new life beckoned them. Unless they escaped young they would never escape. Sara knew it. She loved and dreaded Bushmanland and the Namaqua mountains as she loved and feared her father. Watching the stranger so intently, she was sure he must know her eyes were fixed on him and how her heartbeats made her dizzy and light-headed. He was twice her age; he might be married and have children, but he looked like a boy. Even when he was fifty he would have open, soft eyes and a sleek face; cropped hair, perhaps gray, and a fat smooth neck. She had once seen an American tourist like that on the road to O'Okiep when the desert was flowering after rain and the sand-beds flowed away to the horizon under a flood of gold and white and red.

SEBRIGHT stopped the motor and got down. He unloaded an instrument case and soon he was stepping out in a line toward the rock outcrops. He carried a small box wired to earphones and the clumsy way he walked, glancing often at the dials on the box, showed his intense concentration.

"Get out some food, girl," Waterboer said. For a minute he busied himself and then he burst out. "The devil! What are we coming to? See that thing again now—who in the name

of the Lord looks for copper with a—a telephone? Can't he see with his eyes?"

"There are other kinds of mines," she said.

His eyes snapped in the folded creases. "Mines —*verdom!* Nobody ever came this far before, not even to look. They left us alone. Now if a mine comes here where will it stop? It will break open the heart of the desert . . . finished, the old good life finished."

"They haven't found a mine, Papa. Mr. Sebright hasn't seen what he's looking for, and that's why he is still searching."

"Still searching, *fooi!* Hasn't he gone too far as it is?"

"Why then, Papa, did you come with them?"

"Never mind."

He was shading his eyes, watching the American. His lips again framed the words silently.

WHEN Sebright came back to eat they both noticed a change in him. He said nothing unusual and made familiar remarks they had heard before from him in the camp. They had a sense of hidden things as if always they suspected a more real world under the surface. The geologist could keep his thoughts to himself but he did not deceive them. Sara glanced from one to the other and felt disturbed.

"Have you been up here often?" Sebright asked.

Waterboer nodded. The last time he had come up was only a month ago with a party of trekkers and some Hottentots to clear out a sand trap. It was an old, infallible trap in the narrowest neck of the *poort* where the rock walls came close. Men had used it far back before memory. The wind scoured and scratched up the valley at that point and kept the sand clear. The upper side of the trap was a rock lip, perhaps of a prehistoric waterfall. You dug out the drift below it and the new sand sifting in made a treacherous glide into the deep end. Hide the rock lip with bunches of brittle Karroo-bush and the trap was set. After rains turned the desert overnight into a blossoming garden, springbok wandered up from the Bushmanland plains and they could be stampeded into the trap, killing themselves in their attempts to leap free. Most got away, but a lot were always caught. Sara had seen the stampede and once camped a few days with the hunters while they cut the meat in strips, salted it, and dried it in the sun to make biltong.

"Can we get through the pass?" Sebright asked. Again Waterboer nodded. The wind was rising and they watched a small, dry bush roll past on a sudden gust. The geologist did not like it but he said, "Let's go on."

Every half-mile, about, they stopped and Sebright put on the earphones and took his machine for a walk. He seemed to be utterly indifferent to fatigue, to the rising gale and the darkening of the sky. At the wheel, he drove the jeep as if he himself were a machine. And on his walks he stamped his boots with a heavy but tireless stride; sometimes he stumbled but was too agile to fall.

"Now we go back, Mr. Sebright," Waterboer said. The geologist had returned from a test walk and was stowing the machine.

"I'm going through the pass, Waterboer."

"No!"

Sebright raised his face and looked straight at Waterboer for a time and all one could see was a faint twitch at the corners of his lips. But Sara felt his eyes would not be smiling. He was seeing something for the first time in her father, something she had watched growing up to bursting point for days.

"Well now," Sebright began a shade uncertainly, "we can get through that pass—you said so."

Waterboer stared back and his whole gnarled figure and withered face said NO.

"Come along now, Mr. Waterboer, get in. The wind's getting up and I admit it may be dangerous—but we won't waste any time."

Waterboer opened the rear door and Sara climbed out. She stood with her back to the wind and her skirts rustled round her legs.

"We will definitely be back here in an hour. A mile or two beyond the pass is all I want to see."

"No then, by yourself," Waterboer said.

"So—"

"Mr. Sebright, you will find nothing there: all rock, bare, no breaks. I know. Nothing, absoloot nothing!"

"That's just what I would expect. Just exactly."

He started the engine and waited as if they might change their minds.

"Okay, an hour—not more than an hour, and I'll be back," he shouted.

Waterboer had begun moving up toward the rock shelters scooped by sand erosion or faulting in the base of the cliff face. Sara knew the shelters too from the time they had camped there. Down below them Sebright was nosing the truck forward. He missed the wagon track and took the path along the lower bed of hard-packed sands covered with ripples of the ever-

moving drift. He was going the way the buck went.

Sara had paused, but Waterboer went on at his light, easy pace picking a path among the scattered rocks and ash-gray tufts of Karroo bush. He did not look back and it was uncanny the way he went on as if nothing were happening beyond the sad moan of the wind and the infinitely slow movement of the desert, slower than time.

Sebright came to the sudden fall of the slope and was over before he could stop. There was a clash and roar of the engine going into reverse with all four wheels against the moving sand. The jeep slewed half round and lurched on one front wheel, slowly rolling toward the bottom. Sebright tried to jump clear, and then the dust covered everything and there was a crash, but not a heavy one—like a metal tray being dropped. At the same moment Sara shrieked.

She wanted to run for the trapped jeep, but she stood clutching her mittened hands together, breathless, incapable of movement, while the wind tugged at her kappie and cleared away the dust from the pit. Waterboer passed her, moving quickly though not at a run. He never ran; never in her life had she seen him run.

"*Nar! Gek!*" he was muttering, almost spitting out the words.

They found Sebright pinned by one leg under the mudguard. His glasses had come off and he lay back in the sand, half buried. He was pale as death.

They dug him free and the lower part of his leg came out at a queer angle. Sebright did not say much; he kept looking at Waterboer in a venomous way and his lips were compressed. Sara thought of a wounded leopard with its bitter, panting bravery and she felt he would shoot her father if he could get his hand on a gun. The old man deserved it. He had sent the American deliberately into the buck trap.

They pulled Sebright by a rope up the slope of moving sand and the jeep lay lurched at the bottom on its side leaking petrol gradually from the rear tank.

BY THE time they had got the wounded man into the deepest of the rock shelters and wrapped him in blankets it was nearly dark. Waterboer made a fire and brought up food and a water can from the jeep. Sara prepared the meal. She had her black wavy hair spread wide across her shoulders and her collar open and the firelight shone on her pale forehead and glistening eyes. Outside, the wind made intermittent noises, hisses and a deep bellowing note, and sharp-scented smoke revolved in the big rock hollow. Sara tried not to stare at the injured man. She had helped him prop up his shoulders and he lay there, blinking at long intervals and his thoughts seemed turned in on himself. He hardly saw her. The firelight ironed out the blemishes of the sun and desert on his face and he appeared young but stern and remote like her own visions of an angel.



"I guess you beat me," he said at last and tried to smile. Sara's eyes filled and she stooped busily over the cooking pot. Pouring him a tin mug of coffee, her hands trembled and the spilled drops hissed in the edge of the fire ash.

During the night he started to groan. But he must have been asleep or unconscious because he made no sound when he lay awake. His breath then came steady but hard, only caught up if he tried to move. Sara did not sleep at all; she heard her father go out before dawn. In the early light she looked out and saw the jeep had been almost covered by the sand-drift. The sky was a calm violet and above the mountains were paling shades of red. Her father was sitting on a rock and beckoned to her.

"What has that man found with his machine?"

"Papa, I . . ."

"No, you don't know. I went up beyond the

poort; it's as I said, bare, unbroken, there's no copper, none of the things the prospectors look for. Find out from him."

"How can I, Papa, if he does not wish to tell?"

The old man pondered. She noticed under him the canvas bag containing the big three-cornered air signal. He caught her eye and looked past her into the distance.

"Tell him there will never be a mine here. Do you hear? Tell him that. There will never be a mine, no kind of mine. The others don't want a mine here. Yes, they went back yesterday because they knew it was useless. He will not have a mine either."

It was not so easy for her to tell Sebright. Her English was meager and all the time she wanted to cry. She hated her father and she had never known such hatred before in her heart. He was not a father but a hard, merciless thing, a stone like all the other stones in the desert.

Sebright helped her get out what her father had told her, and then he said, "Cut off the leg from my trousers."

She did it carefully and was shocked at the big swelling below the knee spreading up the whole leg. The skin was not broken but was bluish and hot.

"I'm doing my job and I can't tell if there'll be a mine or not. You see, I'll have to come back here to prove the find."

That was all he would say. She was busy in the shelter stacking brushwood and twisted little stumps of Karroo-bush for the night's fire. He seemed slightly easier after she had put a folded blanket under his leg and cooled it with a damp cloth. The air blew in with the heat of an open oven.

"Who did these paintings on the rock?" he asked.

She glanced round at the hundreds of small, lively figures painted on every clear face of stone —men with bows running in full career, gemsbok and springbok, ostriches, dotted spoors, a pit-trap (perhaps the same pit-trap below them in the *poort*).

"They were done long ago," she said.

"Don't you know who painted them?"

"No—who knows?"

"Nobody talks about them, I guess?"

"Oh yes—people say it was the Bushmen." She straightened her back and stood, thinking. She wanted to say more, to tell him there were no Bushmen left and no one cared, so cruel was the desert. She called it the *wildernis.* But she found it hard to frame the words and then it dawned on her that he was talking merely to try and forget his pain—he with his pain, and she with her fear of the *wildernis.*

"Bushmen hunting," he said in a soft voice sounding calm and pleasant. "The cave's a treasure-house, priceless. I guess I'm the first stranger to have seen it."

It gave her a pang to hear him, his voice so homely. He was already thinking of himself back in his own land surrounded by his family and by his friends. To him, she was not a stranger in the cave but one with the desert, the loneliness, the trekkers, and even the Bushmen.

"Bushmen hunting," he repeated.

THEN they heard the faint drone of an engine, familiar and friendly. He heard even before she did and his head rose and he began lifting himself on his elbows.

"The De Havilland!" he said, and his eyes gleamed moist and wild with relief. She went to the mouth of the shelter and looked up into the glaring, shimmering sky. The little silver airplane was coming up the contour of the sand-bedded valley. Her father would have the white air-signal stretched out, reversed, with a red ring upwards for a distress sign. The plane was coming nearer; any minute it must begin to circle. She looked up and down for her father, still a little dazzled and screwing up her dark eyes against the glare. She felt suddenly faint when she saw him. He was sitting on the air-signal in its canvas bag. The plane went past with a gentle purr and in a minute she saw the speck disappear in the dancing blue-white of the sky. She rushed to his side and grabbed his arm.

"Papa!"

"Does he think he's coming back?"

"Papa, what are you doing? You can't stop him coming back. He has to come, it's his job. He has to prove his find."

"What has he found?"

"I don't know Papa. It makes no difference. He is in pain, agony. He may die."

"It is easy, Sara. Let him say he will not come back, like the others. Let him say it's useless to come back."

She went and stood in the entrance of the shelter and leaned one hand against the rock for support. Sebright was half raised and slowly his drawn, fevered face emerged to her eyes out of the gloom.

"They have gone. They didn't find us," she said.

"But the airplane sounded less than five hundred feet up, much less, it sounded just outside."

"Mr. Sebright, you must not think of coming here again. Papa will bring help but you must make a vow . . ."

"You mean he didn't put out the signal?"

She said *"Ja"* in a whisper. He sank back and closed his eyes, and his lips trembled. It seemed to be a terrible, almost killing blow and to have snuffed out his hope. Sara sat at his side, hugging her knees. Later they heard the engine of the De Havilland returning but it was far away below the rim of the valley. Again and again that day she thought she heard the engine and he must have heard something too because he opened his eyes and glowered at her. Each time she went to the entrance to listen. There was nothing. The sun sank and the shadows climbed up the mountain face. The light turned red and suddenly the dolerite pinnacles were dark against the sky.

Waterboer brought food and another water can from the covered jeep. He ate his meal outside and waited where Sebright could not see him. Sara went on her knees to him.

"Oh Papa, would you have his life on your soul? Bring him help. He will die."

He looked at her like an old lizard with two needles of light in his eyes.

"He will not speak, Papa. He cannot. He will die first." The old man chewed in silence and then got up and moved away noiselessly into the gathering dusk.

Sebright could not eat anything. He kept calling for water and sipped a little and lay back. Sara had the fire burning just high enough to throw up a few flickering tongues of flame. She sat close to him, touching him sometimes as if that absolved her in an unspoken way from the terrible crime of her father. Sebright's pain seemed to have got past torturing him but he muttered and rocked his shoulders and she thought he was getting delirious. When she went to build up the fire he noticed and called out to her. After that he would not let her leave him. She sat with his head on her lap and stroked his forehead; his eyes went round the faintly lit cave and turned up to gaze at her face.



"You are lovely," he said.

Her heart contracted with a flutter of pain and tears welled in her eyes. Only now did he say such a beautiful thing. In a minute he was flooding out a stream of incomprehensible words. He raised his voice and shouted hoarsely; he yelled and swore against her father until she trembled indignantly at what she heard. He was raving, but she understood the fierceness of spirit and the long agony that gave birth to his words. She moved away and he was soon groping for her and staring gloomily around the cave after her.

HE SIPPED water she held up to his lips and was calm now. He talked softly; it was about his own land. She could not understand it all but he seemed to think he was there and a tenderness came into his voice like a song. She cried and sobbed unashamedly. He said, "Don't cry, my darling." But it was as if he were trying to comfort somebody else's child.

"I don't want you to die," she sobbed. "You must let my father go for help. He too, he don't want you to die. Why do you want to come back here, so far, so far?"

"Why?—It's just like that."

"Have you found something so very rich?"

"Uhu."

"No then, it's a shame to come all this way and break open the heart of the *wildernis.* Way over there the mountain is full of copper."

"Copper!"

"And down by the sea at Orange River Mouth you can pick up diamonds in your hand."

"Sure, you can."

"Here nobody else will come, never. You can see, no trench was ever dug here, no hole for a wind pump. Nobody ever come so far but the hunting folk and us trekkers."

"You're right, Sara, I'm first."

"Let it stay. Tell my father and he will bring help."

"What's to stop me coming back in any case?"

"Make a vow."

He lay back against her, breathing quickly through his nose. When he had spoken about his own land she had seen the horizon open and the distance beckon to her, a distance of green hills and trees and waterfalls playing. This man could help her escape while she was still young and attractive. Both were menaced by Waterboer, her father, both of them could end their thirst and suffering and unhappiness in the land whose memory made him gentle with longing. Now he was asleep.

He slept deeply and did not stir. When he woke at last he stared round and seemed alarmed by the darkness until he caught the glow of the fire. He groped about and took her wrist in his

dry, burning hand. He licked his lips and she raised the water mug but the water spilled down his chest. Peering into his face, she saw he did not know what he was doing and a dark feeling of terror crept into her.

"What's to stop me coming back—a vow," he half whispered and lay panting. "The assassins . . . I'm sure to come, this side of hell. Let it go, let them blast the world to dust, and see me come back here; the *wildernis,* the Bushmen hunting you . . ."

He went on repeating himself again and again and sometimes his voice was pitched in a husky shout. Every word pierced her and she rocked her body over him, unable even to moan. The terrible injustice of it, against her, the wrong that her mind shrank from.

"Sara—where's Sara?" She tried to loosen her wrist from his painful grip.

"Where's Sara? Ah. Sara, I want to say good-by. I'm not coming back, not this side of . . ."

"Is that your vow?" she forced herself to say.

"I'm going back now. Don't worry, I'll never come here. And don't you stay either Sara—they'll murder you . . . your *wildernis* and Waterboer . . ."

At last he fell silent and his eyes closed.

The fire burned brighter and she saw her father piling up sticks on it. He had been there all the time, merged dimly into the wall like a stone.

"I am going now," he said.

The rescue party in a single jeep reached them in the heat of the next day. Waterboer was sitting in the front seat beside the colored driver, indicating the track by a silent flick of his wrist. They carried Sebright down and he stared at Sara, his pupils drawn small with suffering. His mouth opened, maybe to say good-by, or to say something affectionate and grateful to her. She drew a deep breath and waited. No, he hadn't really seen her.

They took out one front seat and laid the injured man at full length. Near his head was sitting one of the South African geologists, and the driver climbed in.

"Bad luck for poor old Sebright." The man looked paler under the sun-scorch and his face was beaded with sweat. "God, he looks far gone. Picking us up like that was your best day's work, Waterboer. There's still time; we'll have him flown to Cape Town by tonight.'

Sara was bareheaded and did not care about the heat. She rearranged the wet rag on Sebright's forehead.

"He'll be looked after, Sara. Thank you for helping. We'll send a relief for you, Waterboer." As the engine revved up he shouted *"Tot siens*—you'll be all right?"

Waterboer nodded. They watched the vehicle skim down the level river of sand that filled the great valley. The air-signal, in reverse, with a red ring indicating distress, was lying stretched out on a flat space. Her father went to it and began folding it up. Sara wiped her eyes. In twelve hours Mr. Sebright would be safe in Cape Town, and that was nearer to America than she would ever be. It was all closing round her again —the heat and barrenness, the withering glare, the *wildernis.*

BECAUSE I LIVE by Evelyn Ames

BECAUSE I live—and you, not—
Waves that traveled the ocean of our years
On their long way to the edges of the world,
Shatter, broken, against that rock.

However much I had become
Terraced to vineyards and grown up to wheat,
A net of towns and roads across my heart—
I am compressed to one hard fact.

Stone does not stay bare stone for long:
The armored pine cone's seed discovers cracks,
Growth and forgetting generate new loam;
I meet an unexpected look or word
And all but break under orchard bloom.

Raymond-Leopold Bruckberger,
Dominican

An Assignment for INTELLECTUALS

A French soldier-priest suggests that American writers are shirking their duty—not only to their country—but also to The Truth.

WHAT is the role of the American intellectual in the world today? And what should it be? In attempting to answer these questions it is natural for me, a Frenchman, to draw upon the experience of European intellectuals for comparisons.

Historians agree that the Encyclopedists and Rousseau prepared the French Revolution and gave it orientation. From the time of the Napoleonic enslavement of Europe, it has been the intellectuals who have dared to defy one tyranny after another—from Chateaubriand even to General de Gaulle, who declared that the two pillars of the anti-Nazi Resistance were a stump of a sword and French thought.

The high estate of the intellectual in Europe goes back to the Middle Ages, when three powers had sovereign domain: the Pope, the Emperor, and the Universities—particularly the University of Paris. This respect for the power of the "clerics"—to use Julien Benda's term—has always been strictly a European phenomenon. As the story goes, when President Roosevelt mentioned the Pope to Stalin, Stalin laughed and asked, "How many divisions has the Pope?" This was an Asian chief speaking, not a European statesman; for though the medieval forms of the tradition may have crumbled, European thought is today as alive as ever and its spiritual force commands the same power and prestige.

Much as I dislike the term "intellectual," there is no other to designate the social role of those who serve in the realm of ideas exactly as the military serve by arms and the ecclesiastics serve the church. The thirteenth-century Bavarian philosopher Albertus Magnus—a Dominican who was a professor at the University of Paris—defined the intellectual's role perfectly when he said: "Our mission is to tell whether an action is good or bad, not by passing sentence as do the judges, but according to the truth as do the sages; and to do this truly, whoever may be the author of the action and whatever his position, be it below or above our own."

Thus, by tradition, the European intellectual has a special character—a "vocation" beyond the limits of his own profession of writing or science or teaching. He believes himself called *(vocatus)* to a more universal responsibility: to keep watch on the world and call the plays as he sees them—at whatever risk to himself. The dangers of his position are as real as poverty, exile, prison, or death; and, unlike the soldier or the priest, he has no organized body to defend him. Someone is always accusing him of interfering in matters which do not concern him; the charge is familiar, and he is not frightened by it. But the present plight of the intellectual in Europe is something different. Today society is trying to isolate and silence him: the governing classes hate him secretly and despise him for being poor; the Communists try to use him. Yet he carries on, sowing unrest—the very kind of unrest which can ultimately bring a revolution, a revolution that will in turn cast him out once again.

This is the responsibility, the vocation, and the danger which the intellectual lives by. In this tradition the pamphlet and the manifesto have had a very special role—and a different meaning from that which the words carry in

America. In Europe, the pamphlet is a short piece of writing essentially polemic in nature, concerned with a problem of the moment. Many of the most famous have first appeared anonymously because of the danger to the authors—Pascal, Voltaire, Chateaubriand, Victor Hugo, Zola, and Bernanos have written excellent pamphlets.

The manifesto is something different: a declaration on a particular or universal problem which seeks to attract attention by the inherent authority of the names of its signers. The most famous was, of course, the Communist Manifesto, but I remember an epidemic of them in France just before the war. At every street corner somebody asked for your signature—for good cause and for no cause at all.

When a manifesto is well phrased, appears at the right moment, and when the signers command respect, its importance may be immense. You may remember the manifesto in favor of their country's action which was issued by a few eminent Italian intellectuals when Italy changed sides at the end of the war. Published throughout the world, this manifesto rendered a service to country greater than arms.

THE ISOLATED DREAMERS

IS THE place of the intellectual in the United States a different one? Historically, no. Certainly that great revolutionary movement whose climax was American independence was in large part led by intellectuals. As the Encyclopedists prepared and oriented the French Revolution, the American intellectuals prepared and oriented their Revolution. Of course, the eighteenth-century American intellectuals were moved by a totally different philosophy from that of the Encyclopedists, just as the American Revolution has a totally different meaning from the French.

In fact, the American Revolution is the only one in modern history which, rather than devouring the intellectuals who prepared it, carried them to power. Most of the signatories of the Declaration of Independence *were* intellectuals. This tradition is ingrained in America, whose greatest statesmen have been intellectuals—Jefferson and Lincoln, for example. These statesmen performed their political functions, but at the same time they felt a more universal responsibility, and they actively defined this responsibility. Thanks to them there is in America a living school of political science. In fact, it is at the moment the only one perfectly adapted to the emergencies of the contemporary world, and one which can be victoriously opposed to Communism. A European who follows American politics will be struck by the constant reference in the press and from the platform to this political philosophy, to the historical events through which it was best expressed, to the great statesmen who were its best representatives.

There is, however, in America today a growing class of intellectuals who are not involved in politics—at least, this is not their profession. As all intellectuals in all countries, these people talk a great deal. What do they say about themselves; how do they define their position? Speaking in generalizations, as I am doing at the moment, one is liable to be unjust and overlook individual cases. May I be pardoned or criticized if I am wrong, but it seems to me that the attitude of the American intellectual in comparison with his European counterpart is based on frustration and an inferiority complex. I am continually meeting people who tell me that the intellectual in Europe enjoys a position which, if not happier, is at least more dignified than that of the intellectual in America. They say that he is more respected and that his influence upon the affairs of his country is infinitely greater. Whose fault is this? They go on to tell me that the fault rests with the American people, who have no appreciation for things of the intellect. I wonder whether it is not also in great measure the fault of the American intellectuals themselves.

Modern philosophy, which is in essence Cartesian and idealistic, separates mind from matter, and this has facilitated the isolation of the intellectual in Europe as well as in America. The intellectual is encouraged to remain in the sphere of abstractions, leaving to cynics and realists the domains of the breadth and wealth of the world. But the fault for this state of affairs lies first of all with modern philosophy and with the intellectuals who have taught it. They have no cause to complain of the ditch which they themselves have dug between themselves and reality.

On the other hand, there hovered over the nineteenth century a utopian vision of the fraternal relations among peoples and a boundless ambition for international harmony. At that time people believed themselves to be more fully a part of humanity as they became less intensely French, for example. The contrary is true. In France we have recently learned that being less and less French does not mean becoming more human but instead, up to 1945, becoming more and more German and, today, more

and more Russian. For better or for worse, we are all bound to our countries. In Europe as in America, this dreamy international philosophy has left the intellectual far behind in a world which spins ever more quickly. The world has not turned down the intellectual's services; it is the intellectual who has refused to understand the profound laws of reality which, after all, govern the world. And in refusing to understand, he betrays his mission. It is not enough for a philosophy to be proclaimed as such in order to achieve dignity of the spirit; it still has got to be true. If the intellectual loses his concern with truth, does he not also lose his own title to honor?

What have the American intellectuals done to acquire in their country the position of authority and respect which they say the intellectual enjoys in Europe? They are serious in their own professions. If they are novelists or playwrights, they write good novels and plays. Physicists and chemists do excellent work in the world's finest laboratories. The jurists define the law. And so it goes. But are they truly aware of the additional responsibility which may draw them away from their work from time to time, which may lead them to questions which require answers on a universal level—that is, the level of intelligence itself? In general, I do not think so. Recently I dared to suggest mildly that American novelists ought to feel a somewhat deeper responsibility to their country and for the false picture which the world has of her. I was answered by a whole concert of indignant replies—as if I had set fire to the temple of Minerva with my own hand. Well, let me repeat the offense. It is my conviction that the American intellectuals have an immense sin of omission on their conscience, and that it has poisoned their whole lives.

THE SHIRKERS

IN SHORT, the American intellectual often tends to say that his country has failed him, that she will not give him the honor which is his due, and that he feels like a spiritual exile. I wonder if the contrary is not true. Perhaps the American intellectual has failed his country, and perhaps he is more deeply missed than is at first apparent. When the intellectual turns his back on his country, his place remains empty—while he complains that he has no place at all.

This misunderstanding would indeed be comic if a nation could get along without intellectuals. Yes, the American intellectuals should stop complaining about America. It would be more in order for America to complain about them. All too often, it seems as if their country were of no interest to them. They above all are bound to their country for better or for worse. They need America, but America needs them still more; their service and their intelligent sympathy. What is happening today in the United States has immense significance, not only on a national level but on the universal level—precisely there where the intellectual belongs. The American intellectual is failing his duty, the duty to which he is called. For there is no one, or at any rate almost no one, to understand and explain to the world the universal significance of the current American experiment.

The rights of man are at stake today throughout the world. The various kinds of socialism, and particularly Marxist socialism, tend to convince men to hand over their liberty to the State in much the same frame of mind as the patient parts with his appendix: he doesn't feel any worse, and he doesn't risk a sudden appendicitis. On the contrary, the American experiment tends to prove that freedom not only remains the best possible regime, but a necessary one for the continued existence of man as a thinking animal. Man cannot live without liberty any more than a fish can live without water; liberty is his natural element and the excellence of humanity, which each man carries within him, dies with the death of liberty.

Absurd and dangerous as socialism and the Russian experiment may be for mankind, allies and defenders for them have been found everywhere among intellectuals. The same is not true of freedom and the American experiment. This is a very serious situation, serious in view of the destiny of man, and so grave that one wonders whether the game is not already lost, whether the world's intellectuals have not already cast their vote against freedom, and whether soon we will have left to us only a choice between an intellectual culture without freedom and freedom without culture. If I should be faced with this choice, I should prefer freedom a thousand times even if it means a barbarian existence. Because, finally, culture cannot survive without liberty, and freedom of thought is at the base of all culture.

Yet I am persuaded that if the American intellectuals saw this situation clearly they would have the courage to face it, and place themselves on the side of freedom. William Faulkner spoke for them, I think, when he said on receiving the Nobel Prize: "I decline to accept the end of man." American intellectuals have not seen, until now—in the vast moral and spiritual disorder

which has seized Europe—the extent to which man and his fate are bound to America and to her own tradition of liberty. And I mean America; her people, her conception of living, her own culture—I do not mean American policy or the State Department. One may have affection for America and a high appreciation of the immense budding cultural resources inherent in the American people, and have but a very sorry esteem for the State Department and its official policy. This is an important distinction to make if one does not wish to compromise the American tradition with official blundering. If the American intellectual were clearly aware of the reservoir of hope which his country represents for the entire world, would he not carry his country's conception of man to a waiting world? The day he takes on this responsibility and accepts it fully, not only America but the entire world will give him the place of honor he so desperately wants. Certainly, he will have to pay the price for the honor and the place, but after all, the old European continent is built on martyrdom, that is to say, on obdurate thought bathed in its own blood.

Since nothing is easier than to resort to ambiguities on this subject, I shall try to be very clear. There is a chasm between giving testimony (which may bring martyrdom and which is response to a vocation) and propaganda. This kind of testimony is essentially objective and in honor of truth, which means that it is for the good of man and for his liberation from all untruth. Propaganda, on the contrary, is committed, it has something to gain, it is in the service of a party, a nation, a class, or a commercial enterprise. Honor and truth are there only by accident when they are there at all. Propaganda exploits the needs and instincts of man and enslaves bit by bit, rather than aiding to free him. The intellectuals fall into dishonor when they stoop to the level of propaganda, but it is the essence of their mission to give testimony.

This does not mean that they should abandon their work. American writers must continue to write novels and plays in their own style and to the best of their ability—this is their profession. But from time to time they must concern themselves directly with the present state of

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BUT WOULD HE BE A SECURITY RISK?

Hon. Salmon P. Chase
Secretary of the Treasury

Concord, Massachusetts
10 January, 1863

Dear Sir:

Mr. Walt Whitman, of New York, writes me that he is seeking employment in the public service in Washington, & perhaps some application on his part has already been made to yourself.

Will you permit me to say that he is known to me as a man of strong original genius, combining, with marked eccentricities, great powers & valuable traits of character: a self-relying large-hearted man, much loved by his friends; entirely patriotic & benevolent in his theory, tastes, & practice. If his writings are in certain points open to criticism, they show extraordinary power, & are more deeply American, democratic, & in the interest of political liberty, than those of any other poet.

A man of his talents & dispositions will quickly make himself useful, and, if the Government has work that he can do, I think it may easily find that it has called to its side more valuable aid than it bargained for.

With entire respect,

Your obedient servant,

(signed) R. W. Emerson

stress of man and with the aid which their testimony may bring—this, to me, appears to be their vocation. When Bernanos was writing his book on the Spanish Civil War, I heard him say: "I am betraying my profession [*métier*] for my vocation." He certainly was not betraying his profession, since he was writing one of his best books, but in doing so he abandoned the novel for the pamphlet, in other words, for direct testimony in behalf of man. But he realized that he was accomplishing his highest vocation as an intellectual.

THE RIGHT TO THE TRUTH

THERE is evidence that the American intellectuals are very close to a similar choice. William Faulkner recently published in this magazine an article entitled "On Privacy—The American Dream: What Happened to It." The article seemed to me to be of great significance in that it broke with isolation. In it the greatest American novelist wrote a pamphlet, in the French sense of the word. I shall not discuss the substance of the article; that is Mr. Faulkner's business and he says very well what he has to say. Yet the inferiority complex of the American intellectual, which I have already mentioned, appears in it here and there.

". . . artists in America don't have to have privacy because they don't need to be artists as far as America is concerned," Faulkner says. "America doesn't need artists because they don't count in America. . . ."

Why, having affirmed that his privacy has been shamefully violated, does Mr. Faulkner conclude that America has no need of artists and that they don't count in or for America? In France a writer like Camus has had to put up with similar intrusions on his privacy, and even some more serious. One day a newspaperwoman took a job as a maid in his house and spent her time reading his private letters instead of cleaning house. Camus was not very happy about the matter, but that's not the point. It never occurred to him to draw the conclusion from one bad personal experience that France doesn't need artists or that they don't count in France. The truth is, of course, that if artists count in France it is not because they are better treated than they are in America but that, first of all, France counts for them. Every day, throughout the world, America is cruelly insulted; not only for her politics, which would be of little importance, but for her institutions, her people, and her way of life. The American intellectuals remain all but silent.

Mr. Faulkner must have felt personally annoyed or threatened, and it was his right to fight back. I do not believe that he fell short of his function as a writer for this reason, or that he became a lesser novelist. But would it be fanciful or absurd or unjust to imagine that certain intellectuals might feel themselves touched to the quick, personally insulted or personally revolted by the stupid calumnies brought against their country every day throughout the world, to the great damage, not only of their country, but of man and of Western civilization? That civilization to which America is so cruelly necessary. Is it fanciful, absurd, or unjust to imagine that these intellectuals might some day take up the defense of their insulted country clearly, without anger but without cowardice, that they might some day put their world prestige to the service of their country, not for the benefit of a propaganda machine or a political line, not for the State Department, but in a way which would be above politics and even national interest; in honor of truth and justice? Every man has a right to truth, and it should be neither veiled nor disfigured; and America, like every human society, has a right to be known as she is, and the injustices which are done her should in one way or another be repaired.

Now that I have started on the subject there seems no reason why I should stop before I have said all I think. The world needs America, not so much her money or atomic bombs as the wisdom and courage of her people, the example of her institutions, her jealous regard for the freedom of the individual, and her social equilibrium.

If a few of the great American intellectuals —writers, scientists, or labor leaders—those who have won incontestable prestige internationally as the result of their various achievements, would gather together and write a manifesto dictated only by their conscience—over and above even their love for their country—and by their grave concern for the destiny of man ("I decline to accept the end of man")—such a manifesto would surely have incredible importance and would dissipate many of the misunderstandings between the American people and the other peoples of the earth. I believe that far from harming the quality of their intellectual effort, such testimony would honor those whose responsibility it was. For they would have surpassed the limitations of their profession and expressed their vocation and their concern for the salvation of man and his truth.

—Translated by Cornelia Schaeffer

A distinguished educator and author lets fly at a typically patronizing attitude toward teachers and teaching. His anonymity points up the fact that his strictures apply to all schools and parents.

Teachers, Parents, and Money

AN OPEN ANSWER TO A PRIVATE APPEAL

Dear Sir:

I approve of the purpose stated in your letter of November 15, and therefore enclose my check.

But I disapprove of the method and arguments used to collect the sum which is to bring pension and service benefits to the teaching staff of the ——— School. I therefore take the liberty of stating my reasons, in the hope that they may be communicated to the Fathers' Association—to which you tell me I belong.

I object to the faculty's being remunerated for services past or present by means of appeals to voluntary giving. You do not plan, I suppose, to appeal for the school's Social Security payments for non-teaching employees. Why should the teachers alone depend on charity?

Equally offensive—though, I am sure, not intentionally so—is your description of teaching and your reasoning about it. You say that teachers "deserve at least a modest counterpart of the security, in the form of pensions, which has become commonplace in business." Why "modest"? Who is being reassured here that nothing "substantial" is in view, but only a token of esteem, so to speak, for those unbusinesslike enough to be willing to teach?

It is clear that, like most parents, the Association has a very imperfect idea of what teaching is. You call teachers "superior people who turn their backs on higher paying jobs because they like to help young men." Permit me to say that this is absurd. What teachers like is teaching. Teachers teach because they have a gift and must exercise it, like the artist, the divine, or the scientist. When they follow their bent at a sacrifice, they are not turning their backs on anything, they are facing their destiny. That is why they are, as you inconsistently say, "superior people." To them, helping the young is an incident in the task of insuring the continuity of knowledge by the art of teaching. Ask your own children, those undergoing a stiff course in English or mathematics, and see if the first thing they call it is "being helped."

I am not, of course, criticizing your private views, which I do not know, but the public one that you express. It reflects the widespread belief that a nation's teachers are glorified nursemaids so attached to the young that they deserve at once our pity and our gratitude. This notion is false, indecent, and destructive. Gratitude is a personal thing; it cannot be an economic principle. If we do not soon wake up to the fact that teaching ability is one of our rarest and most needful resources, to be paid for at more than modest rates by hitching teachers' salaries to the rest of the economy, we shall soon have a nationwide non-educational system. All this "modesty" is driving us toward a record 100 per cent illiteracy; after which it will be too late to know better.

As for the particular situation of the ——— School, whose great merits you rightly say depend on its teachers, I see only two choices: add the necessary fee to those already on the books, or give up some less important expense. Either way you will get out of the embarrassing position in which you stand and which you do not recognize—the position of not paying in a regular way for what you proclaim most important, and of extracting the money for this by a tax on the conscientious which you oddly term "voluntary annual dues." Dues are not voluntary and what is voluntary is no due.

Let me only add that my suggestions do but carry out concretely the high principle which at the beginning of your letter you find so good for our boys: the sense of responsibility.

Yours, etc.

Sidney Lens

Dave Beck's Teamsters: sour note in labor harmony

IN THE corridors and smoke-filled rooms of the AFL-CIO merger convention last December, the big question hanging over most of the deliberations was: "What about the Teamsters?" Dave Beck, bombastic president of the 1,449,000-member Teamsters Union, had injected a few strident notes that jarred the entire meeting.

On the eve of the conclave he signed a "mutual-security pact" with the pink-tinged independent Mine, Mill, and Smelter Union—a pact which he declared would add to his union from 800 to 1,500 truck drivers. The timing suggested that this was a deliberate attempt to pour salt in the wounds of those union men who were shouting against "Communism and corruption" in labor ranks.

On another occasion, during the convention, he threatened to secede immediately if his union were not allowed into the new Reuther-dominated Industrial Union Department of the infant AFL-CIO federation. This minor crisis was resolved only by including the Teamsters, formerly an AFL union, in the new department to the extent of their industrial-union membership.

Beck seemed to be off and running while the rest of organized labor was marking time. Moreover, he seemed to be running pretty much out of step with the rest of the boys.

There are a good many reasons why responsible labor leaders are marking time. There are many problems still to be solved before the AFL-CIO merger becomes a practical reality. Dual national unions in the chemical, paper, retail, electrical, packing-house, and other fields must be cajoled into mergers of their own. Big wheels in national unions must agree to become second wheels in merged unions. Politically, the many loyalties of the separate member unions and the two federations will have to be forged into a single structure in order to make an impact on legislatures and executive branches of government. Enormous diplomacy is called for—and even so the road to unity is almost certain to be strewn with the shattered egos of down-graded staff members, the clashing philosophies of staid business unionists versus ex- or neo-socialists, of craft versus industrial unionists, and of Democrats versus third-party politicians.

But none of these conflicts compares to the formidable task of integrating the Teamsters. In the entire merger process, Dave Beck has been the most uncertain factor. Although he heads far and away the largest AFL union, he was not a member of the three-man subcommittee that negotiated the actual agreement last year, or of the ten-man full committee that made the first ratification.

On February 10, 1955, when the AFL Executive Council met in Miami to vote unanimously for re-unification, the thirteenth vice president, Beck, was absent. He was in Washington; "on Teamster business," he said.

When the merger was already completed, on December 6, he reiterated the view at a press conference that it had been done much too fast and that many onerous problems should have been resolved first. From the start Beck obviously assented to the merger only with grave reservations. But unlike Mike Quill of the CIO Transport Workers Union—who said his piece and then refused to participate further in the deliberations—Beck was very much in evidence at the convention.

The Teamster union represents a mere 9 per cent of the total AFL-CIO membership—one union in a total of 141—but it is so strategically placed that it affects all other unions, even such large and important organizations as the United Automobile Workers. On small and medium-

sized unions its influence is almost incalculable.

A nod from the Teamsters can prolong or shorten a strike; can bring in a new plant or store, or keep it out of union ranks. For example, full-scale Teamster co-operation in the two-year-old Kohler strike in Wisconsin would undoubtedly shorten the conflict. As it is, with only haphazard Teamster support and some truck drivers hauling away supplies, the auto workers face a bitter, costly battle.

Some years ago, two unions attempted to organize a large chain of department stores in Chicago. When the employer fired 150 employees for this activity, picket lines went up around the stores. As long as the Teamsters respected these lines, the strike was effective. When they decided to go through them, the strike folded, and with it the whole organizing effort in Chicago's retail field.

In the vast majority of cases, national unions with 50,000 to 200,000 membership find their economic power cut in half without assurances of Teamster support. These unions may look to big unions like the CIO auto workers, the AFL carpenters, and Lewis' miners for ideological guidance and financial help. But they look to the Teamsters for something more important—economic power.

Any friction between Dave Beck's Teamsters and the new united federation of labor, therefore, has implications that could, under certain circumstances, torpedo unity itself.

"PICK AND CHOOSE" UNITY

A SERIOUS divergence is widening between George Meany and Walter Reuther on the one hand and Dave Beck on the other. For Reuther and Meany the *sine qua non* of unity is the no-raiding pact signed in 1954. Under it each affiliate of the AFL and CIO was expected to pledge itself not to take members belonging to its opposite number in the other federation. Dave Beck refused to sign.

On this point, Beck is aggressive to the point of belligerence. Speaking at the Eastern Conference of Teamsters some time ago, he declared:

> I am in favor of unity between the American Federation of Labor and CIO. I am 100 per cent opposed, and I will never agree, to freeze into another International Union the jurisdiction of this International Union which was either stolen [*sic*] or taken from us without authority of our giving it to them. If I entered into the present pact and signed the no-raiding agreement tomorrow, I would automatically recognize and freeze into every union that was violating our jurisdiction the personnel in there which rightfully belonged to us.

At one time or another Beck has warned twelve AFL unions and many more CIO unions that they had crossed the borderline of his jurisdiction. Two of these charges will illustrate his logic. He demanded that certain log haulers be turned over from the Carpenters (woodworkers) to the Teamsters because they drive some equipment. On the other hand he reprimanded the AFL Retail-Clerks Union for refusing to allow truck-driver salesmen to go into grocery stores and arrange stock. And if there is a contradiction between these two positions, Beck doesn't seem to see it. He is a rabid Teamster chauvinist; everything else is secondary to him.

"My present concern," he wrote in the March 1955 *Teamster*, "is with thousands of men doing the work of Teamsters who are now in other unions. There are oil-truck drivers, laundry drivers, dry-cleaning drivers, and many others [at least 50,000 is his estimate] now in CIO unions."

Outside the convention hall this past December, Beck named a few of the organizations he felt had some members who should belong to the Teamsters. Potofsky's Amalgamated Clothing Workers, he said, have laundry drivers and Dubinsky's Ladies Garment Workers have some 1,000 truck drivers. The CIO Brewery Workers, according to Beck, are also part of Teamster jurisdiction, and he observed that it would help his organizational efforts considerably if the longshoremen's field too was given to his union. But when a reporter asked what groups now in the Teamsters should properly go to other AFL-CIO unions, he couldn't think of any offhand.

Teamster membership now includes fruit pickers; florists; tens of thousands of factory workers, including those in lampshade factories, metal plants, chemical plants, and food-processing plants; auto salesmen; workers in retail stores and paper products; and many more. If the score card were tallied both ways, the Teamsters, like most national unions in the topsy-turvy American labor movement, probably owe as many members—or more—to other jurisdictions as are owed to them. But so far as is known Beck has never offered to trade away any of his membership.

An argument might be made for his position. The Teamsters do get things done. They do win impressive wage standards. After two or three unions failed to organize the fruit pick-

ers and packers in Washington's Yakima Valley, Beck's men went in and did the job. And recently Jimmy Hoffa—President of the Teamsters' Central States Conference and the man most often mentioned as Beck's successor—signed a six-year contract for drivers in twelve states which boosted wages for small-town drivers from 95 cents an hour to more than $2.00. No other union in America has that kind of economic power. If the Teamsters can do the job, the argument runs, why not let them?

By the same token, it would make sense for almost every union to enhance its economic power by becoming associated with the Teamsters. And this is one of the major advantages that the united federation of labor can achieve through unity. If it can make certain that truck drivers will respect the picket lines of other national unions as scrupulously as they now respect those of sister locals, labor will have made a revolutionary gain—a gain that would certainly add millions of new members and make possible far higher wage standards.

The hitch is that Beck wants a "pick and choose" kind of unity. He wants to work out alliances with some unions—and fight others. In recent months he has signed a whole slew of pacts with national unions which provide for ending jurisdictional squabbles and working together in collective bargaining and new organizational efforts. Included in this group are the AFL machinists, the meat cutters, bakery workers, laborers, engineers, air-flight engineers, longshoremen, mine, mill, and smelter workers.

Perhaps the most important of these is the pact with the Machinists. The 850,000 strong Machinists, led by Al Hayes, are by and large a decent and forward-looking union. In times past they fought Beck on the West Coast rather viciously, when he tried to break one of their unions. But the new arrangement provides for mutual aid and joint efforts to organize automobile mechanics, cab drivers, and related workers.

CLEARING IT WITH DAVE

THE pact that has probably provoked the most criticism is the one with the independent and racket-ridden longshoremen's union, the ILA. Beck does not claim that there are no racketeers in this set-up, but he says that if he could take jurisdiction over them he would clean them out. His chief argument for the agreement is that the economic power of the longshore workers on the East Coast and in Canada, which supplements his own, can help organize many warehousemen into Teamster jurisdiction. When he was asked why he didn't make a similar pact with Harry Bridges on the West Coast, he replied that it was simpler to fight racketeers than to fight Communism.

The agreement with the Meat Cutters provides for a joint organizing drive in the food-processing industry which Beck visualizes will add 250,000 members to the Meat Cutters and half a million to the Teamsters. So far it has enrolled only slightly more than 2,000, but it has settled eleven jurisdictional hassels between the organizations and it is only just getting under way. Beck plans similar joint action with the carpenters, engineers, and workers in the heavy-construction and highway fields.

The Teamsters have also taken over ten Eastern locals of the CIO Brewery Workers, not only the drivers and warehousemen who might justifiably be considered part of their jurisdiction, but thousands of inside workers as well. And chances are good that Beck will capture the whole national CIO brewers union in the near future. He failed to a few years ago—but only by a hair's breadth. A secret pact between the brewers and the Teamsters was actually in existence when the ranks, particularly in Milwaukee, refused to follow. However, the Milwaukee brewers are still being wooed actively, and it is hard to say what will happen when their present contracts expire.

Beck has promised that by 1960 he will have three million members—as many as the whole labor movement had in the early thirties. And apparently he visualizes these three million as a power bloc of alliances and feuds reaching out through the labor movement, a trade-union center apart from the merged federation.

Because of his union's economic power it is inevitable that Beck will become the pivotal point of all the groups (with the possible exception of the Machinists) that have alliances with him. Each union that makes a deal with his organization soon finds itself under subtle pressures, and the advantages of Teamster support are so great that most unions tend to accommodate themselves to those pressures.

A Teamster alliance is also sometimes a license for taking an independent course in opposition to that of the federation leadership. This was apparent in the affiliation of the independent Fur and Leather Workers' Union to the AFL Meat Cutters last year. In 1948-49 the CIO expelled the Fur and Leather Workers for Communist activities. Since then the AFL Executive Council has twice vetoed the idea of permitting them to merge with the AFL Meat Cutters. But

Oil and Man's Quest for Freedom

By COURTNEY C. BROWN, Ph. D.
Dean, Graduate School of Business,
Columbia University

Over the centuries man's efforts to live better and, at the me time, enjoy more leisure, ıve been part of his quest for eedom to develop culturally and litically. In earlier years the few power usually secured this eedom and leisure by enslaving e many. As time has gone by, ternative means of supplying ıergy for man's work, more comıtible with human freedom, ıve been developed.

Wind, animals, wood, water, al, natural gas and petroleum ıve supplied the power to make ır modern way of life possible. he petroleum industry is entled to a proud place in this proession of sources of energy. In ıe last half century its contribuon to energizing the world's ork, and making it more mobile, as been spectacular.

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the two unions went ahead and merged nonetheless. In the process the Meat Cutters did remove a number of leaders suspected of Communist sympathy from the Fur Workers and they did bend a bit to George Meany's will. But it is inconceivable that they would have initiated the talks with this relatively small union in the first place unless they were assured in advance that they had Beck's support. Finally the Executive Council approved the merger—a clear-cut victory for Beck and his Meat-Cutter allies.

This incident is not an isolated one. Every union, especially every union allied with the Teamsters, is faced with the choice on every major decision of either "clearing it with Beck," who controls the greatest economic power; or "clearing it with Meany," who has the prestige.

One of the promises made at the AFL-CIO merger was to initiate a grand organizing drive, particularly in the retail and white-collar fields. John Livingston, a CIO man, has been put in charge. The great problem is: into what union shall these clerks be placed? Both the AFL Retail Clerks and the CIO Retail and Wholesale Union are organized on an industrial basis; everybody in the store belongs to the same union. But Beck insists that all employees "up to the counters" belong to Teamster jurisdiction. He concedes only salesmen and possibly janitors and elevator operators to another union. But in the recent Teamster drive on Montgomery Ward, he included even these workers in his union in Chicago, Dallas, and elsewhere.

This is a serious difference. Reuther and Livingston are committed to industrial unionism and no doubt feel that the retail field cannot be organized on any other basis. But if Beck simultaneously insists that "everyone up to the counters" must go into the Teamsters, there will be the kind of Missouri-Kansas dispute that wracked pre-Civil War America. It was assumed that craft unionism and industrial unionism could exist side by side in the new federation. But there is the difficulty of what happens when the federation attempts to branch out into new fields.

Once again, the big problem seems to be Dave Beck. In the past he has straddled the fence, sometimes organizing on craft, sometimes on industrial lines. But he contends that the retail field must be broken up with about one-third of the membership going to him. In this field Beck and his truck drivers cannot be by-passed; by their very nature they must be the most potent weapon in breaking this new ground.

Unless Beck radically changes his outlook, such problems can only multiply. Whatever unity the two federations of labor achieve, sooner or later they will have to arrive at a modus vivendi with Beck—or wage war against him. And in the latter case, "unity" would be only an empty word.

HOW THE TEAMSTERS GREW

TO SOME extent the conflict is inherent in the nature of the participants. Since the depression, the Teamsters Union has undergone two basic changes which have given it its present power. The first was in the 1930s when the current secretary of the Trotskyist Socialist Workers party, Farrell Dobbs, gave the Teamsters their first great impetus. Dobbs and other Trotskyites organized the Minneapolis city truck drivers into a powerful union and won a sensational strike in 1934. Dobbs then went on to organize over-the-road drivers throughout the Middle West, and later throughout the nation, into one solid group. Until then Teamster unions were mostly local affairs. But control of over-the-road drivers gave the union the economic lever to organize hundreds of thousands of city drivers and other workers.

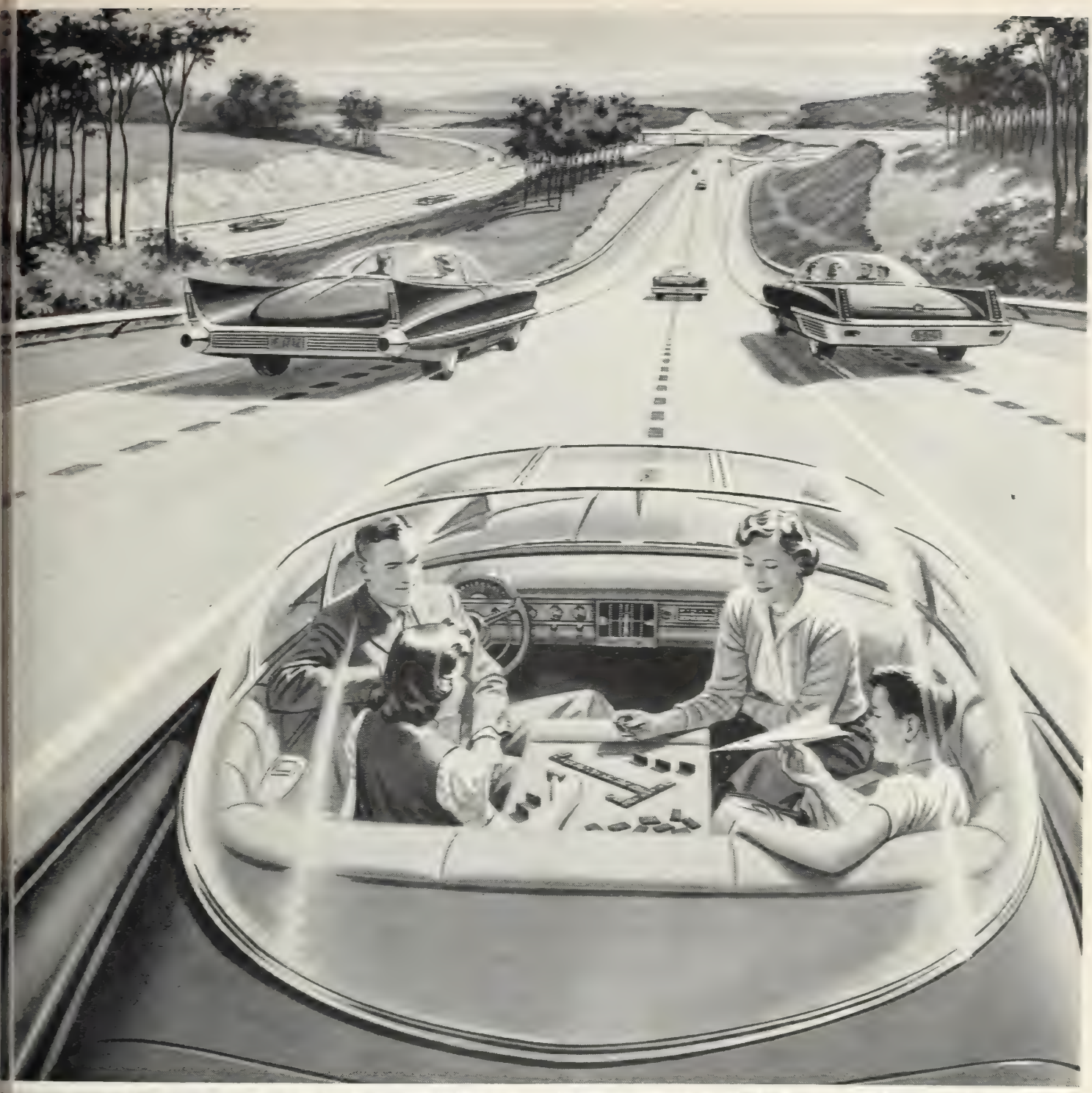
For example, in 1937, Los Angeles had only 800 Teamster members. Today it has close to 100,000, who could force almost any important sector of industry in the city into their ranks merely by threatening not to deliver.

Over-the-road organization made it possible for the Teamsters to fan out indefinitely. After the city drivers were brought in, the Teamsters secured jurisdiction for warehousemen from the AFL. Scores of thousands were enrolled—primarily by the threat of "stopping the trucks."

Other unions have economic control over a whole industry. John L. Lewis' Mine Workers can effectively tie up mining; Dave McDonald's Steelworkers can shut down the steel hearths from coast to coast; Walter Reuther's auto workers can halt, if they choose, the production of all automobiles.

But Beck's union stretches beyond any single industry. By controlling the most important sector of transportation, his union has power in *every* industry. On a ton-mile basis, trucks last year carried only one-third as much freight as railroads. But city trucks made the *final* delivery of most freight; the railroads might deliver a carload of hams to a city, but trucks carried it to the butcher shops.

With this kind of power at its disposal, the Teamster union under the late Dan Tobin began to fill out. Farrell Dobbs left to become a func-



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*Names on request from this magazine

tionary of the Socialist Workers party and its perennial candidate for President. But other men—business unionists—took over. On the West Coast, an enterprising young organizer named Dave Beck made only moderate progress until 1937, when local employers became terrified at the prospect of having to deal with Harry Bridges and the CIO longshoremen who were sweeping everything before them. Suddenly it became politic to deal with Beck. His union, up and down the West Coast, grew from 60,000 to 400,000 members.

Beck rapidly consolidated them into a powerful apparatus, the Western Conference of Teamsters. Scores of small, dissident locals were placed under trusteeships, headed by Beck men, and forged into a centralized structure that spoke with one voice through eleven states.

Out of these techniques grew the second basic change in the Teamster union. For years each city central Teamster body was a tight little group run by one or two men and interested only in its own affairs. Of these the New York and Chicago Teamster joint councils were the most prominent. As long as Dan Tobin was head of the national union, nothing was done to interfere with this pattern. But when Beck took over in 1953, Western Conference techniques began to be applied nationally. A Central States Conference, an Eastern Conference, and a Southern Conference were formed in short order. Dozens of small locals were merged, some placed under trusteeship. Many of the locals had been racket-ridden. Beck and his allies rode roughshod over them. Beck wanted a dynamic, driving union. Not all unsavory elements were removed, of course, but certainly those who were *both* unsavory and slothful were.

ACROSS THE NATION

BECK and his chief ally, Jimmy Hoffa—head of 87,000 Teamsters in the Detroit area—have pushed ahead toward thorough centralization. Along with the Conferences, the union set up fifteen trade divisions: automotive, bakery, brewery and soft drinks, building materials and construction, cannery, chauffeurs and taxicab drivers, dairy, municipal employees, produce workers, laundry, over-the-road, truckway, newspaper drivers, warehousemen, miscellaneous. Each of these divisions now seeks uniform contracts on an area-wide basis; soon perhaps it will be a nation-wide one. The center of gravity is shifting from the city bodies to the trade divisions, conferences, and national office. The New York and Chicago joint councils are still for in themselves, but they are rapidly being e circled.

In St. Louis, where there are sixteen loca with some 39,000 members, each local must su mit its contract demands to the joint counc headed by Harold Gibbons, for approval. N contract can be signed, no strike called, witho an okay from Gibbons. For all practical pu poses, the joint council over which Gibbons trustee is only one local of the Teamsters.

The Montgomery Ward organizing drive w another centralized affair, headed by Don Pete of Chicago working under the strict supervisio of Vice President Hoffa. In the past, organizin drives were largely local and often died.

The process of centralization has now made possible for the Teamsters to match economi strength with employers whose domain stretch over a wide area. Previously, a local Teamste union might shut a warehouse in one area, bu the employer could shift the work load to an one of a dozen other warehouses he owned i other parts of the country. Now the Teamster can shut down a whole chain from Maine t California with a single signal. During th famous wartime CIO strike against Montgomer Ward, the company shifted its Chicago order to St. Paul, Dallas, and other cities, where th mail-order warehouses were either unorganized or organized in other unions. Under curren Teamster organization, this tactic no longer i possible; all Ward warehouses and many Ward stores are tackled together as one unit.

The Teamsters face, of course, the great dangers of bureaucracy, monolithic control, and reduction of rank-and-file workers to impotence in their own union. In the last two years the union has made only small gains in membership —slightly more than 100,000 new card-holders. This is far below the rate required to meet Beck's goal of three million members in 1960. But the union is reorganizing, replacing dead wood with effective new leadership—men like Hoffa, Einar Mohn, Gibbons, Larry Steinberg, and Ed Cheyfitz. It is building headquarters buildings, adding $5,000,000 to its treasury—now up to $34,000,000—and "getting ready." According to Beck, the big push was hampered because of unemployment in 1954. But given continued economic stability, he has no fears about future growth.

Even today the Teamsters are power personified; cool, centralized power. The new united federation of labor, on the other hand, is porous and diffuse. The real power in labor did not



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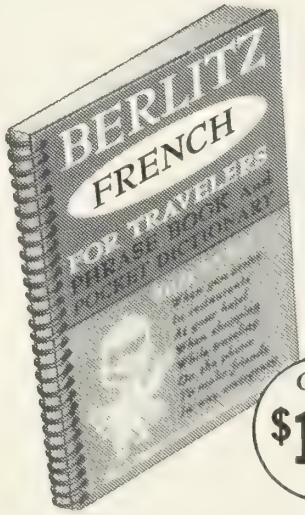
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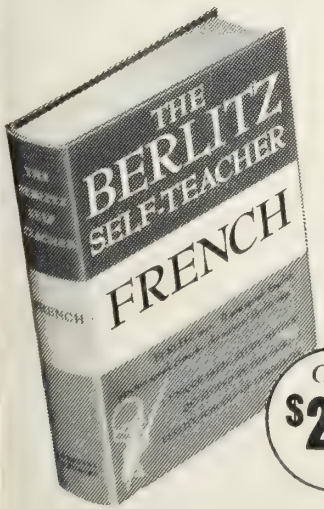
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rest with either the AFL or CIO as such but with the national (called "international") unions. They have the money, the autonomy, the say-so. The past three presidents of the CIO possessed real power, not because of their CIO presidency but because they headed the three most important CIO unions: the miners, the steelworkers, and the auto workers. The presidency itself, in either the CIO or AFL, is an advisory job, a position of prestige rather than power. The federations of labor are essentially lobbying forces. They do not, as a rule, organize new workers, call strikes, determine policy or personnel at the grass roots where it counts.

GEORGE MEANY'S determination and dynamism have compensated to some extent for the inherent weakness of his position, but lacking a base comparable to Reuther's—he is not president of any international union—he wields whatever power he can only through his diplomacy, tact, and ability to bring people together. There is an obvious disparity between his position and Dave Beck's.

Both Meany and Beck have gone to great lengths to underplay their differences. At a testimonial dinner for Beck, Meany had many kind words to say about him, and Beck declared he didn't have "a closer friend in the labor movement than George Meany." But at the same time that he was flaying those "who would sow the seeds of dissension and division between us," he was careful to point out that "we may differ on some methods." Meany for his part underlined the interdependence between unions—an obvious dig at the "go it alone" nature of Beck's alliances.

Perhaps the basis for the incipient schism stems from the personalities of the two leaders of the Teamsters union. Both Beck and Hoffa are men of considerable affluence. Beck's fortune has been conservatively estimated at $500,000 and is very likely a number of times that much. Hoffa is said to own pieces of a race track, a brewery, a trucking company, and similar interests. These are practical men with a business rather than a social philosophy—a philosophy symbolized by Beck's prideful announcement during the labor convention that the Teamsters had made a profit of $700,000 on the $1,000,000 it invested last year in Montgomery Ward stock. The lavishness of the new $5,000,000 Teamster building in Washington is another sign of this mentality.

As business unionists, both Beck and Hoffa push determinedly to advance their business. Each is a short squat man with unbelievable drive. Neither is interested in any pie-in-the-sky formulas for bettering humanity as a whole, or even the working class. Their business is the union, and they give it all they have.

This kind of orientation can also spell trouble within the Teamster ranks. Persistent rumor has it that Hoffa and Beck are not seeing eye to eye these days on many issues. It is a well-known "secret" that Hoffa was willing to strike the Montgomery Ward chain a year ago, while Beck insisted on the moderate course which was eventually pursued. Apparently there were some differences, too, over the signing of the mine, mill, and smelter pact, and other issues.

The general feeling in the labor movement is that Beck and Reuther will inevitably clash. But many auto-worker leaders insist that Hoffa will continue to work closely with Reuther, may even forge an alliance with him. Feelers, it is said, have already been put out. Since Hoffa's star in the Teamsters is continuing to ascend, this may be one deterrent in Beck's path. It may whittle away some of the divergencies. But unfortunately this is not certain. Other possibilities lead equally strongly in the opposite direction.

The telegram Beck sent to the AFL Executive Council on the subject of unity clearly stated his position:

> Please record me in the Executive Council as being anxious to co-operate in making the work of merging with the CIO practical and purposeful. I am very much in harmony with the provision that voluntary action be taken to effectuate solution of jurisdictional and other disputes.

The key here is in semantics. By "voluntary action" to settle disputes, Reuther and Meany mean the voluntary action of signing the no-raiding pact; Beck means the voluntary action of picking and choosing your allies. By making unity "practical and purposeful," Beck means the Teamster union will decide for itself how to organize and what its jurisdiction shall be, while Reuther and Meany are thinking in terms of the whole labor movement. Beck is going to make the Teamster union the biggest in history —a veritable third federation of labor. What John L. Lewis hoped (and failed) to do with his District Fifty, Beck plans to do with his centralized structure and individual alliances with other unions. At the moment the conflict is not overt. If it ever becomes so, it can mean the opening of a new schism in labor, wider perhaps than any previous schism has ever been.

After Hours



PROFUSION OF VIRTUES

LAST June in the Public Garden in Boston I sat with roughly seven thousand other people and watched a performance of Thornton Wilder's "The Skin of Our Teeth." A $6,000 sound system that had been donated to the Boston Arts Festival, whose production this was, carried the voices of Ruth Ford and Philip Bourneuf and a raft of other actors, Hi-Fi-and-handsome out under the trees. I was within easy eye-shot of the stage but some of the audience were a good number-two iron away. I don't know what they could see, but thanks to the Electronics Corporation of America they could hear, and they stayed and listened.

Mr. Wilder is a playwright one can listen to; he is a gift to the nearsighted and the late-comer. His words roll and bounce and glitter; they are funny or serious, but they are never gags and they are never solemn. Mr. Wilder is not in the least afraid of putting his literary chestnuts in the fire, but he is extraordinarily deft at getting them out just before they burn.

This is Wilder year. His play, "A Life in the Sun," was given at the Edinburgh Festival last summer. TV has taken him up and shown him to eighteen or twenty million people who evidently enjoyed him. Frank Sinatra turned Brooklyn-Yankee to narrate the part Mr. Wilder likes to play himself in "Our Town," and it turned out to be not only stylish but touching and fun. "The Skin of Our Teeth" also was one of TV's more successful self-conscious concessions to culture in this season.

And now, on Broadway, a play that used to be called "The Merchant of Yonkers" and is renamed "The Matchmaker" is a stand-out hit.

It ought to be. It's wonderful.

Part of Mr. Wilder's success as a playwright is his overt concern with the audience. He makes it quite clear that he is as interested in you as he is in his characters, and he doesn't hesitate to tell you so. He lets his actors speak directly to the audience whenever there is the slightest possibility that what is going on might be obscure. There is no attempt at illusion; the stage never becomes a world or even a room looked into from the outside. The play is an affair between the audience and the actors. Psychiatrists have a fancy name for it: mutuality and participation.

The matchmaker is played by Ruth Gordon whose instinctive (or is it innate?) vulgarity has more bounce to the ounce than foam rubber. But she does not carry the play; the play carries her, as it carries all of the rest of the cast through a couple of hours of slapstick, mistaken identity, sentiment, and ludicrous situations set partly over a store in Yonkers and partly in naughty New York in the early 1880s.

The play has an elaborate plot, but it doesn't matter; what does matter is that it is peopled by wonderful free spirits, each one signifying something or other, and all of them having a terribly good time. At the end of the play Mr. Wilder asks one of his characters, a boy of seventeen or eighteen, to tell the audience what the moral of the play is, and he says:

> I guess it is about adventure, the test of an adventure is that when you're in the middle of it, you say to yourself, "Oh, now I've got myself into an awful mess; I wish I were sitting quietly at home." And the sign that something is wrong with you is when you sit

quietly at home wishing you were out having lots of adventure. . . . We all hope that in your lives you have just the right amount of sitting quietly at home and just the right amount of adventure.

But there is an even nicer moral spoken earlier by a somewhat alcoholic clerk who finds a wallet full of money and wants to give it away. He says in effect that he has learned that the best way to live is to have only one big vice and let little virtues spring up in profusion around it.

I could find no vices in "The Matchmaker" for which laughter didn't more than atone, and the little virtues are a whole garden of pleasures.

WELCOME STRANGER!

MOST of you will remember Mr. Henry Pleasants as the music critic who stirred up the animals last summer with a book called *The Agony of Modern Music.* Mr. Pleasants' contention was that modern "classical" music has largely lost touch with its audience and that today the only music genuinely to belong in the great tradition—that is, to be solidly grounded in popular understanding and support—is jazz. After the cries of encouragement and outrage had died down, Mr. Pleasants stood accused of incorrectly assuming that the classics of the past had been so all-fired popular or, for that matter, that jazz was as popular as he seemed to think. Undeterred, he has resumed the dispute with "What is this thing called Jazz," an article in the December issue of *High Fidelity* magazine. I admire his courage.

Mr. Pleasants now makes the endearing admission that he had "only recently become aware of jazz as a music good enough to be taken seriously," and that he has "spent the last two years trying to make up for lost time." This, in jazz circles, is roughly equivalent to pleading the Fifth Amendment. I doubt that he will be allowed to forget it. In his article, he argues that most of the distinctions between different kinds of popular music, to which jazz musicians and critics are greatly devoted, are nonsensical and unnecessary. He goes on to urge that the term jazz either be dropped or applied indiscriminately to "the main body of non-classical, non-rural American music . . . thought of by most people any distance from the center as jazz."

He is asking, in other words, for the outsider's view to prevail over the insider's view, for the enthusiasms of the amateur to supersede—or at least have comparable status to—the refined perceptions of the specialist. It will come as no surprise to Mr. Pleasants that the insiders are not going to like this. They will remind him that he does not, on his own admission, know what he is talking about—and they will go on from there to observe that you couldn't expect anybody who includes Bix Beiderbecke among "Dixieland players" to be in favor of distinguishing any kind of jazz from any other kind. His thesis will be described, one way or another, as an unsuccessful apology for ignorance. This seems to me a pity, and I would like to enlist myself—with a few judicious reservations—in his defense.

"Jazz," as one of the staff members of the Newport Jazz Festival remarked last summer, "is a tight little island." It consists of the accepted musicians (perhaps several hundred) and the accepted critics (perhaps several dozen), plus the agents and press agents who mediate between the two (a larger but less stable group than the critics). It is ferociously self-protective and rank-conscious. The musicians give rank to one another and are in turn given rank by the critics, whom they detest. The critics—when they are not in a state of permanent feud—exchange rankings and opinions among themselves on a competitive basis. Over a given period, that is, the critic who holds the largest number of "correct" opinions—or opinions eventually concurred in by his colleagues—has the highest prestige.

Yet membership in this circle (as Mr. Dean Acheson said of his friendship) is neither lightly given nor lightly withdrawn. One achieves it on demonstration of competence. The musicians are of course perceptive, and the tradition requires them to accord praise without regard to personal interest or gain. They treat the question of who is currently playing well as though it were one of observable fact, subject only to verification by other musicians. The critics tend to mimic this assertive tone, since they rarely achieve the status of critic until after a considerable apprenticeship, during which their tastes are tested in the fires of a continuous controversy that would burn lesser men to a crisp. They are expected not only to have sound instincts about each new performance or record they hear, but to know everything there is to be known about every past performance listed in the canon, misprints and alternate masters included. They have to be self-confident to survive.

The custodians of jazz, as a result, have become highly effective at communicating with one another and highly ineffective at communicating with anyone else. Once accustomed to wield

jargon and superfluous scholarship as a weapon of daily discourse, they are loath to put it down —even though it scares away the customers. The musicians, on the contrary, hunger for customers but feel they can get at them only through the critics, which is why they treat the latter with scrupulous condescension.

The custodians' most notable success has been making all non-custodians feel self-conscious. I have yet to talk about jazz with a non-custodian who did not say, sooner or later, "Of course, I don't know anything about it," or make some equally unnecessary apology. The answer to this is, "Sir or Madam, why should you?" and it is the answer Henry Pleasants is trying to offer. He would like more people to take a "serious" enjoyment in jazz without having to cope with its partisan snobberies, and in this he speaks words of the purest wisdom. The only trouble with his answer is that it works for Madam but not for himself, or for me, or for any of the rest of us who are struggling to maintain an amateur standing somewhere between membership in the cult and membership in the numberless company of the squares.



ONE of the reasons Mr. Pleasants has to argue for relaxing the distinctions between "pure" jazz and popular music is that unless you do so the rest of his argument collapses. He began with the proposition that jazz, as opposed to modern classical music, is popular —and continued from there. But pure jazz is not popular with more than a minority, and never has been except in adulterated form, years later, and in other hands than it began. A truism of jazz history holds that while the imitators thrive the innovators starve (often the former are white and the latter Negro, adding fuel to the fire), and it holds as firmly today as it ever did. One of the responsibilities of the critic in any medium is to resist this consumers' inertia, to tonguelash the public into supporting merit at the time it appears rather than wait for it to become safe. This the jazz critics have for the most part striven to do, and they deserve more credit for it than Mr. Pleasants' position allows them.

In any event, the lack of public support for "real" jazz is not wholly the critics' fault; responsibility also rests with the intermediaries, like Mr. Pleasants and the rest of us amateurs. Some of the critics have worked hard to communicate enthusiasm (an eloquent plea for this part of their function was made at Newport by one of the best, Mr. Wilder Hobson) and to provide the intelligent outsider with some sense of what it feels like to be inside; and in this they have offered the amateurs more than the amateurs have seemed able to absorb. Much of the preliminary work in preparing an audience that could have been done by American intellectuals, had they themselves assimilated jazz, has not been done. When Mr. Nat Hentoff of *Downbeat* described some of the causes and effects of this phenomenon in the Autumn 1955 issue of the *Chicago Review*, he took as his title the compact phrase: "Jazz and the Intellectuals: Somebody Goofed." For lack of being able to quote everything he said, I will pass on only this paragraph:

> Had more intellectuals been free to comprehend the language of jazz in the past two decades, the position of this kind of music might have been more secure psychically, if not financially. The intellectuals could have helped provide jazz with the nucleus of a historically oriented, sustainedly responsive, and challenging audience it has needed so greatly. And in turn, jazz had much to teach the intellectuals about free and complex expression of feeling in artistic idioms more deeply rooted in America than any other single manifestation of our musical culture.

I wish that Mr. Pleasants, in other words, had rephrased his appeal. He had a certain amount of legitimate fun in confronting the statements of jazz musicians and critics with one another, to show that verbally they can't agree on anything; but the point he tried to prove by this—that such disagreements are mostly meaningless—is not legitimate. He is entitled to the plea, particularly where he addresses it to his fellow long-hair critics, that intelligent Americans recognize jazz as "a music of which we can all be proud"; but he is not entitled to ask the jazz critics to declare an indefinite moratorium on the use of their capacities for discrimination. If he is going to become an enthusiast of the music, he will have to learn to discount a certain amount of this horseplay for what it is: the natural reflection of energies still present in jazz itself, and most fortunately so. It is from their warmth that enthusiasms catch fire, and to repress them would be absurd—even if it were possible.

—Mr. Harper

the new BOOKS

PAUL PICKREL

Politicians, Soldiers, and Hittites

AT ONE point in Edwin O'Connor's wonderfully entertaining new novel about Boston politics, **The Last Hurrah** (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $4), the wily old politician who dominates the book, Frank Skeffington, remarks: "The journalists are responsible for this curious myth that public men fall out over public issues; I believe it's called division on a matter of principle. It's been my experience that it's just as easy to fall out over who said what to whose wife at a bridge party as over who voted which way on a harbor improvements bill. A good deal easier, in fact; most of our politicians have a sentimental attachment for their wives that they don't have for their civic waterways."

The old man's remark puts with admirable brevity the unique opportunity of the political novelist: the opportunity to reveal the intricate and highly various ways in which private life and public policy intermingle to color and modify each other. The journalist cannot often do it; even when he has the information the laws of libel will usually keep him from using it. And by the time the historian arrives on the scene there is seldom any way of finding out what the ladies said at the bridge table; so history for the most part must be content with recording the course of public policy.

When it comes to old Skeffington himself, it is not easy to tell just what his policy is. He does not pretend to be a political philosopher or reformer, though in his political career of half a century he has on occasion undertaken reforms for the improvement of the city he leads and loves. Perhaps his whole basis of operations is contained in two simple postulates—that Boston ought to be run by the Irish and that the Irish ought to be run by Skeffington. (He says of himself that he is both political leader and tribal chieftain.) But actually Skeffington's operations are based not on an ideology but a method: he believes that people will do something for you (*i.e.*, vote you into office) only if you do something for them. And the story of *The Last Hurrah* is essentially the story of how Skeffington's method went out of style: how one way of doing something for people was replaced by another, and Skeffington was left stranded.

O'Connor's attitude toward his story is elegiac. He loves—and superbly recaptures—the wit and shrewdness and fight that went into Irish bossism in its heyday, and he cannot bring himself to condemn its moral lapses very severely. His apology for a man like Skeffington (whose inspiration obviously owes a good deal to a figure long prominent in Massachusetts politics) is one that has become increasingly familiar but may nevertheless be true: the institution of the big-city boss was humane and useful, because it gave the poor and alien a friend and defender; it opened to the outsider a chance to participate in political decisions and provided him with a rough kind of welfare service in an era of rugged individualism.

O'Connor also offers an explanation of how the boss lost his usefulness, and with it his power: Roosevelt's social legislation replaced the old-fashioned boss's politics of personal relations with the impersonal welfare state—the White House sidetracked City Hall. But in the context of the novel itself there are a good many hints that this explanation is too simple. O'Connor shows that the educated and prosperous sons and daughters of Skeffington's original supporters are embarrassed by having a tribal chieftain around. They have come a long way—socially, economically, and in some instances even geographically—from the time and place when the boss's handout of a Christmas turkey could satisfy their political needs. The young men do not flock to Skeffington's standard because too many other careers are open to them.

The Last Hurrah is one of the best novels ever written about the Boston Irish, not only because of what it portrays but also because of how it portrays it. The book is both shrewd and sentimental, tough and touching, like Skeffington himself. Structurally the novel has its weaknesses: O'Connor introduces a nephew of Skeffington who is too obviously a character of

The Swivel Chair



A nation that shops by brand names both i the supermarket and local drive-in has naturally eveloped a built-in resistance to the unknown artist. Te label "first novel" lowers the temperature of any ooktrade conversation to middle-tepid. The self-styled ttle" magazines do valiantly, but the serious young iter also needs the durability of book form. To ract this writer, to subsidize him for a fair crack at projected work and to have a competitive "best" to er to the booktrade, Houghton Mifflin instituted the **erary Fellowship Award** twenty-one years ago. m Dorothy Baker's *Young Man With a Horn* to lton Lott's *The Last Hunt*, the award has introduced iters of diverse gifts: Robert Penn Warren, Joseph chsberg, Ann Petry, Elizabeth Bishop, Charles B. od, Madison Cooper, Anthony West and Arthur zener among them.



A few days ago the first of the o 1956 award novels was published, **Cat n** by **Edward Hoagland.** ($3.75) The iter is talking about a world he has i-d in — that self-contained world of a iveling circus. It is a story of the great dangerous imals and of the kinds of men who became their a ndants. Quite an extraordinary story.

In nonfiction, newly published, there is **rls on Parole** by **Katharine Sullivan.** ($3.00) F v subjects have drawn as much advice from back-s t drivers as our state parole system. Katharine S livan, who has served on the Massachusetts Parole E rd for ten years, gives very lucid testimony from t professional standpoint. Some of our casual neigh-b s in subways or office or housing developments have s across the desk from her and worked out the blue-p nt of a new try at getting on with the commun-ity. Their stories are hopeful and pitiful and outrageous in turn, and out of them is built a very clear picture of what hap-pens to the person who is offering a prom-ise to society.



In fiction and in nonfiction too **Oliver L Farge** is a brand name. A well-deserved Pulitzer P ze guarantees his stature as a novelist, and it is w h a novelist's eye for structure and revealing detail t he writes nonfiction. His new book, **Behind the M untains** ($3.00), is an idyll of the recently van-i d Spanish baronialism in America. It is the story o his wife's childhood on the great Baca ranch in the S ngre de Christo range. The spaciousness of that hospitable life, the tenderness of family ties, the ways of a people to whom drama is the breath of life are material for a work of distinctive grace.



Sometimes critics spearhead a book's battle for a market as in the case of the trilogy, *The Lord of the Rings* by **J. R. R. Tolkien.** The third novel, **The Return of the King,** completes the odyssey through the Middle Earth and the temptations of its treasure — power. Something of that power has extended to its cult, and our review file rings with prophecy such as this:—

"One of the great literary achievements of our time." —*Edward Wagenknecht, Chicago Tribune.*

"It is an extraordinary work — pure excitement, unencumbered narrative, moral warmth, barefaced rejoicing in beauty, but excitement most of all; yet a serious and scrupulous fiction . . . his style is full of joy, the joy that follows the making of a perfect gesture. But more than this, the author has had intimate access to an epic tradition stretching back and back and disappearing in the mists of Germanic history, so that his story has a kind of echoing depth behind it, wherein we hear Snorrie Sturluson and Beowulf, the sagas and the Nibelungenlied, but civilized by the gentler genius of modern England." — *Donald Barr, N.Y. Times*



"No fiction I have read in the last five years has given me more joy than "The Lord of the Rings." — *W. H. Auden*

Lastly there is the case of the brand-name-hero, **Cash McCall.** In less than three months of public life, **Cameron Hawley's** protagonist has become a short-cut description for the new look in millionaires. It hasn't been done before. No one has ever found words to define the tension in the high-tension world of American business . . . a world where a letter may strangle a heart in mid-beat; where intangible terror wrestles with sleep; where the time clock strikes back; and yet a world where no drop of blood defiles the carpets which quietly engulf the well-bred voices of ruin; where the white collar remains unsmeared; where battle cries issue from the manicured hands of typists in an electromatic hush; where loyalty is attested by a notary and love is pledged with a corporate seal; a world where honor, fidelity, affection and passion must be valued with a new subtlety and the old courage, the world of Cash McCall.



Houghton Mifflin Company, *Publishers*

didactic convenience, and if Skeffington's answers to the young man's questions were not so entertaining the device would wear pretty thin. Possibly, too, the reader is given too little information about Skeffington's misdeeds to form an accurate opinion of the man's moral stature. But perhaps O'Connor's point is that such a man will always be morally ambiguous. Certainly the major piece of sharp dealing Skeffington pulls off in the course of the story is so clever, so audacious, and so well aimed that the reader is lost in admiration for the scheme even as he recognizes that it is blackmail. It is unlikely that a more engaging novel will appear this winter. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

DOMINION OVER PALM

ALEC WAUGH'S **Island in the Sun** (Farrar, Straus, and Cudahy, $3.95) is another study of the relation between private life and public policy, but here the subject is treated at a different point in the power cycle. O'Connor deals with the end of a submerged group's struggle for power—the point where they can scarcely be called a submerged group any longer, and many of them have outgrown their old leader. Waugh deals with the early phases of such a struggle.

The submerged group in Waugh's novel are the dark-skinned people on a British-governed island in the Caribbean. They have two potential leaders—an ignorant but ambitious and crudely effective black labor organizer, and a lighter-colored young barrister who has been to Oxford and therefore, as Waugh explains, knows how things are done. The governor appointed by the Crown is a distinguished soldier, a hereditary baron, and a man of infinite skill, tact, presence, wisdom, courage, patience, and literacy; he could easily ride herd on the not-very-seething masses and their potential leaders if it were not for cowardly and climbing ministers in Whitehall and the irresponsible meddling of American journalists. But between them these two powers of darkness are too much for him, and in the end he bows out in gentlemanly fashion, leaving the masses to seethe on to their dubious fate.

But such a summary of *Island in the Sun* leaves out everything that makes it a good novel. Waugh is excellent at portraying a society which officially has no racial segregation but actually is so drenched in the color question that color poisons almost every relationship and influences almost every action, either public or private. He conveys the frustrations and limitations, as well as the pleasures, that come with living on a small island.

He also knows how to write a novel. The characterization is vigorous and varied; the plot is elaborate yet full of suspense and movement. He has a sharp appreciation of how conversation at the bridge table affects what happens. The American reader will doubtless be put off by the picture of his compatriots, but he may also wonder if it is as inaccurate as he might wish. And Waugh's argument for non-self-government (or whatever the currently acceptable euphemism for empire may be) is no mere anachronistic survival from the age of Kipling; it has some solid political observation behind it, as well as considerable emotional force.

IN **A Secret Understanding** (Viking, $3) Merle Miller traces the relation between private life and public behavior in one of the most troubling and painful situations in contemporary American life. Miller's main character is an Air Force officer of the second world war—a national hero who in the postwar years made a rich and happy marriage and started on a career that promised to be brilliant. Then the Korean War came along, the flyer went back to the Air Force, was captured, and shocked the nation by broadcasting for the Communists. When he returns to America his wife and friends desert him, and finally he dies with a bullet in his head and a suicide note in his pocket.

In attempting to trace out the maze of circumstance that lies behind the flyer's action Miller constructs a highly ingenious story, but perhaps it is too ingenious to make its point. The circumstances of the flyer's life are so nearly unique that his experience seems to have little to do with the general problem of apparent treason. And an elaborate plot serves to dispose of a subject which involves more than plot alone can handle. It substitutes know-how for knowledge; novelistic slickness overlays suffering.

Actually my criticism of *A Secret Understanding* may arise from pure prejudice. The book is a good adventure story, but I think there are some situations that a writer dare not turn into adventure stories without running the risk of opportunistic topicality and callousness. If Miller's book were laid in a mythical country and an unknown time I would probably praise its skill and recommend it as entertainment. Perhaps less prejudiced readers will enjoy it anyway, but it happens to deal with a subject I don't want to enjoy.

Boon Island (Doubleday, $3.75) by Kenneth Roberts, is an adventure story written as adventure stories ought to be written. It tells how, in the second decade of the eighteenth century, the good ship *Nottingham* put out from the British Isles with a crew and a cargo of cheese and butter, bound for America; how in the dead of winter it was wrecked off the Maine coast on a barren little collection of rocks called Boon Island; how the men—some of them—survived for three weeks without fire or almost anything else usually counted necessary for survival; and

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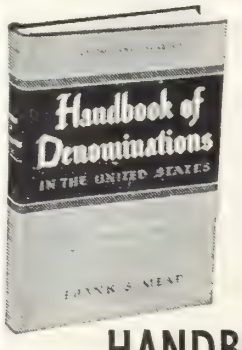
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how in the end they were rescued b the brave and kindly people of Port mouth. The whole is admirab researched, fully imagined, an vividly written.

The book is open to one criticism the opening section is a little to long, a little too learned, and co siderably marred by the introductio of a sexual theme that sets the wron tone for what follows. Rober ought to rewrite and shorten th section in another version fo younger readers—with such a chang it would almost certainly becom a stand-by among boys' book But in the present (or adults version, the story after a slow sta is as fresh and exciting as anyon could ask.

YOU CAN'T KILL I

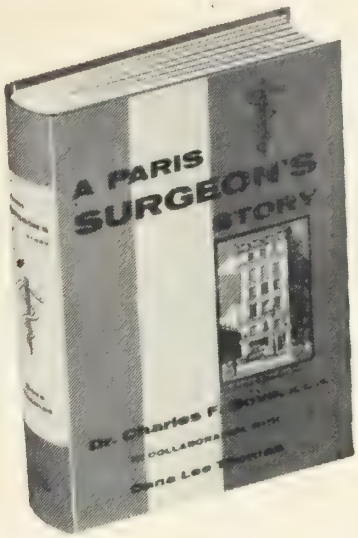
Keep the Aspidistra Flying was wri ten twenty years ago and its autho George Orwell, died in 1950. Bu it has just been published in th country for the first time (Harcour Brace, $3.75), and for most reade it will be a new book. Like mo of Orwell's work it is political, bu it is less obviously political than hi better-known *Animal Farm* an *1984,* though in my (minority) opin ion a finer book than either.

In *Keep the Aspidistra Flying* Or well is not concerned with the in terplay between private life and public action, as O'Connor, Waugh and Miller are; his characters ar too far from the center of politica decision for that. What he is con cerned with can perhaps best b called simply the conflict betwee ideology and life.

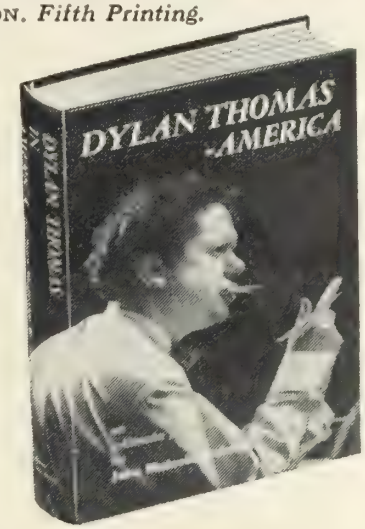
Life is symbolized by the aspidis tra, an unlovely but apparently in destructible house plant beloved b the British lower middle classes and worn behind their parlor curtains a a badge that "they always kept them selves respectable." It stands for the brute tenacity of life—the will to go on, work hard, keep the species go ing, preserve appearances, and make a charmless, graceless, and if need be silently heroic best of things, in spite of all the images the mind can hatch to throttle hope. To "keep the aspidistra flying" is to accept he gift of life on whatever poor erms it is offered and go on from there.



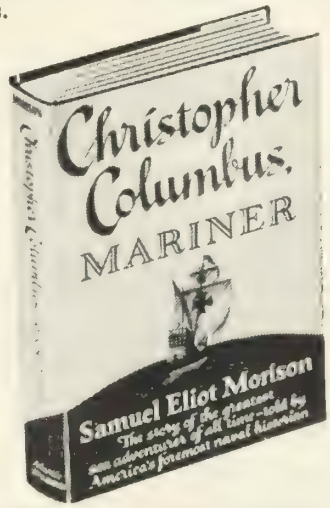
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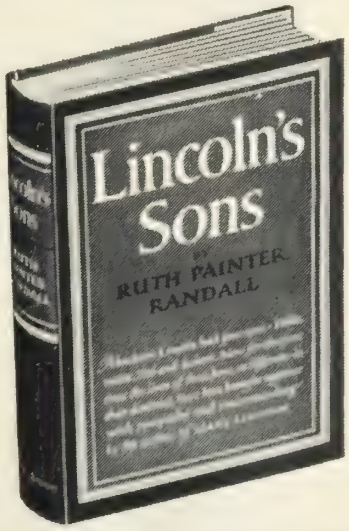
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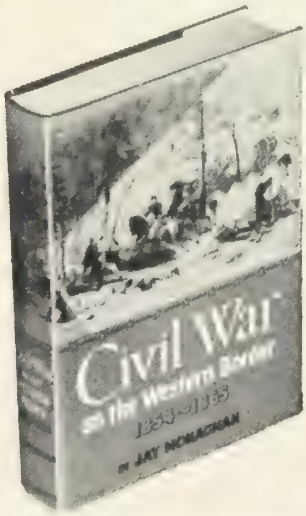
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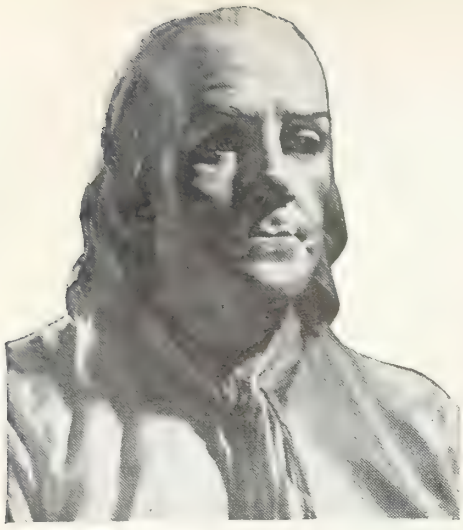
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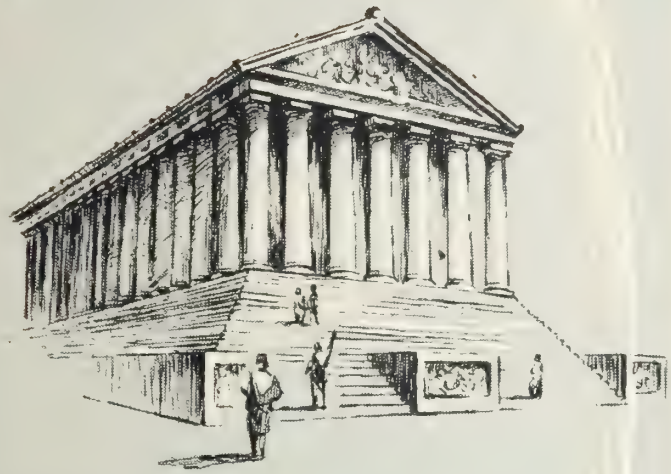
Against this doughty botanical specimen Orwell pits three young people of the 1930s, each of whom has an idea of himself and of what his place in society ought to be that has brought him to a dead end. One is a rich Socialist, a very nice and very foolish young man who is too ashamed of his money to enjoy it. Another is a woman trying to preserve at thirty the image of her happier and more prosperous girlhood. The third, and most important, is a clerk in a bookstore who flatly refuses the life of money-grubbing which is the only life he can see before him. The power of the book lies in the honesty and intensity with which it explores the young man's case against his own life and creates the desperation he must go through before he can accept the way of the aspidistra.

This is a remarkable novel.

FEW instances of the disastrous interplay that can take place between private life and public policy have captured the imagination of the world as the Dreyfus case has. What began as a piece of bureaucratic bungling—the arrest of the wrong man for espionage—went on to poison or distort every life drawn into its vortex, and in the end produced a social and political revolution that called in question some of the fundamental assumptions of modern political life. **The Dreyfus Case** (Reynal, $5), by Guy Chapman, professor emeritus of modern history at the University of Leeds, is not only an intricate and fascinating account of the case but it is also (as nearly as a rank amateur can tell) a fundamental reinterpretation of its significance. The usual version—as so often happens in the writing of history—is the version of the winning side, the Dreyfusards. Chapman holds that there is something to be said for the other side, not because he for a moment supposes that Dreyfus was guilty, but because he thinks that both the faith and the principles of the other side were better than has generally been supposed.

At bottom Chapman sees the case, after the initial blunder, as a confrontation of two basically opposed attitudes toward the object of political life, a confrontation between those who believed that the object is

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order and those who believed that it is justice. Beyond the very few who actually engaged in the skulduggery, most of the men concerned tried to do what they thought was right, Chapman believes.

The political situation, as usual in French republican politics, was exasperatingly complicated; it was also precarious. And after the first court martial the case involved not merely the question of Dreyfus' innocence but a question of reopening the nation's past action to revision. For a good many men—those who believed that order must be preserved—the case simply could not be reopened; it was too great a threat to political stability. For others justice must be served at whatever cost. But in the second group, especially in the later stages of the case, Chapman finds vulgar opportunism rampant, and except for the personal rehabilitation of Dreyfus he thinks the consequences of revision almost wholly bad.

Whether this is a correct reading of the events only a man as superbly informed as Chapman himself could say; certainly it is a very contemporary reading in its suggestion that the conflict between order and justice cannot always be immediately and easily resolved—as such diverse problems as the civil rights of Communists and segregation in public schools have brought home to us.

One of the most fascinating things about the case is the character of Dreyfus himself. It is pretty clear that he was not a man who fitted in very well as a young officer. He behaved admirably after his years of imprisonment and retrial, neither exploiting himself nor permitting his exploitation by others. He took no part in the revolution called by his name. Yet poetic justice somehow demands that out of all that happened to him there should have come a tragic stature that he seems altogether to have lacked. He lived quietly and with dignity, commanded troops in the first world war and survived until 1935, in his old age playing a good deal of bridge.

"One evening his partner remarked that a certain X had been arrested for espionage, and then, realizing the tactlessness of his remark, added that he did not suppose there was anything in it. Dreyfus, calmly dealing, rejoined: 'Oh, I don't know; after all, there's no smoke without fire.'"

Certainly a most extraordinary remark.

Chapman holds a flattering view of his reader's education, and anyone who comes to *The Dreyfus Case* without previous acquaintance with French politics at the turn of the century would be well advised to bone up by reading a survey of the period first. The cast of characters is immense, and Chapman is not a master of the kind of portraiture or the memorable phrase that enables the reader to move knowingly among such a press. The style is textbookish. But the absorbing story is all there, and it is well worth the trouble of reading it.

"TO HELL WITH JUSTIFICATION"

JOHN MASTERS' **Bugles and a Tiger** (Viking, $3.95) is an exciting account of a half-dozen years in the author's life as a soldier, beginning with his military education at Sandhurst, continuing through his service as an officer in the Indian Army, and ending with the outbreak of the second world war. It is a personal adventure story and a very fine one, full of colorful incident and humor. It is also a book in praise of order.

Masters speaks of himself as "an iconoclast by nature," he says that his "code has never been quite the same as anyone else's," and there is about him something of the born outsider. But the basic unity and drama of his book lie in the struggle to belong and the espousal of the value of submitting to a larger order than the mind can grasp. Obviously as a young officer Masters was abler, more intelligent, better-read, and more variously gifted than most of his fellow officers, and he started out in life with very high expectations of himself, which have been to a remarkable extent fulfilled.

But from his work with Indian troops he learned that "ability is not really very important. It was for the conscientious, thoughtful, brave, and, above all, straightforward man that people gave their best." The good officer does not concern himself overmuch with "rights"—the key words are duty and self-respect. Masters



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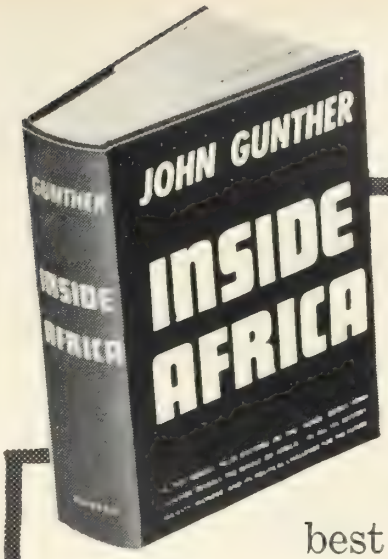
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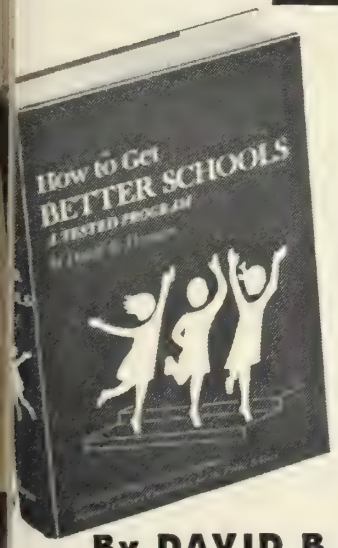
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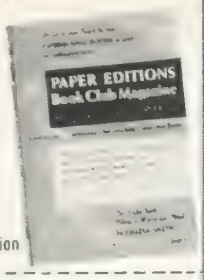
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has a low opinion of the abstractions about political justice for India originating among politicians and political writers ignorant of the living traditions of the country and of the British there.

In the end, as he sits alone among the trophies of his regiment in an army post in India, looking back over the long and splendid history of the unit and over the century and a half his own family served out there, he begins to wonder what the whole British stay in India meant. He lists some of its accomplishments, and then breaks off: "To hell with justification. Let someone else worry about that. . . . I had been formed by my blood, my country, my profession, my regiment, and India."

Beneath its brilliant surface *Bugles and a Tiger* is an eloquent and forceful argument for an attitude toward life: keep the regimental colors flying. It is the Book-of-the-Month-Club selection for January.

AT A time when more and more voices are raised in support of the argument for order, it is reassuring to come across at least one book in support of the liberal hope that society can be made more and more conformable to the ideal of justice. Such a book is Charles Frankel's **The Case for Modern Man** (Harper, $3.50). This is an excellent defense of historical liberalism—not of liberalism in the left-wing sense but of the liberalism that underlies virtually all American politics and the politics of most of what is called the free world.

The essential characteristic of liberalism (to abridge Frankel's formulation, perhaps unjustly) lies in its belief that man can learn from experience and is free to apply what he learns to the future. If man can do this, then progress is possible. But such a belief carries with it sweeping implications for both the individual and society. It means that there must be a certain tentativeness about what a man believes, because experience is vaster than any one man can know; it requires tolerance, because different men know different areas of experience. Tolerance requires that compromise will be the method of political life, which means that the individual can never look to the state for the fulfillment of his highest ideals; the best the state can do is to provide a framework in which he can pursue these ideals, either independently or in voluntary associations. But the state is kept responsible because it is always scrutinized in the light of the ideals its members hold. Reform is possible.

But can man profit from experience? Frankel regards this as a problem in the philosophy of history, and he examines four leading anti-liberal philosophies of history—Maritain's, Niebuhr's, Mannheim's, and Toynbee's—to see if they provide a better description of what happens in history than liberalism does. This is a brilliant job. Frankel summarizes the thought of each man with admirable succinctness, and he has, except in the instance of Maritain, a real feeling for whatever is beautiful in the ideas under discussion. But he shows, by relentless argument, where each philosophy fails.

It is vain to attempt to say how Frankel does this, for the attack varies greatly from one philosophy to another. But behind each analysis there lurks the same question: If man cannot learn from experience, where do philosophies of history come from? Doesn't any attempt to assess the meaning of past experience tacitly assume that we can profit from it?

The other major undertaking of Frankel's book is the re-examination of the stereotype of liberalism. He looks at certain key liberal ideas in the historical context that produced them and shows that often they have been misunderstood. He shows, for instance, that the idea of the perfectibility of man did not mean to Condorcet that man was en route to perfection; it meant that his lot could be improved. He shows that historically belief in the goodness of man did not result in blindly trusting human nature but instead in constitutions carefully designed to see that no one man had too much power.

In his concluding chapter Frankel faces the most telling criticism that has been aimed at the social consequences of liberalism—the criticism that in practice liberalism has divided man internally and estranged him from the groups to which he "naturally" belongs, that it has split

into economic man and political and religious man and so on, the result that he has little sense himself as a single, effective man being. In fact Frankel be-es that the very philosophies of ory he rejects reflect the indi-al's "feeling of helplessness be-the ebb and flow of massive his-cal events."

nfortunately, Frankel's sugges-s for alleviating this sense of mentation and alienation are e nearly routine than anything in his book. His attempt to ne man's feeling of strangeness he world on the rapidity of tech-ogical change is beside the point, use technological innovation is nseparable by-product of liberal-; and his idea that technological ovation should somehow be ced seems an anti-liberal sugges-n.

n one point Frankel is certainly t: liberalism has enormously in-sed man's expectations of him-and of his fellows and of society. this should not have been treated n incidental observation; it lies the very heart of the problem. eralism has produced a civiliza-n in which many limitations on man life—limitations on its length, material comfort, and so on—have n drastically and dramatically ed back. The danger is that men l therefore conclude that liberal-promises a life with no limita-s at all. But the limitations, ugh altered, remain, and contem-ary liberalism must come to terms h them. Its failure to do so can y result in that stale holding op-tion known as "doctrinaire lib-llism."

n the question of how liberalism uld go about repairing its own rtcomings *The Case for Modern n* is least satisfactory, but it serves cause of liberalism well by de-ding it against its detractors and relieving it of considerable excess ggage.

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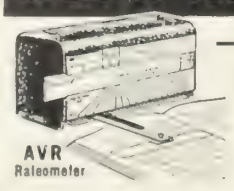
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denly, in less than a century, they have been rediscovered: their language, history, political institutions, art, and architecture are now known, and they turn out to have been no insignificant little desert tribe but the founders of an impressive empire in what is now Eastern Turkey—an empire that lasted about 700 years (roughly 1900-1200 B.C.), that provided "the first historical conflict between East and West," and that successfully met in battle the great Pharaoh Ramses II. The story of the Hittites and their dramatic rediscovery by archeologists and linguists is the subject of a fascinating book **The Secret of the Hittites** (Knopf, $5), by C. W. Ceram, author of *Gods, Graves, and Scholars*

BOOKS *in brief*

KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON

FICTION

The Sunken Garden, by Douglass Wallop.

This saga of the American suburbs (haven't we almost a suburban school of the novel now?) is described by its publisher as "A compassionate story of love, marriage, and infidelity." Surely that is what it is *meant* to be. But as the story unfolds, neither wife nor mistress has sufficient salt or stature (the man is rather better in his gray-flannel-suit way) to make either marriage or infidelity seem worth the trouble, though marriage surely has the edge. There are excellent passages which are almost documentary descriptions of suburban middle-class living (it *is* a school) and one particularly good satiric chapter on American Christmases (the multiple gift). I think the author is rebelling, and rightfully by my lights, at whatever rubs the edge off the best in human feeling, but his people are never big enough or convincing enough to get the story off the ground. By the author of *The Year the Yankees Lost the Pennant.*

Norton, $3.50

Run, by Margaret Shedd.

In Miss Shedd's stories (several of which have appeared in this magazine) there is always a great weighing of compassion against violence, a great stirring up of psychological depths. Her problem is to keep the reader believing in these extraordinary tales which nearly always verge on the pathological. Surely this novel does—the story of a boy's day of terror, the summing up of many days. And the things that trouble him, from the first great fact of being without a father, need a card index or a psychiatrist's file to keep them straight. A great deal of it is too grotesque and subterranean and symbolic—a lot of it takes place in a sewer. But it's an exciting story of a physical chase and of the dark places of the mind that were responsible for it. Doubleday, $3.5

NON-FICTION

We Die Alone, by David Haworth

This is the perfect escape story. The hero is Jan Baalsrud, a Norwegian who was one of a party of saboteurs (and the only survivor) who sailed from the Shetland Islands in the winter of 1943 to perform a mission in their native country, then occupied by the Germans. Jan, his whole expedition lost at the very moment of landing, had only one hope of survival. It was to travel in the middle of winter, with no equipment, the eighty miles across Norway's mountains to the Swedish border. His adventures are astonishing to the point of disbelief, but the joy of the book, aside from the charm of the hero's character, is that every incredible adventure has been verified. For in spite of the title Jan did not die and he was not, except in suffering, alone. He was helped all along his dreadful ordeal by wonderful, simple, and courageous people who risked their own lives and those of their families for him and his cause. And after the war Mr. Haworth, who was the British second in command of the secret navy base in Shetland where the expedition started, went back with Jan and talked to all those people (many of whom had not known what the final outcome of Jan's story was) and saw their houses and heard their stories of the days and nights

BOOKS IN BRIEF

f terror—not only corroborating a's story, but adding to it. The ler shares the satisfying experi-e. There are good end maps, won-ful pictures of very fine faces, and ruel, austere, but most beautiful ntry. A remarkable book written restraint and humor. Book of Month with *Episode of Sparrows* Rumer Godden, for December.

Macmillan, $3.95

e Story of Sandy, by Susan Stan-e Wexler.

andy's neurotic mother, on the h of her second child, decided Sandy, then nearly two, was a genital imbecile and would never elop normally. A doctor had ked her up and there were, of rse, some alarming symptoms. Sandy's father called his own ptive mother and asked her to e the child to save him from being itutionalized. She did. This is very simple and unadorned story what she and her husband and psychiatrists and teachers have e to turn him into a normal d. Straightforward, unsenti-tal, and therefore both informa-and moving.

Bobbs-Merrill, $2.75

e Windward Road, by Archie r.

ou may think you don't care but turtles, but when you're ough reading this book you will. d about a great many other fauna flora—and people—you never w before. The delight that Pro-or Carr (professor of biological nce at the University of Florida) es in them and in the remote ntry on far edges of the Carib-n where his adventures take ce, is highly infectious. A charm-ly written, leisurely book for re-rding reading. Pictures too.

Knopf, $4.50

tes of a Native Son, by James ldwin.

An extraordinarily sensitive, poign-tly literate account of a young erican Negro's search for identity. happens to be a distinguished iter, but he makes it clear that his es, his disciplines, his mixed love d hate of his country are the heri-e of every American Negro—and



Who will help Clementina?

This is Clementina, Italian, age 5. Home is a hut; no gas, no running water, no toilet. The floor is beaten earth. One bed for the family. Blankets are dirty rags and clothes gathered together at the end of the day . . . every day. The kitchen is a rudimentary fire-place. Clementina has not yet gone to kindergarten . . . this will be next year. A child who never owned a toy . . . who knows not how to play . . . she gathers wood for fuel in the nearby woods, does the family washing in the public lavatory, looks after her mother and father who are ill and her younger brother. Her parents look with anguish at their child who never smiles. For Clementina, hunger is never appeased, misery deep. Burdened beyond her years, her sad, bewildered eyes tell the story of her wretchedness. Help to this family means hope instead of despair . . . a chance to live . . . a bulwark against destructive ideologies.

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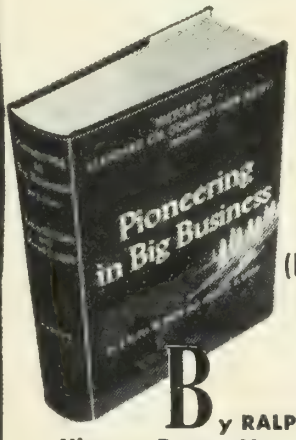
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BOOKS IN BRIEF

why. One of the most revealing passages of the book is one in which he delineates the differences in attitude between Negro African "colonials" and American Negroes in Paris: "The African has not yet endured the utter alienation of himself from his people and his past. His mother did not sing 'Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child.'" The book is full of dazzling flashes of informing perception. There is no softness here. How could there be? It is tough and searching and real but far from hopeless, and reading it is a thought-provoking experience. Two of the chapters, "Stranger in the Village" and "Me and My House . . ." appeared in this magazine.

Beacon Press, $2.75

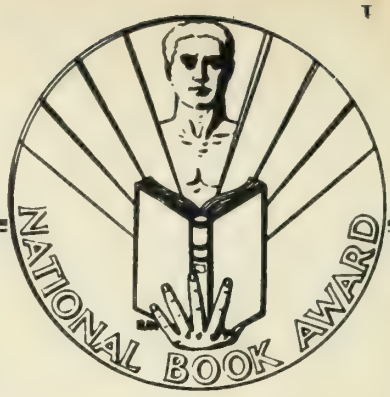
FORECAST

First Novels

Random House announces for March a first novel by Thomas Anderson, an ex-copy boy for *Time* magazine. He is also a veteran of the Korean war and the novel, about that war, is called *Your Own Beloved Sons.* From John Day, also in March, comes *No Traveler Returns* by James Lord, very full of Continental travel. In April Random House goes lyrical over another first novel by a Luce man, William Brinckley, who has written *Don't Go Near the Water,* which they call the *No Time for Sergeants* for the Navy; and over the republishing of *Savrola,* originally published in 1900, by a young man of twenty-four called Winston Churchill—his first and last novel.

Old Masters

All of Frank Slaughter's Biblical novels have been best sellers and Doubleday confidently expects the same from *The Scarlet Cord,* his new novel about Rahab, the woman of Jericho, which they will publish in February. Also from Doubleday, but in March, comes the Literary Guild selection, *Jubilee,* a Civil War novel by John Brick, author of *The Rifleman, The King's Rangers,* and *They Ran for Their Lives.* Irwin Shaw's new novel, coming from Random House in March, is called *Lucy Crown,* named for its heroine, "the kind of woman people talk about." The spring promises to be lively.



These distinguished books are the leading contenders for the NATIONAL BOOK AWARD this year:

FICTION

ANDERSONVILLE — *MacKinlay Kantor (World)*
BAND OF ANGELS — *Robert Penn Warren (Random)*
BRIDE OF THE INNISFALLEN — *Eudora Welty (Harcourt)*
FAITHFUL ARE THE WOUNDS — *May Sarton (Rinehart)*
A GOOD MAN IS HARD TO FIND — *Flannery O'Connor (Harcourt)*
MARJORIE MORNINGSTAR — *Herman Wouk (Doubleday)*
TEN NORTH FREDERICK — *John O'Hara (Random)*
THE BLACK PRINCE — *Shirley Ann Grau (Knopf)*
THE SPIDER'S HOUSE — *Paul Bowles (Random)*

NON-FICTION

AMERICAN IN ITALY — *Herbert Kubly Simon & Schuster*
GIFT FROM THE SEA — *Anne Morrow Lindbergh (Pantheon)*
HENRY ADAMS — *Elizabeth Stevenson (Macmillan)*
INSIDE AFRICA — *John Gunther (Harper)*
NOTRE-DAME OF PARIS — *Allan Temko (Viking)*
SCROLLS FROM THE DEAD SEA — *Edmund Wilson (Oxford)*
SOLITARY SINGER — *Gay Wilson Allen (Macmillan)*
THE LAND THEY FOUGHT FOR — *Clifford Dowdey (Doubleday)*
YEAR OF DECISIONS — *Harry S. Truman (Doubleday)*

POETRY

AS IF — *John Ciardi (Rutgers)*
BIRTHDAYS FROM THE OCEAN — *Isabella Gardner (Houghton)*
EXILES AND MARRIAGES — *Donald Hall (Viking)*
POEMS NORTH AND SOUTH — *Elizabeth Bishop (Houghton)*
SELECTED POEMS — *Randall Jarrell (Knopf)*
THE SHIELD OF ACHILLES — *W. H. Auden (Random)*

WATCH FOR THE NATIONAL BOOK AWARD FEBRUARY 7

the new RECORDINGS

Edward Tatnall Canby

BATTLE WITH A REAL PIPE ORGAN

Some years ago, before there were LP records and hi-fi equipment, I tried a perilous experiment in sound reproduction—and got away with it. My brother was married in a small rural church to the sound of Albert Schweitzer playing Bach—on 78 rpm records. The assemblage (as I heard afterward) was pleasantly impressed by the church's new organist. They assumed, of course, that he was real.

Recently I had another try, in another church, and this time it was real hi-fi—brand new LP records, a whopping amplifier, and a fancy speaker system, boasting about the best bass response in the business. But I had trouble this time. I ran into a real organ.

This was to be a sort of concert of recorded organ music, featuring some of the finest organs extant and a bevy of famous organists. Nice idea for a country church, lacking a good instrument and unable to import famous organists. Like many an organ, the one in this church looked better than it sounded. Handsome gilt pipes in a curved cluster, right up front in plain sight behind the minister's pulpit. And so I had a fine idea: I would put my hi-fi loudspeaker right below the pipes, out of sight. Simple! The sound would then seem to come straight from the organ itself and the illusion would be doubly literal.

I should have known better. I had forgotten, first, about the old bogy of double liveness. I had two churches to deal with, this one and that on the record. Thanks to the extra echo, the sound came not from the pipes at all, but from a great distance *behind* them. Now that might have been very effective in the dim spaces of a Gothic chapel, but this happened to be a four-square, white-trimmed New England edifice with tall windows on every side and no stained glass. There was very visibly nothing behind the pipes but a parking lot and, as anybody could see, there was no organ out there. My illusion had run into inconvenient realism.

IT WAS at this point that the organist arrived, to practice for a hymn-sing a week later. And it was then that I realized how efficient and easy is real sound-making, as compared to our new-fangled electrical method! The organ was quite small, as organs go, and not very well in tune. It was full of windy hisses and creakings from the insufficiently hidden works, quite audible throughout the building. But what shocked me was its sheer *loudness*—especially in the pedals. My supposedly potent hi-fi system couldn't come within hundreds of decibels of this bloated mechanical monster! When I turned off my effetely classical sounds, its great bull voice roared past the proscenium arch behind which it was housed and filled the church. My recordings hadn't been able to get out of that archway, with all the wattage I could give them. This was the real thing, if a bit crude and not very musical.

And so I gave up the battle and

WORTH LOOKING INTO . . .

Monteverdi, Marenzio: Madrigals on Texts from "Il Pastor Fido." Golden Age Singers. Westm. WLE 105.

Corelli: 12 Concerti Grossi, Op. 6. Engl. Baroque Orch., Quadri. Westm. WN 3301 (3).

Lully: Miserere. Margaret Ritchie, Alfred Deller, Elsie Morison, *et al.*, St. Rameau: **Hippolyte et Aricie.** Soloists, Chorus, Orch., Desormière. L'Ois.-Lyre OL 50034.

Bach: Prelude and Fugue in E Mi., Fantasia in G, Passacaglia and Fugue in C Mi. Anton Nowakowski, organ of Klosterkirche an sorö, Denmark. Telefunken LGM 65030 (10″).

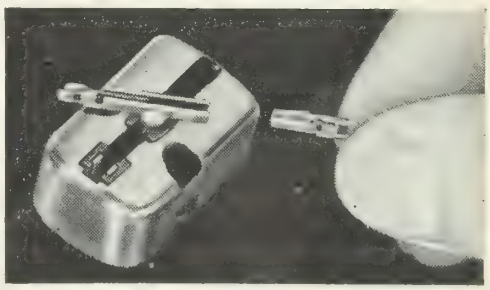


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fell back upon the old device of devious illusion—as I should have done in the first place. I pulled out my equipment and moved it into a back part of the church balcony. I put the speaker at an angle in the corner, facing up and out, for maximum bass reinforcement and maximum dispersal. I "rolled off" the fabulous bass, where most of the sound-energy is concentrated, in order to let through the musical upperworks and give the impression of greater volume. And during the entire recorded recital I sat at my amplifier and dickered desperately with the controls, playing for every advantage I could, to get the greatest *illusion*—and the less said about literalness the better.

It worked and, again, I got away with it. "Why, it sounded just like a real organ!" said everybody. But of course it didn't really. Just a very good illusion.

My balcony perch was ideal because from there the music was spread out so widely that no one could tell where it was. And so each listener was free to imagine his own private "source," his own church, whether Gothic or rococo. No proscenium arch confined the sound, either. It was almost loud—or so it seemed to any good imagination.

And the real organ just sat there all the time, in front of everybody's eyes, obviously and completely silent. I was rather glad there would be a full week before that hymn-sing came along.

Mozarts and Haydns and Bachs

Mozart: Piano Concerti in A, K. 488; D Mi., K. 466. Clara Haskil; Vienna Symphony, Sacher, Paumgartner. Epic LC 3136.

In these days of his two hundredth anniversary, one regularly begins a column with Mozart, and here is without doubt the finest D Minor Concerto ever put on records.

Big claim? A matter of taste, yes, but this one, I can at least maintain, has a superb Mozart pianist—poetic, alive, natural, impeccable in her phrasing, tremendously musical—and her conductor, Paumgartner, is emerging as one of the most authoritative and musical Mozart specialists to be heard today. It is a sort of miracle that the performance should be so natural (I can't keep away from that word) when this "D Minor," as a famous repertory piece, suffers so often from the eccentricities of musicians who feel they must leave their competitive mark upon it—who, indeed, would never play it if it were not so famous.

Much could be said about the A Major, under Sacher, but the D Minor performance is clearly superior to my ear, both in musical and recorded effectiveness. Quite extraordinary.

(Note also the E Flat Concerto, K 271, and a Rondo, K. 386, with the same piano and orchestral forces, on LC 3162.)

18th Century Children's Music (Leopold Mozart: Cassation in G. Gabrielski March and Trio. Hoffman: Symphony for Orch. and Children's Instruments) Vienna Orch. Soc., Adler. Unicorn UNLP 1016.

The feature of this record is the familiar "Toy Symphony," widely ascribed to Haydn, here neatly embedded within a seven-movement Cassation, or suite by Mozart's distinguished papa, Leopold—who must have had more humor than some historians have told us. The discovery is one of the fruits of scholarly research on Leopold Mozart's music (stowed away, largely unknown, in various Austrian monastery collections) by a certain Herr Schmid, who wasn't looking for toy symphonies especially, but recognized this one quickly enough when he turned up the Cassation.

How did three movements out of Leopold's seven turn up as a "complete" toy symphony by Haydn? Plenty of works did that, thanks to the money-value in that great name, but there is nearer evidence: this work has clear Salzburgian (and non-Haydn) traits, such as its post-horn solo, used by Mozart himself in his "Post-Horn Serenade"—which instrument, it seems, was also used by that close friend of the Mozart entourage at Salzburg, Michael Haydn, younger brother to the famous Josef. Could this be the convenient connection?

In any case, music for children's toys was very popular at the time, along with music for mechanical clocks, the "glass harmonica," and so on. "Sinfonia Berchtesgadolensis" was the fancy name, from the town near Salzburg which was then famous merely for its toy industry. Many a big-name composer wrote music of this kind, and the rest of this recording presents other examples, some of quite respectable musical interest.

Unfortunately, the toy sounds are here replaced by prosaic, grown-up imitations. I miss the cuckoos and the water-warbling birds that are usually heard in the music. And, worst of all, everything is strictly in tune. Takes the starch right out of the music!

Haydn: 4 Themes with Variations; Fantasia; Capriccio. Nadia Reisenberg, piano. Westminster WN 18057.

Here is an excellent idea, bringing together a whole group of special Haydns

to stand outside the usual collections of piano sonatas. Among them, the "Andante Varié" in F minor (not its usual title) is very well known, the others rarely heard; but as might be expected, the considerable interest of the music spreads over the whole collection.

Weisenberg is an excellent Haydn pianist—and if there is any piano music more tricky to project than Mozart's, it is Haydn's. Earlier in style, nearer to the harpsichord, more *galante,* yet at the same time surprisingly Romantic à la Beethoven, this music takes a very special technique to make it tell without sounding thin and tinkly, nor yet exaggerated. I've seldom heard it done more effectively and—again—more "naturally" than here.

Haydn: Harpsichord Concerti in D, G, F, C. Robert Veyron-Lacroix; Vienna State Opera Orch., Horvat. Westminster WL 18042.

A companion piece to the above, the music generally of an earlier and pre-Mozart type, of the sort now coming into favor in various "interim" composers—Christian Bach, K.P.E. Bach, Quantz, the Stamitz family, and so on. But early Haydn, outwardly similar, is better and better music than much of the rest, in spite of the thin, tinny effect of his harpsichord writing, so different from the solid harpsichord sound of the older Bach and Handel.

This is French harpsichord playing on a French instrument, which gives the solo part an indefinably non-Austrian flavor; but the orchestra is the Vienna Philharmonic *in alter ego,* and the two together form a good balance of coloration.

Bach: Three Sonatas for Viola da Gamba and Harpsichord. (A) Janos Scholz; Egida Giordani Sartori, hps. Vox PL 9010. (B) August Wenzinger; Fritz Neumeyer, hps. Decca Archive ARC 3009.

The cello is no substitute for the gamba ("leg viol"), with its very different tone and quite different production system. The Gamba has a flat back, like the bass viol, and more strings; it combines the cello and viola ranges in one instrument. It is nasal, a bit hoarse, but infinitely sweet and expressive, once the sound has become familiar. It is primarily a "chamber" solo instrument, best for close-to, intimate listening, whereas the solo cello is flamboyantly suited to larger audiences and wider spaces. Indeed, after a spell of good gamba, the cello sounds blatant and a bit decadent as it is known to have sounded to many who heard it during the time when both were still in use together.

Bach, with his enormous sensitivity to instrumental color and expression, used both the gamba and the cello, making clear distinctions, just as he also used both the recorder and the cross-blown flute, the oboe and the oboe d'amore, the viola and the viola d'amore, making each play its own color-role to the utmost. We do him injustice when we replace these older instruments with others more convenient.

We do the instruments themselves an injustice when we play them with borrowed techniques, better suited to other instruments—it is quite possible to play a gamba as though it were a modern cello, but the sound is false to the music written for it. Hence, I recommend the Wenzinger-Neumeyer recording, here, as somewhat better gamba and better Bach.

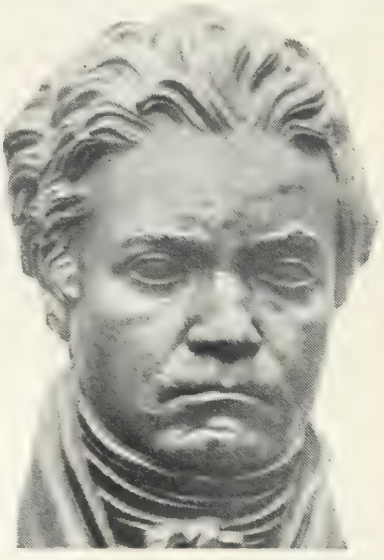
Johann Christian Bach: Three Quintets and Two Sonatas. Collegium Pro Arte. L'Ois.-Lyre OL 50046.

Bach's youngest son is here given a most interestingly comprehensive playing. The three quintets—with flute, oboe, strings and harpsichord—are the interesting material: the rich, Mozart-like style, fully developed and wonderfully lyric yet curiously lacking in tension, as was the style in the brief transition period just before Mozart. One quintet has a keyboard *obbligato,* written out, which is clear piano music; the others have the figured bass keyboard accompaniment of old Bach and Handel, strangely angular in this fluid, plastic style. A charming and musically revealing record.

Michael Haydn: Symphony in G Major; Flute Concerto. Vienna Orch. Soc., Adler. Unicorn UNLP 1007.

The fact that Mozart was a good enough friend to the younger Haydn at Salzburg to write his music for him on more than one occasion (and Mozart's Symphony #37 is, except for the introduction, by Michael Haydn) suggests that Mozart knew he had no real competition in this honest and pleasing small talent! The symphony is charmingly straightforward, not amateurish but occasionally naïve and a very far cry from Mozart himself—or Josef Haydn, for that matter. It is nicely played and makes very pleasant listening. The Flute Concerto, a more demanding medium, is outrightly clumsy and inept, behind its similarly honest exterior. A *very* minor talent, here, and one can begin to wonder whether Michael's reputation, at first ahead of Josef's, wasn't later on pretty much sustained by the increasing illustriousness of the name, Haydn. This concerto composed by someone named Schmidt would be less than nothing.

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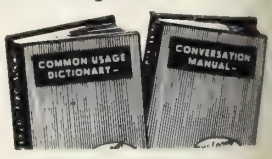
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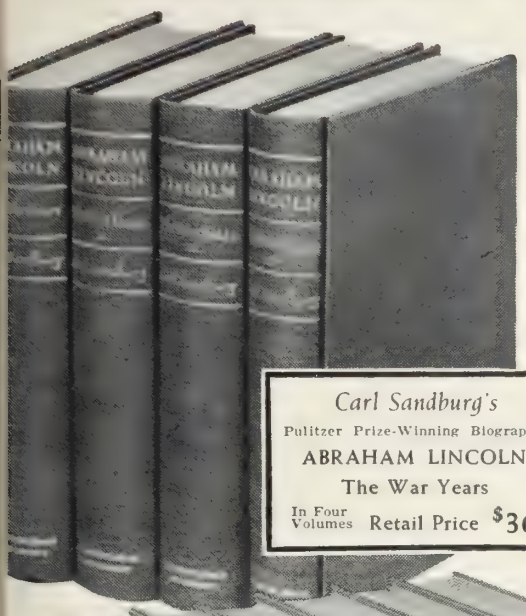
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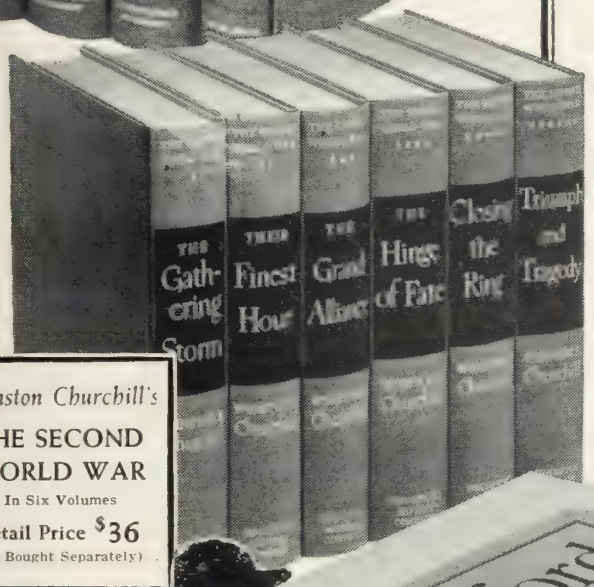
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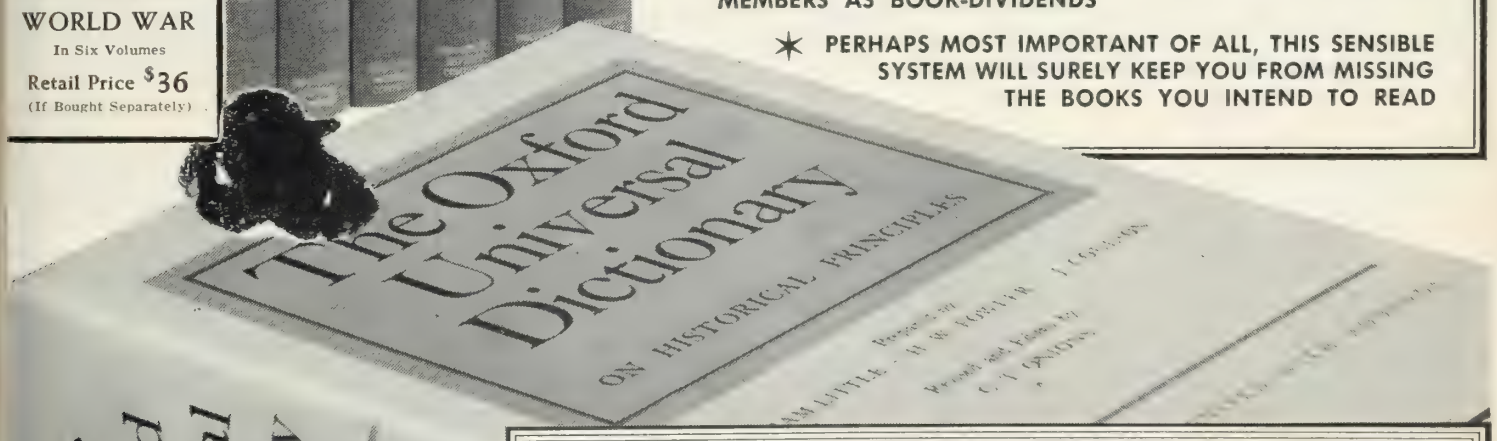


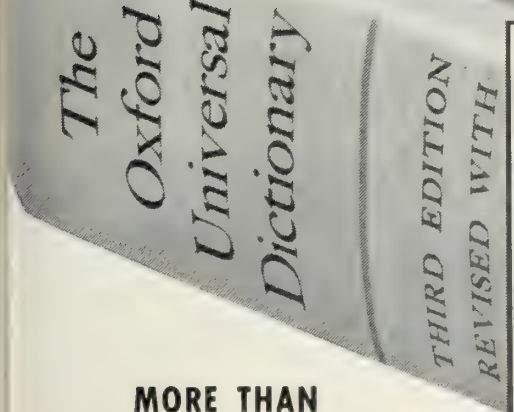
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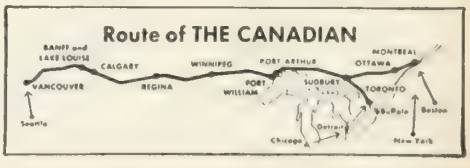
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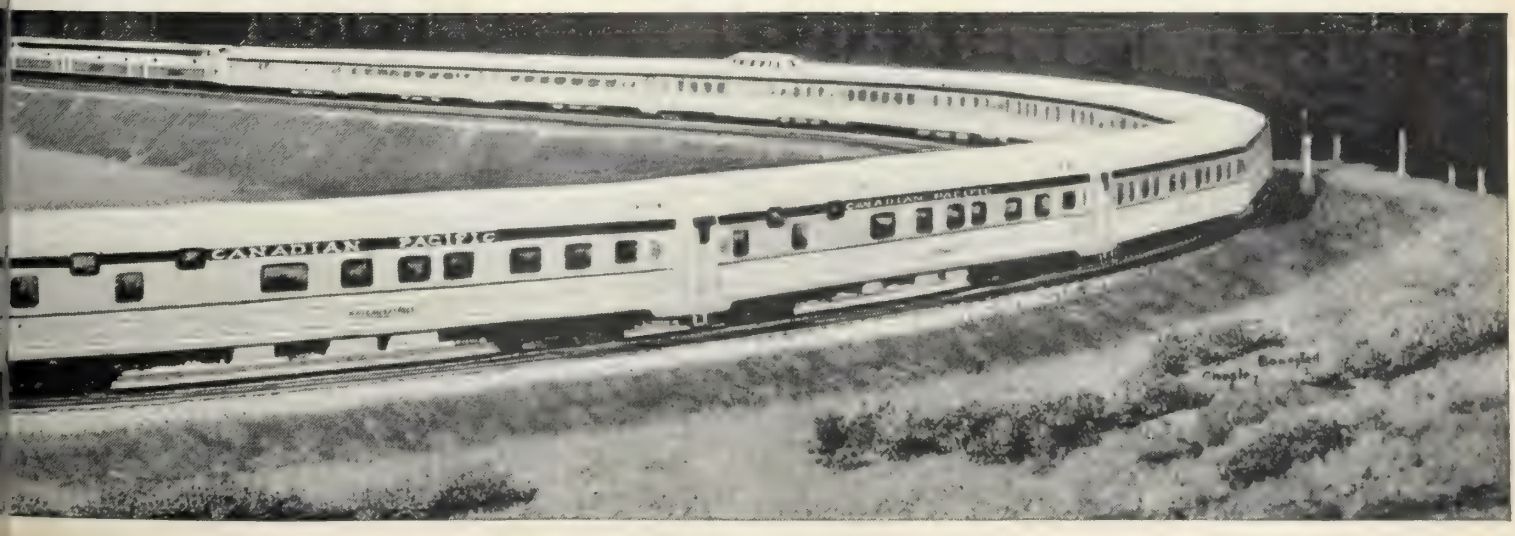
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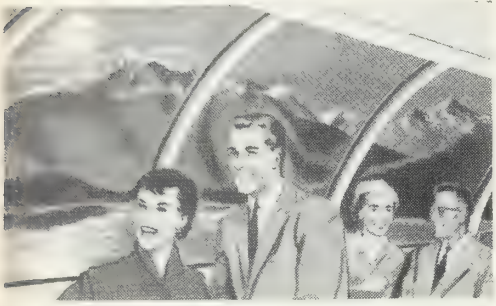


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TO THE EDITORS:

Permit me to thank and congratulate you for publishing Mr. Thomas R. Waring's article, "The Southern Case Against Desegregation" [January]. It is extremely difficult for this section to penetrate the paper curtain that has been erected by Northern newspapers and magazines. . . .

I feel quite sure that if the people of other sections could know and understand the great problems that would arise from integration, their attitude would be far different. They fail to see that this assault by the Supreme Court of the United States upon the rights of states is a direct blow at our liberty and affects the whole country, for if the Court can legislate in this matter, it can legislate in others. We of the South do not feel that the integration decision and decree are legal and valid for the reason that they are based not on law and precedent but upon psychology and sociology, the Chief Justice himself having given a Swede, one Gunnar Myrdal, as his authority when he said in his opinion: "See generally Myrdal."

B. P. DAVIES
State Budget & Control Board
Columbia, S. C.

. . . Mr. Waring does not represent any small minority of the people of the South; he represents the thinking of probably 90 per cent of the people. . . . I believe that people of other sections of this country are mistaking the quietness of this group of Southern people as indication that they do not strenuously object to desegregation and, therefore, do not intend to defend actively their way of life. . . . They intend to use every method at their command to maintain separate schools for their children.

LEWIS F. JEFFERS
Birmingham, Ala.

Mr. Waring says his case is reinforced by the fact that most "transplanted Northerners" soon come to take his view of things. I was transplanted in 1934 and have been in the South ever since. When I first came I was outraged by the South's treatment of the Negro. I am a thousand times more outraged now. . . .

I respect the effort of *Harper's* to get both sides of this vital question, but don't let anybody tell you that Mr. Waring's side is the side of white Southerners generally.

RICHARD P. GREENLEAF
Boaz, Ala.

I am one of the South's uneducated Negroes that Mr. Waring could have possibly been referring to.

I could start this by telling the reader why I was forced to leave school in the seventh grade, except the allotted space reserved for letters cannot permit me to go into as much detail as I should like. However, I will mention some very important questions that Mr. Waring might very easily have answered:

(1) Why is the Negro here and who is responsible for his being here?

(2) What major barriers have hampered his progress both economically and intellectually?

(3) Where is the Negro most likely to encounter such barriers?

(4) And last, but most important, how much longer must we permit these barriers to retard the Negro race?

In reference to the pressure that Mr. Waring speaks of being applied to the South from outside, I'd like to close with these words:

"Man's capacity for justice makes democracy *possible;* but man's inclination to injustice makes democracy *necessary.*"

JOSEPH A. HALL
Chester, Pa.

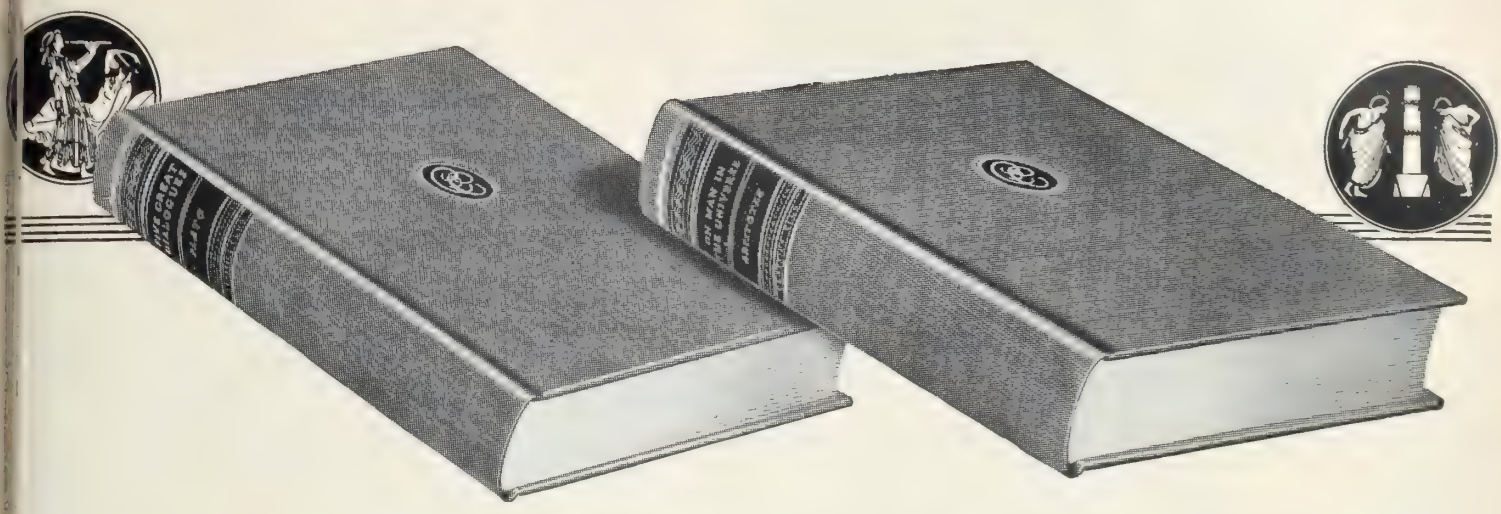
. . . People in the North and West never seem to ask themselves how they would feel about social justice if the proportions of their Negro population were 60 or 70 per cent instead of 2 or 3 per cent and if that 60 or 70 per cent were being incited to hate them. . . .

The Southern white man sees in mixed schools a potential threat of strife and violence and bloodshed in his community. Many of these communities are rural and lack adequate police protection. He is afraid of the consequences, and you can't argue with fear.

You have done a real service in publishing Mr. Waring's article and letting us feel you at least want to be fair. My trouble in writing to you is that I know you can't hear what I say. Your mind is filled with pictures of Little Eva being chased by bloodhounds. You honestly believe Negroes get distorted justice in Southern Courts. You have never heard anything else and I can't blame you for not believing me when I tell you I have been in active practice of law for nearly fifty years and have never known a judge to give a Negro a heavier sentence

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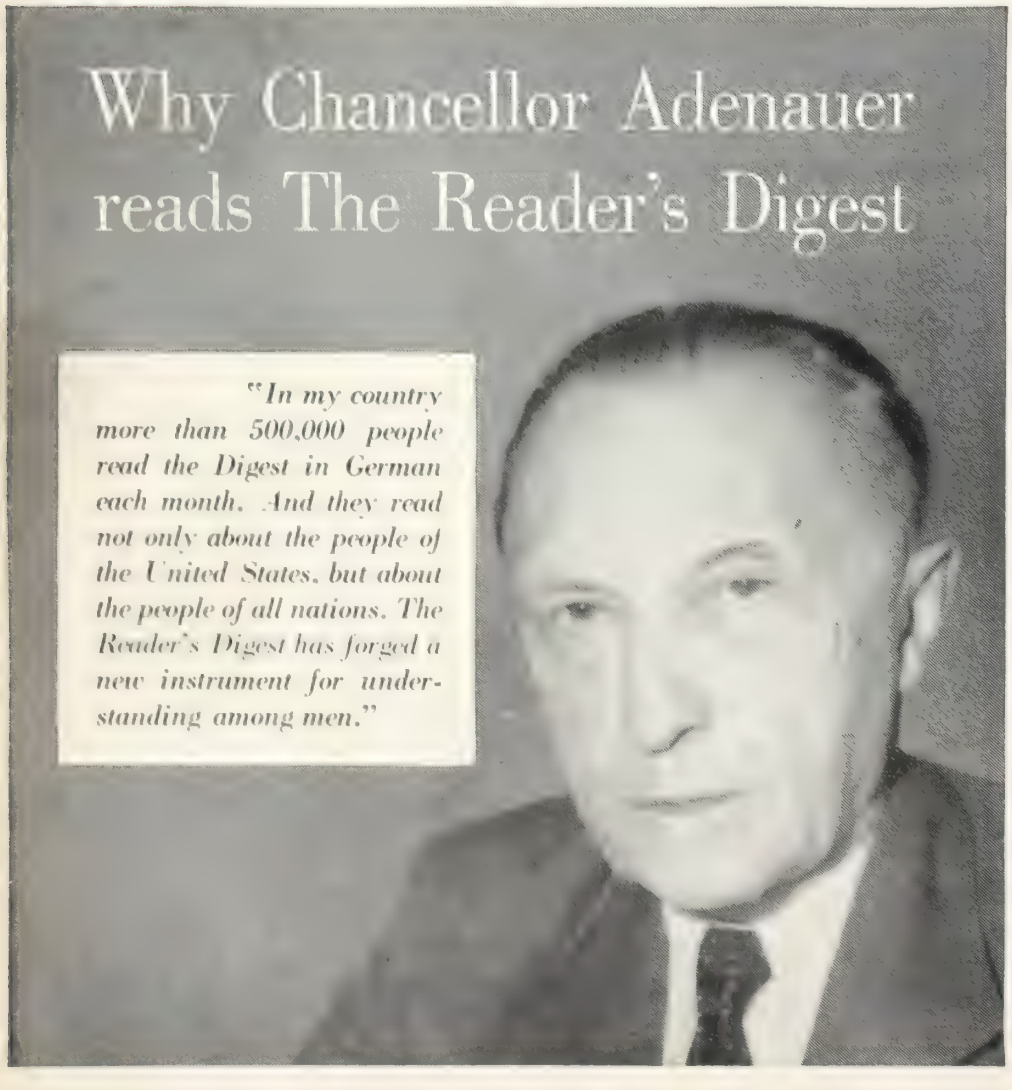
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LETTERS

than he would have given a white man in like circumstances—I have known them to give them lighter sentences.

R. B. Herbert
Columbia, S. C.

Although Mr. Waring's viewpoint on desegregation is milder than most Southerners', he still ignores the real issue: Is the American Negro a 100 per cent citizen or a 50 per cent citizen?

Mr. Waring's five main points against Negroes—Health, Home Environment, Marital Habits, Crime, and Intellectual Development—are, as he admits, the crux of the problem. It is [deficiencies in] these things that forward-looking citizens are trying to eliminate among all segments of the population. Mr. Waring, however, offers nothing toward a solution of the problem. Instead, he implies that the segregation wall should remain, in order to keep the "contaminated" in their place. . . .

H. E. Carney
Governors Island, N. Y.

Thank you for the stimulating article by Thomas R. Waring. Although I am a Northerner, I understand completely his dilemma. I was born in Minnesota, but my parents came from Norway. Both were proud of their Norwegian heritage and hoped their children would remain Norwegian in spirit, habit, and custom.

However Minnesota, in spite of being a progressive state, has never provided separate but equal facilities for Norwegian children . . . and in school I was forced to sit next to Swedish children, whom Norwegians consider definitely inferior in every way. In fact the high school I attended was named after a Swedish governor who had insinuated himself into that high position much against the wish of the Norwegian voters who, not having the protection of a poll tax, were outnumbered at the polls. To bring about the final humiliation, my brother married a Swedish girl . . . the direct result of the mingling of the races in the classroom.

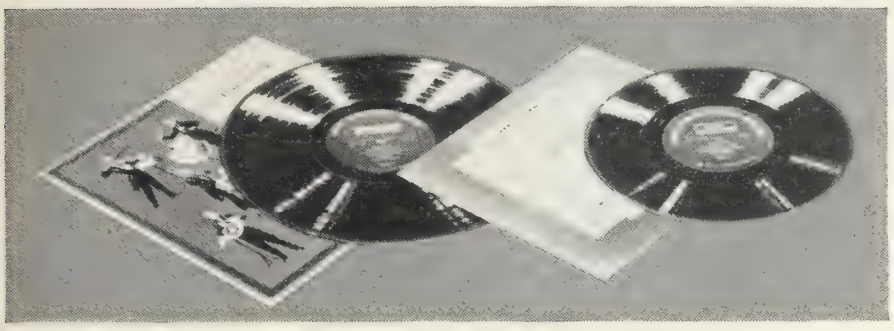
As Mr. Waring so astutely points out, there are differences, vast differences, between the races. My parents frequently pointed out that Swedes ate openly of smorgasbord, and I'm sure it is universally known what a steady diet of that will do to mind and body. . . . Furthermore, Swedes do not even speak Norwegian. . . . I will support Mr. Waring in segregating Negroes if he will join me in segregating Swedes.

Arnold Olaf Sundgaard
Syosset, N. Y.

Mr. Waring makes a good try in his article, but his "facts" do not obscure or lessen the fact that segregation is

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LETTERS

economically wasteful, politically stupid, and morally evil—as well as illegal now.

We live in a borderline community where desegregation in the public schools has been accomplished without incident. As a result of reading Mr. Waring's article, we plan to double our next contribution to the NAACP.

HELEN L. KREIGH
Columbia, Mo.

Among thinking men of good will in the South, "The Southern Case Against Desegregation" has best been summed up by a man whose identity I do not know, one of a small group who discussed this matter at a North Carolina hotel shortly after the Supreme Court decision. . . . He said that although deep down in his heart he knew that segregation as now practiced in the South was wrong, nevertheless he could never bring himself to permit his young daughter to attend a desegregated school. There you have the most sincere thoughts of many white parents throughout the South. Any legal or other force used to destroy this concept will in many instances destroy the prevailing public-school systems first. . . . To peacefully accomplish the ends for which the NAACP has fought so long will require another twenty-five years. . . .

HUBERT O. DE BECK
Houston, Tex.

Thomas Waring speaks for the alarmists who would stir up racial strife by predicting it. We have them too in Texas with their Citizens Councils. . . .

Their fears are unwarranted and their picture of Negroes is overdrawn. Here is one white Texan who says desegregation will be accepted in Texas without more than a murmur from the public at large. . . . ROBERT N. JONES
Dallas, Tex.

As a Southerner who has lived in the North for thirty years . . . I feel there has been too much pot calling the kettle black in the North-South effort to meet a very real need. . . .

Let Northerners honestly evaluate their own restricted suburban areas, and the segregated schools which result. . . .

MARY L. SANDERS
Tuckahoe, N. Y.

. . . Mr. Waring has thoughtfully turned the effects of segregation into its justification. KLAUS G. LOEWALD
Berkeley, Calif.

One of Thomas Waring's reasons for his article, so stated by him, is that Northerners may understand clearly Southern public opinion. What he really does is disabuse Northerners of their

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LETTERS

optimism concerning the New South.

He falls back on the threadbare opinion that "uplift is being forced at too rapid a pace." Ninety years have come and gone since the war between the states. Almost four generations have grown up apparently without any fundamental change in public opinion concerning racism. . . .

On the world stage the United States appears convicted of democratic inconsistency because of racial segregation and discrimination and of unwillingness to go the whole way in human rights under the Constitution. . . .

FRED L. BROWNLEE
Brasstown, N. C.

. . . There are several places where Mr. Waring's argument does not stand up. . . . Does he realize that Northern Negroes showed up better on the Army Alpha tests than Southern whites? . . .

F. ALEXANDER MAGOUN
Jaffrey, N. H.

All that Mr. Waring writes may be true. The Virginia election returns indicate that he speaks for two-thirds of Southern white voters. However the public apology issued by Georgia Tech students when their governor proposed to cancel the Sugar Bowl game because the Pittsburgh team had a Negro fullback also indicates that the coming generation has a different concept of current history.

The basic fact appears to be that segregation is no longer a question of good will, or ethics, or mutual understanding. It has become a threat to the security of the United States. We can no longer afford to equip our enemies with so powerful a weapon. This is not an exclusively Northern philosophy. As my memory goes, its most eloquent exponent is William Faulkner of Mississippi.

LESLIE C. BARBER
East Lansing, Mich.

I represent two groups: I am a Georgia college student and a confirmed Southerner. . . . Mr. Waring has presented a precise picture of the Southerner's pro segregation attitude. . . . His article has gone further than to present the Southerner's reasons for his racial prejudices toward desegregation. Mr. Waring has disclosed facts which I am sure will bring the Southerner more to the realization that segregation is a fallacy and that desegregation is eventually inevitable. . . .

[MISS] TEMPLE WILSON
Wesleyan College
Macon, Ga.

Harper's has made succinct and pointed comment on "The Southern Case Against Desegregation" and in pub-

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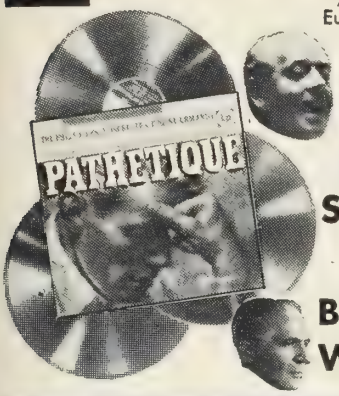
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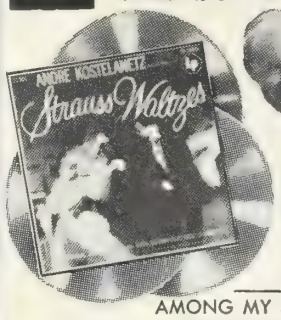
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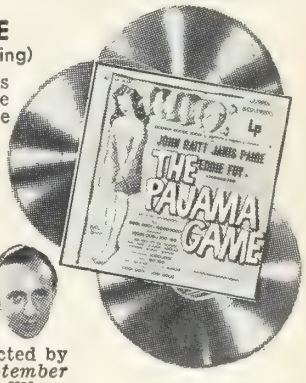
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LETTERS

lishing the article has performed a greater service than may be immediately apparent.

For nothing "outsiders" may say of Southerners and their views on race is so revealing as the Southerners' exposition of their own position. . . .

These people who plead everlastingly to be left alone to deal with problems of race never seem to realize how nakedly they expose their inadequacies and failures in the very arguments they employ in support of their "position." Let us assume that the Negro never had citizenship status; that he was merely a ward of the Southern whites. Guardians are held accountable for the welfare of their wards. . . . Mr. Waring and his fellows shrug this off. The Negro whom they have degraded in countless ways is now in this day of accounting a strange, ignorant creature, of low morals and foreign culture, a criminal. . . .

The remedy they propose is to continue the same system, to have the "meddlers" keep out, and to let time (2055, one South Carolinian has said) and the friendly, considerate Southern whites take care of the whole thing.

In the face of this maddening myopia it is difficult to remain reasonable, calm, and non-violent. Yet all Negroes except those few "crazy" enough not to conform have done so through the years. Other races, similarly treated, have resorted to bombs, guns, knives, and poison, but American Negroes, mistakenly or not, have put their trust in law, in the American system. . . .

The past year has been one of great disillusionment to many white Southerners. "Their" Negroes who they said did not want desegregation have not stepped forward to ask the continuance of segregation. The Negro teacher has been threatened, but every Negro state teachers' association has passed resolutions favoring desegregation. With a few rare exceptions, the Negro clergy has stood firm. The small Negro business and professional class has taken its stand. In the teeth of economic pressure and persecution the Negro farmer and worker have held their lines. . . .

The system of legally enforced racial segregation is doomed by forces stronger than the NAACP, the Warings, the Eastlands, or the United States Supreme Court. History has caught up with the provincial architects of a contrived neighborhood civilization based upon myth and feudalism. It is a tribute to their ingenuity and to the easy tolerance of the democratic system that the structure has endured this long. But the whistle has blown. Change will no longer be denied.

ROY WILKINS, EXEC. SEC.
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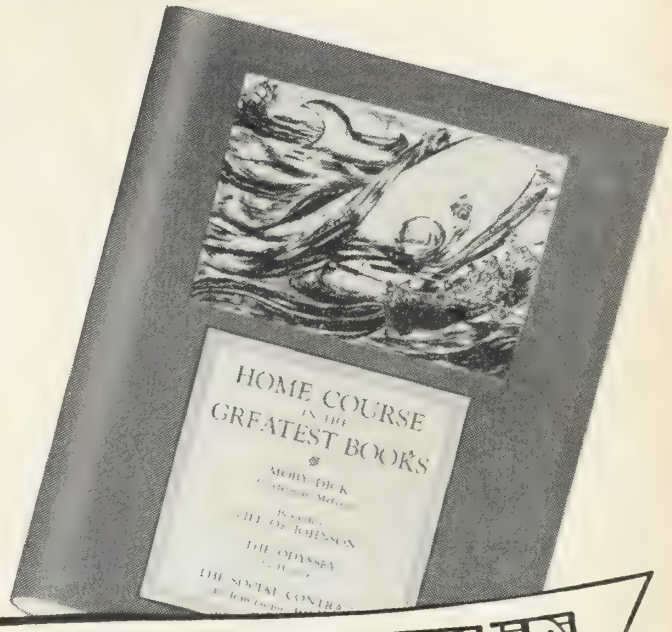
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the editor's EASY CHAIR

Why Is the Conservative Voice So Hoarse?

LAST November, newsstands throughout the country offered the first issue of a new magazine, *National Review,* which described itself as "frankly, conservative." A good many people bought it with sympathetic curiosity, feeling that a conservative journal of opinion would be a remarkably useful addition to the American scene.

It is true that the overwhelming majority of our newspapers and magazines are basically conservative, and have been for decades. Yet in all these years they have failed to perform one function which is essential, both to the conservative interest and to the health of society. They have never developed a lucid, coherent body of conservative doctrine.

By and large, their conservatism has expressed itself merely in lopsided news coverage, invective, and in the kind of blind, automatic opposition which provokes accusations about "the one-party press." As a consequence, a reader has no difficulty in discovering what our conservatives are against; but he has great trouble in finding out what they are for. Their journalistic spokesmen —from David Lawrence to George Sokolsky, from the Chicago *Tribune* to the Dallas *News,* from *Time* to *Facts Forum*—rarely give any hint of a positive program; they apparently conceive their role as almost solely critical.

Often, too, they seem to think of conservatism in purely economic terms. Money and property are of course matters of concern—and proper concern—to every genuine conservative; but they are not the only questions, or even the most important. The great conservative leaders of history have never believed that they could express all their ideals by shouting: "Lower taxes!" Instead they have focused primarily on the underlying problems of the human community—the questions of leadership . . . of equality (how much of it is possible, and how much a good thing?) . . . of continuity and order . . . the obligations of the strong to the weak (and the other way round) . . . the privileges necessary to encourage virtue and high achievement in culture and political life . . . and the safeguards needed to keep such privilege from being abused.

The contemporary application of these issues rarely gets discussed in any of our supposedly conservative publications. Nowhere in America is there any organ comparable to the London *Economist* which argues the conservative position, week after week with style, logic, responsibility, a wealth of documented fact, and a solid philosophic underpinning.

(In the mass circulation field, the Cowles publications—including the Des Moines *Register and Tribune,* the Minneapolis *Star and Tribune,* and *Look* magazine—probably achieve the closest approach to a consistently intelligent conservative point of view. *Fortune* often presents impressive essays in conservative thought; but since it deliberately limits its circulation to a relatively small circle of business executives, it is generally regarded as a managerial trade journal rather than a general magazine. A new bi-monthly, the *Conservative Review,* to be edited by Russell Kirk, has been announced by the Henry Regnery Co.—perhaps the most adventurous of the avowedly conservative publishing houses—but at this writing the first issue has not yet appeared.)

THIS lack is especially serious because the conservative politicians of our generation also have failed to develop a systematic body of ideas. In earlier days, America spawned plenty of articulate conservative thinkers—a succession running from Hamilton and Randolph to Adams, Webster, Calhoun, Lincoln, Hanna, Lodge, and Theodore Roosevelt. They knew what they believed, and could explain it with wit and eloquence. But about 1914 the blood line apparently played out. Since then we not only have produced no American equivalent of Winston Churchill; we haven't even come up

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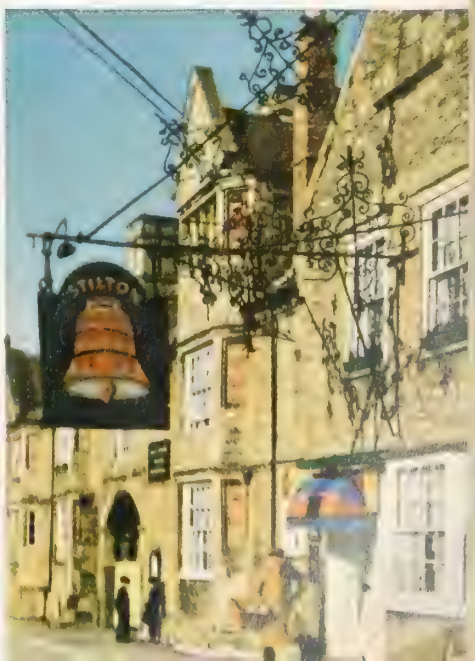
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with a Lord Percy, an L. S. Amery, or a Douglas Jerrold.

Indeed, the common trait of our recent conservatives seems to be an inability to express themselves. The archetype was Silent Cal Coolidge, who made muteness his trademark. His style was matched by Harding's spavined syntax, the mumbled apologetics of Herbert Hoover, the earnest Eisenhower platitudes. About the only exceptions to this tongue-tied tradition are Douglas MacArthur—who fairly revels in besequinned prose—and the late Senator Robert A. Taft.

His talent for marshaling his ideas in a plain but forceful language promptly made Taft the dominant conservative of his time. But he, too, neglected to put together anything which could be called a philosophy of modern American conservatism. Much of his best thought went into Senate speeches; and they often dealt with the technicalities of a particular piece of legislation—for example, his brilliant defense of public housing—rather than with the large questions of human society. His one attempt to write comprehensively about fundamental issues was his little book on foreign policy; and it was far from successful, because these were the problems he had studied least. Taft's genius burned itself out in a remarkable feat of personal leadership—leaving hardly any residue of doctrine to guide and inspire his successors.

The present Administration suffers woefully from this inherited case of intellectual laryngitis. Obviously The Team believes it is operating on some consistent political theory. Just as obviously, none of its members (including its Captain Emeritus) has ever managed to say what it is—at least not in terms that anybody can remember for five minutes. (Gabriel Hauge, the White House seer-in-residence, has perhaps made the best stab at it; but he speaks the dialect of the economist, not the political leader.) When FDR was in full bloom, nearly every man-in-the-street could tell you what the New Deal meant to him. But who ever met a taxi-driver who could define Dynamic Conservatism?*

This handicap is particularly embarrassing, because the conservatives (of both parties) are up against an articulate—not to say garrulous—opposition. Within the last few months books have appeared from the typewriters of Truman, Stevenson, Acheson, Bowles, and a gaggle of lesser Democrats. In fact, there is scarcely a liberal Democrat in the Senate who doesn't have at least one volume to his credit, and a dozen members of the House scribble surreptitiously at their manuscripts during every dull speech. But books by Republicans—and Democrats of the stamp of Byrd and Russell—are scarcer than Gutenberg Bibles. Similarly, every magazine editor knows that scores of leading liberals are eager to write articles at the flutter of a check—while it is all but impossible to coax a manuscript out of any conservative of standing.

If there is an explanation, it is a well-kept secret. The more uncharitable liberals sometimes suggest that conservatives aren't bright enough to write anything; but this argument—while it may be valid for such concrete stanchions of Republicanism as Joe Martin and Senator Bricker—hardly explains the silence of the party's eggheads. George Humphrey, for example, is by all evidence the best mind to ornament the Treasury Department in twenty-five years. In comparison with a Snyder, a Morgenthau, or a Woodin, his intellectual radiance is blinding; and in high-level conferences he expresses his views with pungency and vigor. Yet on at least one occasion, when he was invited to state these same views in either a book or a magazine article, he recoiled in horror as if he had been asked to go partners in a bawdy house.

The mystery is all the more puzzling because the Administration is composed largely of businessmen, supposedly well-grounded in the value of advertising and publicity. And it is a mystery with unfortunate consequences—for the country urgently needs an explicit, continuous statement of the conservative doctrine. So long as it is lacking, our political debate is not only one-sided; it also is likely to be confused and irresponsible. For instance, McCarthy's assault on the basic conservative principles of fair play, due process, and orderly government could never have got very far if the nation's conservatives had understood their own principles clearly enough to fight for them. (Senators Watkins, Flanders, and Fulbright, to their eternal credit, did understand, and were willing to fight, with historic results.)

In these circumstances, many people welcomed *National Review* with considerable hope. Here, maybe, was the long-awaited voice. . . .

THESE hopes did not survive the first half-dozen issues. By that time it was plain that the new magazine was an organ, not of conservatism, but of radicalism.

Its radicalism is of the Right, rather than the

* John Foster Dulles' *War or Peace* (1950) and Henry L. Stimson's memoirs (1948) are the most recent major works by conservative statesmen. A considerable number of semi-academic books on conservatism have, of course, been published in the last few years by such non-political figures as Russell Kirk, Peter Viereck, Gordon Harrison, Clinton Rossiter, Daniel Bell, and Walter Lippmann; but their sale has been modest, and they do not yet appear to have had much impact either on public opinion or on working politicians.

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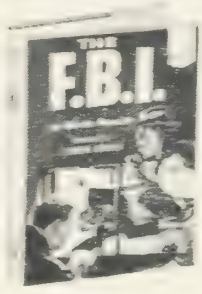
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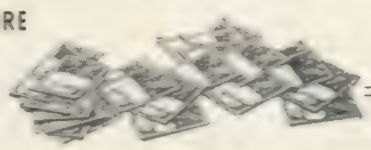
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Left—but the distinction is not very important. In its editorial policy, emotional attitude, and even its format, it strikingly resembles its brethren at the opposite end of the political spectrum: the *Nation*, the defunct *New Masses*, and (in Britain) the *New Statesman* and the *Tribune*, spokesmen for the Bevanite wing of the Labor party. It exhibits all the classic stigmata of extremist journalism.

(1) It is dedicated to the Conspiracy Theory of politics. With the Leftists, it is an article of faith that a little clique of evil men in Wall Street runs the country; *National Review* believes that The Liberals "run just about *everything*." ("The Liberals," according to its definition, include practically everybody from President Eisenhower to Earl Browder. The only true "conservatives" seem to be McCarthy, Jenner, Knowland, Fulton Lewis, Jr., Westbrook Pegler, and their disciples.)

(2) It is dreadfully earnest. The editorial tone is one of humorless indignation, almost indistinguishable from that of the *Daily Worker*. Most of its space is devoted to sermons, rather than to factual reporting.

(3) It has grave doubts about freedom. Where the extremists of the Left suspect that freedom is not compatible with economic security, the writers for *National Review* hint that freedom is not compatible with political security. Just as the Leftists yearn for planning, so these apostles of the Far Right yearn for discipline—often with heavy clerical overtones.

(4) It is Utopian. As the Communist theorists want to bound ahead to 1984, it would like to leap back to 1928. Neither has any patience with the inch-by-inch realities of contemporary politics.

(5) It has a persecution complex. In the first issue it complained that "radical conservatives in this country . . ." are "being suppressed or mutilated by the Liberals." An echo, clearly, of the familiar whine of "progressives" that they are being stomped under the iron heel of the capitalist bosses.

(6) It is unhampered by consistency. *National Review* is violently opposed to Communism; but it is equally opposed to fighting Com-

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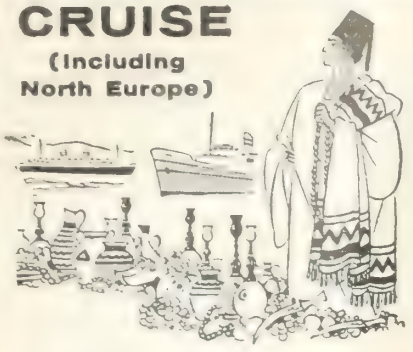
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THE EASY CHAIR

munism with the economic and propaganda weapons which are likely to be decisive, during the next ten years, in the still uncommitted areas of the world.

(7) Like most of the extremist little magazines, it seems to be aimed primarily at an audience of True Believers. As Eric Hoffer noted in his classic work on this species, they are emotional people who throw themselves frantically into a cause—often to make up for some kind of frustration in their private lives. They form the hard core of many religious, nationalist, and revolutionary movements; they have great capacity, in Hoffer's words, for "enthusiasm, fervent hope, hatred, and intolerance . . . blind faith and single-hearted allegiance." They are the precise opposite of conservatives.

Maybe all of this should have been expected. The symptoms were foreshadowed in two books by William F. Buckley, Jr., editor of the new magazine: *God and Man at Yale* and *McCarthy and His Enemies.* Moreover, some of his editorial associates have, themselves, long been True Believers. Yet it is sad to see an opportunity missed. . . .

No doubt *National Review* will serve a useful purpose in feeding the emotional hungers of a small congregation of the faithful; and it will have a certain interest for students of political splinter movements. But the far greater need for a journal to express the philosophy of modern American conservatism still remains unfilled.

FIT OF TEMPER?

ANOTHER mystery of American political behavior—which is stirring up bewildered gossip from London to New Delhi—has gone almost unnoticed in this country.

On December 2 Mr. Dulles issued a curious document. He called it a "joint communiqué" on behalf of himself and Paulo Cunha, the Portuguese foreign minister then visiting Washington. Together they deplored some recent statements by a couple of other traveling politicians—Khrushchev and Bulganin—"concerning the Portuguese provinces in the Far East." The *New York Times* mentioned the communiqué perfunctorily on an inside page;



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most other American papers paid it no attention whatever.*

The Indian press, however, exploded. For the "provinces" that Mr. Dulles referred to were Goa and the other tiny Portuguese possessions which are embedded like cysts in the body of India. To Asians, these are "colonies," not "provinces"—and they symbolize the most inflamed political passion of the Orient. The barnstorming Soviet bosses had just endeared themselves to their hosts—and obscured their own bloody colonial record—by demanding that these territories should be handed over to India.

The words were hardly out of their mouths when Mr. Dulles went out of his way—as the Asians saw it—to declare himself *in favor* of colonialism and to throw his protecting arms around the hated Portuguese. With a single sentence, he seemed to confirm all the slanders of the Communist propagandists about "American imperialism."

One of the very few Indian publications friendly to America—the *Eastern Economist*—reported that "in one incompetent, unimaginative, and unnecessary pronouncement, the Secretary of State has succeeded in alienating America's friends and giving joy to America's enemies." The London *Economist*—also a staunch defender of the United States—concluded that "Mr. Dulles has been worth more than ten Khrushchevs in Moscow's wooing of India."

Why did he do it?

No doubt Senator McCarthy will suspect that Mr. Dulles was beguiled into playing the Communists' game by some hidden agent in the State Department; but responsible men will look for a less romantic explanation. Domestic political considerations? Well, hardly. The Portuguese voters in a few New England states are not important enough to court in such an expensive fashion.

Pressure from Lisbon? This seems unlikely, because Portugal can do nothing for us—or against us—which would justify antagonizing a far larger and more strategic nation. (The Portuguese might have threatened to take away our air-base privileges in the Azores, or to hamper our intelligence work through Macao, one of the few leaks in the Bamboo Curtain; but it would be ridiculous to yield to this kind of blackmail, if only because our instruments of counter-pressure are potentially much more powerful. For example, we in turn could shut off the lucrative Macao smuggling trade—much of it now carried on in bland violation of Portugal's promise to support the blockade of Red China.)

An attempt to jolt Nehru into thinking twice about his flirtation with the Soviet bloc? Again, scarcely plausible; Mr. Dulles knows as well as anyone that a policy of pinpricks never works—least of all with a people as touchy as the Indians.

SOME State Department officials (who seem as bewildered as everyone else) suggest that perhaps Mr. Dulles simply lost his temper. Certainly the Indians have been pretty irritating for a long while, and the ecstatic way in which they welcomed their Russian visitors quite understandably may have frayed Mr. Dulles' nerves.

But we do not pay our Secretaries of State to have tantrums in public. The first duty of a diplomat supposedly is to control his emotions, and to keep his mind on the national interest rather than his own hurt ego. If there is another reason for Mr. Dulles' astonishing behavior, he owes it to the country—and to himself—to make an explanation. If, on the other hand, he did in fact give way to an outburst of pique, an explanation and apology are even more urgently indicated. Emotional instability was, after all, the reason given for removing a lot of diplomats in recent years from posts of far less importance.

* Another odd performance by Mr. Dulles—his "brink of war" interview published in *Life* magazine—attracted considerably more attention. This interview was widely described in the press as a reply to Dean Acheson's criticism of the Administration's foreign policy in the November issue of *Harper's*. Mr. Dulles declined an invitation to reply directly to Mr. Acheson in these pages. Presumably he preferred to make an indirect answer, in the form of an interview, so that he could back away from parts of it—as he later did—if they should arouse an unfavorable public reaction.

Greater reliance on competition in rates among the different types of carriers, subject always to essential safeguards of ICC regulation, would make for more efficient use of our transportation plant, and more economical service for all of us. This key recommendation in the report of a special Cabinet-level Advisory Committee named by the President is here discussed by Mr. Faricy.

The Right to Compete

Cornerstone of Modern Transportation Regulation

By WILLIAM T. FARICY

President, Association of American Railroads

THREE outstanding facts about transportation in the United States today are:

(1) that "within the short span of one generation this country has witnessed a transportation revolution";

(2) that "during this same period, government has failed to keep pace with this change"; and

(3) that "in many respects, government policy at present prevents, or severely limits, the realization of the most economical use of our transportation plant."

These statements are not mine. They are from a report made by a special committee of Cabinet officers and other high ranking government officials established by President Eisenhower in July 1954. The report, made public by the White House in April 1955, was unanimous, being concurred in by all seven of the Cabinet-level officers who composed the Committee.*

* *Revision of Federal Transportation Policy:* A Report to the President, April 1955. U. S. Government Printing Office, Washington, pp. iv, 20.

Members of the Committee are Sinclair Weeks, Secretary of Commerce, Chairman; Charles E. Wilson, Secretary of Defense; and Arthur S. Flemming, Director, Office of Defense Mobilization; and, as Ad Hoc Participating Members, George M. Humphrey, Secretary of the Treasury; Arthur E. Summerfield, Postmaster General; Ezra Taft Benson, Secretary of Agriculture; and Rowland E. Hughes, Director, Bureau of the Budget. The report and recommendations of the Committee are unanimous.

The key recommendation of the Cabinet Committee is that in today's competitive transportation world, where the user has his choice of many means of carriage, greater reliance should be placed on competition in pricing as among the various modes of transport. This is what the Committee regards as the "cornerstone" of a modern system of regulation designed to bring about a more effective use of our transportation resources.

Regulation, Yes, But Not Allocation

As matters now stand, one of the principal tests applied by the Interstate Commerce Commission in its control over rate competition among the different types of carriers is the concept that the government's power to regulate rates should be used to see that each form of transportation gets what the Commission deems to be its "fair share" of the available traffic.

Thus, when the railroads proposed to reduce rates upon tank-car movements of petroleum products in California and Oregon as a means of regaining some of the traffic which had been lost to barges and trucks, the Interstate Commerce Commission found that the proposed rates, while yielding revenues which would "contribute substantially to the overhead burden and profits," should nevertheless be rejected because they were lower than the cost to the shipper of using the competing barge-truck routes and thus "lower than is necessary fairly to meet the competition." Moreover, from the

Oregon points, the ICC ordered the rates canceled because they would "affect adversely the maintenance of competitive motor-carrier transportation."*

For like reasons, the Commission has refused to allow railroads to make competitive reductions which they have proposed in rates on sugar from ocean ports to Cincinnati and Louisville, on tinplate from Alabama to New Orleans, on petroleum products from Whiting, Indiana, to Illinois points, on coffee from Los Angeles and San Francisco Bay points to Northern Utah and Idaho, on magazines from Philadelphia and Darby, Pennsylvania, to Texas, on sulphur from Texas to Wisconsin, on scrap rail from Gulf ports to Chicago, and on aluminum articles from Texas to Illinois and Iowa—to name a few other instances.

Such a policy of attempting to allocate business among the different types of carriers requires, in effect, that one form of transportation hold an "umbrella" over the rates and traffic of its competitors by another form of carriage. But if one form of transportation, because of its inherent nature, is able to move a given commodity between given points at a lower rate than competing forms, to do so at a profit, and to do so without discriminating against other shippers, then why should not the low-cost carrier have the business and why should not the public have the saving?

That, in essence, is what the Cabinet Committee's report proposes—namely, that the law should make it clear that through its power of rate regulation neither the Interstate Commerce Commission, nor any other governmental body, should undertake to allocate and divide business among the different types of carriers. The position of the Cabinet Committee is that "the market"—competitive pricing along with competitive service—can do this job better than it can be done by any sort of government allocation.

Essential Rate-Making Standards Maintained

In taking this position, the Presidential Committee did not recommend, and no one contemplates, doing away with the power of the Interstate Commerce Commission to regulate rates. Rates would still have to be published in tariffs filed by the carriers with the Interstate Commerce Commission, as they now are, and still would have to be adhered to as published. Rates still would not go into effect ordinarily until thirty days after filing, and there still would be opportunity for shippers or other carriers to protest or for the Commission to act on its own motion.

The Commission would still have responsibility and power to see that rates are neither unreasonably high nor unreasonably low—a principal test being that they shall be compensatory to the carrier proposing them—and that they do not unjustly prefer or discriminate against any person, any community, or any region. But within these limitations, the recommendations of the Presidential Committee contemplate that competitive pricing, as well as competition in service, should prevail.

Such a result could be accomplished by a simple change in the statutory standards to be applied in determining whether a proposed rate is lower than a reasonable minimum, without affecting the other standards presently applied by the Interstate Commerce Commission. The essential standards would continue as they now are *except* that in determining whether a proposed rate would be less than a reasonable minimum the Commission shall not consider its effect upon the traffic of any other mode of transportation, nor its relation to the charges of any other mode, nor whether it is lower than necessary to meet the competition of any other mode of transportation. Such a proviso would make it perfectly clear that the Interstate Commerce Commission is not expected to undertake an artificial and arbitrary apportionment or distribution of traffic among the several forms of transport.

With traffic distributed in accordance with the natural capabilities and advantages of each kind of carrier, a better balanced development of our national transportation plant would follow. In such a development, each mode of surface transport—rail, highway, and water—would take its proper place and part, performing those services which it can do better and more economically than the other modes, with both rates and service always taken into consideration. And the public, the users of transportation, would get the benefit.

This sound idea, so thoroughly in accord with the customs, the traditions, and the thinking of the American people, has been met with bitter objection from spokesmen for some of the trucks —principally the heavy highway freight haulers— and some of the inland waterway barge carriers.

They have objected to the composition and the procedures of the Cabinet Committee and the working group, or staff, by whom it was

* 284 ICC, pp. 287, 296, 304, 306.

assisted. Attempts have been made to create an impression that the working group gave consideration to the views of the railroad industry alone, but the fact is that other groups also submitted their views and that representatives of the trucking industry submitted written recommendations and also discussed them with the chairman of the group. The insinuation that the seven high government officials who concurred in its unanimous recommendations, and also the group of highly qualified and disinterested private citizens who did the preliminary staff work, listened only to railroad representations is simply not true.

The "Monopoly" Bugaboo

According to assertions of trucking spokesmen, this recommendation for greater freedom of competition between different modes of transportation would turn transportation back to a state of "cut-throat competition" said to have existed before 1887, when the original Act to Regulate Commerce was passed.

There isn't a chance of a return to the conditions of 1887, either in the physical facts of transportation or the legal terms under which the business is conducted.

In 1887, the only effective competition was that among railroads. Since then, billions of dollars have been spent on building and improving waterways, and the waterways are here and will remain. Many more billions have been spent on improved highways, and the highways are here and will remain. These waterways and highways are used by tens of thousands of common and contract carriers by water and by motor vehicle. They are also open to the use of anyone who wishes to move his own goods in his own vehicle and vast tonnages are so moved. Indeed, nearly two-thirds of all intercity freight traffic on the highways and more than nine-tenths of inland waterway traffic is either of this character or is otherwise exempt from interstate regulation as to rates. The mere physical facts as to the extent of transportation facilities in this country, and the variety of their ownership and use, make any chance of general monopoly in transportation too remote to deserve consideration.

From the standpoint of the laws, there has been an equally striking change. Prior to 1887, rates could be made in secret. Now rates are required to be published, with due public notice, and must be adhered to as published. Prior to 1887, there was no statutory prohibition against discriminations or preferences in rates. Now, rates of regulated carriers cannot discriminate against one shipper, or commodity, or community, or region, and cannot prefer another.

There is no recommendation in the Cabinet Committee's report which would depart from these requirements. Adoption of the Committee's report would not authorize the making of secret rates. It would not do away with the requirements of public notice and of adherence to the published rate. It would not permit the making of rates which are either discriminatory or preferential. And the Interstate Commerce Commission would have power to enforce these principles, as well as to prohibit rates which are either unreasonably low or unreasonably high.

No, with competition what it is and the laws what they are—and what they will remain if greater freedom of competition in pricing as among the different modes of transportation is adopted—there is no possibility that a transportation monopoly could be created or sustained.

No Below-Cost Rates

But motor and water carriers assert that to permit greater freedom in the making of competitive rates would enable the railroads to destroy highway and waterway competition. It must always be remembered, however, that under the Cabinet Committee's recommendation, as well as under present law, railroads could not make below-cost rates. If it be true, as claimed by spokesmen for trucks and barges, that they could not continue to exist in the face of competitive rates which are compensatory and nondiscriminatory, then it would follow that trucks and barges often would have no proper place in the transportation system and would exist only because the railroads are restrained from meeting their competition.

Such an assertion is, of course, absurd. In transporting many kinds of freight, trucks and barges often have advantages in service or in cost or in both. The report contemplates that trucks and barges should have complete opportunity to give full force and effect to their competitive advantages whenever they exist—the same opportunity, in fact, as is proposed for the railroads.

Another assertion of opponents of the recommendation, equally baseless, is that greater freedom in competitive rate-making would burden shippers of so-called non-competitive or "rail-bound" traffic. The assertion has repeatedly been made that if rail rates on competitive traffic are reduced it would be necessary for non-com-

petitive traffic to pay higher rates to offset the revenue losses.

Rates × Volume = Revenue

Such assertions rest on a completely erroneous premise, namely, that lower competitive rail rates would reduce rail revenues. Railroad revenues are the product of two factors, rates and volume. The only motive or purpose the railroads would have in publishing reduced competitive rates would be to attract enough increased volume to more than offset the reduction in rates, and thus to produce greater net revenue.

Such competitive rates, it should be borne in mind, would be required to be compensatory as well as non-discriminatory so that instead of hurting non-competitive traffic, they would benefit it by reducing the share of the necessary fixed overhead expense the non-competitive traffic is called upon to bear. What the shippers of non-competitive traffic have real reason to fear is that competitive traffic will continue to be drained from the railroads, thus increasing the burden of overhead and fixed expense which will have to be borne by the traffic remaining on the rails.

How this works in practice was well stated by the Interstate Commerce Commission as follows:

"It is a well-established and generally recognized rule that if additional business can be taken on at rates which will contribute at least a little in addition to the actual out-of-pocket expense, the carrier will be advantaged to that extent and all its patrons will be benefited, to the extent to which such traffic contributes to the net revenue."

The Competitive Principle

The competitive spirit has been the driving force of progress in America; the competitive principle is the very foundation of our national economy. That greater reliance should be placed on this principle in the determination of rates as among the several kinds of carriers—always subject to the continuing limitations of essential ICC regulation outlined above—is the heart of the Cabinet Committee's recommendations.

While spokesmen for trucking and barge interests object to the principle, it has received the endorsement of such major organizations of users of transportation as the American Farm Bureau Federation, the National Grange, the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, and the National Industrial Traffic League, which is the major nation-wide organization of men who, as shippers, deal daily with the practical problems of rate making and regulation.

What this experienced body of transportation experts, who use the services of every kind of carrier and are concerned only with maximum transportation efficiency, has to say on the subject is particularly in point. On November 23, 1955, the League approved amendment of Section 15a(2) of the Interstate Commerce Act by adding the following proviso to the considerations to be taken into account by the Interstate Commerce Commission in "the exercise of its power to prescribe just and reasonable rates":

"Provided, however, that in determining a minimum rate the commission shall not consider the effect of such rate on the traffic of any other mode of transportation, the relation of such rate to the rate of any other mode of transportation, or whether such rate is lower than necessary to meet the competition of any other mode of transportation."

Without going into any of the technical details involved, President Eisenhower, in his message on the state of the Union submitted to the Congress on January 5, 1956, had this to say:

"In my message last year, I referred to the appointment of an advisory committee to appraise and report to me on the deficiencies as well as the effectiveness of existing Federal transportation policies. I have commended the fundamental purposes and objectives of the committee's report. I earnestly recommend that the Congress give prompt attention to the committee's proposals."

Fundamental among these proposals is that to allow greater freedom in pricing among the different types of transportation. Under such conditions, with each user of transportation free to choose the type of carriage which best meets his needs for any particular task, the transportation needs of the nation as a whole would be met with maximum efficiency and at minimum cost—and the producer, the shipper, the consuming public, and the national defense all would benefit.

We shall be glad to send additional copies of "The Right to Compete: Cornerstone of Modern Transportation Regulation" to those who request them. Address: Association of American Railroads, 815 Seventeenth Street, N.W., Washington 6, D. C.

PERSONAL *and otherwise*

Beloved Fiend

ON MARCH 21, 1855, Longfellow set down the last lines of the long, long poem on which he had been working for almost nine months:

> Thus departed Hiawatha,
> Hiawatha the Beloved,
> In the glory of the sunset,
> In the purple mists of evening,
> To the regions of the home-wind,
> Of the Northwest-Wind Keewaydin,
> To the Islands of the Blessed,
> To the Kingdom of Ponemah,
> To the land of the Hereafter!

Thus ended "The Song of Hiawatha," which Longfellow liked to think of as an Indian Edda. Millions of Americans can still chant campfire fragments of it 101 years later. The epic treatment for the American Indian was new, but the theme was not; for the white invaders of the New World—from John Smith on—wrote voluminously, in awe and horror and simple fascination, about the roving tribes of red men who peopled the wilderness and made themselves obnoxious by their determination to survive.

From the beginning, the white immigrants had a double attitude toward the red man: Hiawatha was the Beloved, but at the same time, the Indian was the scalper, the stinker, the fiend. Longfellow, whose feeling was unambiguously pro-Indian, made his basic doctrine "Every human heart is human," and went on,

> . . . in even savage bosoms
> There are longings, yearnings, strivings
> For the good they comprehend not. . . .

In contrast a typical popular view of the Bad Indian—one later familiar in the movies and only now disappearing on TV—was classically expressed in Horatio Alger's *Do and Dare* (1885), one of the many success stories through which the eminent author gave brisk but kindly counsel to young readers. Alger's frontiersman, Jack Holden, standing over the corpse of an Indian he had just slain, declared that his deed wouldn't trouble his conscience a mite: "I don't look upon an Indian as a man."

"Are there no good Indians?" inquired the young hero.

"There may be," answered Jack Holden, doubtfully, "though I haven't seen many. They're as scarce as plums in a boardin'-house puddin', I reckon."

Holden had the prejudices of the frontier, Alger commented, and so was inclined to overlook the injustices which the Indians had undeniably received. "There is another extreme, however," he added, "and the sentimentalists who deplore Indian wrongs, and represent them as a brave, suffering, and oppressed people, are quite as far away from a just view of the Indian question."

TODAY'S literary and ethnographic studies of the Indians are mostly in the Longfellow tradition of "Every human heart is human"—the sentimentalist extreme, in Alger's view—even when the story is one of savage rapine, as in Alan LeMay's striking novel *The Searchers*. And this view has also prevailed for many years in official government policy as administered by the Bureau of Indian Affairs. But under this universal blanket of affection, the white man's government, it is shocking to realize, has succeeded—with exceptional intervals of understanding like the administration of John Collier during the New Deal—in scalping the Indians ruthlessly.

In "Raid on the Reservations" (p. 48) **Dorothy Van de Mark** uncovers some unpleasant facts about the Bureau's recent efforts to improve conditions for the Indians by "relocating" them bodily and "terminating" federal responsibility for their lands. Mrs. Van de Mark has spent more than twenty years in studying and teaching about Indians; recently she has been getting acquainted with Indians who were



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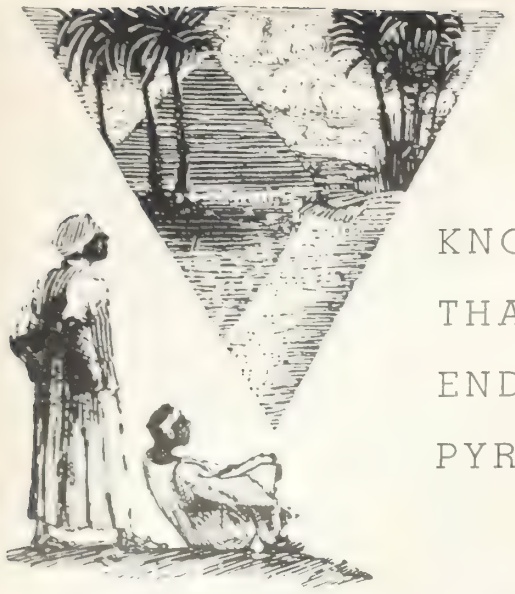
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dumped into Chicago by the present official relocation program. She blames public apathy and Congressional nodding for the long process of dispossession which she says has all but stripped the Indians of their resources and, in addition, all but robbed the American people of their remaining public lands.

In one important respect, however, the Indians are holding their own: in sheer numbers. Despite conflicts about everything else in this field where passionate attachments are the norm, experts agree that the nearly half-million Indians now living in the United States and Alaska are increasing at a good clip. There has been a 60 per cent rise since the turn of the century.

Back in 1881, the Indians' hardiness had already been noted in the Senate by the Republican from Kansas, John Ingalls, who put it bluntly:

". . . at the expiration of more than two centuries of efforts to evangelize, to Christianize, to civilize, to exterminate, or to conquer, the American Indian presents the same characteristics and exhibits the same problem today as that which confronted the earliest colonist. . . . The stubborn fact remains that, in spite of diseases, wars, exposures, and migrations, there are nearly as many Indians today as there were in 1620."

The tone of voice in which the Senator spoke on this occasion is not recorded, but the icy effect of his eloquence is indicated in the reply of John T. Morgan of Alabama:

"If the honorable Senator will pardon me, if I felt toward the Indians as he has just expressed himself, I would commission butchers to go out and kill the last one of them."

IN FAIRNESS to the present Bureau of Indian Affairs, it should be pointed out that the relocation program has worked better for some Indians than for most. Los Angeles, for example, has been called the number one attraction for city-bound Indians; and, according to a *Wall Street Journal* report last December 28 by Thomas Bush and Ed Cony, the year 1955 "may mark the turning point in the long, steady rise in reservation population." Among the industries in the Los Angeles region that now employ In-

dians successfully are North American Aviation, Cole of California, Chrysler, and Sears, Roebuck. But that area story has its tragic side too —see R. M. Hammer's article in the *Atlantic* this month.

If 1955 was indeed the turning point—and the Indian reservations are to dwindle from now on—then it is certainly time in 1956 to put an end to ambiguities in public policy and find out what goes on under the blanket of sentiment.

. . . An advance screening of Dr. Arnold Gesell's findings about teenage children (p. 37) comes from **Helen Puner,** a student of contemporary child psychology and psychologists. A Barnard graduate, and former *Fortune* editor, Mrs. Puner has written many articles, children's books, verse, and a biography of Sigmund Freud. As the mother of three children, she calls herself a "somewhat baffled student of the theory, practice, and art of parenthood." She is at work on a new book on this subject.

. . . **Hans Bendix,** Danish artist who is frequently sent abroad as a correspondent by the newspaper *Politiken,* interviewed and sketched Picasso last summer as you see him now on page 44. Mr. Bendix did prewar cartooning against Hitler and was head of the Danish section of the OWI in New York.

. . . The New York vagrant whom **Edmund G. Love** tails in "Subways Are for Sleeping" (p. 54) was a man whom Mr. Love met outside the Amato Art Theater in Greenwich Village in November 1953. Henry Shelby is not his real name, of course.

Mr. Love, a Michigan citizen who now works for General Motors, has done a good deal of free-lance writing and one movie script, "Destination Gobi." He taught school for five years in Flint during the Depression and earned a master's degree at Ann Arbor. He was a combat historian in the Pacific during the war and worked for three years afterwards as a civilian historian in Washington.

His New York experience consisted of an interlude of two years, about which he wrote to P&O as follows:

"It was my custom to take a five- or six-mile walk each evening. For some strange reason I seemed to have

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an affinity for bums. They'd walk right past twenty other people to get at me. . . . I have a feeling that a good deal came from the fact that I usually was alone. Bums don't like to be outnumbered. . . . I became very conscious of them, and I soon found myself going where I'd be most likely to find them. For a forty-cent bottle of wine, or a cup of coffee, most of them would talk quite freely."

. . . Among some six thousand foreigners who visited the Soviet Union last year was the drama critic of the London *Observer,* **Kenneth Tynan.** Besides covering the English production of "Hamlet" in November, which he mentions in his article on the Russian theater (p. 61), he crowded in as many shows as he could, with his interpreter at his side.

Mr. Tynan keeps track of many kinds of theatrical performances, from TV to bull-fighting. His latest book, *Bull Fever,* was published in New York last fall.

. . . **Albert Parry's** sharp comments on the boredom of the comrades (p. 66) will probably not rate a note in *Pravda*—though we suspect the editors will read them.

Mr. Parry is professor of Russian civilization and language and chairman of the department of Russian studies at Colgate University. Author of *Russian Cavalcade, Whistler's Father,* and other books, he has a reputation for spotting international trends in advance. For example, he decided in the fall of 1949 to compile an annotated bibliography of Russian language sources on Korea. Most of it was ready on the eve of the outbreak of fighting at the 38th Parallel, and the Library of Congress published it two months later.

During World War II Mr. Parry was with the OSS and in 1950-51 was consultant to Radio Free Europe.

. . . Yale, class of '55, graduated **Richard Frede,** whose story, "All the Guts in the World," appears on page 70—his first story to be published. It was one of eleven which he submitted as a senior project in his major field of English. Mr. Frede is working at Time, Inc., and acknowledges various outside interests, including the guitar, Western Ameri-

cana, painting, photography, and designing a house.

. . . In the series of dramatic elections in St. Louis described by **Avis Carlson** on page 76, Mrs. Carlson was herself a participant. Since 1945 she has been active in the League of Women Voters in that city and for two years after May 1953 was its president and organized the get-out-the-vote telephone campaigns which tipped the scale.

. . . **John Winterich,** who tells about Dr. Rosenbach's fabulous career in the rare book world (p. 80), has himself enjoyed a wider familiarity with publishing than the Doctor did. From writing books about early American printing to editing the *American Legion Monthly,* he has covered the intricacies of past and current publishing techniques.

He served in both world wars—on the *Stars & Stripes* in the first and as a lieutenant colonel in Washington in the second. His reporting and editing experience have ranged from a job with the Springfield *Republican* right after college and a bit of teaching to the managing editorship of the *Saturday Review* in 1945-46.

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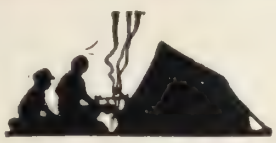
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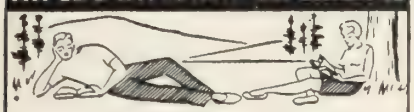
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by F. G. GURLEY

President of the Santa Fe Railroad

The historic relations between the Santa Fe and the oil industry date back to 1894. In that year, a California oil company and the Santa Fe worked together in our shop at San Bernardino, Calif., to develop the first oil burner which could burn oil successfully in the firebox of a steam locomotive.

By 1896, more than half of the locomotives we had in service in Southern California had been converted into oil burners. That same year we developed other interests in oil because the Santa Fe secured leases covering some 300 acres of prospective oil land in the Olinda district of California and our first well was drilled in 1897.

So, for almost 60 years the Santa Fe, now America's largest completely Dieselized railroad, has not only been burning oil in its locomotives, but also has been engaged in producing oil. As a result, there has been an understanding of some of the problems in the oil industry and a sympathy for their difficulties, as well as a sincere admiration for the great accomplishments of the petroleum industry.

One of the finest examples of two American industries working toward a common goal was the highly successful teamwork between the oil industry and the railroads in winning the "Battle of Transportation" during World War II.



Fred G. Gurley, president of the Santa Fe Railway System, has been a railroader for almost 50 years. A pioneer in modern motive power equipment, Mr. Gurley is a great believer in Diesel fuel. He is in an excellent position to evaluate the oil industry's part in improving American railroad transportation.

During those war years the railroad industry carried over 97% of all organized military traffic and more than 90% of the war freight. To accomplish this record-breaking transport job, tremendous supplies of fuels and lubricants were required by the railroads and were produced and delivered by our oil industry.

The spirit of teamwork which paid off for us then remains alive today. Research scientists of the railroads and the oil industry are continually experimenting on improved fuels and lubricants and new uses for petroleum products toward transportation progress.

We refer to our modern method of railroading as "Progress That Pays Its Own Way." The same can be said of the oil industry. But this will continue only as long as we maintain our American system of private free enterprise—the greatest force for scientific and industrial development the world has ever known.

This is one of a series of reports by outstanding Americans who were invited to examine the job being done by the U. S. oil industry. This page is presented for your information by the American Petroleum Institute, 50 West 50th Street, New York 20, N. Y.

Harper's MAGAZINE

GESELL'S CHILDREN GROW UP

HELEN PUNER

If you want to know why the adolescent in your family behaves in that baffling fashion—and when he is likely to snap out of it—The Parents' Oracle is at last ready to give you the answer.

PSYCHOLOGY makes strange bedfellows, but I think it should be remembered that in the beginning there were the parents—*then* came the child psychologists. As a mother, I'd like to say a few words about my generation of parents and its relations with the child psychologists, before I fix my glittering eye on the noted pediatrician, Dr. Arnold Gesell.

My generation had its children in the early or middle 1940s. These children are now pushing up onto the treacherous beachhead of adolescence. And we parents have been bringing up the rear end of a bloodless revolution in child-rearing practices ever since they were born.

A man named Freud and his followers—the post- or neo-Freudians—have been and still are the chief architects of this revolution—although independent, unaffiliated child-studiers, psychologists, pedagogues, novelists, anthropologists, and ilk have also contributed to it. The revolution has made my generation stop singing the songs our mothers taught us, and it has even had a whack at exorcising the spells they cast over us. Where our parents walked thump-thump and carried a big club (on the whole, that is) we walk dainty-dainty and carry a big book.

But horrible as parents have been in the past, they've at least been sure of what they were doing. Sure—or unconscious. We are neither. Hence our subversive relations with the revolutionaries. Hence our raising of new banners blazoned *Mental Health! Adjustment! Emotional Maturity!*

Arnold Gesell, seventy-five, a man of private scientific ardor beneath his glacial public surface, is an educator and medical doctor. He was the organizer and, until 1948, head of the Clinic of Child Development of the medical school at Yale. He is the present research consultant at the unaffiliated Gesell Institute of Child Development, and the originator of the Gesell Developmental Test used widely for the appraisal of children's development, normal and abnormal. Because of Dr. Gesell the American Board of Pediatrics examination has since 1935 devoted a quarter of its questions to the field of Growth and Development. He is responsible for the production of more than 300,000 feet of film recording behavior patterns of infants and chil-

dren and has written hundreds of articles and books. As an experimental, biological, physiological psychologist, Gesell—and his famous books—have become household words among the parents and teachers of the culture of today.*



His contribution to our knowledge of child behavior has been significant. It is Gesell and his former and present staff of colleagues who have charted and documented the physical growth and development of mental behavior and personality—not by theorizing or hypothesizing but by observing, testing, and experimenting with live and squirming infants and children in laboratories, clinics, nursery schools, hospitals, observation domes, and homes.

It is Gesell who has uniquely been draftsman of the architecture of the developing mind—what he calls "the ontogenetic patterning of behavior." (If one wanted to make an oversimplified generalization, it could be said that Gesell has been obsessed with the form of behavior, the Freudians with the content.) And it is Gesell, himself a stanch believer in and insister on human individuality and variousness, who has presented the world with over-all patterns and generalized chronological "norms" of behavior, against which the developing personalities of any and all children can—presumably—be assessed.

Gesell has been bent for many years on laying bare the anatomy of normalcy. Parents have been able to discover from reading his books not only at what age a child is likely to be able to dress himself, but when he is most apt to be beset by nightmares; not only at what age he will be able to descend stairs with alternate foot competence, but approximately when fussiness and faddiness about eating will so engulf him that he resembles nothing so much as a very compulsive neurotic. A "Behavior Profile" of each age and each decisive stage of development is given in the books, and for the earlier years a "Behavior Day" which covers the normal patterns of sleeping, eating, elimination, bath and dressing, self-activity, and "sociality."

Shy with strangers? The typical year-old baby is bound to be, says Gesell. Over-demanding? He describes the fifteen-monther as "straining at the leash" with his newfound powers. Temper tantrums while dressing? Few upstanding two-and-a-half-year-olds can dress without them. Along with information like this, goes advice and guidance as to how best to deal with these ornery manifestations of the budding human personality, advice about play materials, and information about behavior in school. Throughout the basic books of the Gesell series runs a leitmotiv sometimes implicit, often explicit, that the "culture" the child has to contend with is too meddlesome and too emotional, that what "culture" needs to do is guide with a light hand, not thwack with a heavy one—and that only a knowledge of the ways of natural development (as traced by Gesell) can make culture's hand more deft.

By arming parents and educators with information and observations like this, Gesell has taught them what to expect. He has allayed a good deal of anxiety and provided the reassurance many uneasy parents need that they have spawned—not kicking, biting, head-thumping, no-noing tantrum-prone, discipline-resistant little monsters—but reasonably representative infants and children who in their own developmental time will calm down before they bust out all over again. And with his doctrine of letting nature take its course, and his documentation of the futility of hurrying it, he has also presumably encouraged parents to bear down less heavily on their children, and thus to guide their growth more effectively.

ENTER: ADOLESCENCE

MORE than 380,000 copies of *Infant and Child* and *The Child from Five to Ten* have been sold in this country since they were published. Babies who are referred to by their mothers as ookumsnookum "Gesell babies" are as common to the culture of today as ookumsnookum "Spock babies." (Dr. Benjamin Spock is another revolutionary.) Soon, these two parent-shaking Gesell books will become three, for the Gesell staff is now at work bringing childhood to term. *Youth: The Years from Ten to Sixteen*—to be published early in May—will trace the course of "normal" growth and development for these pre-adolescent and adolescent years.

Adolescence used to be a private affair, with

**Infant and Child in the Culture of Today* (1943) and *The Child from Five to Ten* (1945), written with Dr. Frances L. Ilg and other associates, are probably his most influential books. *Child Behavior,* a new book by Dr. Ilg and Dr. Louise Bates Ames, became a best seller immediately after its publication last fall.

boys and girls suffering in solitude—and, who knows? even silence—all over their cultures. The revolution has made puberty not only public, but notorious. Thus, my generation of parents views it not only with the foreboding usually reserved for an inevitable reign of terror, but with the added anxiety often reserved by intellectuals for sex. For there aren't many current parents so un-*courant* that they don't know the basic reason for the adolescent's boiling and moiling, floundering, stewing, and fuming: it is, of course, the struggle to achieve what the revolutionaries call "a heterosexual level of adjustment."



But out of the frame-and-stucco, pseudo-Tudor ex-mansion on the tree-lined New Haven street—where the Gesell staff has worked since Dr. Gesell's retirement from Yale in 1948—the news about *Youth* is curiously non-sexy. Or perhaps I should say a-sexy.

Gesell and his two chief associates—Dr. Frances Ilg, the director of the Institute, and Dr. Louise Bates Ames, its research director, who are equally responsible for the book—have never been much interested in the Freudian theory of the psychosexual development of the child with its concomitants of infantile sexuality, Oedipus complex, *et al,* or in the belief that the unconscious mind has a crucial effect on the shaping of personality.

"I am interested in the *manifest* baby and child," Gesell said when I talked with him recently, and added:

"We feel about sex the way we do about vision—how the eyes make their foray into space is just one aspect of development. There is so much to learn about total behavior that we're trying to acquaint ourselves with how children grow in all ways. If we had a positive or negative interest of any sort, we would introduce a philosophy of our own. We don't have to do this because we set ourselves to getting a natural history of the child."

Thus, the Gesell findings on *Youth* follow the pattern laid down in the two earlier books. (Indeed, the group of children observed, interviewed, and tested for *Youth* are largely the same group of children used for the earlier books—youngsters who started out as infants in the Gesell nursery school at Yale—who are predominantly the offspring of superior intelligence, of Yale professors or families of similar professional status.)

Ten- to sixteen-year-olds, the Gesell workers have found, show structured, predictable patterns of behavior no less than and no different from their younger brothers and sisters. From age to age and stage to stage, they too go through the same kind of basic sequence of developmental trends. Although individual differences among children are marked, and rates of development vary considerably from child to child—still the shape of their behavior changes from year to year (roughly), and the order or sequence of stages of behavior remains "remarkably consistent . . . rather unalterable."

STRESSED in *Youth,* as it was in the two earlier books, is the observation that behavior doesn't develop in an uncomplicated, full-steam-ahead way from the simple to the complex, the immature to the mature. Polarities exist at any age and any stage, a child expressing now one, now the other of the opposing variables that motivate his behavior. He reaches stages of equilibrium and he reaches stages of disequilibrium—and so he fluctuates between periods of extremely inward, withdrawn behavior and periods of outgoing, expansive behavior.

"Developmental potentials come in paired opposites," writes Gesell, "which are progressively woven into reciprocal balance. . . . Poise . . . is always counterpoise."

The ten-year-old is likely to be in a state of relative equilibrium—as he was at two and five. He tends to be, says *Youth,* "happy, casual, not at all self-conscious, sincere, relaxed, companionable, poised—terribly nice." But his calm tends to be shattered at eleven—as it was at two-and-a-half and five-and-a-half.

Eleven is out to win at all costs. He is proud, sensitive, argumentative, contrary, and uncooperative. He fights, hits, slams doors, and blows his top like an untended tea kettle. But Twelve is apt to like himself and the world again—as did Three and Six-and-a-Half. Twelve is much more friendly, thoughtful, and uncomplicated than Eleven. Until he becomes thirteen. Alas, poor Thirteen—he is notable for pulling in and withdrawing, for feeling insecure, vulnerable, and unhappy. (Like Three-and-a-Half, like Seven.) An awfully thirteen Thirteen can be morbid, morose, moody, sullen, secretive.

The dawn comes up like thunder again at fourteen. As extreme as Thirteen was in his

withdrawal and insecurity, so extreme in his expansiveness and outgoingness is Fourteen. Like Four, like Eight, Fourteen finds the days too short for all of his projects, plans, and activities. He is full of enthusiasm and energy; he isn't easily hurt; he is passionately interested in sports, clothes, girls, music, or whatever his passionate interest happens to be. The world continues to be his oyster until he turns fifteen (again roughly, again allowing for individual differences and socially scientific license). Fifteen (like Four-and-a-Half, like Nine) is again indrawn, unsure, moody. "Restless," "dissatisfied," "apathetic," are some of the adjectives used to describe him—although if he's one of the well-controlled ones, he may give the impression of being self-confident, subtle, discriminating. In either case, he behaves much better when he's away from home.

But at sixteen, the same sweet sixteen dear to custom and social usage, the child returns to equilibrium—"reasonably at peace with himself and with the world." (Like Five, like Ten.)

THE FREUDIANS

IF THIS makes the ten- to sixteen-year-old sound like a developmental Marjorie Daw, it is nonetheless the over-all pattern that the Gesell staff has uncovered in its researches. Because this—and nothing more than this—is the substance of the book, the appearance of *Youth* is bound to stir up a good deal of controversy. On the one hand, an objectively drawn, empirically observed picture of normal adolescent behavior—and this the Gesell staff believes it has achieved—is just what we parents need to gain a long-needed, balanced perspective on these formative, troublesome years of life. On the other hand, many of the Freudian leaders of the revolution—and most of the leaders are at least oriented by Freud—feel that Gesell's approach, method, and findings are at best suspect, at worst useless.

One distinguished critic, Erik Erikson, who feels that Gesell has set up a timetable of behavior changes where any timetable is misleading, says:

"Charts, to paraphrase Lincoln, are the kind of thing which help the kind of people who are helped by that kind of thing."

"Mechanistic," "narrow," "over-simplified," "statistically invalid," "doctrinaire," "unscientific"; "sheds no light on the dynamics of personality and behavior, or the mechanisms involved"; "tells everything but why and how"; "has no implications for therapy," say others.

It is his detractors' feeling that while Gesell has looked at the truth, he has, like many innovators, looked at only one side of it—and at that side with doctrinaire myopia. A multiplicity of influences surround human growth, the Freudians point out, not only the biological and cultural ones Gesell emphasizes. Personality is formed by the changing inter-reactions between parents and children, through the constant process of social reaction and inter-reaction, through unconscious motivation and mechanism, through the ways in which fear, anxiety, and love among other things, are experienced—through the ways in which human beings mold conditions instead of allowing conditions to mold them. And they quote Whitehead:

"To know the truth partially is to distort the Universe."

There is, however, a group of psychologists, doctors, retired deans of medical schools, and even some Freudian analysts who feel that Gesell has had a unique vision of research, has made important objective contributions to our knowledge of human behavior, has charted regularities which are "indispensable" for further scientific investigation, and that the norms he has established have yielded an "unexpected amount of information of psycho-dynamic significance." They point out that it is Gesell who has pioneered in breaking ground for a systematic, brick-by-brick study of normal development; that "child development" before his work was an empty abstraction instead of a body of knowledge that has by now had a strong impact on our development as a culture of parents and children*; that while psychoanalytic psychology is dandy, it has been forced to build its insights on the basis of neurotic personalities, not normal ones.

As a parent and a mere amateur of the revolution, I have neither the way nor the wish to evaluate who is wrong, who right, in this current skirmish of the century-old Nature-Nurture battle. Time alone, as they say, is likely to tell.

But since they also say that all good psychologists take their psychology ultimately from themselves, I think it would be fruitful to see what roots Arnold Gesell sprang from, how the culture of his day influenced his thinking, and how the conditions of nascent American psy-

*Since *Infant and Child* and *Five to Ten* have been translated into nine and seven foreign languages respectively—including the Japanese-Korean, Finnish, and Hebrew—it's reasonable to assume that Gesell has also had an impact on cultures other than our own.

chology helped to mold him before he in turn helped to mold them.

Or—to put it the way a hyper-informed Eight I know (expansive, outgoing, in reasonable equilibrium) did: "Tell me really, what *are* gesells and ilges anyway?"



Dr. Arnold Gesell was born in 1880 in Alma, Wisconsin, then a Mark Twainish two-street village on the bank of the upper Mississippi, the oldest of five children in a closely united family. Life for a child then and there was a good deal different from the lives led by the urban children Gesell is writing about today. Family life was close and orderly: the children performed needed household chores without question; the family as a whole observed anniversaries and celebrations regularly; village and community happenings were felt directly and intimately because the town was small and everyone, children included, had his custom-sanctioned place in it. Nature too was vividly felt. "Hills, valley, water, and climate concurred to make the seasons distinct and intense in my home town," Gesell says.

Human nature, overpainted less than it is today with the gloss of conformity, was more directly perceived. As a matter of course, Gesell as a child ran into things many modern parents—fearing trauma, fearing phobia, fearing loss of happiness—feel it necessary to protect their children from.

"I saw death, funerals, devastating sickness," he writes, ". . . ominous quarantines, accidents and drownings at close range. Acute and chronic alcoholism were common sights open to public view. Epileptic convulsions occurred on the street and sidewalk. A muttering 'crazy man' walked endlessly back and forth in his garden. A condemned murderer stared at us through the bars in the county prison. A watchdog was poisoned and a burglary committed in the blackness of night. Strange and sobering things kept happening as though they were part of the normal course of existence. None of these experiences was overpowering, but cumulatively they left a deposit of impressions which sensitized a background for my clinical studies in later life."

By 1899, Gesell who had been pointed since childhood toward a teaching career, was an accredited teacher, and soon after took a job teaching American and ancient history, German, accounting, commercial geography, and football at the Stevens Point High School. Four years later, he had his Ph.B. from the University of Wisconsin, and the year after that, in 1904, he enrolled at Clark University.

Clark occupied a unique place in American pedagogy at the time not only because it was the first graduate school for teachers in the country, but also because of the mind and personality of its founding president, G. Stanley Hall.

Hall, a man of vigor, enthusiasm, and curiosity, had the rare faculty of sparking his students with his own fire. He had founded the first psychological laboratory in the country at Johns Hopkins. He organized the American Psychological Association. He fought for the liberalizing of teaching methods, and had an uncorseting influence on the pedagogy of the 1880s. He wrote many books and papers opening vistas in a terra incognita—among them a short paper with a big influence called "The Content of Children's Minds," and a 1,373-page, two-volume study called *Adolescence: Its Psychology, and Its Relations to Physiology, Anthropology, Sociology, Sex, Crime, Religion, and Education*—which had a smaller influence.

Hall wanted to know all about the mental life of defectives, of primitive peoples, of animals, but mainly of children. Quick to translate Darwin's ideas into terms of human psychology, he taught, as Gesell has continued to teach, that there is an orderly, natural, genetic development of the child's mind, and that the stages of its growth repeat the experience of the race.

Later in his life, Hall transferred his allegiance from Darwin to Freud, for feelings and emotions came to interest him more than pattern and structure. It was Hall who invited Freud to lecture at Clark in 1909—a visit that proved to be Freud's first and only physical encounter with America.

Gesell says today that his interest in children "came out of my environment at Clark under Hall." Hall, he says, was "a true genius . . . a naturalist Darwin of the mind."

Gesell received his Ph.D. in psychology from Clark when he was twenty-six. By the time he was thirty, he knew what he wanted to do with

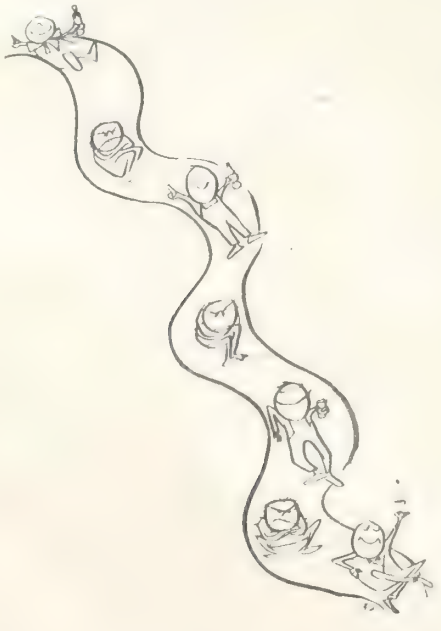
the rest of his life: "I wanted to chart the whole span of child development." But he didn't know anatomy and he didn't know physiology, and he "couldn't be comfortable from a scientific point of view without medicine."

He would have to become a medical as well as a psychological doctor. In 1911, he was asked by Yale to become an Assistant Professor of Education in the graduate school, a position he accepted on a part-time basis so that he could also attend the Yale School of Medicine. In 1915, he received his M.D. There were now no further obstacles to his becoming in his own right "a naturalist Darwin of the mind."

CHILDREN SCREENED

GESELL'S work at Yale, lasting thirty-seven years, spanned an era which saw the emergence and growth of the child-study movement from its infancy to the full-dress, popularly pervasive, and academically sanctioned branch of social science it now is. There was, for example, no department of child psychology at Yale when Gesell started to work there in 1911. The room, the table, and chair he caused to be set up that year in the New Haven Dispensary opposite the Well-Baby Clinic, constituted the first Yale psycho-clinic for children.

Throughout the period before and after the first world war, when the measuring of intelligence was the chief preoccupation of child psychologists, Gesell worked away at the consummation of his purpose: the definition of "normative" criteria which could be used in the appraisal of normal, deviant, and defective infants. It was their "total developmental" status he was after from the beginning, not their IQs.



For the first time he invited medical students to observe normalcy as a clinical entity—he brought two pairs of normal infants of different ages into the clinical amphitheater to demonstrate how the children's behavior differed with their ages.

By 1925, the year that marked the first national conference on research in child development, Gesell had published *The Mental Growth of the Pre-School Child,* the first systematic presentation of how children's behavior developed.

With the publication of this book, grants for research and clinical service began to come Gesell's way, Rockefeller grants, Carnegie grants, General Education Board grants. Psychologists, clinicians, and medical doctors joined the staff of what had by this time become the Yale Clinic of Child Development; the movie camera and the well known but now discarded one-way vision dome—a screened enclosure in which infants were placed and their behavior observed without their being able to see their observers—began to be used more intensively for studying behavior development. The famous co-twin control studies were also inaugurated. These studies centered about such experiments as training one of a pair of twins intensively in stair-climbing, for example, before he was developmentally ready to be adept. When he had mastered the art, his fellow twin, a completely unschooled dope, was let loose on the stairs. Result: within a very short period of time, the second twin was as skillful as the first. Conclusion: it is fruitless to try to hurry nature, and to put pressure on children to excel at something they'll learn naturally when they're developmentally ripe.

By 1930, with Rockefeller money, Gesell's Clinic was set up as part of the Yale School of Medicine in a five-floored Georgian building of its own, with a nursery school, photographic research library, clinical examination suites and observation rooms, photographic dome and laboratories, and an infant out-patient service. Yale became the first university to give departmental status in a medical school to the field of child development—and Gesell's work came into the full flower of its recognition.

The Clinic, until Gesell retired in 1948, operated both as a research unit, and as a community service clinic for some fifty social agencies —with an increasing number of children from all over the country being referred for diagnosis. With thousands of infants and children being tested over the years—the pre-school children attending the nursery school, the "well babies" whose feeding behavior was being supervised and surveyed, the foster children who were brought

to the Clinic for pre-adoptive examinations, the disturbed and handicapped children who were brought for diagnosis—Gesell and his staff brought their studies of the normative behavior of infancy on up through the study and charting of thirty-four progressive age levels through the first ten years of life.

THE NEXT REVOLUTION

WHEN I spoke with Gesell he told me: "There has been very little advance projection in our work. We have followed where experience seemed to lead. . . . We didn't try to conquer experience in advance." There has nonetheless been a most logical progression, a fixed point of view, and an inevitability about the evolution of Gesell's work.

He was educated in an era when the infant science of psychology was firmly rooted in the physical sciences, and when evolution was the idea that moved biology most. Within this frame of reference, he began to draw his picture of the natural history of the child's mind. That he continued to draw it in the same way—and is now bringing his vision to term—in a psychological era in which Freud rather than Darwin sets the scene and provides the color, is one of those ironies with which the history of human endeavor is studded.

Stemming as he does from this sunnier era when the idiot's delight of the unconscious mind went unsavored and unsung, he is liable to the charge that his work is too one-dimensional to be of value; and that in ignoring the unconscious mechanisms with which personality growth is awash, he has become outdated. For he has tacitly and explicitly insisted throughout his life work, closing his eyes to what was being uncovered around him, that behavior is primarily a function of physical structure. Believing this, the child-guidance clinics he has operated and is operating today, function without psychiatrists or psychiatric social workers, unlike the overwhelming majority of those in the country—including the one run by his successor at Yale, Dr. Milton J. E. Senn. In a psychological era in which the great majority of child studiers are either Freudians or neo, post, splinter, derivative, or deviationist Freudians, Gesell has continued to maintain that time itself takes care of most things in most children—a point of view which pretty well does away with therapy. Since, as people have grown less oriented in a frightening world, psychology has grown more oriented toward therapy, Gesell's eminent place in the present psychological world has diminished.

His method itself is under attack today. He has used what children were at hand, his critics say; they represent no cross section of anything; and he has not set up control groups against which to check the findings on the children used throughout his books addressed to parents.

"Just how normal is 'normative'?" ask his critics. "What scientific evidence has he that so-high is medium?" So, from a psychodynamic point of view, it is valid to chip away at Gesell's work. But is it valid to dismiss him completely, as some do? I think not.

The psychodynamists have taught us a good deal, but they, like Gesell, haven't taught us everything. The humbler among them, like the humbler among the physical scientists, realize, as the psychoanalytic method ages, that the more they learn, the more there is to learn.

Small signs of a new "revolution"—still no bigger than an infant's ego—are now appearing on the psychodynamic horizon. "Constitutional factors" and "the nature of the baby" are being mentioned and written about. "There is a crucial gap in our knowledge," the brilliant Harvard psychologist, Robert W. White, points out: ". . . personality cannot be understood as a direct reflection of its shaping forces. . . . A person is a nexus of competing and conflicting influences to which he must respond selectively." And he and other analytically oriented psychologists have now begun to ask: What makes for this selectivity? What makes some people grow and change constructively, others not? What accounts for the direction of change in human personalities?

Obviously, what is needed to decide—or rather work toward deciding—all these vexing questions, all these new-old mysteries, is a body of empirical evidence—studies from the bottom up of how the human personality develops. It is empirical evidence that Arnold Gesell has been building up over nearly half a century.

It may easily be that his aim—if not his point of view—has not been so much behind the times, as ahead. For today it is he, and he alone, who has built up the only systematic body of observations on the development of human behavior and personality.

One-dimensional or not, eventually valid or not, this work stands as a testimonial to an unswervable vision of research that cannot be dismissed—even in a psychological world where trend succeeds counter-trend and counter-trend succeeds trend with monotonous regularity.

—Drawings by Robert Osborn

Hans Bendix

PICASSO
in Vallauris



Picasso by Bendix

A Danish artist visits "the Napoleon of art" in his villa in the south of France.

WHEN I interviewed Matisse several years ago I left Picasso in peace. There have been twelve hundred books written about him and every day there are about fifty articles on him in newspapers all over the world. I sometimes wonder if Shakespeare has had as much publicity in the last four hundred years as Picasso has in the last fifty.

However, I was collecting material for a series on the great artists of our time and it was obvious that Picasso could not be left out. So the next time I was in the South of France I determined to see him. With the years his unwillingness to see the press has become almost as great as Garbo's. I had to find a good excuse for breaking in on him.

I went first to his workshop in the village of Vallauris, to see whether his assistant could do anything for me. With me I had a copy of an article which had appeared in a Danish paper. It was probably unique in the history of journalism because it described an interview in which not a single word was spoken by the person being interviewed! It revealed that Picasso had shown talent in his early years but later developed into an unscrupulous money-grabber. I knew that Picasso was now devoted to his ceramics and his village and did not care to be interviewed. But I did not want to interview him. I only wanted to meet him and find out whether my fellow journalist had talked to him in person or whether he had fabricated the whole interview and then used it to attack the *maître* in the Scandinavian press.

I explained this to Picasso's assistant as we stood by his oven.

Next day the potter sent his son to show me the way from the village up to La Galloise, the villa that is Picasso's home. There was nothing special about it—a dullish French villa of the bourgeois class with the usual fountain of terra cotta and glazed tiles.

I heard the sound of voices from behind the closed shutters. The young man went inside and the noise increased. I could hear Picasso's voice, talking about everything under the sun except the Danish journalist waiting outside on the terrace. For three-quarters of an hour I gazed at that exasperating fountain and tried making friendly overtures to a savage-looking bulldog. I had resigned myself to the thought that everyone had forgotten me when the young man appeared again and asked me to come in.

I found myself in a long, tiled corridor. The voices were louder than ever, and no one heard my knock. I glanced through an open door into a large room. It was quite an ordinary room, not a bit like a studio, but apparently it was here that the painter worked, for it was crammed with easels and unframed pictures, sketches and plaster casts and rolls of drawing paper. I ought to have taken a closer look but I wasted the opportunity, so I can neither give an exact description of the room nor forecast what we may

expect from Picasso's hand in the future. Instead I knocked again at the door across the corridor, more loudly this time.

An impatient shout from Picasso—"Come in, then. I'm an old man. How long does he think he is going to keep me waiting!"

It was his bedroom. He was squatting on the big iron bed, looking like Gandhi during one of his fasts. The Napoleon of art was a little man, clad only in his nightshirt, sitting with his bare knees hunched up under his chin and his coarse-looking hands clasped round his legs, his fingers and toes wiggling with impatience. The walls of the room were covered with large mirrors, but apart from these there was nothing of the boudoir. The levees of Louis XIV, I imagine, were quite different.

The other people in the room, whose voices I had heard, were the widow of a Spanish sculptor, Manolo, and her daughter, Rosita. A naked light bulb hung from the ceiling. Old newspapers, magazines, photographs, and twisted letters were strewn over the floor and every piece of furniture. Two fountain pens and a writing pad lay on the rumpled quilt. Mme. Manolo bounced up and down at the foot of the bed.

"Please forgive me for receiving you like this, in bed," Picasso said.

"Thank you for receiving me at all."

"What's all this about some story?"

He asked me to translate the interview for him, but I could not do it fast enough for him.

"Just tell me briefly what it says. I can't protect myself against what people write about me. Anyway do you think it really matters?"

"The man who wrote it is the author of a well-known book on the Resistance movement," I replied.

One of the houses on the estate was occupied by an old Danish woman who paints dreadfully sentimental pictures supposed to represent scenes from Hans Andersen, and apparently the author had got most of his information from her.

"You must go and see her," Picasso said. "She lives in that little house you passed on your way up here. She was once very beautiful with those large, blue eyes that people have in the North. And you can talk to one another in your own language."

I told him what the article said about his son, Paolo, who was supposed to stiffen like a pointer whenever there were rich Americans in the offing and rush to warn Picasso, who would promptly make a few scribbles on a piece of paper, sign it, and have it ready by the time the visitors had reached the villa. These "masterpieces" were



Bendix by Picasso

then sold to the art snobs for a couple of thousand dollars apiece.

"Wonderful," exclaimed Picasso. "He's good! It's well written and amusing. Don't refute it. Don't alter a single word. It gives some idea of our interesting life here."

I told him he had many admirers in Scandinavia who were angry that he had been represented as a fake and an imposter. A group of young Danish artists had protested publicly. Many people also felt that he was inadequately represented in the Danish Museum of Art, the director of which had for many years been a devotee of Matisse with no use for anything of Picasso's. An interview such as this merely supported the views of the director who had just resigned and made it difficult for his successor to do anything in the way of rehabilitating Picasso.

"I think I am fairly well represented in Oslo and Stockholm. Haven't you anything of mine in Copenhagen?" he asked.

"Yes, two small pictures from an early period."

"But nothing of any significance? I remember 'Guernica' was once exhibited in Copenhagen. But no one bought it!" he said.

"No. But your admirers think it a pity when such things are written about you."

"You're right. It's bad, very bad. But for those who have eyes to see it does not matter. No matter who I am, or what I am, or how I live, my work must stand or fall by its own merits. There is not a soul who can tell whether

the work I do will live a hundred years from now. The only thing we can be sure of is that this old body will only last a few more. So why trouble about me instead of my work? That's a wonderful hat you have there!"

He reached for my hat, a rather conspicuous one of loosely woven straw, put it on, and grinned like a monkey. The women looked admiringly at the playful seventy-four-year-old.

"Go and fetch your hat from Venice, Rosita," he said. "That's not a bad one either." Then he took off my hat and tried on the gondolier's hat which Rosita brought him.

"It suits you. May I draw you in it?" I asked.

"No, it had better be without the hat. After what I hear from you it is time I started taking myself more seriously. How long will it take?"

"About five minutes. I hope!"

"What shall I do in the meantime?"

His genius lies in his energy, his initiative. When he invented Cubism, at the same time as Bracque, he did not realize what it was he was doing. He only found out what he had done after he did it. Perhaps his enormous output is simply the result of his lively mind, a game it is impossible for him to give up, for his life, his brain, his whole being are constantly occupied. It would not surprise me at all to hear that he composes or does arithmetic in his sleep. I handed him my goose quill pen and he began to draw, write his name, and make the strange doodles one might expect from his versatile hand. He drew very quickly, surely.

"It looks quite Chinese," he said gaily. "I once drew a few arabesques for a Chinese acquaintance, just like those characters you see in Chinese books. He said he could read some of them, though not all. But some of them definitely meant something, which he translated for me. I don't remember what it was. But that's not the point. The fact is that people often find in my work things of which I am not aware when I am drawing them. What are you doing?"

"I'm listening."

"Draw!"

I bitterly regretted asking if I might draw him. As I took up my drawing block, cold sweat broke out on my forehead and I sent up a prayer for divine assistance.

"I believe I'll draw you in profile, in the mirror," I said, thinking this would be easier.

"Just as you like. I am not my brother's keeper," he smiled. "But isn't that a roundabout way when you have me here corpus delicti? You have just five minutes. Draw!"

I was comforted by the remembrance of Picasso's own drawing of Stalin. The French Communists were right when they said it was bad. My drawing could hardly be worse.

I drew as long as I could, then closed my block.

"Oh no you don't," said the master. "Let me have a look." I was terrified. But Picasso snatched the block from me.

"Do I really look like an undersized monkey?" he sighed. The ladies came to the rescue: "You are worse than us, you are so vain."

"There was one other thing that I came to see you about," I said. "Did you ever actually meet that young Dane who interviewed you?"

"Wasn't he a blond young man, rather tall and nice-looking? Yes, it was down in Ramier's art gallery, in Vallauris. His questions were so stupid that I didn't bother to answer them. So apparently he made up the answers himself."

"Thank you for giving me so much of your time," I said, and shook hands with him.

"Anyway I must be getting up now," he replied and jumping out of bed he put on a pair of underpants (or were they perhaps shorts?). I took my leave of the ladies. As I went out of the room he called after me:

"Don't forget to bring me some money the next time you come to see me!"

I clutched my hip pocket, to guard my wallet.

FRED LAPE

TWENTIETH CENTURY PASTORAL: *The Simple Life*

NIGHT and day we have a dream
of acres in the country,
where we can live the simple life
with Herefords and Black Angus.

Just an old colonial house
with swimming pool behind it,
an old country store in the valley,
and a cocktail lounge.

We'll dress in jeans and colored shirts
like all the young on Broadway,
and show our stock at county fairs
and in *Home and Garden*.

So we will live our later days
away from care and worry,
letting our dividends support
the Herefords and Black Angus.

"Where's Paolo?" I asked with every sign of alarm.

Picasso laughed delightedly. "Do come again . . . even without the dollars."

I walked down to the house where the Danish woman was living. Her name is Mme. Boissière and she has a large, long-haired dog.

"Don't you ever take him out for walks?" I asked. (The dog was very fat.)

"Never. He is bored to death. So am I. Neither of us ever goes out. In the winter we are bored and frozen to death, in the summer we melt in the heat. The walls are so thin."

"Do you pay Picasso any rent?"

"No, he doesn't ask for any. The house is practically unfit for human habitation. What do you think of his work?"

"I did not see any of it."

"You can count yourself lucky. It is only fit for idiots."

"Picasso spoke so nicely of you."

"Oh, he is a very nice person. It's only his art I dislike. But it really must be frightful to be so famous. People are running after him all the time. There are always a dozen or so around him, mostly Americans who don't know what it is all about anyway. Sometimes they come and talk to me, but then I am more interesting than Picasso anyway."

WHEN I got back to La Turbie, fifty kilometers from Picasso's village, the first thing my wife asked me was whether he really was a Communist. I had quite forgotten to ask him. So on the way home, a couple of days later, we made a detour so that I could again visit Vallauris. I was not greatly taken with the idea but both my wife and daughter insisted that my interview had achieved precisely nothing if I had not found out whether "the favorite painter of the decadent bourgeoisie" was a Communist.

As we drove up the narrow road to his villa I was trying desperately to think of some tactful way to frame the question. A large black car behind us was honking to pass.

"Hans, it's Picasso!" my daughter cried. "He wants to pass."

Almost instinctively I held the middle of the road, and from behind Paolo blew his horn to show what he thought of my clumsy driving. We drew up together in front of the villa. Father and son got out of the car and Paolo was about to let me have his opinion of my driving when I stuck my head out of the car and called:

"Bonjour, Monsieur Picasso!" Picasso came over to the car and looked at me more closely.

"Oh, it's you. How are you? You certainly stop at nothing."

"Accidents happen trying to pass like that," I said. "Have you a moment?"

"Sorry, but they are expecting me at home. I've just been down to Ramier's with some Americans. What is it you want?"

"Did I leave my glasses at your house?"

"No. If you had done so I should have seen them. You know how I can see everything in the room from my bed."

Now came the painful moment. Should I, like a true journalist, have leaped out of my car, held him up with a revolver on that sun-baked road and demanded: "Are you a Communist?" Instead I said:

"Would you like to borrow my hat in this sun? People would like to know whether you really are a member of the Communist party."

"Yes, I am."

"How do you manage that? From your art you do not seem to be a social realist."

"Not on your life!"

"Then aren't you considered 'decadent'? One of those 'artists of the degenerate bourgeoisie' that neither Hitler nor Stalin would tolerate?"

"If that is the case I know nothing about it."

It was said so honestly and straightforwardly that an iron curtain shut down in my mind. The great man was obviously impatient to get out of the dust and scorching heat into the shade of his house. In another couple of minutes I think he would have turned into a grease spot on the burning roadway, and I could not bear to be held responsible to posterity for that.

Afterwards I thought it would have been interesting to hear his reasons for being a Communist. Or did they really matter after all? He is not the only Communist millionaire who delights in keeping theory and practice separate. It is not necessary to discuss taste in a police state either. Dictators have ways and means of getting people to admit an admiration for Picasso and making art critics go back on their former judgments—if necessary at the point of the gun. I would not be surprised if the new regime in Russia decided to hold an exhibition in Moscow of the Spanish comrade Picasso, "the grand old man of decadent Western Art." It would be a victory in the struggle for freedom of the arts.

There was a twinkle in his eye as he said good-by to my wife and daughter with a sunny smile. He shook my hand warmly and said:

"Send me the drawing. After all I gave you one of mine. Au revoir!"

Dorothy Van de Mark

THE RAID on the Reservations

A new program to "help the Indians" turns out to be just another slick scheme to hand their last refuge over to the land-grabbers.

A LITTLE over a year ago, Ira Hayes, a Pima Indian, was buried in a hero's grave in Arlington National Cemetery. Ten years before he was one of the six Marines who raised the American flag on Iwo Jima, and he lies today not far from the $850,000, ten-ton statue depicting that famous scene.

After the funeral, the National Congress of American Indians gave a luncheon in honor of Hayes' parents who, with his three brothers, had accompanied the body from the Pima Reservation in Arizona. Among the guests were a delegation of Sioux who had come to Washington to make their biennial attempt to get help to rehabilitate their tribes, and one non-Indian who wrote the following letter:

"At the luncheon Mrs. Hayes made a little speech. It was difficult for her to do because of the strangeness and her own grief. But she stood up, smoothing the back of a chair with her fingers, looked straight ahead, her face marked by two paths of tears, and said to the assembled group, 'I give you my son.' She spoke of the sad journey, of the greatness of her son, of his bravery, of how he had wanted to be buried in Washington 'where his statue was.' . . . She finished by saying, 'What Ira did, he did not only for Indians. He did for all people. The whole nation mourns my son.'"

The whole nation did not mourn Ira Hayes, but many people did and felt, with their grief, a sense of guilt. For the toughest battle Ira Hayes fought was not Iwo Jima, which he won. It was the fight for survival in his homeland, which he lost. He was found dead on the Pima Reservation "due to exposure"—common Indian Bureau parlance for drink.

With a little help, he might have won his battle. But he had no help. After the war and the Treasury Department bond drives in which he took part, he went back to his home near Phoenix. When he left the reservation to find work, he was always recognized and greeted as a hero with a kind of uneasy friendliness and admiration which seemed able to express itself only in repeated invitations to have a drink. He decided he must get away where no one knew him, where no one would offer him a drink. He heard that the Indian Bureau's new Employment and Relocation Plan found good jobs for Indians in Chicago, and he got the relocation officer on his reservation to arrange a job for him there. He left believing that his identity as one of the six Marines would never be revealed.

At the La Salle Street station, he was greeted by an official welcome. Every Chicago newspaper carried the story and photographs—including the photograph of the flag-raising. A party, open to the public, was held in his honor. The Chicago Relocation office did indeed have a job for him: when he reported for work at International Harvester, the welcome was repeated. How does one show friendliness to an Indian? One asks him to have a drink. Ira Hayes' personal battle was already lost, although he had a few more months to fight before he was picked up on Skid Row and eventually went back to the reservation. It might have been different if the Indian Bureau had been more interested in helping an Indian than in getting publicity for its newly-launched relocation program.

Of all the Bureau of Indian Affairs' current activities, the Employment and Relocation Plan is receiving the most favorable publicity. The plan—according to the Bureau—is designed to give federal aid to Indians who want to leave their reservations to find jobs on the outside. In reality, the plan consists primarily of inducing as many Indians as possible to leave their reservations; and the chief follow-up—although the Bureau says otherwise—is to persuade them not to return.

The program is being deliberately used as a

cover for recently accelerated legislation to separate the Indians from their lands and resources, an old and dishonorable game. And it is a most useful front behind which to accomplish this while apparently easing the guilt feelings of citizens who want increasingly to be assured that something constructive is being done for the Indians. The people who want to grab off Indian resources have long found it politically expedient to keep the Indians uneducated, and the country at large (including Congress) misinformed as long as possible. The present land-grabbers have, in the relocation plan, an excellent chance to put over a great deal of "emancipation" double talk.

Contrary to the Indian Bureau's propaganda, assimilation of Indians into white culture is not the real issue. The real Indian problems are poverty, ill health, poor education, and economic stagnation. Relocation can solve none of these: Indians can be separated from their tribal ties and dumped into urban centers, but these deficits go with them. Yet when the Oglala Sioux or the Papagos or the Brule request rehabilitation programs for their tribes at home, the Bureau assures Congress that such programs are not necessary, because relocation is the answer. The same answer serves when Indians ask for approval of leases or tribal enterprises—even when the leases would bring needed tribal income or when money for the enterprises has already been provided by Congress for this purpose.

The current appropriation for relocation has been upped from $500,000 to $900,000—proof that Congress has again believed the Indian experts in the Department of the Interior. The Indians, on the other hand, are not convinced. The majority of them want further development of their reservations and increasing freedom to manage their own affairs.

In December 1955 the Indian Bureau announced that a record number of 3,500 Indians left their reservations during 1954-55. Against a total Indian population of 450,000, this figure is not impressive. And the Bureau has not released complete reports on the rate of returns to the reservations.

HOW TO BREAK A TREATY

THE national press went overboard to cover Ira Hayes' fight against alcoholism. But it has refused to touch what lies behind it. Hayes' reservation is a dusty patch of Arizona desert surrounded by non-Indian fields of cotton, alfalfa, and citrus. Pima Indians are the descendants of the Hohokam, who were among the first inhabitants of the Southwest to build and use irrigation canals, well over a thousand years ago. First rights to water from the Gila River and its tributaries for irrigation were guaranteed to the Pimas by Spain, by Mexico, and by two acts of the Congress of the United States. But ever since the Gadsden Purchase of 1853 Pima water rights have been stolen.

They are still being stolen.

In 1924, Congress authorized the Department of the Interior to build Coolidge Dam across the Gila "for the purpose first of providing water for the irrigation of lands allotted to the Pima Indians on the Gila River Reservation, Arizona, now without an adequate supply of water; and second for the irrigation of such other lands in public or private ownership as in the opinion of said secretary [of the Interior] can be served by water impounded by said dam without diminishing the supply necessary for said Indian lands."

The loophole was to give power of decision to the Secretary of the Interior. In short order, under political pressure from white Arizona, the Department went to court to show that the Pimas did not need all the water guaranteed them. The Department refused to recognize the Pimas' lawyer, and the Pimas were thrown out of court, which then passed the malodorous Gila River Decree reversing the priority in water rights so clearly stated in the Coolidge Dam Act.

The Pimas applied to Interior for permission to dig irrigation wells on the reservation. Permission was delayed. After many futile applications they finally drilled four wells, using their own funds. Political pressure was again applied on the Department by white water-users, and Interior ordered the Pimas to shut down their wells until an Interior lawyer decided whether or not Indian wells on Indian reservations were legal. That was in the summer of 1954. As this is written, the Interior lawyer is still deciding. Meanwhile 144 non-Indian wells are pouring water on the fields around the reservation, draining the limited underground supply. When Pima farmers get restive, threats are made to freeze their tribal funds or to cut off the meager water they get from Coolidge Dam—which was built for them.

Of course, the Pimas could leave their dry canals and be relocated. Ira Hayes did.

From the very beginnings of this nation, the chief issue around which federal Indian policy has revolved has been, not how to assimilate the Indian nations whose lands we usurped, but how best to transfer Indian lands and resources to non-Indians.

The Cherokee Nation is a good example. The Cherokees were literate in the European sense of the word. By the 1820s they had a written constitution providing for a chief officer, a bicameral legislature, a supreme court, and a code of laws. They had their own alphabet, a newspaper, and eighteen schools; some students went on to college. They maintained an active trade with adjoining states, exporting cotton by boat as far as New Orleans. They had Negro slaves and were considering liberating them. In 1794, they had made a treaty with the United States—a treaty consistently kept by them in the years that followed, and repeatedly broken by the United States.

When Andrew Jackson became President in 1828, the Cherokees held only a remnant of their original lands—seven million acres, mostly mountainous, in the area where Georgia, Tennessee, and North Carolina converge. Their best farm lands had gone to the whites.

Jackson conveniently believed that lands had been reserved by treaty to the Indians only as hunting grounds, and that, once the game was destroyed, they should be made available for white settlement.

"I have long viewed treaties with Indians as an absurdity not to be reconciled to the principles of our government," he wrote.

But to the Indians at the time of his inauguration he said, "It will be my sincere and constant desire to observe toward the Indian tribes within our limits a just and liberal policy, and to give that humane and considered attention to their rights and wants which is consistent with the habits of our government and the feelings of our people."

He shortly put through Congress the Indian Removal Act, which gave him the pleasant duty of "leading" the Eastern tribes to some place west of the Mississippi.

About this time gold was discovered on Cherokee lands. Thousands of white prospectors moved in, and federal aid to support treaty agreements was denied. Within three years General Winfield Scott moved in with 7,000 troops and a great throng of non-military followers. The Cherokee people were seized without warning and put into concentration camps. White camp followers got their livestock, household goods, and farm tools. Most of their homes were burned. In mid-winter the long trek of the Cherokees west began. Some 14,000 left their homeland; more than 4,000 died on the way. The only comparable march in our history was the Death March of American prisoners on Bataan; we later described the Japanese responsible for that one as "war criminals."

While the Indians were dying at the rate of one hundred a day, President Van Buren reported to Congress: "The measures [for Cherokee removal] authorized by Congress at its last session have had the happiest effects. . . . The Cherokees have emigrated without any apparent reluctance." He went on to arrange that the cost of the migration be charged against funds credited to the tribe in the Treasury.

The story of the Cherokees is the story of most Eastern tribes. They were moved west to new lands, and they signed new treaties under the Removal Act of 1830 which authorized the President "solemnly to assure the tribe or nation . . . that the United States will forever secure and guarantee . . . the country so exchanged with them."

Then gold was discovered in California in 1848, and the immediate problem became the removal of the Indians from the path of Western progress. Less than fifteen years after the "exchange" of lands with the erstwhile Eastern tribes, the Kansas–Nebraska bill of 1854 opened to white settlement territory which had been set up by treaty as permanent Indian country.

THE ALLOTMENT SMOKE SCREEN

THE management of Indian affairs moved from the War Department to Interior in 1849. The Department of the Interior was the agency of Congress to turn over public lands to individuals at the lowest possible prices, and therefore was well equipped to liquidate the Indians for the same purpose. By all rights, under the policy of total suppression of tribal governments and native religions, the tribes should have died out in the ensuing years. But by the 1880s the indestructible Indians began to show a slow, steady population rise—and they still owned some 238,000,000 acres of land.

By now some aroused citizens realized that powerful exploitive interests working through federal departments were preying on the Indians by planning to abandon wars and migrations for a new smoke screen called Allotment. The philosophy of allotment as expounded by the Bureau of Indian Affairs was simple and convincing: Tribal ownership of land was blocking the process of civilizing the Indians. If the Indians were freed from the reservations and the tribal lands divided into individually owned parcels, the sense of personal property would do the rest.

The Allotment Act of February 8, 1887, authorized the President to subdivide any Indian reservation into individual allotments, none over 160 acres, to be assigned to individual Indians. Such tracts could not be sold for twenty-five years, and in the event of death, had to be divided equally among all the heirs. Lands remaining after the parceling-out process were to be purchased by the government and opened to white settlement. The Indians' answer was a dignified petition to Congress from the Five Civilized Tribes (Cherokees, Creeks, Choctaws, Chickasaws, and Seminoles):

> Our people have not asked for or authorized this [allotment], for the reason that they believe it could do no good and would only result in mischief in our present condition. . . . At least two-thirds of the Indian country is suitable only for grazing purposes. No man can afford to live by stock-raising and herding who is restricted to 160 or even 320 acres, especially on lands away from water. . . . The changed individual title would throw the whole of our domain in a few years into the hands of a few persons. In your treaties with us you have agreed that this shall not be done without our consent; we have not asked for it, and we call on you not to violate your pledge with us.

But the pledge was violated. Allotment proceeded with great haste through all the tribes except a few in the Southwest whose lands nobody wanted—yet. In many cases more acreage was declared surplus than was allotted to the Indians, and these so-called surplus lands were immediately bought by the government for $2.50 an acre and thrown open to white settlement. Indian lands were reduced by 12,000,000 acres in 1890, and by 8,000,000 more in the first nine months of 1891. No one taught the Indians farming, and the allotments were too small for ranching. They had little choice except to lease their allotments to non-Indians and, when the twenty-five years had passed, to sell. Time only made the situation worse. Allotments were further broken down by being split into heirship equities; there are records of over one hundred heirs to one 160-acre allotment. By 1933, when the new U.S. Commissioner of Indian Affairs John Collier ended allotment, the Indians had lost 90,000,000 acres and had leased most of the remainder.

Collier's administration, from 1933 to 1945, refutes the useful fallacy that it is impractical to try to educate Indians. His Reorganization Act of 1934 compelled Congress to recognize the tribes' right to self-government, and this time the tribes were asked whether or not they would accept the act. Those who did could, through further referendum, organize as federal corporations for tribal economic enterprises, and a revolving loan fund was set up to supply the necessary credit. Between 1935 and 1949, Indians borrowed from this fund more than $12,000,000 which they invested in every possible type of agricultural and industrial enterprise. Not one tribal corporation which used the fund failed, and uncollectable debts amounted to less than three-tenths of one per cent of the $4,000,000 due at the end of 1946.

Despite this record, Interior since 1953 has refused to approve requests for loans from this fund. The current balance exceeds $6,000,000.

THE LATEST LAND GRAB

TODAY no one talks of allotment, but rather of relocation. House Concurrent Resolution 108 declares it to be the policy of Congress to terminate all federal responsibility for Indians at the earliest possible date. This is the basic move to transfer Indians and their resources to the states on the fully justified assumption that state governments can be coerced by pressure groups as the federal government cannot. To carry out this purpose an interesting series of bills has been drafted:

Public Law 280, passed in 1953, authorizes any state to assume civil and criminal jurisdiction over its Indian lands without the consent of the Indians involved. President Eisenhower apparently had an uneasy conscience over this one. While signing it he urged that "at the earliest possible date . . . [it] be amended to require consultation with the tribes." It has not yet been amended.

The Termination Bills—six were passed by the 83rd Congress in 1954, and many more are scheduled—cut off credit funds and abolish federal protection for the uneducated groups who still need it. They throw onto the states responsibility for such heretofore federal services as education, welfare, law enforcement, and—far from least—protection and development of Indian resources. Such termination means liquidation of Indian trust property, dispersal of tribal assets, and the end of tribal organization. Significantly, two of the first tribes scheduled for termination were the Menominees of Wisconsin and the Klamaths of Oregon, owners of two of the richest remaining timber stands in the country. The Yakimas declared themselves in favor of the move—an appar-

ent victory for the Indian Bureau. Later it turned out that the Department of the Interior had held up tribal funds payments until the Yakimas agreed to termination.

The Competency Bill, proposed but not yet passed, would authorize the Secretary of the Interior to pronounce "competent" any Indian applicant for that label and, automatically, his spouse, minor children, and descendants—and thereby to turn over to them "full ownership and control of money and property held in trust for them" and any later acquired in trust or inherited. This would clear the way for sale or lease of this land.

The Butler-Malone Bill of 1954, reintroduced in 1955, would, among other things, junk the Reorganization Act of 1934, thus wiping out tribal ownership of lands and corporations and forcing the distribution of property to individual Indians who, by and large, are inexperienced in modern business procedure.

As the New Mexico Association on Indian Affairs has pointed out, under the Butler-Malone Bill, "the Indians cannot bid as tribal units for their old homelands in competition with the gas, oil, and uranium interests, the great cattle and sheep companies and timber interests which undoubtedly want possession of these rich tribal assets." These are the same pressure groups that have been working through the Department of the Interior to grab all publicly owned grazing lands in our national forests, national parks, and national monuments. They are abetted by other interests, chiefly the power companies, whose aim is to reduce federal regulations. They have some members of Congress on their side. And meanwhile Interior and its Bureau of Indian Affairs are accomplishing by administrative means what Congress has so far refused to accomplish by legislation.

The Secretary of the Interior already has power to declare Indians "competent," to remove the restrictions on their right to sell or lease. Indians sell their land because of poverty; because of poverty other Indians cannot buy it. So the land continues to pass from Indian ownership—exactly as the promoters of the Allotment Act planned seventy years ago.

The allotments were made without regard to sound land use. Some Indians have key tracts—that is, tracts with water or access to water or access to other allotments—whose sale would reduce the value of neighboring tracts. Since the 1920s a protective policy has been followed, providing that the patents in fee which enable an Indian to sell or lease may be issued only upon showing that the sale or lease "would have no serious adverse effect upon the applicant's family, his land, or the tribe; and that the termination of a trust or restrictions would not destroy or jeopardize a timber unit or grazing area." And millions of dollars of federal and tribal money have been spent to consolidate these lands into workable grazing or timber-sale units.

Nevertheless, in 1953, the first year of the Eisenhower Administration, 2,527 tracts were removed from trust status—three times the number removed in 1952. In 1954, it was 3,200 tracts totaling more than 500,000 acres. But even this rate is too slow for the land-grabbers. The Indian Bureau is speeding up the process with a new administrative policy: fee patents may now be granted without regard to the effect of the sale of individual land tracts on the whole unit. So may competency certificates and other removals of restrictions. Commissioner Glenn L. Emmons' directive states: "You may approve applications without making prior arrangements for access to other lands remaining in trust status." This makes it possible for the purchaser of a key tract to control the value and use of the rest of the unit—which will consequently probably pass, rapidly and at token prices, to non-Indians.

THE INDIANS' LAST STAND

ONE of the most effective protests against this new policy has come from the National Congress of American Indians, the Indians' own organization which is rapidly becoming an effective instrument through which tribal members can work. Since the introduction of Resolution 108, the Indians have realized the urgent need for co-operative action. And the NCAI, which officially represents more than one-third of the tribes, is both battling legalized robbery and working to make known to citizens outside the Department of the Interior what Indians really want.

A year ago the NCAI sent Congress the Indian Point Nine Program, "a plan of positive action to alleviate the present poverty, lack of education and training, and the present ill health of the country's 450,000 Indians." Basically the plan rests on the Indian belief that, given full conservation and development of resources, reservations will in time be able to support the people who wish to remain on them, and federal responsibility will become superfluous. The program has been lost somewhere during the past year. But citizens, including Congressmen, who are genuinely concerned with what the Indians need,

might seek it out, instead of going to the Bureau of Indian Affairs where they will receive quite different information.

The program calls for:

(1) A master plan for each reservation based on complete surveys of all resources.

(2) A planning commission for each reservation, made up of tribal representatives authorized by Act of Congress to call upon various federal agencies for technical advice.

(3) Specific plans for Indian lands lying within the major river drainage basins, including action to adjudicate Indian water rights where necessary.

(4) Plans to carry out timber surveys on Indian forest lands and to prepare programs for commercial production of lumber by Indians.

(5) Establishment of credit for farm, ranching, and other business enterprises by Indians in their home communities, with greater tribal authority over the handling of credit funds.

(6) Establishment of a land-purchase fund to permit tribes to buy up heirship lands and other strategically located tracts "with reimbursement to the United States on terms at least as favorable as those accorded farm tenants under existing law."

(7) Immediate action to restore to tribal ownership lands withdrawn for homesteads but never pre-empted.

(8) A program of on-the-farm and on-the-job training comparable to the GI training programs.

(9) Promulgation of a national policy on the taking of Indian lands for public purposes.

IN OCTOBER 1955, Secretary of the Interior McKay named, and President Eisenhower approved, Wesley D'Ewart as Assistant Secretary of the Interior in charge of public-land management. This includes the Bureau of Indian Affairs, the National Park Service, Fish and Wildlife Service, and the Bureau of Land Management. D'Ewart is a stock-raiser and ex-Representative from Montana. In 1947 he was a member of what the Denver *Post* called "Stockman Barrett's Wild West Show," the Subcommittee on Public Lands chaired by Congressman Frank Barrett of Wyoming which "investigated" the National Forests with an eye to putting up for sale whatever might be labeled "grazing lands" within those forests—pretty nearly everything but the peaks, as it turned out. In 1953 Secretary McKay denounced D'Ewart for sponsoring "giveaway" legislation. Yet two years later he put him in charge of conserving the same lands.

While he was in Congress, D'Ewart followed the expected line in Indian affairs. He sponsored the Competency Bill and he went all-out for Termination. Now he is supposed to protect the Indians.

In convention last August, the NCAI, mindful that "the record of Mr. D'Ewart as a member of Congress and of the House Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs was one showing him to be unsympathetic toward the Indian people in their efforts to maintain their diminishing land base," resolved that "President Eisenhower be advised of such facts and that he be urged to desist from nominating Mr. D'Ewart as Assistant Secretary of the Interior or any other position involving the administration of Indian affairs."

Advice to President Eisenhower on Indian affairs, even from the official spokesmen for the Indian people, is referred directly to the Indian Affairs experts in the Department of the Interior. The NCAI memorandum neither surprised nor moved them.

Oscar L. Chapman, former Secretary of the Interior, testifying before Senator Butler's Committee on tidelands legislation, said that he thought it "would establish the pattern for the greatest giveaway program in the history of the world."

He went on, "For years powerful pressure groups have been attempting to raid various parts of the public domain. They are now redoubling their efforts."

The raid on Indian lands by the same pressure groups is well under way.

Congress may or may not approve D'Ewart's appointment. The significant fact is that such an appointment was made at all. Rejection of D'Ewart may give the consoling impression that Congress is watchful and aware. It may be intended to.

But so long as House Concurrent Resolution 108 is on the books, the policy of our government is, and will continue to be, to terminate its responsibility for Indians at the earliest possible date. Under this policy a sudden move at any time could effect the final turnover of remaining Indian lands and resources to non-Indian hands.

The alternative is to rescind Resolution 108 and to adopt as federal policy a positive program like the one proposed by the National Congress of American Indians, a program which would allow Indians to retain their lands and develop their resources, and which would, at long last, make good the pledges of all our broken treaties.

Otherwise the raid on the reservations will shortly be complete.

By EDMUND G. LOVE

Drawings by Marilyn Miller



SUBWAYS ARE FOR SLEEPING

ON MARCH 4, 1953, at approximately 11:30 P.M., Henry Shelby walked into the New York City hotel where he had maintained an apartment for five months. Upon asking for his key at the desk, he was informed by the clerk that he had been locked out until such time as his bill was settled. The bill amounted to about one hundred and thirteen dollars. At the moment, Shelby had about fourteen dollars, no job, and no friends upon whom he felt free to call for help. Without any argument, he turned and walked back out the door.

In the time that has passed since that night, he has returned to the hotel only once, and then merely to see if he had any mail. He has not attempted to retrieve any of his belongings held by the management. With the exception of approximately three and one-half months, in the summer of 1953, he has been one of the thousands of men in various stages of vagrancy who wander the streets of New York City at all hours of the day and night.

Henry Shelby, today, is forty-one years old, but looks at least five years younger. He is five feet, eleven and one-half inches tall, weighs 162 pounds. His hair is black but thinning, and his eyes are a deep blue. He has no disfigurements, and his bearing is good. The key to his personality lies in his eyes which express the depth of his feeling, or a quiet humor, depending upon his mood. When he is deep in thought, or troubled, he is apt to trace patterns on the floor, or in the dirt, with the toe of his shoe. At other times he moves briskly, and with some of the grace and sureness of an athlete.

He is a graduate of the University of Michigan with a master's degree in economics. He also holds a life teacher's certificate in the state of Michigan and was, at one time, a teacher in the public schools of Lansing. His master's degree studies were concentrated in the field of accounting procedure, and for four years after World War II, he was an accountant with the Post Office Department in Washington. His associates there consider him an excellent man in this field, and at least two of them say that he could probably qualify as a certified public accountant. In addition to these qualifications, he is experienced and capable in the field of public relations, where his approach has been described as "fresh" and "honest."

The city of New York has long been noted for the number and variety of its vagrants. Estimates as to the number of homeless and penniless men and women run from a conservative 10,000 to somewhere around half a million. Vagrants in other parts of the United States are a migratory lot, usually moving with the weather, but the New York variety stay put, occupying park benches, flop houses, gutters, and doorways in all seasons. There are many who possess qualifications as rich as Henry Shelby's. There are many who are literally human derelicts living out their days in a drunken stupor, waiting for an obscure death in the river or a ward at

Bellevue. In between there are as many gradations as there are strata in normal society. Almost the only things all vagrants have in common are a hard luck story and an air of bewilderment. Not all of them have lost hope.

Henry Shelby is not a hopeless man, but he is certainly bewildered. He himself describes his present life as treading water, waiting to see how things come out. "In the meantime," he says, "I'm getting along all right. I'm perfectly happy."

In his months as a vagrant he has become an expert at management and has learned to put first things first. In his case this means food, cleanliness, and shelter, in that order. He prides himself on the fact that he has never panhandled, never visited a soup kitchen, or taken a night's lodging in one of the various hostels maintained by charitable agencies in the city. He has accepted handouts, but he can recall only one instance where anyone ever stepped up to him and gave him money: One night in the middle of winter he noticed advertisements for the première of a motion picture at a Broadway theater. He arrived early and took up a prominent position against the ropes under the marquee. As he stood there, watching the celebrities arrive in their limousines, a man came over to him and placed an unfolded ten dollar bill in his hand.

Shelby has never been completely penniless except for one very brief period when he left New York. He has set fifteen cents, which represents subway fare, as the absolute minimum below which he will not allow his finances to sink. He has no maximum, but rarely possesses more than thirty dollars, which represents about one week's salary at present minimum levels. He acquires his money in a variety of ways. He is able to pick up a day's work here and there, carrying sandwich boards, working as a roustabout on the waterfront, washing dishes in cheap restaurants, shoveling snow for the city.

NOBODY STARVES IN AMERICA

WHEN he gets money, he nurses it carefully. He can tell, one minute after he gets it, exactly how long it will last, because he knows what he's going to eat, how many cigarettes he is going to smoke, and the amount it will cost him for lodging, or incidentals. There are no extras in his life.

Virtually all of Shelby's cash goes for food and cigarettes. His breakfasts, invariably, consist of a glass of fruit or vegetable juice; his lunches, of a sandwich, usually a frankfurter, and a glass of milk. His one substantial meal is supper, and into it he piles all the dietary necessities he has missed since he last ate such a meal. His plate is apt to be loaded with green vegetables, cooked vegetables, and meat. He will haggle back and forth with the counterman in order to get these items, usually trading off potatoes and dessert for them. He never looks at the contents of a meal until he looks at the prices and he always chooses the cheapest meal on the menu, unless it contains sea food, which he detests. He knows where all the best food bargains in town are to be found. A bargain means quantity, but once or twice a week he will seek out a place which serves something of which he is especially fond.

Between meals he drinks coffee, usually two cups during the morning and three cups during the afternoon and evening. When he is especially broke he cuts out regular meals and subsists entirely on coffee, loading all the sugar and cream he can into his cup. He explains that these are free calories, and that calories, no matter what form they take, will keep him going until he is able to eat regularly again.

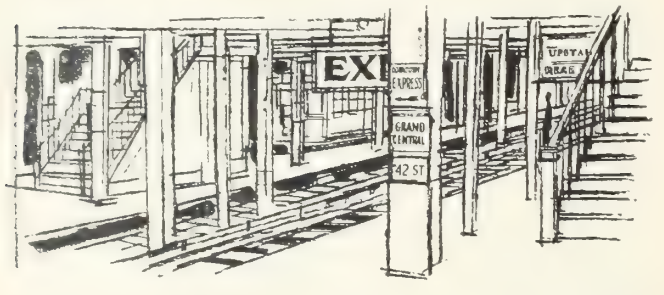
Shelby says that the truest statement he has ever heard is that no one will ever starve to death in the United States, and his technique for getting food when he is low on money is a simple one. He walks the streets until he finds a restaurant with a sign in the window that reads "dishwasher wanted," or "counterman wanted." He goes in and works long enough to pay for a meal and earn a little extra money. Usually he completes whatever constitutes a full day's work, but if the restaurant is a pleasant place, if he is treated well and the food is good, he may stay a week, or even longer. He is a good worker, and is well liked by his bosses and fellow employees. Many of the latter are men like himself.

He has learned a lot of odd jobs around kitchens and has filled in as a chef at two cafeterias, and as a short-order cook at a counter restaurant. At one place where he worked for five weeks, the manager recommended him for the managership of another unit in the chain which had fallen vacant. In this particular restaurant Shelby can always be sure of a job of some kind when he is broke; the manager will put him to work washing windows if there is nothing else available. The same condition holds true at five or six other places in town, but Shelby never uses them unless he is really desperate. He refers to them humorously as his social security.

Shelby usually allots no more than fifteen cents a day for shelter. Occasionally he pays more than this, but only when he has gotten by for two or

three days without spending anything extra. Shelter means a place to sleep to Shelby, nothing else. His great preference, month in and month out, is for the Sixth and Eighth Avenue subways. He very rarely sleeps on the IRT or BMT. The IRT, with its ramshackle, noisy cars and its seating arrangement, is uncomfortable. The BMT has suitable accommodations, but, as Shelby describes it, "an undesirable clientele."

Shelby usually boards the Eighth Avenue Subway at Pennsylvania Station between midnight and one in the morning and takes the first express that comes along. At that hour there is usually a seat, especially in the front car, and he immediately settles down and drops off to sleep. He has developed the happy faculty of being able to drop off, or awaken, almost at will. He sleeps lightly, not because he is afraid of being robbed —he never has enough money to worry about that—but because he is very cautious about oversleeping. The vagrant who is still sleeping soundly when the train reaches the end of the line is more than likely to be picked up and lodged in jail by the transportation police.



Upon reaching the end of the line, Shelby walks up the stairs from the train platform to the next level. The turnstiles are at this level, and rest rooms have been placed inside the turnstiles. He retires to one of these rest rooms, finds a booth, fastens the door, and smokes a leisurely cigarette. It is supposedly a misdemeanor to carry lighted tobacco within the turnstile area, but Shelby says he discovered quite early in his career that even the police use the privacy of the rest rooms to have a quiet cigarette. Of course, he takes no chances. If there is a policeman anywhere on the turnstile level he will forgo his smoke.

After his cigarette, he goes back to the train platform and boards the next train going in the opposite direction from the one he has just come. He quickly settles into a seat and goes to sleep again. He remains asleep until he reaches the other end of the line, then, as before, has his smoke and reboards a train. This time his nap is much shorter because he debarks at the Jay Street-Borough Hall station in Brooklyn and transfers to the Sixth Avenue subway. On this he makes a full round trip, going all the way out to Queens, back to the Brooklyn end of the line, and then back to Jay Street. There he reboards the Eighth Avenue, which he rides back to Penn Station.

The whole trip consumes from four and a half to five and a half hours, during the course of which he has probably netted four hours of sleep. Over the months he has learned many of the habits and assignments of the transportation police, and he tries to keep himself from being too familiar a figure. For this reason he does not depend entirely upon the subway and does not dare ride it oftener than every other night.

SEASONAL SLEEPING

ON HIS off nights, in good weather, he sometimes uses the two great parks, Central and Prospect. By varying his hours of repose, carefully selecting secluded spots, and transferring his resting places often, he can spend one night a week in either one or the other of them. Also, in warm weather, there are fire escapes. Because he knows the city as well as he does, Shelby has been able to locate several covered, and therefore secluded, ones. Most of them are attached to theaters or warehouses and offer ideal accommodations. For some reason, the police never seem to bother vagrants who occupy these emergency exits. And on three or four occasions during the summer Shelby manages to get out to one of the beaches near the city. He can sleep unmolested there, especially on a hot night. There are always legitimate sleepers, as he calls them, who are trying to escape the heat.

Naturally, in the fall, winter, and early spring, Shelby has to find other places. The benches in the waiting rooms at Grand Central, Penn Station, and the Port Authority Bus Terminal are his favorites outside of the subway. As in every other place, however, there are strict rules of conduct which must be observed. Shelby learned early that the station police in each of the three establishments have set habits. They make two routine checks during the course of a night. At Grand Central, for example, these checks come at one-thirty and five-thirty. Between the checks there are both policemen and plain-clothes men on duty in the waiting room throughout the night, and they wander up and down, carefully checking trouble spots. Ordinarily, however, these roving guardians will not disturb people who are stretched out on the benches asleep. Between the checks, therefore, it is possible to

get almost four hours of uninterrupted sleep in a prone position. Conditions at Penn Station are about the same, and at the bus terminal the checks are farther apart, but the lights are brighter and the crowds larger, giving less room to stretch out.

Shelby keeps, as part of his equipment for sleeping in one of the three terminals, three tickets: to Poughkeepsie, New York; Princeton, New Jersey; and Elizabeth, New Jersey, one for each of the three lines. Inspection of timetables has revealed that there are no busses or trains leaving New York for these points between one and six in the morning. In emergencies, should the station police question him too closely, Shelby flashes the appropriate ticket and claims that he missed the last train and is waiting for the first one in the morning. This has always worked, but on one occasion a station policeman escorted him to a six-thirty train and made certain he got on it. Shelby got off at 125th Street and walked back to Grand Central.

Shelby regards sleeping in hotel lobbies as an unsatisfactory experience, yet he feels bound to try it every now and then. No lobby can be occupied during the night, and daytime occupancy is limited to about two hours at most. While house officers will not ordinarily run a respectably dressed man out into the street, they will shake him awake every hour or so. In order to get four hours of sleep, Shelby estimates that he has to visit eight hotels during a day. He always apologizes profusely for having dozed off and never visits the same hotel oftener than every third month.

Shelby says that it is always advisable to carry something when sleeping in a lobby. House officers are apt to respect a man's privacy if he has an umbrella or brief case lying in his lap. When Shelby plans to use a hotel lobby, he will wander up and down the subway trains the day before until he finds what he is looking for. Subways are full of things that are suitable for hotel lobbies. He always turns in whatever he has found to the Board of Transportation's Lost and Found Department after he has used it, and he is always careful to check back later to find out whether there has been any reward. He collected twelve and a half dollars this way last year.

Shelby thinks that all-night theaters are the most overrated sleeping places for men like himself. He has used them, and still does occasionally, but compared to the subway, they are inordinately expensive and their seats, though much softer, are much less suited to sleeping. They tip back too much, and the head is apt to snap backwards instead of forward. This always awakens Shelby. Furthermore, one cannot very well lean one's head on one's arm when elbow resting room has to be fought for with one's neighbor. The pictures are noisy in unexpected places, and the sounds that are thrown out from the screen are loud and unorthodox. On top of this, Shelby has found that no matter what picture is being shown, he cannot keep from watching it to see how it comes out. Thus, instead of getting some sleep, he gets entertained.



THE WELL-KEMPT VAGRANT

MOST people do their personal grooming in the privacy of their own homes. Because Henry Shelby is homeless, he cannot. But for two reasons he places more importance on his personal appearance than he does on having a place to sleep. First, he is naturally a neat and tidy man to whom uncleanliness is distasteful. Second, good grooming is a safety factor in his existence. The police will always pick up an unkempt man and will generally walk right by a tidy man. A shower is not only a comfort, but a good investment.

From each five dollar bill he gets, Shelby sets aside enough money to provide himself with a bath. If he goes six days without one, he will stop eating until he can pay for one. Most of Shelby's baths are taken in the public rooms of Grand Central Station and cost sixty-five cents. Shaving is also a problem. At Shelby's age, he cannot go for more than twenty-four hours without acquiring a heavily shaded face. After that his beard is apt to become a heavy stubble.

Nevertheless, he tries to stretch the time between shaves to at least thirty-six hours for economic reasons: it costs twenty-five cents to use one of the booths at Grand Central set aside for this purpose. Like most New York City vagrants, Shelby always carries a safety razor in his pocket and will take any opportunity he can to get in a quick, free shave and a chance to brush his teeth. He uses ordinary soap for shaving cream.



Clothing is another important item of appearance. With the exception of his outer garments, Shelby owns two of everything: two white shirts, two suits of underwear, two pairs of socks, and two neckties. One set is always on his back and the other is usually in storage at some laundry in the Grand Central area. Whenever he takes his bath, Shelby drops by the laundry first and picks up his clean linen. After his shower he carefully wraps the soiled clothes in a bundle and leaves them in another laundry to be washed.

His outer garments are kept as neat as possible. Once or twice a week he drops in at one of the small tailor shops around town and sits in his shirt tails while his coat and trousers are being pressed. Unfortunately, he has never found a place where he can sit in a booth while the clothes are being cleaned. When his garments are quite dirty, and he gets enough money ahead, he picks up his clean laundry and retires to a cheap but good hotel. There he engages a room, paying for it in advance. Once the door is closed on the bellhop, he strips and calls valet service. For the next twenty-four hours, while the cleaners are at work on his coat and trousers, he spends his time in bed, or under the shower. He has slept for twenty-two hours on these occasions, and taken as many as fifteen showers. He never gets too much sleep or too many showers.

The whole twenty-four-hour period in the hotel, including cleaning, costs him about seven dollars. Shelby considers this gross extravagance, since his weekly average expenditure is about eight dollars, but for some time he never seemed to accumulate enough money to buy a second suit. Besides, he always comes out of his stay with a tremendous sense of pleasure and well being.

One of the astounding things about Shelby's existence is that he has become a recluse, just as surely as though he lived on a desert island. For three or four days at a time he will speak to no one, nor will anyone speak to him. He is not solitary by nature, but his way of life and his desire to continue it without molestation impose this penalty upon him. While he might like to engage the policeman in the Grand Central waiting room in conversation, he realizes that if he did, he might be recognized easily the next time he visited there, and all subsequent visits would gradually peg him as a homeless person, making him liable to arrest and harassment.

This solitude has brought him one great problem which he senses but finds difficult to describe: the problem of passage of time. Shelby is waiting for something. He himself does not know what it is. When it comes he will either go back into the world from which he came, or sink out of sight in the morass of alcoholism or despair that has engulfed other vagrants. While he is waiting, he is plagued by a restlessness that keeps him on the move for seventeen or eighteen hours a day. He is likely to say that he moves about as much as he does because policemen will not stop a man who looks as though he is coming from some place or going to some place. What he does not say, because he does not realize it, is that he is working to keep his time occupied.

CULTURE AND RECREATION

SHELBY'S search for entertainment has lead him into every nook and cranny of the city and brought him knowledge which he might not otherwise have gained. One idiosyncrasy that he has discovered but cannot account for is the attitude of station policemen toward book readers. After seven-thirty in the evening, in order to read a book in Grand Central or Penn Station, a person either has to wear horn-rimmed glasses, or look exceptionally prosperous. Anyone else is apt to come under surveillance. On the other hand, newspaper readers never seem to attract attention and even the seediest vagrant can sit in Grand Central all night without being molested if he continues to read a paper. Shelby therefore spends one or two hours a night going

over the daily papers. He regularly reads all seven final editions of New York journals, which he picks out of trash baskets.

Shelby is extraordinarily fond of museums and galleries and has become something of an art expert. Vagrants are rarely molested in New York museums and galleries. Shelby is apt to smile and say this is because the guards can never distinguish between a legitimate bum and an artistic one. They never disturb a person like him because they never know when they are trying to eject an artist who is holding a one-man show on the third floor.

Shelby began frequenting the big marble-coated buildings many months ago in search of shelter and warmth. He followed the guides around on their tours, often three or four times a day. In order to seem part of the group making the tour he would ask questions. And by this time he knows enough to stump most of the guides. He has developed a genuine love for the subject, knows where every show in town is being held and what it contains, and is thinking of trying to do a little painting himself. But when he goes to the shows, he is also still on the lookout for some obscure nook or cranny where he can stretch out and sleep for an hour or two. Even a corner behind a Grecian column where a man can sleep upright without interruption is valuable.

ANOTHER of Shelby's pastimes is to take the ferry ride from the Battery to Staten Island and back. He calls this the poor man's ocean voyage. Unfortunately, the round trip costs ten cents, which puts it in the luxury class. More often, he boards one of the numerous Central Railroad of New Jersey ferries and makes three or four round trips to the Jersey shore. If he gets on during the rush-hour periods he is not noticed and there is no expense.

Pursuing this pastime Shelby has picked up a surprising amount of information on navigation, and he is rapidly becoming an authority on the New York tidal flow. He seems to get a great deal of enjoyment out of criticizing the pilots of the ferries if they do not bring their vessels squarely into the slips, and almost the first thing he reads in the New York papers is the shipping news. Two or three times a week he journeys to the waterfront to watch the arrival or departure of one of the big liners. On other occasions he will go down to the Jersey ferry slips and board the little vessel that he estimates will come closest to the big ships as they move up the river or put out to sea.

The city offers other free sources of diversion too. Shelby always follows a fire engine; has a nose for street fights; and, if he stumbles upon an accident, never leaves the scene until the last policeman has closed his notebook. He stops to listen to every sidewalk preacher he comes across and likes to sing the hymns just for the pleasure of singing something. He knows every major construction project in town, but rarely watches such routine phases of the work as excavation or riveting. He looks the site over and then shows up at the exact moment some critical problem is about to be solved.

He is a steady visitor at the various courts around town, and is what he describes as a sucker for band music. For this reason he believes he is happier in New York than he would be in any other city in the world. New York is the only place where there is a parade of some kind every day in the year. On some days there are two or three. Last Armistice Day, Shelby visited five parades and took part in one.

The peculiar advantages of the microfilm room of the New York Public Library, which he came upon almost by accident, are probably Shelby's unique discovery. He had been advised by another vagrant that the library was a good place to keep warm on a cold day, and that it offered an opportunity for an hour or two of sleep. Several days later he made his first call there, provided with what he considered a plausible excuse for visiting the institution. He went to the main desk and asked for a copy of the *New York Times* for November 10, 1936. He was referred to the microfilm room, where the attendant produced a roll of film instead of the paper. He was then escorted to one of several viewing machines which were placed helter-skelter in a sort of alcove off to one side of a large room. Shelby put the film in the machine and looked at the image. Within half an hour, as he turned the crank, he dozed off. He was not disturbed and eventually woke up about five hours later.

He says, now, that at the time this seemed too good to be true, so a week later he went back again to see if it was an accident. He arrived about nine-fifteen in the morning and slept until almost four-thirty in the afternoon, again without being disturbed.

He since has become cognizant of several things. Most men in his condition who visit the Public Library go to the reading rooms. Either they have never heard of the microfilm room, or they underestimate its possibilities. Consequently, the attendants there have never met

a real vagrant face to face. They assume that anyone who has heard of microfilm and wishes to use it is in search of learning. They check the film out to the applicant and never follow up. Moreover, the accommodations are very comfortable. The room is warm, and the upright film-display stands give a man an excellent place to rest his head.

For some time, Shelby put the microfilm room at the top of his list as a place of shelter, then suddenly he realized that it was a far more valuable place for pure entertainment. He never goes there to sleep now, but he often goes in early in the morning and spends the entire day reading. He has read all the old issues of the *New York Times* that are available on film, all his favorite comic strips from the date of their inception to the present, and every column Damon Runyon ever wrote.

A by-product of his many hours in the microfilm room is a system for playing the races which he developed by virtue of having been able to study every racing chart published in New York over the past twenty years. He has put this system to a test twice. At one time he worked quite steadily for almost a month and, with twenty-five dollars in his pocket, visited Aqueduct Race Track where he won eighty-seven dollars and forty cents, after expenses. Prudently, he took the money and bought himself a new suit of clothes, leaving the original twenty-five dollars untouched. A few days later he took the twenty-five and went to Belmont Park, where he lost it all. He hasn't visited the track since, but he remains an avid racing fan and plays the horses regularly in the microfilm room. Nowadays, however, he saves all the races until cold weather sets in and plays during the winter months. He never looks at the racing results beforehand. "I might just as well be honest about it," he says.

Shelby's favorite of all forms of recreation is walking. He usually walks the streets of Manhattan for four to ten hours a day, covering anywhere from five to twenty-five miles. He has walked the full length of every up and down avenue in the city and crossed the island on every crosstown street. He is a walking encyclopedia on plaques and knows every traffic bottleneck and shortcut in town. He loves to window-shop and knows when most of the stores change their displays. At some time every day he manages to pass the window of the Christian Science Reading Room on Park Avenue and solemnly reads the Bible passage marked there.

At one time he estimated that he had about exhausted the possibilities of exploration in Manhattan and decided to concentrate on Brooklyn. He crossed the Brooklyn Bridge on foot one day, and on two other occasions took the subway. At the end of the third trip he gave the project up. "Walking in Brooklyn is like walking in Lansing, Michigan. I have the feeling I've seen everything before," he says. "Manhattan isn't like that."

At present, Henry Shelby seems content to take things as they come. "I don't know how long I'll live this life," he said not long ago, as he traced a design in the dirt with his foot. "I don't have much trouble. I've never gotten drunk and lain in a doorway all day. My name's never been on a police blotter for vagrancy. I haven't had to beg. Maybe if things were like they were twenty years ago, when everybody was a bum, I might change. Maybe something will happen that will force me to change, one way or another. Yes, I guess that's about it, but it hasn't happened yet, and things seem so easy and natural this way, the way they are now, that it's just as though it was supposed to be that way. I'm just not going to look at the future. All I can tell anybody, now, is that I intend to be up at a little delicatessen I know on Broadway. They serve a hell of a good boiled beef dinner up there for sixty-eight cents." He looked up at one of the big street clocks. "Which reminds me. If I'm going to get there by six o'clock, I'd better get going. Takes me almost an hour to walk it." His listener asked him why he didn't take the subway.

"Subways are for sleeping," Shelby said, smiled, and walked off.



Kenneth Tynan

CURTAIN TIME IN MOSCOW

England's perceptive young critic reports on the current drama season in the Russian capital . . . which presents some 150 plays per week, many of extravagant theatrical magic—and hardly any new ideas.

LAST November, having signed a customs form vouching that my baggage contained no antelope horns, Manchurian deer, hashish, "negatives or *clichés*," I entered Russia via Leningrad. A company of British actors, directed by Peter Brook, had been invited by the Ministry of Culture to perform "Hamlet" in Moscow; for the first time since the October Revolution English was to be spoken on a Russian stage; and I took advantage of the cultural thaw to ride in on the actors' wake and take a firsthand look at the Moscow theater.

The city itself had first to be digested. Its very lay-out is dramatic, monumentally gaunt and gaping, like a convention of huge warehouses held on an open plain. The new university soars upward like Rockefeller Center in New York, though the Russians do not thank you for making the comparison; and by night the city suggests America fantastically stripped of bars and grills, and ads. How comforting, in memory, neon lighting seemed, symbol of salesmanship and hence of ingratiation! By day the great impersonal squares unfold: there must be half a dozen open places in the center of Moscow where the battle of Waterloo could be fought without breaking a single window. For color one looks at the domes and minarets of St. Basil's Cathedral, which is like Brighton Pavilion in war paint and is as far as I could see the only thing in Moscow that wears make-up. The squares surge with wind-bruised, shiny-cheeked people, conversing in condensed steam. There are thousands of Chinese faces, many of them belonging to Chinese. Wandering unescorted, you rapidly get lost, for maps and phone books are as closely guarded as the two embalmed dynasts in the bakelite mausoleum on Red Square. In Moscow, as in most other great cities, the best landmarks are the theaters.

Seven of these are occupied by music-hall, puppetry, opera, operetta, and ballet; the rest—twenty-one in number—are legitimate theaters, including three entirely devoted to plays for children. The same principles of organization apply to all of them. Every theater has a permanent company of between eighty and a hundred and fifty actors, recruited in most cases from an affiliated drama school; and a repertoire of some twenty plays, so alternated that the same piece is never performed for more than two consecutive nights. This means that in any given week the visitor has a choice of about a hundred and fifty different shows. The thought of playing the same part night after night fills Russian actors with horror and incredulity; the idea of a "long run" exists only in the theaters of London, Paris, and New York, and can scarcely be expressed in the Russian language.

And here let me pause to shatter a popular fallacy. With two exceptions, the Moscow theater is not supported by government money. State subsidies were withdrawn in 1948 from every playhouse except the Bolshoi (meaning "big") and the Maly (meaning "little"). These are the twin repositories of theatrical tradition. The Bolshoi is the home of opera and ballet, a gaudy pleasure dome where no fantasy goes unindulged: before your eyes the river Neva bursts its banks, and a whole palace, staircase and all, subsides in flames. Nowhere on earth is the art of theatrical magic more extravagantly practiced. The Maly, founded in 1824, is the oldest straight theatre in Moscow, and is known as "The House of Ostrovsky" in much the same way as the Comédie Française is known as "The House of Molière."

All the other theaters are autonomous and self-supporting. This seems unbelievable, in view of the splendor of the productions and the size of the companies, until you remember that they pay no theater rent or entertainment tax.

and that it is a rare season when average attendances drop below 95 per cent of capacity.

The British "Hamlet," a middling specimen of West End Shakespeare, had its *première* at the second house of the Moscow Art Theater; or, to give it its full title, the Affiliated House of the Moscow Academic Art Theater in the Name of Gorki. The audience reactions were immensely revealing. Accustomed to constant changes of scenery, they were baffled when the curtain rose again and again on the same gray permanent setting. Nor, in a theater where doubling is unknown, could they comprehend why so many members of the cast were playing more than one part each. During the interval one critic expressed his delight at the subtle stroke of interpretation whereby the same actor played the Player Queen and the Second Gravedigger, and I had not the heart to tell him that the reason for this was not theatrical invention but economic necessity.

Some of the older Russian actors were shocked at the speed with which the verse was spoken. "Cinema technique!" moaned one. "Is Shakespeare not allowed to draw breath in Britain?" The admiring comments made by many people on the relative cheapness of the production must, I imagine, have fallen rather brutally on the ears of the producer, Hugh Beaumont, for it was the most costly show he had ever backed. Physically, the acting looked wooden and inexpressive beside the rich mobility of Russian players; but if the audience thought so, it kept its counsel, and the applause at the end was long and stormy.

Russian directors have of course made "Hamlet" very much their own property. To Akimov in 1932 he was a revolutionary who staged a fake ghost in order to overthrow the tyrant Claudius; and in the spring of 1955 Nikolai Okhlopkov, with a cast of a hundred and eighty and a full orchestra booming Tchaikowsky, directed a Hamlet who represented Renaissance Man casting off the fetters of the Middle Ages. Paul Scofield's British Hamlet, by contrast, represented only Paul Scofield, which struck some Russian theorists as a trifle meager. The director of the Maly Theater, however, called it "a three-octave performance," and *Pravda* congratulated the actor on seeing Hamlet as a positive, dynamic hero rather than as a pessimistic weakling. At the British Embassy reception after the first night much else emerged, and I was able to piece together a picture of the Russian attitude toward drama as a whole.

To begin with, our notion of an opening night as a nerve-racked occasion on which everything depends is quite inexplicable to a Russian. In Moscow plays are rehearsed for twelve months with at least two separate casts; and the critics are expected to see the new production three times before reviewing it, which gives them time to ponder the relative contributions of author, actors, and director. Bad notices never mean unemployment; if the new show fails to draw, it is dropped, and that is that; the repertoire rolls on unhindered. I made the childish error of asking an actor to name the star of his company, and my interpreter gently signified to me that the concept of a "star" was something his language was incapable of rendering. Outside Russian theaters the names of the plays are billed, but never the names of the actors. Against each important character the program usually lists two or three names, with a penciled tick beside the one who will be playing it at that particular performance.

Maturity and consistent excellence are rewarded with the title of Honored Artist of the Soviet Union, which is as close as Russia gets to the idea of a "star." Even so, you will see Honored Artists playing "Lear" on Tuesday and a three-line bit part on Wednesday. The great drawing card in Moscow is not the actor but the theater he works for. Above all, the Embassy reception showed me that the great gulf of sensibility which in England makes it almost impossible for an actor to converse intelligibly with a politician simply did not exist. In Russia man is assumed to be a political animal, and the theater to be a limb of the body politic; and the politician who cannot talk theater is regarded as culpably myopic.

HOW MUCH POLITICS?

YET much less of the theater than I had expected is politically slanted. The classics are no longer twisted to make debating points; Shaw, Wilde, and Dickens are played with absolute fidelity to the letter and spirit of the text. And nothing could be falser than the Western idea that the Russians treat Chekhov as satirical farce: he is handled with the solemn respect due to a classic. Propaganda in the Moscow theater (which is about one-tenth of it) seeks primarily to stimulate enthusiasm for hard work. Life in the town is Spartan, as befits the training camp of a heavyweight contender; and the basic tenet of all propaganda is that life imitates art. You work because art shows you the virtues of work, and this is even true of the Children's Theaters, where dashing new plays urge the young to leave

home and build community centers in Siberia.

But for some Russian tastes the theater has grown too hortatory of late. People have been complaining that art ought to imitate life a little more. In the past year, and for the first time since the Revolution, some theaters have been reporting empty seats; and too many bad playwrights, it has been hinted, are getting preferential treatment purely because they toe the party line.

In November Mr. Mikhailov, the Minister of Culture, called a public meeting to find out what had gone wrong. One speaker recalled the great days when squads of police had to be called out to control the queues outside the Art Theater. Now, he added bitterly, you could sometimes get seats (highest price, under the present artificial exchange rate: about $5) by walking in on the day of performance. The case for more imitation of life was strongly pressed, especially by a woman called Engineer Ginsburg, who said:

"We want to see ordinary people on the stage. The villains now are too black, and the heroes are like the dishes in a dietetic restaurant—no salt, no pepper, nothing with a tang to it."

The audience was reminded that plays critical of the regime were now approved, such as the one in which a commissar's daughter forms a decadent yearning for jeans, jazz, and pony-tail hair-dos; but the consensus was that the revolutionary theater needed more realistic fuel. In a speech a few days later, Mr. Mikhailov roundly condemned those theater directors and playwrights who had failed to come through with their quota of new plays, and exhorted them to go out and look at life in the raw.

THE HOUR HAND

AT PRESENT the revolutionary theater of experiment has almost ceased to exist, except at the little Satirical Theater, run by the ferociously brilliant Yutkevich. Vakhtangov, Meyerhold, and Tairov are dead; Okhlopkov directs very seldom; and the only active survivor of the prewar group is the sixty-four-year-old Alexei Popov, who has been in charge of the Red Army Theater since 1936.

The great Russian theaters today are homes of the solid bourgeois virtues, performing nineteenth-century plays in surroundings of weighty scenic opulence; the Maly, for instance, and the Moscow Art. The joy of seeing master craftsmen working in unison, with the deep poetry and not just the neurotic trimmings of naturalism, is something I had never known until I saw these great players. This is Stanislavsky without Freud, physiological acting without the psychiatric glosses beloved of American "method" actors; it has subtlety and absolute inevitability, plus what Stark Young once described as "a magnificent dignity and grave, warm beauty like nature's." To say that youth is not at the helm of the Russian theater is an understatement: it is lucky if it is allowed to scrub the decks. The power and glory of Russian drama resides in its older actors, who are by far the finest I have ever seen.

With age they do not wither or grow frail, as our actors often do. They expand in mind and muscle, a formidable parade of which every member resembles Blake's Ancient of Days. There is a simple reason for this continuity of development: economic security.

"In your country," a Russian said to me, "you watch only the minute hand of history. We watch the hour hand as well."

And this is true outside politics. Once an actor has been accepted by a company and proved himself in it, he has no financial worries. Variation of repertoire keeps him from going stale, he is seldom asked to act more than four times a week, and when he retires the state steps in with a liberal pension. Compare the plight of the old actor in England, ashamed of his age, and doubtful whether he can learn his lines in three weeks' rehearsal.

In Moscow age is a badge of merit, and there is time for certainty and for perfection. To see an Ostrovsky play at the Maly is like spending a weekend with old friends. Onto the stage the giants trundle, hawk-eyed spectacular dowagers like Turchaninova, ancient intriguers like Vladislavsky, all playing with a selfless economy and precision which recalls a group of champions at a chess tournament. It is the same at the Moscow Art Theater: ripe in years, robust as oaks, beaming in their beards and their supreme authority, the masters play together as Stanislavsky taught them and as they can still teach the world. Tonight Konsky, sardonic and lantern-jawed, will delight you in "An Ideal Husband." The next night, in Tolstoy, it is Gribov, as a jaundiced, fish-eyed *moujik,* who sets you cheering; a day later Zhiltsov, with his effortless barrel-chested thunder, will transfix you, or Tarassova, who weeps as readily as most British actresses simper.

Finally, in Gorki's "The Lower Depths," a dozen new faces will be thrust before you, faces from a Bosch crucifixion, crapulous faces, swollen and condemned. Every step that is taken has beneath it, you feel, a tradition of immortal

rock; the characters' roots are sunk deep into the stage. These players tend to sit heavily (I saw a chair break under one of them at the Maly: he instantly turned the mishap to theatrical advantage). They fan themselves, gesture with their eyebrows and fingertips, and never lose the thread of the tapestry they are weaving. Theirs is the greatness that can come only to actors who do not need to worry about how great they are. The surfaces of life, audible and visible, are flawlessly captured: every moment a sudden, eccentric but obviously *right* gesture catches your eye, yet each fragment fits smoothly into the general mosaic.

If their actors are older than ours, their audiences are younger. Nevertheless, the system has its drawbacks. The old actors tend to cling to the roles of their youth, and surrender them only under considerable pressure to younger players. Mr. Mikhailov made this point when he said that the dearth of new Russian plays was partly due to the necessity of writing parts for middle-aged actors. Yet there are other reasons for the thinness of contemporary Soviet drama. One is the cultural iron curtain.

The only American authors known in Russia are Howard Fast, Lillian Hellman, and Arthur Miller. The only British author known is Ewan MacColl, a left-wing pamphleteer whose plays have never been performed in the West End. The only French author performed is Jean-Paul Sartre. His "Edmund Kean" is already in rehearsal, and "The Respectful Prostitute" was a sensation last winter because it portrayed a tart with something approaching realism. In Paris the play was a virulent one-act squib lasting just over an hour; in Moscow it lasts over three hours, has six settings, and ends on a heroic tableau in which the tart and the Negro, hand in hand, look forward into a new dawn of enlightenment. This was greeted with cheers. My interpreter said, and I agreed with him, that all culture needed a strain of naïveté to survive; but the whole point of the original play was its sophisticated irony. This had been banished at the author's suggestion. It was ruin by consent.

The real reason for the lack of new plays lies in the basis of Communism as a whole. By definition, the USSR has abolished nostalgia. Nobody looks back on the past with regret, which means the end of playwrights like Turgenev and Chekhov, who half-loathed the old way of life yet were half-committed to it. That delicate tension has gone. At the same time the Western sense of humor strikes Russians as gloomy or macabre. I showed a few old *New Yorkers* to a Russian actor; and his comment was that things couldn't be as bad as that. To him the cartoons were either unintelligible (jokes about advertising, sugar-daddies, and commercial TV) or unimaginably cynical. Thurber's humor of quiet desperation only made him sigh with compassion; he could not see why we laughed at anything so close to despair. The comedy of surrealism has no meaning in Moscow. Revolutionary comedy is always moral, which is to say that it is never pure comedy but always satire.

THE BEDBUG

THE most imaginative production I saw was of a satire, Mayakovsky's "Klop" ("The Bedbug"), written in 1929. Yutkevich restaged it at the Satirical Theater with an ebullient technique compounded of vaudeville, revue, and screen cartoon. Its hero is a backsliding worker who reverts to bourgeois habits once the first stage of the revolution is completed and he has money to spend; not, of course, to multiply, for in Russia you cannot make money breed. Deserting his proletarian sweetheart, he marries into a family of social climbers, from whom he learns vulgarity, the inevitable by-product of class distinctions. The willing oaf is taught to overdress ("But don't wear two ties at once, especially of different colors!"), and to dance the tango with his little finger crooked. To symbolize its loyalty to the revolution, the family holds a wedding party entirely in shades of red. This develops into a nightmare orgy, rather like a parody of "The Boy Friend" held in a brothel. With the rout at its height, fire breaks out, and the guests perish in a scabrous cartoon sequence. We see their wigs and eyelashes going up in flames, and their cosmetic-laden faces melting down like wax dummies.

Only the hero survives, frozen in a block of ice as the firemen's hoses play on him. Fifty years later he is discovered and defrosted by a world which, now having reached the final stage of Communism, regards him as an alien monster or zoological specimen. His vodka-tainted breath prostrates all who approach him, and six electric fans whirr to keep the air pure. If he touches a dog, it is at once infected with the plague of servility, and will do nothing thereafter but sit up and beg. In consequence he is placed in a zoo, where his atavistic habits of smoking, gambling, drinking, and singing sentimental songs are watched rather as we in London watch the chimpanzees' tea party.

The comedian playing the "bedbug" was a fine

low comic rather like Bert Lahr, and I relished the production until the hero's jilted fiancée, now an old woman, said: "And to think I nearly killed myself for filth like that!" Compassion, I suddenly realized, was banished, even for this misguided mooncalf. *Saeva indignatio* was the correct reaction. We were not to pity him, since that would imply some degree of identification, and might even lead to our tolerating him. At once my tainted heart was with him in his cage, beside his vodka, his cigarettes, and his ukulele; and it remained there to the end, though my mind acknowledged the impact of a staggeringly clever production. On the way out of the theater I lit a cigarette, feeling as defiant as if I were peroxiding my hair.

NO DEFEATS

BUT if pure comedy is rare, pure tragedy is nonexistent. To our mind, the spectacle of a man hounded and suffering, defeated by society or strangled by fate, constitutes tragedy, from which we derive a refinement of our knowledge of the human condition. But in Utopia that kind of tragedy is impossible. Since there is always a way out, no one can ever be trapped.

Mr. Zubov, the director of the Maly Theater, put the case to me quite frankly. Domestic tragedy, he said, was still conceivable, though it was fast disappearing; but social tragedy was unthinkable. In Soviet society a man could never be crushed. He quoted Vishnevsky's "An Optimistic Tragedy" as an example of Soviet tragedy in that it had a happy ending. I mentioned "Hamlet." He smiled.

"Ah," he said, "that is a golden page of the past." He added that the circumstances necessary to create the anguish of a Lear or Macbeth simply did not exist. "In our society," he concluded, "there may be occasional collisions, but there are no defeats." That is the attitude, and the theater reflects it. A generation of actors has thus grown up whose only acquaintance with tragic emotion is restricted to the classics.

Another theater director, going still further, explained to me why Communists regarded individualism, in our eyes the wellspring of tragedy, as a doubtful social system.

"You think of artists as crazy individuals," he said, "and you do not mind sacrificing a whole generation as long as a few individual rebels turn out a few poems of suffering and despair. We would rather save the generation and do without the poets."

Our conception of the artist as an individual rebel was, I realized, badly in need of revaluation. If Russia is right, the pressures which produce lyric artists, passionately affirming their own selfhood, are inexorably being removed. Collective art is taking their place, for how can one *épater les bourgeois* when there are no *bourgeois* to *épater*?

J. D. Salinger's latest story, "Raise High the Roofbeams, Carpenter," is a gloriously moving piece of writing about the preservation of a saint in a vulgar society. The saint eventually, and with tremendous pathos, commits suicide. But in Utopia, one asks, what would Mr. Salinger write about?

There are many bad plays in Moscow today. Many breasts are beaten, many flags wagged, and many lectures read. But there are no plays that are merely, in Mr. Zubov's phrase, "aids to digestion." The theater of mindless farce and meaningless melodrama is unknown. One would like to see a Western theater organized on Russian lines without Russian ideology; but without some ideology or other, the theaters would never be built and the organization never imposed.

I was revolving these things in my mind as my plane rose, bearing me away from the shashlik territory, across the *boeuf Stroganoff* belt into the Schnitzel country. I landed for a while at Prague—sour word, which rhymes with nothing. At Brussels, vulgarity and fecklessness started to flow back into my system. By the time we reached London, my moral disintegration was complete; yet I felt an individual once more, a little lost and purposeless perhaps, but still an individual, going to hell in my own way instead of to heaven in somebody else's. I felt specific, and no longer generic.

For this freedom I paid the ultimate price. My first duty on leaving the airport was to attend the first night of a farce about pre-marital sex. It satirized the future (universal television and progressive education) where Russian plays satirize the past. By Russian standards it had scarcely been rehearsed at all, yet it looked overrehearsed to the point of seeming mechanical. The actors imitated not life but other actors; the designer, not the world but other sets. If it was a success the management might, in six months' time, be tempted to gamble some of its profits on a moderately tolerable play. I thought of Moscow, swallowed my doubts, and decided that ours was just a difference of approach. Just a simple difference of approach.

Albert Parry

BOREDOM
catches up with the Comrades

Soviet propaganda—still effective in many places outside Russia—is becoming a laughable failure at home.

AS THE Iron Curtain recently lifted a little and dozens of American travelers returned from their quick Soviet tours, the report spread that—contrary to American hopes—the average Russian firmly believes Soviet propaganda. He is convinced that the Soviet system is the best of all possible human systems, and he accepts the picture of the West, particularly the United States, as it is presented to him by his rulers.

On September 5, 1955, proceeding from this premise, Senator George W. Malone urged that we cut our Voice of America expenditures sharply and at once. Speaking from Moscow, the Nevada Republican declared that in the nine days of his travels in the USSR he had seen no evidence of any real disaffection of the people.

"Therefore I feel," he said, "that the propaganda disseminated by the Voice of America and other United States agencies designed to increase dissatisfaction and promote resistance to the Soviet rulers is pointless and wasteful."

And yet—

Four days before the Senator spoke, the Moscow *Pravda* sadly admitted—in small print, to be sure—that the Communist party's network of evening "universities" in Marxism-Leninism had practically failed in its propaganda work in the 1954-55 school year. "Low attendance, high dropping-away of students, unfulfillment of the study plan" were noted in many such "universities." In the Stavropol "university," for instance, freshman attendance was only 50 to 60 per cent, and by the last semester's end more than one-third of the entire student body had dropped out.

At the textile factory "Red Banner" in Moscow last year, according to *Komsomolskaya Pravda*, the newspaper of the Communist Youth League, a mere 270 of the more than 3,000 young workers took courses in Marxism-Leninism, and "at that, many Komsomols attended school irregularly."

In the *Literaturnaya Gazeta* for March 10, 1955, well-known Soviet writer Ilya Selvinsky lamented that to many a Soviet youth today "labor is burden only," and not "the greatest treasure that exists in life. He has, of course," acknowledged Selvinsky, "heard a great deal about the beauty of toil," he has been exposed to "verses, articles, radio broadcasts, but he considers all these nothing more than empty propaganda."

Still more surprising, the Russian people are beginning to protest openly when official "messages" become tedious. At a Moscow metal plant in 1954, a propagandist read his talk from notes. "He read long and boringly," wrote an angry group of his listeners in a letter published in *Komsomolskaya Pravda*. "Later we learned that Comrade Gusev prepared his text way back in 1952."

He had delivered it repeatedly at various gatherings. This time, the audience recognized the familiar words and, after suffering through it for an hour or so, began to yell: "Enough! Wind it up!"

In an equally daring mood, the humorous magazine *Krokodil* in its issue of October 20, 1954, presented a wryly comic saga entitled "Neither Sleep nor Rest," the story of a Soviet citizen who is unable to escape the thunderous roar of the official broadcasts, in his flat, on his vacation, even on the decks of a Volga steamer. As a loyal citizen he concludes his sad tale with

the assurance that he loves "symphonies, songs, actors, and lecturers." But there must be a limit to every good thing. "I beg of you," he cries, "do not loud-speaker me so fiercely into a perfect daze."

The most frequent criticism is aimed not at the broadcasts' quantity, but at their quality. *Pravda* itself has joined the chorus of complaints on this score, citing in despair and derision the title-slogan of a typical talk by a Krasnoyarsk propagandist: "Unity and Cohesion of the Ranks of the Communist Party and Its Leadership Is the Most Important Source of Strength and Fighting Preparedness of the Party."

Another *Pravda* writer reported the lament of a village Communist official: "We talk about how the Bolshevik word must go straight to human hearts, but some of these lecturers have no 'feel' for their audiences. There he goes, the lecturer, there he whirls around and around—to show off his learning: 'The Kautskian heresy . . . analyzing it dialectically.' I tell him, 'Speak more simply, more clearly,' but he pays no mind."

In addition to being ponderous and often outdated—some talks deal with year-old events as if they were the latest news—much Soviet propaganda today is struggling under the further blight of absentee authorship. In Kishinev, Soviet Moldavia, a girl agitator was stumbling through a manuscript not long ago when one of the lights at the speakers' table went out. "At once," recorded *Komsomolskaya Pravda,* "the audience came to life. A gleeful giggle ran from row to row: 'She won't figure out those words now. She didn't write it herself.' "

A propagandist in the Molotov Region who used to learn newspaper editorials by heart and then declaim them word for word as lectures was asked one evening after his talk to explain an agricultural term he had used. "That," he replied blandly, "I do not know."

For all these reasons, propaganda audiences are becoming hard to collect, even in the most populous areas. And since a new post-Stalin dispensation has made attendance at political lectures no longer compulsory, the results have been what you might expect: Out of 3,840 Komsomol groups organized in the Leningrad Region in the 1953-54 school year for "political education," only 1,796 completed the regulation course. In the Kolpino District of the city of Leningrad, out of ninety-four "political circles," only two finished the course. In the Kirish District, only eighteen of the 289 young Communists who enrolled for a propaganda class were with it at the end.

At the start of the next school year, in September 1954, a shrill cry came from *Komsomolskaya Pravda:* some Komsomols were actually refusing to listen to propagandists, and their superiors only shrugged their shoulders. This "liberal attitude" of the young people's leaders "deserves the sharpest possible reprimand," wrote a high Komsomol functionary.

"The principle of voluntary participation," he continued with somewhat curious logic, "does not free any members of the Communist Youth League from their obligation to raise incessantly the level of their political consciousness, to study the foundations of Marxism-Leninism."

The Kremlin has blamed small-fry officials and propagandists for the present situation and has told everyone to keep on coming to meetings, classes, and club sessions, implying that the propaganda will soon improve. But meanwhile awkward reality has forced the commissars to change their decrees. On September 1, 1955, the first day of the current school year, *Pravda* announced the "curtailment of the number of lectures and seminars" in those fading Marxism-Leninism "universities." From now on such classes will be held only once a week "and the students will have a greater opportunity to study on their own."

GOD SLIPS BACK IN

IN THE provinces, especially in the rural districts, propaganda work has been on an even steeper down grade. Frequent newspaper campaigns to improve it have sometimes had unexpected results. A newspaper in the Novgorod Region, for example, decided to demonstrate, as an encouragement to others, just how good a propaganda unit in a typical kolkhoz or collective farm could be. It called on the proper Soviet authorities to choose the unit and was told that "Kolkhoz Victory's" *agitkollektiv* was "the best there is—they do not come any better." The editor sent his keenest reporters to get the story. To everyone's dismay, they had to settle down in the kolkhoz for several days—to teach the propagandists their trade from scratch before they could be written up.

Trud, making a survey in 1955, found a shocking state of affairs. In the machine-and-tractor stations of Turkmenia and Daghestan, "red corners," those traditional centers for propaganda in every plant, office, dormitory, and school, had been taken over for shops or living quarters. And even if the "corners" still existed, they were frequently not serving their intended

purpose. At one, in Ashkhabad, Soviet Turkmenia, the *Trud* correspondent finds "fellows noisily play billiards while in a nook, all by herself, a woman reads something quietly, practically under her breath." Officially, of course, she is doing her job of propagandizing the workers.

In West Siberia, Byelorussia, in the Pskov and Velikyie Luki Regions of northwest European Russia, and in many other places as well, *Trud* continued, numerous machine-and-tractor stations and "a majority of the sovkhozes" had no propaganda centers of any variety. In Estonia, Latvia, and other republics, schools had turned red corners into living quarters for students and faculty.

"The Ministry of Higher Education of the USSR knows about this," raged *Trud,* "but takes no measures. Nor are the trade-union organizations insistent on doing away with it."

Eleven days later *Trud* announced that the Ministry of Communications was just as negligent. In the Altai Region, reporters discovered that employees of the ministry, workers in the telegraph and telephone and other offices under the ministry's jurisdiction, had few or no red corners provided for them. For 1955-60 the ministry had plans for thirty additional offices, each with a red corner of its own. "But," declared *Trud,* "this is on paper only. Not a kopeck has been set aside for it in 1955."

Izvestia has been equally disturbed by the conditions it has discovered. In November 1954 it revealed that a certain club in the Chernigov Region which had been holding the Red championship banner since 1948 for its attendance record offered no lectures, no propaganda talks, "only movies and dancing."

Of late the Moscow press has been noticing, with much alarm, that one of the consequences of this neglect is the growing success of church services, especially in the provinces. In the absence of really good clubs and red corners, of popular lecturers and shows, young and old are frequenting the well-lighted churches, listening to sermons and choirs.

There may be good cause for the alarm. On July 29, 1955, the Communist party secretary of the Leningrad Region, writing in *Trud,* bewailed the fact that in his propagandists' talks on atheism there was nothing but "confusion and ignorance." Simultaneously *Krokodil* announced that in the Vologda Region old peasants were stumping the Komsomol propagandists. To the Komsomols' argument that science refutes religion, they replied with such bafflers as: "Take that great scientist Newton. Why did *he* believe in God?"

These old men, observed *Krokodil,* are not afraid to "tackle even atomic energy." They have a biblical quotation for everything. "And in our library," a local Communist was quoted as saying, "we lack not only books on anti-religious topics. We don't even have brochures on such subjects. We did have some, but that was twenty years ago, and they are lost by now. And yet, you can't stop those old guys with such newspaper articles as 'The Universe is Limitless' and 'Is There Life on Mars?' "

"Much help is needed here, and quickly," concluded *Krokodil.*

WANTED: CULTURE EXPERTS

THE loudest clamor of all is about the lack of qualified "culture-and-propaganda" personnel. Theoretically, many college graduates should be found for such work; in actuality, men and women with four or five grades of schooling take the positions—and then do next to nothing. Some are drunkards or embezzlers of funds entrusted to them; a few have combined lechery with lecturing. In September 1954, according to *Komsomolskaya Pravda,* the culture-and-propaganda expert in the village of Popovka was "fired for drunkenness, and no replacement can be found." In the same year, according to *Izvestia,* a district which boasted nearly 250 propagandists had less than half that number actually on the job.

At the beginning of 1955, *Izvestia* devoted a special lead editorial to remonstrating with the propagandists who did not seem to be in any great hurry to "prepare" the voters for the forthcoming elections. Special laggards in certain regions were singled out, and the editorial charged sternly that many propagandists avoid "going into the very thick of the voters . . . into the flats of workers and employees, into the houses of kolkhoz members."

There has been great difficulty in getting volunteer propagandists, even among the best qualified comrades. A Komsomol girl in the Khabarovsk Region of the Soviet Far East was publicly shamed by her bosses because she refused to head a political discussion group. "There is no payment for this propaganda work," she insisted, "and I do not wish to do anything for free."

Yet even where propaganda jobs are paid at regular wages, the results are often mediocre, although the rosters of speakers—especially when

they are paid by the lecture rather than by the month—are full. Into a village of Sumsky Region in the Ukraine recently came a lecturer, the first in many months. His theme was "On the Revolutionary Alertness of the Soviet Man," but his listeners found him vague. When they tried to ask him questions, he curtly refused to answer. The next day he announced, "Today I will deliver five more lectures." Being paid by the lecture, he was anxious to run up a sizable honorarium. But the listeners refused to return.

In and around Moscow, propagandists who were paid per lecture, *Pravda* reported, were cramming two-hour programs into sessions lasting less than half an hour. In Kharkov, where they were paid by the hour, "in their reports they put down a five-minute participation in a discussion as a two-day seminar," and sometimes recorded "an improbable, monstrous, fantastic tableau of lectures lasting forty-six hours with no break!" The audiences found these talks uninteresting and incomprehensible, but even as the bookkeepers demurred, their superiors ordered the bills to be paid. And they were paid, gasped *Pravda*.

At Kemerovo, Central Siberia, an actor offered to deliver lectures by the dozen on stakhanovism, written for him by his daughter, although his only qualifications were, in his own words, "diction, a good voice, gestures." In less than a month he had given seventy-two talks and pocketed several thousand rubles. "What a piggish trough!" exclaimed *Pravda*.

Perhaps the chiefs of the speakers' bureaus pay so little attention to this situation because so many of them have big or little rackets of their own. In the Leningrad Region, reported *Trud*, the trade union of agricultural produce purchasing agents—employed by the state, of course—was allotted an *agitmashina*, a special automobile outfitted to carry speakers, films, posters, and literature to the countryside. The head of the union's agitator-bureau was quite efficient about the car: he kept it busy bringing cabbage, potatoes, and other produce from the villages for his own and his cronies' use and for reselling.

A great many of the attacks on propaganda in Russia are, of course, the result of orders from above to criticize this or that as a safety valve—thus deflecting the people's resentment of other, graver deficiencies and injustices. Some of the exposés are authored by careerists trying to climb to higher jobs by knocking down their competitors and showing themselves loyal, zealous, able Communists. But some of the clamor is spontaneous and genuine. It comes from convinced Communists, especially young ones, who are outraged and upset by the damage done to their dream by inept or cynical propagandists.

No publicly voiced complaint, no Soviet exposé, however, is honest enough or searching enough to get to the base of what ails Soviet domestic propaganda. The truth is that by now both propagandists and their listeners or readers know too well the wide and awful gap between promise and performance in the Red regime. And in 1955, the final year of the fifth Five Year Plan, people could not accept the glowing picture of a classless, free, just life under the Soviet government as readily as some of them did in, say, 1918 or 1935.

Shortly after World War II, in his famous essay on the sources of Soviet conduct, George F. Kennan suggested that the Soviet idea can be likened to a dying star. Its light is still strong at great distances from the star, but the star itself is on the wane. There is not much heat or light left at the point of origin. What the Soviet press itself tells us of Soviet propaganda at home these days seems to bear out Mr. Kennan's thesis.

SCRIPTURE ACCORDING TO G.E.

ONE of Kentucky's building inspectors puzzled over a cryptic notation on a copy of the specifications for a new General Electric plant. It read: "Isaiah 40:4." The Bible reference seems better adapted to the work of the development builder: "Every valley shall be exalted and every mountain and hill shall be made low, and the crooked shall be made straight and the rough places plain." —From the *Journal of the A.I.A.*, November 1955.

A Story by RICHARD FREDE

Drawings by Irv S. Docktor



All the Guts in the World

THE door at the end of the screened-in dining-room whacked shut and Golida stood politely behind McAnder until McAnder put down his fork and cocked his head back. Golida bent close to the manager and spoke softly so that what he said could not be heard by the other men at the table.

They were having breakfast, fresh fruit—mostly breadfruit—and fruit juice, as usual. And powdered eggs and powdered coffee with powdered milk. As usual. The morning routine had so far been so well preserved that nothing had happened to make Frank rouse himself from that still-half-asleep feeling. In a while he and the rest of the administrative staff of the lumber camp would be out in the fields or in the sawmill, sweating alongside the native laborers. But for now he sat at the table almost narcotically submerged in the heat of his coffee and the humidity he imagined he could see being raised off the yellow-brown river—the Magdalena—by the seven-in-the-morning South American sun.

McAnder, partly turning from Golida, said, "You'd better tell everyone so we'll all start out even."

"Some of my men were out on the west road this morning and found new paths cut across it in several places. They were cut last night."

Frank said nothing. He was newer and younger than the others. But he could feel the sudden tension, as if a wire had been drawn taut around them all. Collins, the mill foreman, said, "What about the other roads?" his incredibly thick arms hanging easy at his sides as he tipped back on his chair.

"The mill road," Golida said, "the south and north river roads also. All the roads," he said.

"Did your men see anyone?" McAnder said.

"No one."

"What about across the river?" Collins said.

"We haven't looked," Golida said. "I just got back from the other roads. We thought at first they might have been only going through to get upstream."

"We can check across the river later," McAnder said. He turned back to Golida. "Has anyone checked on Montoy?"

"He was in the shack all night," Golida said. "He said he could not sleep. He got some others to play cards with him. They were still playing when I went by."

"Did the others bear out his story?" McAnder said.

"Yes. They were very tired. He said he couldn't sleep. They stayed up with him."

"Did you believe them?" Collins said.

"Yes."

"Who were they?" McAnder said, a look of abstraction on his face, as if he were already writing the necessary report of the incident for the home office. Golida named them. McAnder said, "I think they'd be telling the truth."

Frank's right hand, of itself, rested on his holster. He withdrew it self-consciously. "What do you think they're here for?"

"Probably after Montoy," Collins said. He said it looking directly at McAnder, his own body still rocking slowly and evenly on the tilted chair.

"All right," McAnder said. "I know. You told me. The responsibility's mine." He looked around the table. "However, I don't think anything will happen unless we start it. After all, we've been living next to each other for three years now and nothing's happened." He looked at Collins. "What do you think, John?"

"You're right, I suppose." He let the chair replace its two front legs noiselessly on the floor.

"The main thing," McAnder said, "is just to

go through a normal working day. I want you to be careful, though, to keep your men together all the time. Close together. I don't want anyone going off alone. And I don't want anyone to be able to go off alone. If you see them coming in I want you to move back into camp." He paused. "John, put someone up on top of the mill with glasses. If you get word that they're coming, shut the saws down and move back here. All of you together."

"Don't you think someone ought to stay with the machinery?" Collins said.

"No. The most important thing is to guard the generator back here." Turning to the pilot, who was on one of his biweekly supply trips, McAnder said, "I think it would be wise if you got your plane out right away. We certainly won't be able to guard it. Golida, get some men and get him out to the field. You'd better stay until he's cleared the mountain."

Tyler got up. "Be seein' you," he said. He followed Golida out.

Frank watched him leave. Tyler had been his first two lessons. First by lecture and then by example. The example had been Tyler getting drunk one night and wandering out to the field. He'd seen someone fooling around the plane, thought it was a bandit, and shot him. It had been one of the workers. Frank had expected trouble. A massacre even. But some sort of reprisal, anyway. There had been none. Not even a brooding silence. Nothing. These people cared about life almost nobly, Frank had learned. But they accepted categorically all of its tragedies as if they were meaningless blunders. These were natives, however. These were not the bandits.

". . . So," McAnder said, "keep the men close together, get your regular jobs done, and by all means don't shoot unless you're directly attacked."

"We probably won't see them until sundown, anyway," Collins said. "That's their favorite time."

"John's right about that," McAnder said. "We won't see them till sundown." The men started getting up. "John, I've got a job for Frank. I'll send him along later." Everyone had left. "More coffee?"

"No thanks. I'm still not used to it. I can just about manage a cup to have something to smoke on."

McAnder poured himself a cup of coffee. "Too bad they don't give you a course in handling bandits in forestry school."

"Dad used to tell me about them. Except when he was down here they were called the People's Rural Movement."

"Still are. Only they've been so completely beaten for so many years they're just plain ordinary bandits now." Frank drummed on the table in the silence after the remark.

"Listen, Joe . . . uh . . . well, I just hope you aren't planning to keep me under lock and key because of my being the boss's son. You know what I mean . . ."

"Well, as a matter of fact, I thought I'd send you across the river to scout the cemetery just to make sure no one got that idea. You won't run into anything. They're not interested in *us*. I just want to find out whether they're over there too."

"Fine," Frank said.

"Take Xavier with you."

"Okay," he said, getting up.

"And remember, no fireworks . . ."

"Don't worry," Frank said, the door whacking shut behind him.

XAVIER was known on the books as the horseboy, although there were no horses in the camp—only four mules—and Xavier's main job was keeping the jeeps running. Still, he prided himself on being, at least for official purposes, a keeper of horses. Secondly, he prided himself on his mechanical skill. He hoped eventually to become either a chauffeur for one of the American company officials in Bogotá, or else, in his grandest dream, a chief groom for one of the country gentlemen near the capital. In the meantime he kept the work mules immaculately groomed, and the motors of the jeeps so spotless that they could have been installed in a racing car for the Mexican Cross-Country and exhibited before the world. That the motors were also always in perfect working condition was unquestioned, even by himself, though he might have had to work all night when one, or two, or even three of the motors failed simultaneously.

The sun was hot off the brown water already, although it was only nine o'clock. As he and Xavier paddled across to the cemetery, Frank was very careful to keep his hands high on the neck of the paddle all the way through the stroke. The mouthfish could strip all the flesh off your hand faster than your brain could realize that your hand was in the water. Frank was careful to crook his elbow outward instead of down. The two of them looked like stiff-jointed automatons as they paddled across.

The river could be taken as the longest in the world if you counted the tributaries that joined it to the Amazon. It was affected by the tide all the way to these tributaries. Which made it the prime prey of the bandits.

The river was navigated by several almost-flat-bottomed rear-wheelers, looking like smaller-scale models of their Mississippi ancestors. Citizens of the country who couldn't afford the air,

and people in general who didn't know any better or just didn't care, traveled on the riverboats. Every so often a riverboat would get caught between towns when the tide went out and the river became a creek. The boat would have to sit on the river bottom until the tide came in again. But before the tide ever came in and the boat could move, the bandits were there, as immediately as the mouthfish were there when any flesh touched the surface of their river.

The passengers and crew were usually killed, the boat stripped of everything valuable. But the boat itself was left intact—perfectly intact—so that it could be re-manned and continue to bring the bandits their supplies and money. This state of affairs was also accepted. Even by the government. No guards were provided. The government only acted when the bandits raided outside their jungle area. Then the government would send troops to the town that had already been raided and the bandits would return to the jungle. At first, years ago, the government troops refused to go into the jungle after them. Now the government officials no longer thought it even worth while. They preferred just to absorb the insult of having outlying towns occasionally raided. It was accepted by everyone.

FROM time to time Frank caught a glimpse of Xavier's face. Xavier looked completely unconcerned, as if the bandits weren't even there, as if the bandits moved in an entirely different reality. His face looked like the face of one who is being patient with children. Hell, Frank thought, maybe he doesn't care. Anyway, it was a very effective act to put on for an American.

They beached the canoe and Frank pulled it high up into the brush so that if anyone tried to take it while they were in the cemetery they'd have to make a lot of noise. Frank unsnapped his holster flap and bent the flap backwards so that it slid into his belt and was held there, leaving the .45 open to his hand. Xavier had no sidearm. Frank unsheathed his machete and carried it in his left hand. Again he noticed that Xavier left his machete in its sheath.

"We'll stay together," Frank said, and then, maybe as compensation for his discretion or for his .45 or for having taken out the machete, he took the lead on the path into the graveyard.

It was a matted floor, sheltered by thick-trunked trees that were seventy or eighty feet tall. Sunlight filtered through to the earth without ever striking it directly. Posts that reached Frank's waist angled up haphazardly all around the floor. Each post was centered in a mound, and the time of its presence there could be measured by how settled the mound was. On each post was a mailbox, kept shiny new, and a few colored ribbons hung from each mailbox. The ribbons were always changed before they became weather-worn. Looking at them, Frank thought of the native who had been shot by the pilot, and of *their* death—the natives' death—which was much more beautiful than the white men's death, somehow much more appealing, somehow maybe even of a different world entirely. . . .

He didn't finish the thought because he was walking straight for an opening that had been hacked very recently. He stopped frigidly, his hand again on his automatic. The jungle was thick and the path had been cut through it as if by a machine.



"Xavier," he said, not looking around, his eyes trying to see deeper into the path than was possible.

He turned. Xavier was gone. He thought automatically, Xavier is half-Spanish, half-white, and did not search the thought at all. Without turning he backed slowly away from the path until his back hit something and his finger went tight on the automatic and nothing happened. He turned. It was only one of those absurd mailboxes. Simultaneously his thoughts went backwards and he was surprised that he had the .45 out and then surprised that it hadn't gone off. Then he realized that the safety was on and

replaced the weapon in his holster, and then became ashamed that he would have just automatically, for no reason at all, pulled the trigger, and if the safety hadn't been on, and McAnder telling them not to shoot. . . .

Xavier said, "The same over there." He pointed. There was another opening on the other side of the graveyard. The bandits must now parallel the river, were perhaps watching them. . . . Frank was furious at Xavier. He almost insulted the horseboy, but read his own motives, and then became more infuriated. Had it not been for Xavier and keeping face in front of him, Frank would have backed all the way to the river. Instead, he turned and took the lead on the path that led back to the boat, happy that he had Xavier behind him, between him and the bandits, and happy that he was furious enough not to question his own courage about it, and happy that he could get away with it without Xavier knowing why he went first.

When they recrossed the river Frank had to sit in the stern as he had coming over. At any instant he expected to feel his head exploding. He kept his head bent so that it offered a small target from behind. Also, he tried to move from side to side so that he wouldn't be quite a sitting target. He wondered whether Xavier was aware of all this. But Xavier did not turn until they were ready to beach the boat. Frank left him like a personal servant to complete the task.

THE routine was broken only at lunch when everyone came back to the camp to eat instead of staying in the field. McAnder had posted double lookouts. After the door had whacked shut several times and they were all served, McAnder said, "Well, Frank tells me they're across the river too."

"We don't have to worry about them coming from over there," Collins said, not even looking up from his food.

"No, I don't think so. At any rate, Golida is certain we don't have anything to worry about anyway till sundown."

"What about Montoy?" one of the field foremen said.

"I'd certainly like to get him out of here, but I wasn't even thinking in those terms when I sent the plane out."

"I guess none of us were," Collins said.

"As far as I know, there's no way of getting him out now. Even if we could I'm not so sure it'd be a good idea. Right now I think they're just interested in him. If we got him out they might take everything out on us."

"You're right about that," Collins said.

"I told him to stay in his bunkhouse," McAnder said. "But I won't try to stop him if he tries to leave."

"It'd be suicide if he tried." Collins said. "And he must know that."

The field foreman said, "As long as he's here I feel a whole lot better. I don't want those jokers to walk in and not find him."

"What'll they do to him?" Frank said.

"Well, they'll be reclaiming their own, so to speak," McAnder said. "He's broken their code. . . ."

"Yeah. But what'll they do to him?"

"I can't say," McAnder said, all too quickly.

"You've radioed out?" Collins said.

McAnder nodded yes.

"Fat chance we've got of the government sending help, even by foot," one of the men said. "They'd be afraid of arriving in time." Then he paused. "Any chance of the company sending any sort of help?"

"They can't muster anything that'd do any good," Collins said.

"Well," McAnder said, "at least we made the experiment."

Frank was thinking about Montoy. He'd come into the camp two nights before dressed in knee-length shorts, army boots, and an old army shirt. He had an army pack on his back, carried a rifle, wore a machete, a sidearm, and two cartridge belts. He'd wanted to go to work for the Americans. McAnder put him on as a regular laborer. Montoy had seemed perfectly satisfied. . . . The only trouble was, he was a deserter from the bandits.

"The political situation here is this," McAnder had said when Frank first arrived at the camp. "The Conservatives are always in power. They control the army. The Liberals don't even bother to try to get to the polls. They just keep up their self-respect by talking in terms of their 'forces in the hills'—the bandits—and by talking in terms of 'next year.'" Frank had asked about the bandits.

"Well, as far as we're concerned, they're a pretty harmless lot. They want to keep us as friends in case they ever get into power. Very simply because we're one of the few economic mainstays of the country. If they ever do get into power they'll try to throw us out, but not until they're damned sure they can do as well. So they've never bothered us."

Then Collins had said, "What it comes to is this. All the guys who never get to be anything more than sergeants in the army or clerks in the government because they're Liberals take off for the hills and join one of the bandit gangs. There're about three or four groups. Maybe a thousand all together including the women and the children. They just live in the jungle and the men kick up a row every so often. It's almost a private nation in there, with a kind of interlocking joint-chief-staff."

"What'll they do to Montoy?" Frank asked again.

"They'll come in and get him," Collins said.

Frank decided not to push the question any further. He was beginning to be afraid of getting an answer.

He was to be a lookout that afternoon. Walking out to the mill with Collins, both of them carrying rifles, he said, "You mean we're just going to let them take him?"

"Not much choice," Collins said. "There'll be a helluva lot more of them than us."

"But, my God, we can't just let them take him!"

"They'd rip us to shreds. And it wouldn't do any good anyway."

"But Jesus!"

"Listen," Collins said, suddenly sharp, "don't you but Jesus me! There's not a damn thing we can do, and you might as well make up your mind to it."

Up on the roof of the mill the sun was sickeningly hot. Frank didn't feel well anyway, as if his lunch were just molding heavy in his stomach. He felt like vomiting, but he didn't dare. Not that they'd hear him through the mill racket, but his relief would find the mess.

Thinking about Montoy made the feeling worse, so he switched to the pleasantest thing he could think of. Which was Judy. And how he'd be marrying her when he got back to the States at the end of the year. He got her last letter out of his back pocket. It was clammy and looked as if it had been left outside somewhere and rained on and dried in the sun. But it hadn't been left outside, it was just his sweating through the pocket. The letter had taken on the curve of his rump.

On second thought he put the letter back. He was supposed to be keeping a lookout. He forgot his stomach for a moment while he wished that Judy could see him now . . . the rifle and the .45 and the glasses, and the sweat-stained shirt and the hat, and bandits expected and him on guard. He could almost hear himself telling her the story in bed some night. . . .

But then Montoy and the vomit feeling were back and he even gagged, though without getting rid of anything. He felt better after gagging and he wished he could smoke, but it was too hot to smoke and the thought of the taste of the cigarette dry and harsh in the sun made him immediately not want the cigarette. Besides, he'd catch hell for smoking around the mill anyway.

But you couldn't just let them take Montoy. He was thinking in terms of movies and he knew it. But it didn't make any difference. He was thinking about how he'd always wanted to go back to the old West and carry a six-gun, and how he'd always figured that even though he was chicken in a lot of things, what he'd learned from movies (all right, *movies!*) would back him up no matter what situation he got into. Well, goddammit, this is like the movies! They always outnumber you.

He kept thinking, so what if I am thinking in terms of movies, someone, sometime, must have pulled off a movie stunt in reality. It would be just fighting it out in a bar (all right, the movies!), or even better, like the British holed up in a stockade in India. You have to do something. You can't just let them come in and get him and take him off.

He felt amazingly better. The idea of what might happen to him scared him so that the scared feeling was like ice-cold courage. It completely dissolved the nauseous feeling. Hell, it must be right. . . .

The blue haze on the mountains and hills looked awfully quiet and peaceful. He felt as if what he was going to do would stand up to their judgment, while the other thing, the letting them take him, wouldn't.

McANDER got everyone back to the camp early. It was about four thirty when they all gathered, natives and staff, around the staff living quarters in the center of the camp. McAnder was busy. He'd stocked some of the houses with rifles and put half the workers and half the staff members in different buildings, with orders to the staff not to issue rifles unless the bandits started shooting or attacking. The rest of them stood outside the bunkhouses. Frank noticed that Xavier had removed himself from the main groups and was standing about twenty feet away leaning against a tree. He was no longer wearing his machete. But then, he had no reason to, normally, unless he were going into the field.

Frank said to Collins, "Where's Montoy?"

"He's in his bunkhouse. Playing cards, I think. If he's smart and he's planning a break he won't try it until the very last second." Collins looked out toward the mill. "Watch yourself, kid, here they come. . . ."

Frank saw them coming. They were already past the mill, walking with their arms linked together. He followed the line with his eyes. It swept all around them in a tremendous arm-linked U from river bank to river bank. They had just stepped out of the jungle and they were walking in, the center of the U aimed at Montoy's bunkhouse. They were dressed the same as Montoy had been when he'd first come in, except that they wore no packs and their rifles were slung in back. Some of them, Frank saw, wore sneakers.

He wanted to raise his hand from his side and at least place it on the .45. But he couldn't.

He physically couldn't. His whole body was that way.

He saw Xavier step out from the tree and stand there facing the bandits. Frank's stomach tightened up. He thought he might scream. They were walking directly toward Xavier. Xavier didn't move. When they were ten feet away Xavier spat on the ground. Frank had no control over himself. His eyes snapped shut. The most he wanted was not to see it, not to hear it. . . .

It was only an instant. When he opened his eyes the bandits had silently parted and gone by Xavier and then stopped in front of him. He couldn't look at them. He looked at their shoes. They were, perhaps, six feet away. In the silence he heard Xavier spit again. He tried to raise his eyes, but he couldn't. He was afraid his hand or his arm from being held so still might jerk and they'd shoot him thinking he was going to try to get his gun.

He moved his whole body sideways to them. Then he saw the group, their weapons still holstered, going toward Montoy's bunkhouse. Before they got to the door there was the sound of a shot from inside. They didn't even go in. They turned, and the whole line moved back into the jungle, some of them walking backwards toward the jungle, but still moving back into it. They were gone and they might never have been there.

Suddenly, everyone was running toward Montoy's bunkhouse. Collins had already blocked the door. The talking was very loud. It was all around him. He turned and ran down to the dock. Bent double over one of the posts and holding on to it he threw up into the river.

FROM beyond the screening and the netting there were the usual night noises. Frank was lying face down on his bed. His .45 and its belt and holster lay on his desk.

McAnder had come in and had sat down on his desk chair. He'd been talking for a long time. Frank couldn't listen. He'd tried. Even McAnder must have known, must have known that he'd believed he *should* have done *something*. . . .

Frank could smell the pipe smoke. "You know," McAnder was saying, "the worst possible thing you could have done would have been to try to start something. You would have killed us all." He stopped. Then he said, "You know, that wasn't even a test. If you're looking for real tests you'll find enough of them as you grow older. Only a fool would have thought that was a test." Frank heard him sucking on his pipe. "You know, son, it's not necessary to have all the guts in the world. Because that would mean you'd just have sheer guts. Nothing you ever did would have any meaning. You'd just be a damned fool. Look," he said, "you like John. Don't you think enough of him to know that if something could have been done he'd have done it?" He stopped. "Tell me," he said.

"I guess."

"Come on."

"Yes. He would have."

"Listen, Frank, we're all out in the main room. We've got some Scotch and we'll probably spend



the night drinking it. A drink'd do you a lot of good. And you'll see what I mean. You'll see why we didn't do anything."

But it was me, Frank thought, who didn't do anything.

"Why don't you come out and join us?"

"I will," Frank said. "In a few minutes."

"And don't forget to put this back on tomorrow," McAnder said, tapping the .45. "I'll wait for you inside."

Still, it was *me* who didn't do anything. They *knew* not to do anything.

He was worried the drink might make him sick. But he couldn't stay off like this, he couldn't keep staying off alone like a little boy feeling bad. He wondered how he'd be able to walk into that room after not going to dinner and staying off like this. He could see them turning to look at him with them knowing that he'd thought he *should* have done something, and not having done it. . . . Because I'm gutless, he said to himself.

But he *had* to go back inside. He *had* to do that. He had to force himself. No matter what. He stood up, conscious of the smell of his own clothes, his own sweat. One of the first things he'd noticed when he got here was the same smell on everyone else. He'd gotten used to it and hadn't noticed it again till now.

He had to stop thinking, make his mind a blank before he could do it. But then he went out to the main room.

Avis Carlson

ST. LOUIS WAKES ITSELF UP

By unusual methods—which other cities might do well to consider—a group of energetic Midwesterners have yanked their community out of its long slide into decay.

UNTIL recently St. Louis, the oldest city in the Midwest, was also the most stagnant. In 1951 when Edwin Clark, a powerfully built dynamo of a man with a deep rumbling voice, arrived in town as the new president of the Southwestern Bell Telephone Company, he cast one look at his surroundings and announced bluntly: "This is a decadent city."

Today that adjective is wholly inappropriate. There are signs of activity on every hand. This month a commodious new airport is being dedicated to replace the cramped quarters which long handicapped Lambert Field. Downtown, the finishing touches are being put on the new park in the Plaza project, and the city is advertising for developers to put up middle-income apartment buildings to replace the shabby slums demolished last summer. Tenants are moving into three good-sized public housing developments, and bids are being taken for the second phase of construction in these projects which will eventually total 3,000 units. Contracts are being let for the substructural work on the outgoing leg of the Interregional Highway. In South St. Louis and on the North Side, pilot rehabilitation work in two sixty-year-old neighborhoods is beginning to show results. At City Hall, every Department is watching work take shape on the drawing boards, and the Plan Commission is in the middle of a special block-by-block study of the trends and needs of the central business section.

And this is only the beginning. Led by a college-professor mayor and a small group of energetic business leaders—conspicuous among them the same Mr. Clark—the stolid old city has gone through a series of dramatic special elections which have shaken it up from top to bottom, reversing what had seemed like an irreversible drift into decay.

Between 1947 and 1953, when other nearby cities like Chicago, Pittsburgh, and Kansas City were organizing well publicized building and neighborhood conservation programs—clearing slums, attempting to unsnarl traffic problems, and trying in every possible way to meet the growing challenge of the exodus of both business and population to the suburbs—the citizens of St. Louis voted down five different bond issues to improve their city. In 1950 they rejected a new Charter, mostly because it provided for an earnings tax. In 1951 they turned their backs on a school-bond issue. And as late as 1953 they refused a modest proposal to clear the downtown Plaza area for redevelopment.

The problem was intensified because St. Louis' boundaries are rigidly fixed by the Mississippi River on one side and the Missouri State Constitution on the other. The city cannot expand. Consequently its tax base hardly increased at all while the value of the dollar steadily shrank and many new services began to be demanded. Even though it was not decently maintaining its bridges, streets, and public institutions, the city was in constant financial hot water. And as the well-to-do moved to the surrounding countryside, the slums spread. Neither the war workers who stayed on in St. Louis factories nor the Negroes who migrated from the Deep South in increasing numbers had the income to cope with the problem. In March 1953 the City Plan Commission had to announce that *more*

than half of all the dwelling units and 39 per cent of all the blocks in St. Louis were either blighted or fit only to be demolished. Not a single new downtown office building had been put up since 1926.

Politically, too, the city was headed downhill. The civic leaders moved to St. Louis County and left the city proper to its own devices. In low-income wards, political leadership was plodding and opportunistic. In the prosperous wards, the main concern was to keep down taxes. And the city's institutions reflected these conditions. Hospitals were overcrowded and under-equipped. The Infirmary, as the old people's home is called, was a hundred years old and crammed. The Workhouse, built during the Civil War, was ripe for the riots which inevitably plagued it. The school system staggered under the double burden of segregation and overcrowded old buildings—47 per cent of them fifty or more years old, 10 per cent of them at least seventy-five years old.

The tremendous growth of St. Louis County, which surrounds the city on the Missouri side but is governmentally separate from it, spawned other difficulties. Because water must run downhill, a half-million people and a growing assortment of industries had to empty their sewage into the St. Louis trunk lines, never built to handle any such load. The results were stench, health hazards, and flooding storm sewers.

Hordes of new cars clogged St. Louis' narrow old streets. Finding itself with fewer riders, the Public Service Company raised its fares and cut down its lines and trips, prompting still more people to drive to work. Other cities faced this problem with new expressways. St. Louisans merely bickered about where to put them. At the beginning of 1953, a solitary new expressway was in the works—in the paper stage.

This was St. Louis in the spring of 1953 when other cities were well advanced in planning and actual reconstruction work. But in September of the same year, St. Louisans went out and overwhelmingly approved the Plaza area slum clearance they had vetoed just six months before. In February 1954, they and their neighbors in St. Louis County voted to set up a Metropolitan Sewer District, the first functional consolidation of the two areas. The following September, they put the city's finances in order by voting into their forty-year-old Charter the very earnings tax that had doomed the proposed new Charter in 1950.

In May 1955, they picked up a yard-long ballot and voted yes on each of twenty-three bond issues for an astounding total of $110,639,000—at that time the biggest bond issue to have been put up by any American city since the war.

And then, just for good measure, they voted $16,295,000 more for public school modernization and new buildings.

THE MAKING OF A MIRACLE

ONE hundred and twenty-seven million dollars (which may be tripled when all the federal, state, and private funds for highways and redevelopment are added in) is an impressive sum for any city of 850,000 people to put up. In St. Louis it is close to a miracle. It provides for three new expressways, an urban redevelopment project, viaducts and street widenings, modern street lighting, neighborhood rehabilitation, new parks and playgrounds, voting machines, new hospitals and health centers, new institutional buildings, a new municipal wharf, new branch libraries, improvements in the zoo and art museum, even a new planetarium.

The story behind the miracle, like most such stories, has a number of threads, one of which is time. When conditions get bad enough, even the most reluctant citizens concede that something has to be done. In St. Louis' case, a dogged attempt at public education supplemented time. The *Post-Dispatch* and the *Globe-Democrat* thundered persistently at indifferent citizens to wake up to the facts. In a pointed series entitled "Progress or Decay," the *Post-Dispatch* thrust shocking pictures of actual deterioration under its readers' noses. The Junior Chamber of Commerce plugged away at the need for action in a weekly radio program, "Wake Up, St. Louis." The League of Women Voters struck out at the fantastically complicated governmental structure: in St. Louis County there are 96 incorporated municipalities and 158 taxing authorities, while the city of St. Louis has 44 boards and commissions plus a "hidden" county government whose officials, being elected, are free to run their offices outside the city's civil-service system.

While all this alarm-sounding seemed not to make the slightest dent in public apathy, it undoubtedly helped to create a climate in which activity could take place when the right combination of circumstances occurred. And the combination began to fall into place in the spring of 1953 when Raymond R. Tucker was elected mayor and, almost simultaneously, a small group of business leaders formed Civic Progress, Inc.

Tucker is a remarkable blend of educator and public servant who has divided his working life between Washington University and the city of St. Louis. He went to the university first as an instructor in mechanical engineering, and by 1942 was head of his department, despite the fact that he had taken three years out to act as secretary to the mayor. He was the first administrator of the St. Louis Smoke Control Ordinance; later, while heading his university department, he found time to be chairman of the Board of Freeholders which wrote the rejected Charter of 1950. Still later he went back to City Hall to act as Civil Defense Administrator.

His election as mayor was a foregone conclusion once he got through the primary; St. Louis is solidly Democratic. But he won the primary only by the grace of the independent voters and Republicans who filled out Democratic ballots; almost all the ward organizations were against him. Since his election, he has kept up a constant battle with ward representatives in the Board of Aldermen over such matters as zoning, traffic regulation, and the necessity for a new Charter. But in the special elections he and they have joined forces.

Tucker's speeches are grave and professorial, not rabble-rousing, and, like the engineer he is, he works methodically from A to D through B and C. But his head thrusts forward militantly from a pair of stout shoulders, and he drives stubbornly toward his goals. From the day of his election he has missed no opportunity to proclaim that St. Louis must be physically and governmentally rejuvenated.

Inevitably he brought a new atmosphere to City Hall. The very fact that the ward groups distrusted him solidified the other voters—a confidence he has reciprocated by making lavish use of citizens' committees; before the big bond election, for example, he appointed small screening committees of citizens from all walks of life to go over the various official requests for funds and cut them down. In this way three hundred people—the total membership of the committees—got a firsthand look at conditions. And immediately after the election, a "watchdog committee" was set up to oversee the spending of the huge sum.

JUST as Mayor Tucker was moving into City Hall, the organization known as Civic Progress, Inc. was getting down to work. According to Robert E. Smith, the mayor's secretary, Civic Progress was called into being by the ailing outgoing mayor, Joseph M. Darst, and charged with studying the city's multitudinous problems and doing something to relieve them. Originally it had eight members; today it has twenty, among them the presidents of Anheuser-Busch, International Shoe, Laclede Gas, May Department Stores, Monsanto Chemical, Ralston-Purina, Southwestern Bell Telephone, Union Electric, and four big banks.

The head of the group from its inception to mid-1955 was Powell B. McHaney, President of the General American Life Insurance Company, a handsome, affable man from a hamlet in the Boot Heel or, as it is known throughout the state, Swampeast Missouri. He came to St. Louis in 1928 via the state university and Harvard Law School and in twenty-three years was head of the biggest insurance company in the area. The same energy characterized his leadership of Civic Progress.

One of the organization's first acts was to travel to Pittsburgh to see what had been accomplished there by the Allegheny Conference of local financiers and industrialists which was set up in 1947 to guide redevelopment programs. The St. Louisans, impressed by the example, came home expecting to enlarge their membership to community-wide proportions, set up a staff and headquarters, and generally model themselves on the Pittsburgh Conference. Then, as they began to see what could be accomplished by a minimum of formality and a maximum of teamwork, they called a halt at twenty members and discarded the idea of an office or staff.

The members meet once a month in the office of the president. If a member is sick or out of town, his seat is vacant. Because all the members know each other well and have similar points of view and interests, the conversation is direct, uninhibited, and informal. Each member must do personally the tasks assigned to him, and most action is taken by getting behind larger groups like the Symphony Society. Civic Progress itself disclaims success in any venture and avoids publicity. It does, however, retain the services of a local firm of public-relations consultants, a member of which helps work out the informal agenda and serves as secretary during the meetings.

Such a set-up would definitely not work in every community. In St. Louis it had two ever-present checks: a powerful newspaper, the *Post-Dispatch,* alert and ready to headline any misstep, and a strongly organized labor movement, whose support must be won before any civic enterprise can succeed. With these as ballast,

Civic Progress has been an impressive force in stirring up St. Louis.

This organization has been instrumental in such widely different projects as bringing in the Urban Land Institute to do a $25,000 study of local land use, setting up a successful United Fund organization, and putting the St. Louis Symphony on a sound financial footing. One of its members has headed each of the special election campaigns, and it has served the indispensable function of collecting enough money to finance the campaigns.

Although he was not one of the original members, Edwin Clark was probably as strong an influence as any single individual in calling Civic Progress into being. After his initial pronouncement on the decadence of the city, when talking to groups of businessmen he added another bombshell:

"We live in a time," he declared, "when businessmen must be prepared to give at least 10 per cent of their time to civic affairs."

HOW THE CAMPAIGNS WORK

HEAD of the first of the special election campaigns, Clark, now president of Civic Progress, set the pattern for those which followed. And it was these campaigns which turned the tide in St. Louis—a fact attested by the number of other cities which have sent delegations to study the pattern.

Fundamentally the campaigns have been demonstrations of community mobilization on a big-city scale. The basic formula is the same as the one worked out for a small town by a country editor of my acquaintance:

"Make every last soul see the need, convince him that the proposed solution won't bear down on him too heavily tax-wise, and see to it that he gets out to vote."

To accomplish these three ends in a city, an elaborate organization must be set up and mass media used in a highly professional manner must be brought into play. In St. Louis, after the date of an election is set by the Board of Aldermen, the campaign head and the mayor's office work out the campaign organization. At its center is a small working and planning group which will give almost full time to the campaign. (One of the members, Mrs. Edward Harrington, a housewife, has recently been making what amounts to a career of volunteer civic work.) The next echelon is composed of representatives of such enterprises as labor unions, religious organizations, racial, political, and civic groups.

In three of the four campaigns, Harry Wilson of Fleishman and Hillard, the public relations firm retained by Civic Progress, has timed and co-ordinated efforts. A graduate of twelve years on the *Globe-Democrat,* he knows St. Louis well and has filed under his crew-cut a prodigious amount of information about which organizations can be counted on to do what, and who in those organizations can best be relied on. Equally important, the pressure of a campaign never frazzles him.

As the campaign begins to roll, printing presses turn out floods of material, both local papers devote astonishing quantities of front-page space to the issues. A little later, radio and television stations join in as large firms turn over their paid time. Billboards blossom out. A steady procession of labor and ward organizations announce themselves in "wholehearted support." Ministers and priests begin to emphasize the human wastage in a city's decay. Documentary films showing the evil fruits of traffic snarls, slums, rats, broken-down institutions are distributed to many local groups by a central booking committee. During the last few days a huge get-out-the-vote effort is made. There are special movie trailers at all the movie houses. All the television stations run a documentary movie whose grim sequence of a baby mutilated by rat bites is a powerful persuader. A downtown parade with bands and floats is staged, and the League of Women Voters organizes 50,000 last-minute telephone reminders. By election day, not even the blind or the deaf can fail to know the issues at stake.

It would be foolish to claim that the special elections can solve all of St. Louis' piled-up problems. It would be equally foolish to deny what they have accomplished. The city is still some years behind, but it is on its way. Mayor Tucker has proposed that $12,000,000 be spent annually during each of the next six years, with priority to the most urgently needed projects, like the new Workhouse. If this schedule is adopted, it will keep the campaign promise that the property tax will not go up more than five cents per $100 of valuation. It will allow time to draw up careful plans and to acquire in the thriftiest possible way the properties needed to build three expressways and clear several hundred acres of slums. And there is even hope that a green light may eventually flash on the stubborn troubles of parking, mass transportation, and jumbled governments.

John T. Winterich

Dr. Rosenbach: the tycoon of Rare Books

He built a life of splendor and Scotch-scented luxury out of a $24 purchase, a Ph.D. in English, and a flair for commercial dramatics.

DOCTORS of philosophy in chemistry, physics, and related areas of knowledge are doing very well for themselves these days, but only one American that I know of has ever parlayed a doctorate of philosophy in English literature into a fortune.

His name was Abraham Simon Wolf Rosenbach, and at the peak of his career that name was familiar to most of his fellow-countrymen (including, probably, a good many illiterates) and to much of the rest of the world. A London messenger boy of the 1920s, stopping to explore an outdoor book-bin, saw something to his taste and called to the proprietor within:

"How much?"

"Four-pence," said the proprietor. The boy tossed the book back.

"Who do you think I am?" he yelled. "Dr. Rosenbach?"

For Dr. Rosenbach was the man who, more than any other in bibliophilic history, put rare books on the front page and kept them there. That he lined his well-tailored pockets abundantly in the process was beside the point—he helped line the pockets of other booksellers too, because you cannot advertise Jones' Gin without advertising all gin. He was the autocrat of the literary auction room, the czar of his highly specialized and esoteric calling. He lived a life of Lucullan luxury and Medicean splendor, and played Maecenas by stealth, nor blushed if word of his kindnesses got out—because word didn't get out unless he wanted it to, and when he did want it to, it got out big.

His beginnings were modest. His father, a Philadelphia cotton broker, had prospered during the Civil War, but by the time Abraham was born, in 1876, cotton was no longer king—out of a considerable family, Abraham was the only child to go to college. His mother was a sister of Moses Polock, a long-established Philadelphia bookseller, who greatly influenced the boy.

Young Rosenbach edited Central High School's magazine, *Argus,* during his senior year, and the issue for February 1894 enshrines his first appearance in print—a paper called "Bibliomania." The twig was bent. Seven months later he entered the University of Pennsylvania where his idol—a sort of stand-in for Uncle Moses, now nearing eighty—became Professor Felix E. Schelling, a dedicated and voluminous expositor of Elizabethan letters. Schelling probably suggested, and certainly endorsed, Rosenbach's choice of subject for his eventual doctoral thesis: "The Influence of Spanish Literature in the Elizabethan and Stuart Drama."

The thesis was a capable and, within its restricted acreage, an important accomplishment. It offered evidence that a Spanish tragi-comedy called *Celestina,* first published not later than 1499, provided the impulse that produced the first non-morality English drama, *Calisto and Melibea,* published in London not later than 1536. The author of neither work has ever been identified. It is noteworthy, in view of Rosenbach's subsequent eminence in his chosen field, that each of these publications is known, in its earliest form, by a single copy.

In 1901 Rosenbach earned the right to put Dr. in front of his name. For two years he continued to serve as an assistant in the English department at Pennsylvania. Then in the summer of 1903 Uncle Moses died, naming his twenty-seven-year-old nephew administrator of his estate and willing him his remarkable collection of early American children's books. It was not exactly a case of taking over a business, for there was little business to take over. But there was an abundance of good will, and there was the memory of a good man who had led a good life in a good calling.

Two Philadelphians of substance, Clarence S. Bement and Joseph M. Fox, agreed to back Rosenbach. Bement, in fact, became a silent partner,

and during the next few years fed not only money but his notable library into the Rosenbach establishment.

Rosenbach's modest Catalogue Number One, dated March 15, 1904, was a grab bag of miscellanies, 208 lots in all, at prices ranging from $1 to $750. The most expensive item was a Book of Hours in Latin and French—a manuscript on vellum, elaborately bound, which once belonged to Henry IV of France, he of Navarre, and Gabrielle d'Estrées. John Fleming, who acquired the Doctor's stock after his death, pointed to this entry recently and remarked: "We still have that, and the price is still $750."

WHEN Rosenbach set up shop, Philadelphia had (as it still has) several wealthy collectors. The difficulty was that most of them were too old to make good disciples. Rosenbach's first important client who was also his junior was Harry Elkins Widener, then a Harvard undergraduate. Widener had already assembled a remarkable library, and as he had virtually unlimited funds at his disposal, his collection expanded rapidly under Rosenbach's inspired tutelage. In the spring of 1912 Widener was in London buying books. Among his purchases was a copy of the second (1598) edition of Bacon's *Essaies* (the first, of the previous year, is known by only six copies, all in institutional collections). As he was arranging to have his acquisitions shipped home, he said to his London agent:

"I think I'll take this little Bacon with me in my pocket, and if I'm shipwrecked it will go with me."

He sailed on the *Titanic*.

During the next few years, Rosenbach built up a sound business without attracting much attention outside his native city. He believed in Philadelphia as devoutly as he did in the influence of Spanish literature on the Elizabethan drama. Eventually he added a New York establishment, but it was always strictly a flag stop.

But even the Doctor had to admit that New York was the capital of the American book world, and that George D. Smith was first among American booksellers. Smith died suddenly in 1920 when the high-powered collectors of the country were at the flood tide of acquisitiveness. On the roster were names familiar beyond the confines of book nooks. Rosenbach knew who they were, and they knew who he was—they were doing business with him. If Smith had lived, the book world might have been jolted by just such a battle of the giants as used to shake Wall Street when the great railroad barons (some of them sound bookmen) threw down the gage of battle.

Rosenbach owed much of his early propulsion toward wealth and immortality to his friend and fellow-Philadelphian A. Edward Newton, who in 1918 published *The Amenities of Book-Collecting and Kindred Affections*. It was a $5 book in a day when you could buy a fat 500-page novel for $1.50. Price and subject matter considered, or even ignored, *The Amenities* sold handsomely, and eventually won the accolade of inclusion in the Modern Library, carrying to its readers, among much light-hearted zealotry, a full-page halftone of the Doctor and numerous laudatory passages, of which this was the first:

> The most scholarly bookseller in this country today is Dr. Rosenbach—"Rosy" as we who know him well call him. It was not his original intention to deal in rare books, but to become a professor of English, a calling for which few have a finer appreciation; but mere scholars abound. He must have felt that we collectors needed some one to guide our tastes and deplete our bank accounts. In both he is unequaled.

The decade of the twenties was the Doctor's harvest time. But he did not do badly in the thirties and forties, either. Eventually he maintained two bachelor establishments in Philadelphia, two in New York, and two at Corson's Inlet, New Jersey, where he also kept his 38-foot cabin-cruiser *First Folio* and his deep-sea fishing gear. These six *pieds-à-terre* were kept functioning by a staff of from fifteen to twenty servants. Breakfasting with his protégé John Fleming one morning, the Doctor hazarded the guess that the cup of coffee he was drinking had set him back around $25. Fleming got the idea that the Doctor thought it was well worth it.

His bachelorhood was nominal. He enjoyed the society of women, intellectual and otherwise, but he did not flaunt them as if they were choice items ripe for the shelving. No surviving evidence points to a frustrated romance in his youth; he was too busy being the bibliophile to play the philanderer. He numbered few booksellers among his intimates, but his special friends—Mitchell Kennerley, president of the Anderson Galleries in the great days, Christopher Morley, and Jo Davidson, among others—were far from unbookish.

The Doctor was in his element in the great sequence of auctions that followed the first world war. A book auction is like no other exchange of goods on earth. It has none of the frenetic informality of the barnyard vendue, none of the

machine-gun briskness of the tobacco and fur markets. It is both decorous and businesslike. The lay spectator is likely to wonder where the bids are coming from, for here art conceals art. Dealer A is bidding as long as his pencil is behind his ear. Dealer B is bidding as long as his fingers clutch his lapel. Dealer C, an excitable sort, is bidding as long as his face continues to be suffused. The universally respected James F. Drake once sat beside his friend Walter Hill, dean of Chicago dealers, at a New York auction. Drake had his right arm across the back of Hill's chair. Hill was bidding vocally and vigorously. The hammer fell.

"Sold—Drake."

"How the devil—" began Hill, and stopped. Drake and the auctioneer were chuckling. Drake had been bidding by elevating his right thumb alongside Hill's right ear.

BIDDING FOR DRAMA

ROSENBACH would have none of this coy semaphoring. His bids were visible and audible. Bidding made drama in the auction room, and the Doctor, who owed his doctorate to the drama, was all for it. Arthur Swann, who at eighty is Nestor of the New York auction world, remarked recently that Rosenbach would rather have bought a book at auction for $2,000 than by private treaty for $1,000. If a book on which Rosenbach was bidding reached a figure which he did not choose to exceed (a situation as rare as most of the things he went after), he would never retire gracefully from the field, or even ungracefully. With an imperious gesture, he would have an attendant bring him the book. He would examine the binding searchingly, inspect the title-page, and then hand the book back with a shake of the head and a knowing smile. The feeblest-minded spectator could not miss the implication. It was as if the Doctor had turned and addressed the gathering:

"To think that an expert of my caliber just missed being taken in by this palpable and egregious cripple!"

Yet the biggest single deal the Doctor ever engineered was consummated quietly, undramatically, and expeditiously. Sometime in the 1920s, somewhere between the Rio Grande and Tierra del Fuego, the Doctor acquired a huge mass of manuscript material documenting the conquests of Cortés and Pizarro. Just where he picked up this trove, and exactly how much he paid for it, are details that have never been disclosed—the antiquarian book trade does not wear its ledgers on its sleeves. The impression persists, however, that the Doctor did not extend himself heavily in making the haul.

There was a curtain-raiser to the Cortés–Pizarro non-drama. In 1926 the copy of the Gutenberg Bible which for four and a half centuries had been the property of the Benedictine abbey at Melk, Austria, was put up for auction at the Anderson Galleries. Dinner jackets were numerous in a sell-out audience, a tribute not so much to the Scriptures in their first appearance in print as to the thumping sum they were likely to bring. The book-trade enjoys making pools whenever a crown jewel is about to go on the block, and the most ambitious guess put down for the Melk Bible was $75,000.

The Doctor, of course, was among the dinner-jacketed. His stomach, with good capon lined, was invariably thrust well to the front in his own despite; to compensate for the bulge, he always drove his chest forward as well. The effect was much enhanced when the Doctor exposed a sea of stiff white shirt-bosom; the irreverent book trade used to allude to him, thus clad, as the Penguin. (Even when the doctor wasn't wearing his penguin suit, he was a commanding figure. He always dressed conservatively, in dark clothes; he always wore a stiff white collar and rimless pince-nez. But the effect was not quite so 1910 as it may sound. Though he was only of average height, perhaps five feet nine or ten, and slightly heavier than his physician probably recommended, he seemed taller, and certainly heavier. But not when he moved, which was most of the time, for he was light and quick on his feet, alert in his gestures.)

The bidding on the Gutenberg Bible opened at $50,000—a ladies-first gesture to Belle da Costa Greene, director of the Pierpont Morgan Library (which already had two complete Gutenberg Bibles plus an Old Testament).

"May I have fifty-five?" inquired Tony Bade, the gentle-voiced auctioneer. He got it from an expected quarter—Gabriel Wells. Wells, a subscription-book salesman who had become a big-time antiquarian dealer second only to Rosenbach, was known in the auction world as the Great Underbidder—and the underbidder is the darling of the salesroom. Rosenbach bid $56,000, Wells $56,500. The bidding progressed in small-change spurts of $500 and $1,000 to $83,000, at which point Wells dropped out. But it was not Rosenbach who bid $83,500. It was a new voice—the voice, recognized by few at the time, of W. Evarts Benjamin, a wealthy Episcopalian layman.

The audience quivered with ecstasy. The bidding continued to inch ahead. When Benjamin carried it to $100,000, the assemblage forgot its manners and broke into applause (clapping at a book auction is as indecorous as clapping during a rally at a national tennis championship match). Never before had a book reached so high a figure at auction. And the end was not yet. Dr. Rosenbach upped the figure to $100,500. The audience gasped. There were more inchings, until Benjamin reached $105,000. The Doctor added $1,000. The rest was silence.

A few days later it was announced that the Bible had been sold to Mrs. Edward S. Harkness —"at God knows what price," declared a *Fortune* writer six years later. The price was $116,600 —cost plus the 10 per cent fee which the dealer customarily charges for executing an auction commission. Mrs. Harkness gave the Bible to Yale University.

(It should be noted, in passing, that twenty-one years later, on January 28, 1947, the Rosenbach Company broke its own record when it paid $151,000 at auction for the Prince–Crowninshield – Stevens – Brinley – Vanderbilt – Whitney copy of *The Whole Booke of Psalmes,* popularly known as *The Bay Psalm Book,* put in type at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1640—the first book printed in what became the United States. The Doctor, aging and unwell, was not present, and the sale was effected by his capable and well-schooled deputy, John Fleming. *The Bay Psalm Book* is now at Yale too, the gift of a band of bibliophilic alumni plus a University of Pennsylvania alumnus named A. S. W. Rosenbach, whose contribution to the kitty was around $40,000. That was not quite the way the Doctor had planned it, but that was the way it worked out.)

SOFTENING UP THE CLIENTS

ACQUISITION of the Melk Bible put the Doctor closely *en rapport* with Mr. and Mrs. Edward S. Harkness. Mr. Harkness' *Who's Who in America* entry modestly limited his interests to directorships in eight railroads and membership in two sound New York clubs and the Presbyterian Church. This example of verbal economy did not blind the Doctor, or anybody else, to the fact that Edward S. Harkness was the son of an early Rockefeller partner and one of America's wealthiest citizens. And when the Doctor acquired the Cortés-Pizarro papers, the Harknesses were his number one prospect.

Both the Philadelphia and the New York Rosenbach establishments regularly closed on Columbus Day. But on October 11, 1928, the Doctor asked John Fleming to help him out on the holiday. Mr. Harkness was coming in to look at the Cortés-Pizarro collection.

The Columbus Day dialogue was not tape-recorded, but as the Doctor played it back to Fleming a few minutes after Harkness' departure, the client had inspected the temptingly displayed documents (a Fleming creation) and listened courteously to the Doctor's lecture—the Ph. D. was at the gallop again. Then Mr. Harkness asked how much. The Doctor said $985,000. Mr. Harkness seemed mildly embarrassed. He could pay only half of that at the moment, he explained; would it be all right if the balance were split into three equal installments at two, four, and six months? It would.

By an inexcusable clerical inadvertence that was readily excused, the Rosenbach Company, on November 1, 1928, billed Edward S. Harkness for $492,500. At the Harkness office, too, ineptitude reared its ugly head, and a check for $492,500 went to the Rosenbach Company by return mail.

The Harkness Cortés-Pizarro collection is not at Yale. It is in the Library of Congress.

My own contacts with the Doctor were infrequent, casual, and invariably cordial, though my total outlay as a Rosenbach client was $17.50 (seven-tenths of a cup of coffee). When I first entered the Doctor's premises he was at 273 Madison Avenue, the New York outpost he had set up in 1920—an ornate old stone mansion which has long since vanished.

On this occasion, as always thereafter, I visited the shop only to see one of the Doctor's underlings. It was something like going to the big house to play with the coachman's boy. My host took me down into the vault. On a table stood a silver tray holding two glasses, a pitcher of water, a bucket of ice cubes, and a decanter of Scotch. The glasses were cloudy with the dew of recent use, and I wondered how many hundreds or even thousands of dollars had been built into the upset price of some coveted item on the strength of one highball.

Scotch was the Doctor's favorite drink: he took it as if it were wine. Those who knew him well ascribed his addiction, which grew stronger as he grew older, either to his basic shyness or to the almost filial awe which characterized his attitude toward his older brother Philip. Taken to task once for his affinity to Scotch, Rosenbach exclaimed: "What would I ever have done if I didn't drink?" Possibly he was right; certainly

the Scotch did not slow him down until the weight of advancing years caught up with it.

Some years after that first excursion to the Doctor's establishment, I had a striking illustration of his offhand, but invariably bullish, pricing technique. His New York branch now occupied an imposing residence at 15 East 51st Street. My host—again an underling—led me past the cage containing the parrot Josephine and up the thickly carpeted stairway to the second floor. The Doctor happened to be passing.

"Hello, there!" he called, extending his hand. "Glad to see you. How have you been? What are you working on now?"

I hastened to frame a bibliophilic answer; I was, I said, investigating the eccentricities of the early printings of *The Ballad of Reading Gaol.*

"Splendid, splendid!" cried the Doctor. "I'm certain I have something that will help you. Miss Brown, will you bring me the Oscar Wilde folder, please?"

Miss Brown fetched the Wilde folder and put it on a table. The Doctor sat down and opened the folder. He began to study the contents, laying each examined document face down on the left side of the folder. The folder must have held half a hundred units—letters and manuscripts of varying length, all in Wilde's involute but oddly legible hand. Each unit was priced lightly in pencil in the upper right corner.

"These figures certainly have not been checked in some time," said the Doctor.

"Ridiculous," he muttered as he came to the fourth or fifth unit. (In defiance of all the etiquette manuals, I was looking squarely over his shoulder.) He picked up a pencil. The item under immediate view was marked $150. A flick of the pencil turned the 1 into a 4. The next lot was marked $300. A slightly more involved bit of penciling turned the 3 into an 8. A superb poetical manuscript bore a $750 tag. It was an elementary business to convert the 7 into a 2 and stick a 1 in front of it.

I tiptoed away, leaving the Doctor making money hand over fist.

HE COULD raise prices, too, for purely disciplinary reasons. Once a new client, glancing over the Doctor's shelves, saw a fine copy of the first Edinburgh (1787) edition of Burns's *Poems, Chiefly in the Scottish Dialect* marked $150.

"Isn't this a little high?" asked the client. He did not know it, but he had committed the sin against the Holy Ghost. The Doctor said nothing. The client made the circuit of the room, seeing nothing else that he wanted. At the end of half an hour, feeling, perhaps, as so many people do in bookshops, church bazaars, and one-man art shows, that he really shouldn't leave without buying something, he went back to the Burns and took it off the shelf. Before saying "I'll take this" to the Doctor, he glanced at the price again. It was now $250. The client reshelved the book and went away.

Toward his fellows in the antiquarian trade, the Doctor adopted the Borgias' blazon of "Caesar or nothing." "You train him for me and I'll take him over when he's educated," he would say to a lesser member of the brotherhood who had managed to collar a promising prospect. He had various ways of applying this principle. A dealer had a client who was heavily interested in a popular Victorian author. The Doctor had a magnificent star cluster of pertinent material, and both dealer and collector knew he had it. The collector, not wanting to go over the dealer's head, asked him to find out how much the Doctor wanted for it. The Doctor said $60,000. The dealer urged the collector to see what direct negotiation might accomplish. The Doctor was the soul of amiability, sweet reason, and large discounts. The collector could have the material for $35,000. He took it.

Another of the Doctor's artifices was to play down a book about which another dealer consulted him. A young bookseller once discovered an apparently unrecorded Franklin item. He spent several days consulting printed authority, discussed it with special librarians, and described it to Franklin collectors of unimpeachable omniscience. No one had ever heard of it. In his mental catalogue the young bookseller altered the description "apparently unrecorded" to "unrecorded and unique." (When a rare-bookseller says unique he means unique.)

Many dealers who made discoveries of this magnitude called on the Doctor, who had outlets far beyond the range of the lesser fry. They called on him even though they were well aware that every Rosenbach catalogue carried on the back cover the unequivocal warning of Proverbs xx, 14: "It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer, but when he is gone his way, then he boasteth." (On several early catalogues the quotation had inaccurately read "hath gone," but some friend or enemy tipped the Doctor off.)

The young dealer who made the Franklin discovery consulted the Doctor. The Doctor inspected the find with what seemed to be unstudied indifference.

"An interesting piece," he pronounced. "And

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–aboard the most talked-about train in the country



When I go to San Francisco
(it's my favorite city, you know)



I start right off having a good time
by taking the California Zephyr



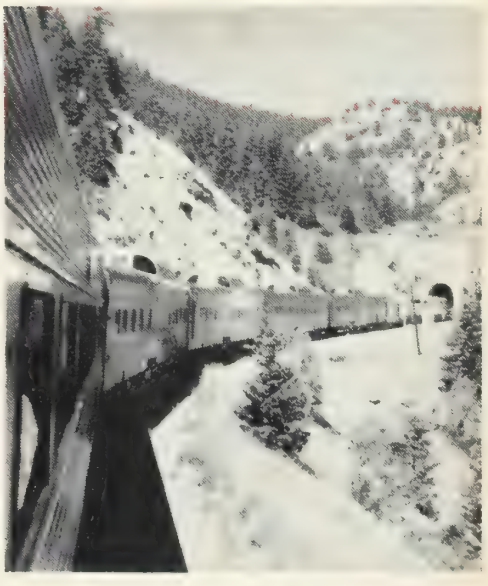
The food's simply out of this world
(you can reserve a table in advance!)



And I always meet lots of interesting
people in the Observation Lounge Car



This is the train with *five* Vista-Domes
(and you see all the scenery in daylight)



You travel right through the Colorado
Rockies for over 200 miles



And after a day of sightseeing, it's
fun to visit the Buffet Lounge Car



Next morning, you cross the High Sierra
and wind down Feather River Canyon

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California Zephyr
The most popular train between
Chicago and Oakland-San Francisco
via Denver and Salt Lake City
WESTERN PACIFIC
Include Los Angeles without additional fare
Pullmans • Chair Cars



WRITE TO J. J. HICKEY, Dept. HA-2,
Western Pacific, San Francisco, for 16-page illustrated California Zephyr booklet.

not common. Not at all common. I don't think I've handled a copy in over a year. The last one I had I sold to William Smith Mason of Chicago."

Burning a hole in the young bookseller's pocket was a letter from William Smith Mason declaring flatly that he had never heard of the item. It took all the bookseller's strength to withdraw the letter, unfold it, and lay it on the Doctor's desk. The Doctor read it without a quiver.

"Oh, yes," he said. "What I sold Mason was something similar to this." He described it in elaborate bibliographical detail. "But this lot you have here is extremely interesting. You won't have any trouble getting rid of it."

The dealer didn't have any trouble at all. And he also had the satisfaction—almost unique—of jockeying the Doctor into a position where the latter would have lost face if he had shown an eagerness to acquire the item.

Another young dealer once acquired a fine copy of Poe's *Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque,* published at Philadelphia in two volumes in 1840. A well-to-do newcomer to the collecting scene was actively interested in it, though the asking price of $800 exceeded anything he had yet spent in one lump for a book.

"You're sure it's all right?" he asked the dealer. The dealer assured him that it was. The dealer was then, as he still is, knowledgeable, discriminating, and conscientious. But the new collector wanted a verdict from what he regarded as higher authority.

"How about letting Dr. Rosenbach take a look at it?" he suggested.

The dealer was not in a position to say "Take it or leave it." He expressed a willingness, if not quite an eagerness, to wait on the Doctor. The Doctor listened to the story, accepted the book, and took it to a window. He studied the title pages, riffled the gatherings, held the preliminary leaves up to the light. After several minutes of this elaborate expertizing, he handed down his decision:

"New end-papers."

A book published as recently as 1840 with new end-papers would have as high a degree of acceptance in the antiquarian market as a young lady with three eyes in a Miss America contest.

The dealer protested, but the Doctor refused to depontificate. Dealer and client went their way. Fortunately for their side, the story has a happy ending. The dealer persuaded the client to consult half a dozen other authorities, in and out of the trade. All of them said, without hesitation, that the original end-papers had not been tampered with.

I discussed the Doctor's attitude toward his brothers in the bond with an alert bookman on New York's Fourth Avenue, the heart of the American antiquarian book market.

"Look at it this way," he said. "I never had any dealings with Rosenbach. I'm above the battle, or below it, so I can be objective. This business still operates on a competitive basis, with all the advantages and disadvantages that such a situation implies. There are no supermarkets in the antiquarian field, thank God—no mergers, no cartels, no chains. With us it's literally every man for himself. Rosenbach, with ample means at his disposal and with the power those means supplied, could be for himself more effectively than the rest of us. He could afford a battleship, and we had to fight back with bows and arrows. If we could have afforded battleships, you can bet your life we'd have bought some."

THE SCHOLAR'S FRIEND

BUT in the Doctor's neatly compartmented universe, scholars were accorded diametrically opposite treatment to booksellers. From the eager seeker after knowledge the Doctor demanded only the credentials of dedication to learning and a reasonably high IQ. The shelves of the Rosenbach Foundation in Philadelphia, endowed in perpetuity as a memorial to the Doctor and his older brother Philip (who was the firm's expert on furniture, *objets d'art,* and such), are lined not only with the world's great rarities but also with scores of literary studies inscribed to the Doctor by research students who were beneficiaries of his altruism. One example is typical.

Early in 1935, John D. Gordan, a Virginian who had recently got his A.B. at Harvard, enrolled in the graduate school with the aim of winning his doctorate with a dissertation on Joseph Conrad. Professor Hyder E. Rollins endorsed the project, but told Gordan he would have to consult several Conrad manuscripts which Rollins believed were available somewhere in America—he recalled reading about their sale at auction some years previously. He suggested that Gordan consult *American Book-Prices Current,* an annual publication giving the auction records of literary property, and then ask the auction house that had sold the manuscripts for the names of the buyers.

Gordan learned that in 1923 the manuscript of



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* *Names on request from this magazine*

Almayer's Folly had sold for $5,300, of *Lord Jim* for $3,900, and of *The Nigger of the Narcissus* for $4,500. He wrote the Anderson Galleries in New York, where the sale had been made, and was informed that the purchaser of all three manuscripts had been Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach. It is significant that while Gordan had never previously heard of *American Book-Prices Current* or the Anderson Galleries, he *had* heard of Dr. Rosenbach.

Easter vacation was approaching, and Gordan planned to drive to Virginia. He wrote to the Doctor in Philadelphia and asked if he might call on him on the way. The Doctor said yes.

The Doctor proved to be the essence of accommodation. It was arranged that Gordan should come to Philadelphia again at the end of the college year and devote his summer to a study of the manuscripts. The only evidence the Doctor had of Gordan's good faith and capability was his obvious earnestness and competence and the fact that his letter had been written on the letterhead of the Harvard English Department.

Just as Gordan was preparing for his Philadelphia sojourn he received an offer of an apartment in New York for the summer at five dollars a week. If he went to Philadelphia, his expenses would inevitably be much higher. He decided to lay the facts before the Doctor, and the Doctor agreed to have the manuscripts transferred to New York. (Gordan, today Dr. Gordan, curator of the Berg Collection at the New York Public Library, has no idea how the delivery was effected —probably by messenger, and the Doctor himself may well have been the messenger, clutching a pair of fat briefcases for the contents of which he had paid out $13,700.)

In mid-June Gordan reported at the New York office of the Rosenbach Company. He was given a desk and told he could make all the local telephone calls he wanted, but that he must restore the manuscripts to the vault at the end of the day's work. (Quite a ceremonial was made of this.) The Doctor, commuting over from Philadelphia, exchanged the time of day with him, but this was the extent of his attentions. It is worth noting that Gordan had consulted two New York dealers who had fragments of Conrad manuscript; each asked him if he was in a position to buy the material (a reasonable demand); when he said no, they placed it at his disposal. But Dr. Rosenbach did not ask that question.

Gordan read Conrad and filled notebooks until the end of August. When *Joseph Conrad: The Making of a Novelist* appeared over the imprint of Harvard University Press in 1940, it was dedicated "to all those who have made this book possible and especially to my wife, John Archer Gee [of Yale], Hyder E. Rollins, and A. S. W. Rosenbach."

Before Rosenbach's death in 1952, just three weeks short of his seventy-sixth birthday, he had become a doctor several times over—in 1927 the University of Pennsylvania added an honorary degree to the one he had earned there twenty-six years earlier—and had established the Rosenbach Fellowship in Bibliography "to bring to the University of Pennsylvania distinguished scholars in the field," an annual lecture series that has produced several important published studies.

Following the death of the Doctor and, eight months later, of his brother Philip, the name and corporate entity of the Rosenbach Company were erased as quickly as due process of law could effect the annihilation. John Fleming acquired the considerable stock that remained, and, with Inc. after his name, is carrying on at the old company's third and final New York address, 322 East 57th Street. His letterhead is permitted to declare that he was "formerly associated with Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach."

The Doctor's will left the bulk of his estate to the Rosenbach Foundation. Cash bequests to friends, employees, charities, and religious organizations totalled $122,500, and Philip and another brother, Moses, benefited by substantial annuities. Under the terms of the will, the value of the estate was not to be made public, and it has not been—the executor, the Doctor's friend Morris Wolf, said it was "large" and let it go at that.

Philadelphia newspaper and wire-service reports of the filing of the will quoted the Doctor as having once estimated, presumably late in life, that he had bought "more than $75,000,000 worth" of literary property since his first purchase, at the age of eleven, of a not very early *Reynard the Fox* for $24. If all of these transactions had been at auction (which they were not), Rosenbach's commissions would have amounted to $7,500,000; on his non-auction purchases he must have averaged much better than 10 per cent. In both groups, too, were many treasures which went into his private collection, now housed permanently in the Rosenbach Foundation. Some of his detractors were wont to suggest that the Doctor's "private collection" was made up of the things he was stuck with, but this was not true. Philadelphia Central High School's ranking bibliomaniac remained a bibliomaniac to the end.

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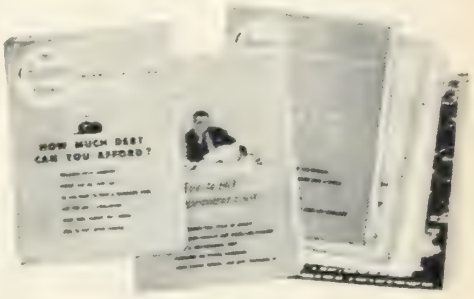
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After Hours

MAGIC

HARRIET VAN HORN, in her column in the New York *World-Telegram* recently, made what seemed to me a just observation about a trend in television. Her target was the new quasi-dramatic, quasi-documentary shows which seem to be known as "actuals." They have the virtues of neither dramatic nor documentary programs, she pointed out, because there is so much emphasis on how things work that the characters get submerged in details and vice versa: you will recognize this as true if you have seen shows like "Medic." Then there are "spectaculars" and I'm afraid that if we don't look out we'll have "sinceres." It is what happens when people take adjectives and turn them into nouns. Adjectives are meant to be modifiers; when they become nouns, they take on the status of individual existence and think they have to *be* something.

All this is by way of prelude to a comment on what may be—unless television copymen restrain themselves—the first "magical," a telecast in compatible color of Mozart's "The Magic Flute." It was, from my point of view, a splendid success. I saw it in color on a monitor at the RCA studios, along with hundreds of other New Yorkers, and I enjoyed every minute of the two hours it took. It was my first exposure to color television; I had expected it to look like rather primitive color photography.

I was quite wrong. It was capable of the most subtle nuances; there were no garish Kodachrome (in the hands of an amateur) blues, nor hard reds with green showing through them, and the image was sharp. (Remember, I saw it on a monitor in a studio and not on a home set.)

The effect was magical for a number of reasons. The first, obviously, was Mozart; the second, the manipulation of what seemed to be unlimited space; the third, design; the fourth, George Balanchine; and finally the literary efforts of W. H. Auden and Chester Kallman. In other words if you employ enough talent with enough room to exercise its gifts in, you are likely to be rewarded.

There is scarcely a bar of "The Magic Flute" that isn't familiar even to the musically semi-literate, though a good many bars were cut from this performance in order to fit the opera into two hours. It was performed with uneven excellence, but Leontyne Price (Pamina) is a soprano of melting quality and John Reardon (Papageno) is a splendid singer and delightful performer. But good musical performances of opera are not nearly so rare as is opera that it is a pleasure to look at, and since television is the newest of visual media and infinitely demanding of technical virtuosity and imagination, it was the image on the screen that distinguished this performance.

Size is rarely an artistic virtue, but freedom of movement can be. "The Magic Flute" was telecast from the *biggest* television studio in the world (adjective courtesy of the National Broadcasting Company). It is in Brooklyn, was once a movie soundstage, and belonged to Warner Brothers. The movement of action from set to set without the theatrical nuisance of falling curtains and movable scenery gave a flow to the performance which made it possible to maintain the continual illusion of fantasy. Vistas were real, not tricks of false perspective. The interiors of temples and the courtyards of palaces, the rocky landscapes inhabited by dragons and sprites seemed to occupy a thoroughly satisfactory unreal world in which rocks were the colors of quartz and walls were silver and gold and studded with jewels.

Through this world—which was just enough this side of ludicrous to be agreeable fantasy (and which was designed by Rouben Ter-Arutunian)—George Balanchine moved the principal singers, the sprites and attendants and priests, with the skill of the master choreographer he is. There was never a clumsy or ill-composed picture on the screen (I watched hard trying to find one), but I don't know enough about the medium to know whether the credit for this belongs all to Mr. Balanchine or if it should, as I suspect, be shared with the cameramen and the director in the control booth. It was ingenious, technically, but except for a moment when Pamina and the prince walked first through fire and then through water, one was not tempted to say, "Aren't electronics extraordinary?"

The libretto was newly translated for this single performance (and, it is to be hoped, for many future performances) by Messrs. Auden and Kallman. It was occasionally silly (the plot of the opera is altogether silly) but it had style, humor, dignity, and, considering how badly some opera singers enunciate English, it was eminently singable.

"The Magic Flute" as produced by

NBC is, as I have said, a magical performance, but woe to anyone who thinks that he can put on a "magical" with less talent than Mozart's to give him inspiration and support.

MOON MISTRESS

SOONER or later the movies were bound to discover Diane de Poitiers. If there was ever a life tailor-made to the heaving bosoms and flashing swords school of historical melodrama, this was it. The lady lived in the first half of the sixteenth century, when feudalism was just dead enough to be romantic and not too dead to be interesting, and when the Valois kings were building and inhabiting those most delightful dwelling places, the châteaux of the Loire valley. Born to nobility and royal connections, she spent most of her days in close contact with the great, and the great events, of her time. She was intelligent, beautiful, rich, and powerful. For twelve years, as the mistress of King Henri II, she was virtually Queen of France. What more does a scenario writer want?

Just to make matters easier, there is plenty of historical material about Diane. Many of the buildings she lived in are still standing, and many of the statues and paintings she commissioned have been preserved. She herself was repeatedly painted and sketched, several times by the Clouets, whose preliminary studies are often sufficiently unkind to be considered accurate. Enough of her letters survived to make a full volume of them (except those to the king, which she seems prudently to have had him destroy).

From these years, too, we have the reports of the Venetian ambassadors, who were professionally required to know everything; they normally begin: "France is a kingdom bounded on the north by the English Channel, on the west by the Atlantic Ocean . . . etc." but after a few pages of statistics they get down to the latest important scandals. And at the court during the same period was also a gossip columnist born three hundred years before his time, named Brantôme, who collected every good story he heard about everybody, the more risqué the better. Since then, Diane has attracted many writers—Balzac, Victor Hugo, Hilaire Belloc, and John Erskine among them—and there are at least three biographies of her in English.

As a result, now that we have the inevitable motion picture, we have the equally inevitable argument about historical accuracy. Every man his own Diane de Poitiers expert, and shame on M-G-M for botching their opportunities. The studio seems to have made all reasonable attempts—with the producer of "Lili" in charge and a script from Christopher Isherwood—to be sure "Diane" was a film equal to its subject; but there ensued some sort of mix-up in casting, and we got a star whose demands had to be listened to instead of an actress who might have given the part some style, or at least some psychological zing. Hence there has been a tendency to blame this misadventure for all the other failures of promise, as did the reviewer of "Diane" for *Time* magazine in the three acid paragraphs he gave it.

"By all that literary art and cinematic craft could do," he tartly observed, "the way was prepared for the heroine of history, and suddenly, in a sputter of high heels and a clatter of false eyelashes she arrives on the scene—the most cultivated woman of the French Renaissance: Lana Turner."

NOW I am willing to admit that Miss Turner's performance lacks range or subtlety, and that she plays a rice-pudding version of Diane as a kind of scoutmistress who stumbles into royal amours without really meaning to, as a result of her compelling interest in affairs of state. The movie is loaded with historical boo-boos of one kind or another, which I should be as happy as *Time's* reviewer to tell you all about, particularly since some of them seem unnecessary and others are less dramatic than the actual circumstances.

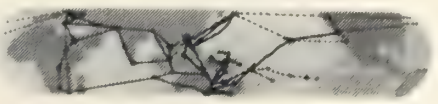
But this line of attack is really extremely unfair. In order to score off Hollywood, *Time* presents an image of Diane that is just as dubious as Miss Turner's and somewhat more annoying, since it is tossed off with that casual over-confidence that comes from relying on second-hand research. In some ways, and probably by accident, the movie is closer



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QANTAS

Why does Chrissi's mother cry?



Chrissi, at eight, is a charming little lady, with pretty brown hair and sparkling eyes. She attends school faithfully and is adored by her family. Why, then, should Chrissi's mother cry?

The answer is simple. At night, Chrissi sometimes whimpers with cold and hunger. During the days she must keep active to stay warm. She has no toys, nothing to ease the cruel struggle against privation.

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to the "truth" about Diane than *Time* is.

This is known as the Double Switch, or Votichenko-Meeker-Koch Theory of Improbable Probabilities. V-M-K theory, as readers of this magazine may remember from Oden Meeker's article of January last year, "holds that the third or highest degree of sophistication is often identical with the first, or simplest." In other words, it is possible that the most corny interpretation of history will come closer to what really happened than the intermediate, semi-educated view which derives from knowing some, but not enough, of the facts. There is documentation for *Time's* idea that Diane "ruled France wisely and well," and that she "animated a century"—but there is also plenty to be said for the other side.

Her letters reveal her as an extremely hard-headed type, with a highly developed interest in money, and she is chiefly distinguished among royal mistresses for the amount of property she managed to keep her hands on after the king's death. Her major interest in public policy seems to have been getting jobs for her friends and relatives, and not long after she got through with it the kingdom flew apart in civil and religious warfare, which may indicate the wisdom of her rule —or the exact opposite.

The Diane legend started in her own time, as a logical result of her having most of the country's cultural talent either directly in her employ or implicitly beholden for favors granted and in prospect. Her reputation for taste is in good part the result of buying the best she could get—Jean Goujon for sculpture, Philibert Delorme for architecture, Leonard Limousin for enamels—and letting them go to work. She wanted to surround the king with an atmosphere of uninterrupted romance in which he and she were indissolubly linked, as in the interlocked H and D's she scattered everywhere as a motif of decoration, and to produce the effect she needed assistance from the arts.

Surely it is not presuming too much to suppose that during her ascendancy there were advantages to be had from painting her prettily, or addressing to her the verses that Ronsard and du Bellay could turn out to order. Earlier, before Henri II became king, the poet Marot had sided against her in a court quarrel and written some uncomplimentary lines; she retaliated by accusing him of "having eaten bacon in Lent," for which he spent several months in prison and several years in exile. No girl to trifle with was our Diane.



The movie "Diane" gets other slurs from *Time,* on grounds of dullness and improbability, which are justified only by the assumption that history itself was other than dull or improbable. For instance, *Time* reproaches Roger Moore, as Henri II, for invariably wearing "the expression of a peevish raisin." Fair enough, but that is precisely how Henri II struck his contemporaries; even admirers had to admit that he was a dull clod, though a modest and conscientious monarch, and the word most frequently applied to him by biographers is "melancholy."

The competitive co-existence between Diane and the Queen, Catherine de Médicis, and the royal children may seem improbable, too, but improbable it truly was, and the movie manages to make as much sense of it as anyone else has. The spectacle of the future kings of France piping "Aunt Diane" at Miss Turner may be hard to accept as history, but the record says she brought them up, and the relationship undoubtedly had in it elements of goo-goo of a very similar kind.

Again, "Diane" fudges history more than somewhat in dealing with the Bourbon conspiracy but, if any-

thing, the movie (by combining two characters in one) makes it much more probable than it was. The man who tipped off King Francis the First was indeed Diane's husband, Louis de Brézé, but it was not he who had been involved: it was Diane's father, Saint-Vallier, and her efforts to get him off were probably very like those you see on the screen. As a matter of fact, what happened thereafter was so unbelievable that a movie portraying it would be laughed out of the theater.

Saint-Vallier, one fine morning, was led out to the scaffold, where everyone stood around blowing at his fingertips and trying to look conscientious *for an entire hour* until finally—cloppity, cloppity, cloppity—down the street came the king's messenger with his pardon. Whereupon Diane's father is said to have made an unprintable remark that earned him an immediate item in Brantôme's memoirs and his subsequent niche in history.

What seems unnecessary is that Diane in "Diane" is made an adulteress, when in fact her husband (to whom she was quite loyal and by whom she had two daughters) died long before she became involved with the king. The king of course was not yet king, or even Dauphin, and though the movie mysteriously delays his older brother's death it correctly blames Italian poison for Henri's accession and correctly exonerates the Queen. People then were always suspecting poison in unexpected deaths: they were often right, and so is the movie in conveying an over-all atmosphere of Grand Guignol violence, slightly moderated by intrigue.

One last assurance, however, to those who go to "Diane" and are puzzled by it—and don't say I sent you. If Henri's death at the end seems illogical, since nothing in the story but prophecies lead up to it, you may console yourself that here the film has really been compelled to sacrifice accuracy to probability. He did die in a joust, in a "golden cage," just as Nostradamus (not Ruggieri) said he would. But it was not planned villainy and naturally it made no sense. It was simply an accident, and you can't expect anyone to believe *that*.

—Mr. Harper

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PAUL PICKREL

Unconventional Memoirs . . .

Novels of Loyalty, and Others . . . The North

EUGENE O'NEILL is a curious figure in our literature. Though he ceased writing only a few years ago and there are said to be many still unproduced plays among his papers, he seems neither to have much influence on contemporary theatrical activity nor much of a following outside the theater. To be sure, his work is "assigned reading" in many English courses, and playwrights of the present are probably more indebted to him than they usually realize, not so much for technical assistance as for a kind of elbow room he made for his successors in the American theater. His plays are still produced by amateur groups, but most of the professional productions take place abroad. The gloomy, groping O'Neill does not fit into the picture of the glittering 'twenties now in favor, and in the revival of interest in that epoch, its most distinguished playwright has had little or no share.

There is of course an awkward age for literary works as well as for human beings—an adolescence when they no longer have the appeal of newness and we see chiefly their harsh corners and fumblings and inadequacies. Perhaps O'Neill's plays have reached this age. Certainly the devices that once struck audiences as so inventive—the characters in masks and the characters speaking their thoughts and so on—now seem more cumbersome than anything else. Some of the plays are too long, inflated, and pretentious; a lot of the language has gone flat (if it was ever otherwise), and profundity is more often aspired to than achieved.

So the first publication of O'Neill's fifteen-year-old autobiography in the form of a play—under the title of Long Day's Journey into Night (Yale, $3.75)—is hardly at the moment the literary event it would once have been or that it might be at some later time. Yet it is one of the finest things he ever wrote. What it would be like on the stage is hard for a reader with no theatrical experience to imagine, and apparently we will not soon have a chance to discover, for production rights have so far been granted only in Sweden. But as a book to read, O'Neill never gave us anything better and few things as good.

FATHERS AND FAMILIES

SOMEONE has said that a man is mature when he has forgiven his parents, when he realizes that they have as good a reason for being what they were as he has for being what he is. *Long Day's Journey into Night* is O'Neill's attempt to face his parents, to understand the failure of their love, and to forgive it.

The father in the play is a famous actor who has for a long time made a handsome income starring in a romantic play he owns. (O'Neill's father toured the country for many years with his own company in "The Count of Monte Cristo.") But neither wealth nor fame can ever erase the father's memory of how, as a pitifully poor and ignorant Irish immigrant boy of ten, he was deserted by *his* father, who left his family to go back to Ireland and there, according to report, committed suicide. Out of that experience the boy acquired a distrust of everything but money; having known betrayal he would not put himself in position to be betrayed again. Consequently, even in middle age he is incapable of loving his wife and two sons, and all his relationships are warped by a monumental stinginess, manifest in money matters but at bottom arising from his distrust of the affections.

The father's stinginess has ruined his own career, for he has given up a chance to develop into a great actor in favor of the sure-fire economic proposition of doing the same tawdry role over and over. His stinginess has turned his wife, once a pretty, loving convent-bred Irish girl, into a drug addict, and his elder son into a ne'er-do-well semi-alcoholic futureless actor of

bit parts. On the day the play takes place the younger son (Eugene O'Neill at twenty-three) discovers that he has tuberculosis and must go to a sanatorium. Though the disease itself can hardly be traced to the father's lack of generosity, the bitterness and alienation the son feels when he learns of his illness can be.

The son does not actually forgive his father in the course of the play, but the play itself is an act of forgiveness; by the very act of telling the story the son admits his father to the contemporaneity of hope and suffering, and grants that the father, in making his long day's journey into night, was as driven and perplexed as himself.

It is as much an American tragedy as Dreiser's novel, and it has a power like Dreiser's at his best. Of the writing O'Neill himself offers the most severe and most discerning judgment. The father at one point tells his son that he has the makings of a poet.

"No," the son says, "I'm afraid that I'm like the guy who's always panhandling for a smoke. He hasn't even got the makings. He's got only the habit. I couldn't touch what I tried to tell you just now. I just stammered. That's the best I'll ever do. . . . Well, it will be a faithful realism, at least. Stammering is the natural eloquence of us fog people."

IT IS a far cry from O'Neill's highly unconventional venture in autobiography to C. S. Lewis' account of his youth in **Surprised by Joy** (Harcourt, Brace, $3.50), and nothing but a propinquity in publication dates would ever lead anyone to compare the two. Where O'Neill's work even at its best retains something of the village atheist's homemade rant, Lewis is a master as few men are of the world of literature and learning. Where O'Neill is a man turned inward, horrified but fascinated by his passions and how they relate to other people, Lewis is a man turned outward, distrustful of emotion and introspection, not much interested in people and their relations with one another, his gaze directed to ideas.

Yet underlying the intellectual and religious development which forms the main subject of Lewis' book is another father-son relationship as curious in its way—and perhaps as influential—as the one O'Neill presents. Lewis' father was a successful solicitor by profession, but in private life he had almost no sense of fact. He passed his days in a whirl of rhetoric, amid a world wildly distorted by his longings, apprehensions, and conviction that nothing is quite what it seems. His son, who was early left motherless, soon found this world too turbulent and undependable for his needs, and withdrew from it as much as possible. He turned to solitary reading and imagining, where he was particularly drawn to whatever was distant, whatever was cold. He did not feel, like O'Neill, that his father's love had failed him but that it was too close, too interfering: the father's personality was an obscurity between him and the way things really are.

So Lewis came to distrust introspection as a falsifier of experience and turned his mind to the effort of finding out what is really out there in the universe. This led to his conversion to Christianity. The account of his conversion (with which the book closes) is fascinating, but one of its most striking features is its curiously emotionless quality. Lewis is quite explicit on this point; his mind, in its effort to find out the real in the universe, reached Christian conclusions, and dragged the rest of him reluctantly along.

If, for all its perception and learning, the book seems in the end disappointing, it is because the reader never quite discovers what Christianity means to the rest of Lewis. His conversion gave him a universe less whimsical than his father's and equipped him with a superb debater's stance, as readers of his works in Christian apologetics already know, but no man spends all his life in debate.

Probably most husbands know enough about their wives' families to write a book, but usually the laws of libel would prevent publication. Fortunately, Oliver La Farge is an exception, and in an entertaining group of stories called **Behind the Mountains** (Houghton, Mifflin, $3) he has assembled his wife's and her family's recollections of the life they once led on a great ranch in New Mexico. The father was Spanish-American, the mother French; until the bottom dropped out of the wool market in the Depression, destroying their vast landholdings, they were the *patrones* of a numerous population of household servants, laborers, tenants, and villagers.

It was a kind of life never much written about and now extinct. The weddings and holidays, the family retainers and incidents of growing up that La Farge describes have probably been softened by the mutations of memory and the lapse of years: the stories do not attempt to achieve high drama or to enlist the more powerful emotions. They are simple family anecdotes, with more exoticism of background than most families can boast, worn smooth in the retelling and agreeably set down by a devoted outsider.

WHAT THE NOVELISTS ARE UP TO

CURIOUSLY enough, though fiction has always been concerned with loyalty and the conflict of loyalties, the intense contemporary interest in loyalty has not produced many good

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novels. But more and more writers are turning to the subject, and two novels recently published offer an opportunity to observe contrasting treatment of it.

One book—**Mr. Hamish Gleave,** by the well-known Welsh novelist Richard Llewellyn (Doubleday, $3.95)—is a study of the psychology of loyalty; it is an account of what leads a man to treason, and belongs with such non-fictional studies of disloyalty as Murray Kempton's and Rebecca West's.

The other book—**All Honorable Men,** by the young American novelist David Karp (Knopf, $3.95)— is concerned with loyalty as a public issue; it is an account of what happens when a man is accused of disloyalty, and belongs with the anti-McCarthy literature.

Llewellyn takes as his point of departure a famous actual instance of disloyalty—the defection to the East in 1951 of two officials of the British Foreign Office, Burgess and MacLean. This incident has already been the subject of extended discussion of course; Cyril Connolly has written a highly interesting book about it and there is a dreary novel by the man who writes under the name of Rodney Garland, as well as many scattered discussions. But Llewellyn's book can be read simply as a novel, without reference to the known facts or to previous attempts to interpret them.

THE central character, Hamish Gleave (presumably MacLean in the original case), is not a Communist, is neither an ideologist nor a utopian, and has no sympathy for the proletariat. He has an important and responsible job which will in time lead to an ambassadorship. There is nothing of the rebel or revolutionist about him. He is, in fact, a rabid conformist, and the point of Llewellyn's novel is that Gleave's very conformity leads him to treason.

Most of the time loyalty and conformity are indistinguishable to the observer because they result in more or less the same kind of behavior. But they arise from very different psychological situations. A man is loyal because he wants to be, but he conforms because he has to; he must have the pattern of behavior conformity offers him to hold in check his own chaos or to disguise from himself his own emptiness. Because of their different psychological origins, loyalty and conformity can sometimes pull in opposite directions.

Hamish Gleave's conformist pattern of behavior derives from his middle-class forebears. (This is the British middle class, not the American; in America Gleave would be regarded as distinctly upper class.) But bad luck, wars, depressions, and new principles of taxation have wiped out the economic basis of Gleave's class; he can no longer afford to maintain the style of living that gives his life coherence. Either he must give up his conformity to class and replace it with loyalty to the nation as a whole, or he must turn against the nation as the destroyer of his standard of conformity. It slowly emerges that the latter involves less psychological strain for him: he convinces himself that the Russians recognize the worth of a man of his kind as the British no longer do, and he feels that he is not so much betraying his country as that his country has already betrayed him by liquidating his class.

In the opening chapter, where Gleave goes to the races at Epsom, Llewellyn brilliantly portrays a man who still seems to others a successful member of society but who is internally consumed with envy and snobbery. This is the shabby-genteel conformist psychology at its most moth-eaten and most potentially dangerous. But it may be an error in strategy to put such a chapter first, because its desperation and intensity cannot be maintained as the book unfolds.

But on the whole the psychological development is convincing; by easy stages Gleave gives assent to propositions that seem harmless individually but in the end combine to condemn him to treason.

Unfortunately, Llewellyn has thoroughly assimilated some of the least ingratiating mannerisms of modern fiction. He has mastered the antecedentless pronoun to the point where it is sometimes anybody's guess as to which character he means, and he suppresses the names of speakers in dialogue so successfully that in some scenes it is virtually impossible to discover who says what. He has

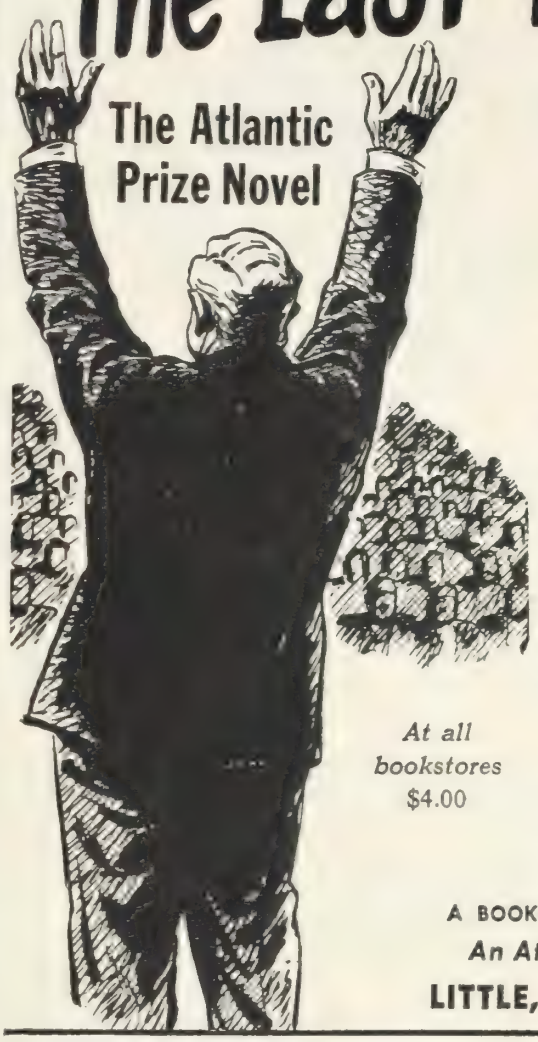
largely abandoned the sentence as a unit of composition, often with an effect of compression and vividness but occasionally with the effect of leaving behind a heap of syntactical detritus that has not yet been turned into prose. Still, he writes with a lot of flexibility and vigor; and he keeps a good deal closer to the movement of life than most novelists do.

David Karp's *All Honorable Men* is the story of a middle-aged professional administrator named Dr. Milo Dexter Perkins. As the novel opens, Dr. Perkins leaves the directorship of an established foundation to become head of a new foundation for "conservative studies." In assembling the staff of the new foundation he nominates a veteran New Deal economist to whom one member of the board of trustees objects on the basis of certain allegations of disloyalty smuggled out of an FBI file of unevaluated material. When Dr. Perkins, in an effort to discredit these allegations, assents to a complete investigation of the candidate, it is carried out by means of wire-tapping and other dubious maneuvers, and its results are disastrous—not because the economist is disloyal but because his career and private life (along with the careers and private lives of several other people) are ruined. In the end Dr. Perkins, having had enough of foundations and conservatives (and they of him), joins a group of liberals banded together to oppose such assassination of character as the board of directors has perpetrated.

KARP writes with so much conviction and many of the evils he opposes are so eminently opposable that he should have written a good novel, but in fact he hasn't. The plot doesn't make very good sense; in many of the details it fails to convince us that this is the way things happen. For instance, a wily and experienced administrator would never touch a job as chairman of a board of trustees when the other members formed a solid bloc that could be swung against him at any moment. Yet this is exactly what Dr. Perkins does, and that is why he is powerless in a decisive situation. For another thing, a foundation for conservative studies would be about as likely to consider for its staff an

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economist with a New Deal background as the New School would be to consider Herbert Hoover. Yet it is around exactly such a likelihood that Karp has built his novel.

More important, there is a fundamental discrepancy between the moral position the novel endorses and the one it exemplifies. Karp repeatedly castigates what he calls a black-and-white view of human behavior; he wants those who investigate the lives of other men to remember that few are entirely blameless (white) and few are entirely guilty (black), that most of us who have reached mature years are actually various shades of gray. That is true enough, but it is hardly the moral view which the novel itself demonstrates. At the end the board of trustees of the new foundation are pure black and their embattled opponents pure white. It is difficult to escape the conclusion that the book is as morally naïve as the position it attacks.

KINGSLEY AMIS is one of the most delightful and gifted new novelists to appear in the last half-dozen years. He is another Welshman, but his special subject, though it certainly has a distinctly Welsh coloration, is equally relevant to American society. Amis portrays a kind of young man (now very numerous) who has been better educated than his forebears and by virtue of his education gets a lowly job in some intellectually respectable organization. But once he gets this job he finds that the slight prestige of clean indoor work hardly compensates for the miserable compensation that it carries, and that intellectual pretensions, both his own and those of other people, are really intensely boring.

Amis treats this subject as comedy. Both in his earlier novel about a Welsh university, *Lucky Jim,* and in his new book, **That Uncertain Feeling** (Harcourt, Brace, $3.50), he shows the vigor of life kicking over the traces in a petty intellectual bureaucracy. The main character of *That Uncertain Feeling* is a young librarian beset with such problems as supporting a wife and two children on a pittance, the struggle for position in the library, a loathing for his job, and his inability to refrain from

"Mr. Kramer is a gifted novelist. The vigor and vitality, the dynamic characterization, the crackling dialogue and the emotional intensity of this grotesque and gruesome novel are highly impressive." —Orville Prescott, The New York Times

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looking down the front of ladies' dresses when the opportunity occurs. Amis mixes comedy and farce injudiciously and the structure of his books is lopsided, but he can create his special kind of character as no other writer can and he writes wonderfully funny prose.

The Revolt of Gunner Asch by Hans Hellmut Kirst (Little, Brown, $3.95) is a novel about life in a Nazi army barracks before the second world war. In the original German and various translations it has already sold over a million copies in Europe, and it should find a large audience here, though the approach to army life it represents may be less of a novelty in American fiction than in European. It is more serious than *At War with the Army* and *No Time for Sergeants*, and it is less grandiose than *From Here to Eternity*, but it has qualities in common with all of them.

Essentially, *The Revolt of Gunner Asch* is the story of the conflict between a decent man with some sense of individuality and the large impersonal organization that is running his life. Reports which preceded the book from abroad have suggested that this is a revelation of the excesses of a fascist militarism, but actually the fact that this is the Nazi army is comparatively unimportant. There may be a few more discipline-happy types than you would find in an American novel about the army, but Kirst shows less sadism and brutality than James Jones does, and his officers are hardly more fascist than Norman Mailer's. The political issue is not entirely ignored but its nastier aspects do not appear; Jews, for instance, are never mentioned. If one were to draw any conclusion from this excellent novel it would have to be that military life, at least for the conscript, is everywhere much the same.

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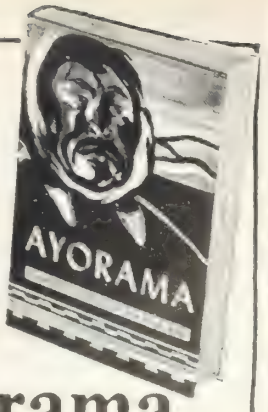
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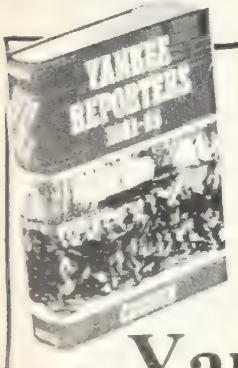
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Ayorama (Oxford, $4.50), they seem to be a people to whom the idea of discipline as such has never occurred. In their rearing of children, for instance, they are completely permissive, and they are almost so in their sex lives. Presumably the reason is that the environment imposes such a relentless discipline of its own that men do not need to do anything to make life harder for themselves. The Eskimo view of life, according to these authors, is summed up by the word *ayorama,* which means roughly "that's destiny, that's life, there's nothing I can do about it."

The Eskimo neither looks before or after nor pines for what is not. The present usually keeps him wholly occupied, and when it doesn't, he enjoys himself if he can. Which constitutes a pretty strong argument for being an Eskimo if you like caribou.

Father de Coccola is an Oblate priest who spent a dozen years (1937-49) among the Eskimos of the Barren Land, with only one trip to the Outside. He hunted and fished with them, accompanied them on long trips by dogsled, ate their food, slept in their igloos, courteously declined their kind invitations to share the solace of their wives' company during the interminable nights, and ministered as he could to their needs corporal and spiritual.

An igloo is not a spacious domicile, and there is little of the Eskimos' lives that Father de Coccola didn't have a chance to observe. He came to love them in spite of such customs as female infanticide and letting the old people freeze to death, because he understood what it means to live always on the brink of starvation. He and his collaborator have written a poetic, moving book without one condescending word in it.

The Mysterious North (Knopf, $5) by Pierre Berton, managing editor of the popular Canadian magazine *Maclean's,* is primarily an account of the white man's North. Berton has something to say of the Eskimos, chiefly about how the white man's civilization is encroaching on them. (As usual when the enterprising white man arrives the precarious native economy is disturbed, but there are occasional gains—when, for instance, aging Eskimos discover that

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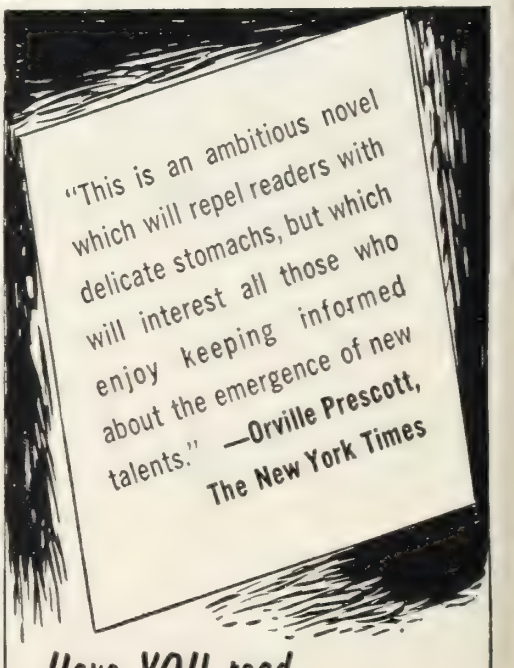
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hey are eligible for old-age pensions nder Canadian welfare legislation, heir domestic popularity usually in- reases enough to keep them out of he deep freeze.)

What Berton does for the Cana- lian North in this book recalls what ohn Gunther does for Africa in *'nside Africa*. The material is very lifferent—a good deal thinner and or most readers probably less in- eresting, though that depends on ow much mineralogy you know and ow much you like stories of old rappers and prospectors and ghost owns. Berton's manner is more jour- alistic than Gunther's. But there is similarity in the device of using a ecord of personal travel as frame- vork for an enormous amount of nformation on all kinds of subjects, rom research on the life-cycle of the nusk ox to the kitchen equipment n the house of a Hudson's Bay Com- any trader, and there is a similarity n Berton's enthusiasm for his subject nd his ability to tell his story well.

BOOKS *in brief*

KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON

FICTION

econd Ending, by Evan Hunter.

This novel about the young mem- ers of a Brooklyn jazz band during nd just after World War II, is re- reshingly and curiously old-fash- oned in its philosophy. Without ressing, it seems to suggest that the trong have a certain responsibility oward the weak: that each one owes omething considerable to any friend with whom he has "touched hands, ouched minds, crossed lives." Why hould Bud, the well-adjusted piano- layer-turned-student, have to jeop- rdize his future to try to save the rug-addicted trumpet player and he girl so mixed with both their ives? It's a lively, absorbing, credible tory (even though told through a ometimes confusing weaving of past nd present); and some of the dia- ogue of the young musicians is mar- velously real and funny. Some of the ther writing is less happy, and why hould one say, even in a drug-ridden oliloquy, "and I'll *lay* down in my

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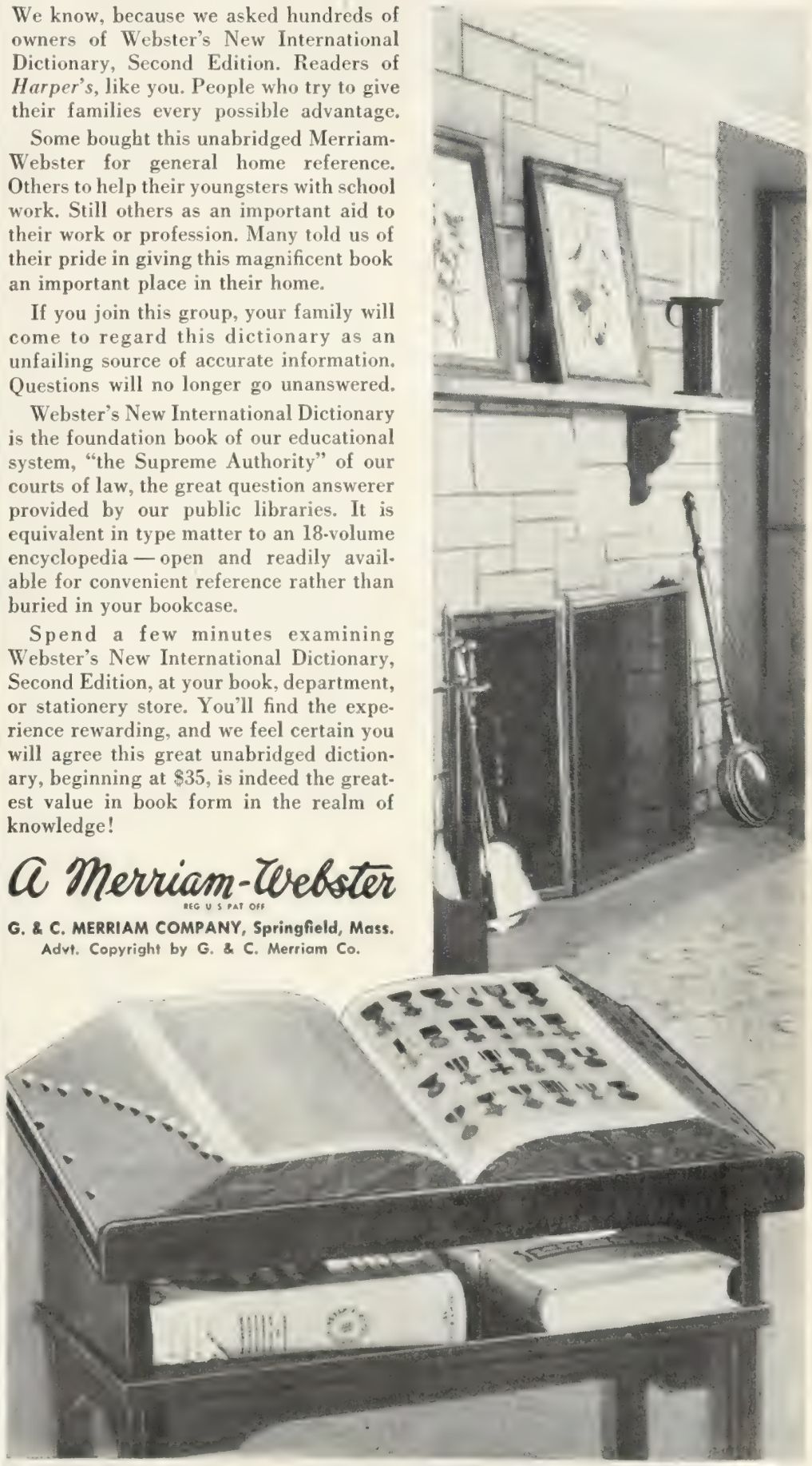
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CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

BOOKS IN BRIEF

bigness"? (Italics mine.) But, as I say, there is no hint in its philosophy of the modern Freudian notion that each man must work out his own destiny and let others work out theirs. We're right back to "No man is an island" and Mr. Hunter, the author of *The Blackboard Jungle*, makes a very good case for it. And how he makes one hear and feel that sweet trumpet!

Simon & Schuster, $3.95

The Hearth and the Strangeness, by N. Martin Kramer.

The subject of this most unusual and powerful first novel is the terror of inherited madness—another old-fashioned theme treated here in anything but an old-fashioned way. In a sense, Freud and his disciples are the devils behind the scenes, but this novelist is too talented to overwork any thesis to the detriment of characters or plot. And to review the book is like trying to review three or four ordinary novels. The stories of Corinne, Gareth, and Aliciane, children of the sternly religious Lisette and the excitable inventor, Sumner Grange, cover a period from 1908 to the present (in this novel too, time swings crazily backward and forward from chapter to chapter). The episodes reveal, in the greatest detail, such backgrounds as middle-class life in Colorado early in the century, a young girl's college diary in the 1930s, a school for deaf children in New England, the Korean war. The pages are full of resounding Thomas Wolfean passages between husband and wife, mother and son, mother and daughters. As the book includes a great deal of life, there is much in it that is not pretty—an abortion, homosexuality, a murder—but everything is told with a relentless narrative drive that makes the reader believe entirely the incredible goings-on, and the inevitability of the outcome. (Yet in the midst of some of the very powerful writing I found "Gareth looked at him uneasily and *lay* the book down." (Again, the italics are mine.) Perhaps *I'm* old-fashioned.

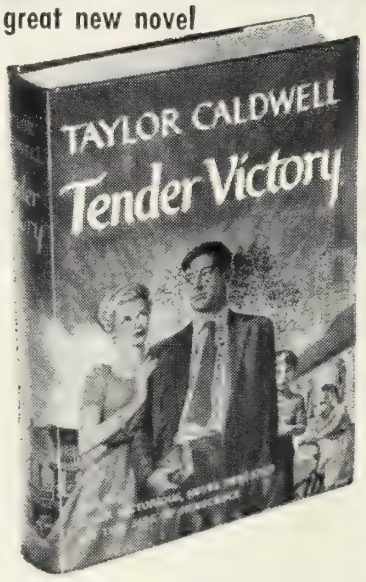
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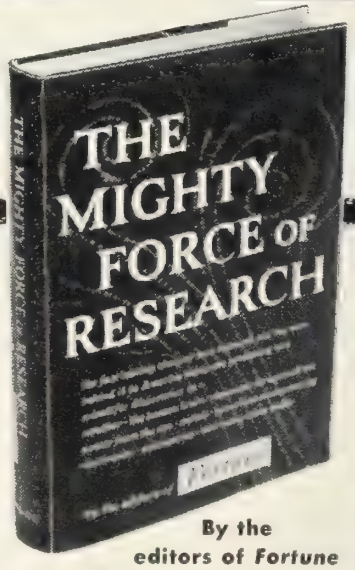
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Harcourt, Brace, $3

NON-FICTION

The Five-Dollar Gold Piece, by Orville Prescott. Illustrated by Vasiliu.

If anyone wonders how you get to be the American reviewer whose reviews, according to a learned piece in the London *Times,* are the most influential in the country in terms of book sales, he will find the answer in this autobiographical "development of a point of view." You start by being born in a Midwestern town, son of a family "cultivated but not intellectual, kind, responsible . . . typical members of the prosperous society of Cleveland"—and Republican in their politics. You learn to read at the age of six because your grandmother promises you a $5 gold piece and you keep on reading anything and everything from then on. You have rather a bad time at school because your interests are limited—reading, reading, and more reading. (How encouraging for the easily-discouraged young to discover that this learned gentleman was twenty before he got into college.) He just went quietly and undramatically ahead as if destined from the beginning to end up living in a charming house in Connecticut, with a charming wife, a son at Harvard, a daughter at Radcliffe, writing, in the daily *New York Times,* the most influential reviews in America.

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The Writer Observed, by Harvey Breit.

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pages some five to eight years ago and were carefully read then. I know I felt, before reading, that I knew them all. I can only say it has been a revealing and pleasurable experience to read them all again. And this not because of, but almost in spite of, the lengthy (too lengthy?—33 pages) introduction justifying them in book form. To reread them is to find again, in capsule form, a heady distillation, an essence of the writer in question that is as refreshing as suddenly coming on an old photograph that has been put away too long. The sketches have a dimension, as the author hoped, which goes well beyond that of strict reportage and becomes creative portraiture. Mr. Breit and his publishers make no mistake in reissuing these interviews now. World, $3.75

My Brother Adlai, by Elizabeth Stevenson Ives and Hildegarde Dolson.

By the time this issue of the magazine appears a great many people will have new and revealing pictures in their minds of this Democratic candidate for the Presidency and of the family background that has played so large a part in making him what he is. I found this book by his sister a very moving document, for though the Stevensons are a very special family (his ancestry is too well known to need repeating here) there is a quality about their life—about the things the parents did and said with the children—in fun and in serious admonition—when they were small, in the letters parents and children exchanged later, that will surely have a nostalgic ring for millions of Americans. They were very articulate parents and children and they saved their letters, so that here they are, reflecting small-town life at its best and later college life and Europe and a wider world; and all the faith and hopes that parents have for children everywhere are in them. As I say, it's a moving book and often very funny too. There is the small boy at camp writing in alarm at the prospect of a parental visit: "Dear Mother: When you telephoned me you said you might come over tomorrow or soon but I advise you not to as the weather is pretty bad." And a little later (his parents, quite wrongly, it seems to me—and seemed to him—were urging him to give up

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thletics): "Dear Mother: When I ot back yesterday afternoon I found our letters in which you did not want me to go on the White Mountain hike but I had already returned when I received them. I am certainly glad I went now." There was the time when he was at Princeton and his mother insisted on moving the family there to be close to him and the son rebelled strenuously but tactfully. This makes his parents sound doddling and unwise, yet they both emerge from these pages people of great wisdom, kindliness, and moral stature. Mrs. Ives' account covers the '52 campaign and goes right through 1955 but the earlier parts seem to me far the best. The book has no literary pretentions and the organization is haphazard. But whatever one's politics, the picture of life and childhood in the get-out-and-get-under era, along the quiet, radioless, tree-lined streets of that Midwestern American world has an idyllic quality that is irresistible. Something very good was there. Morrow, $4

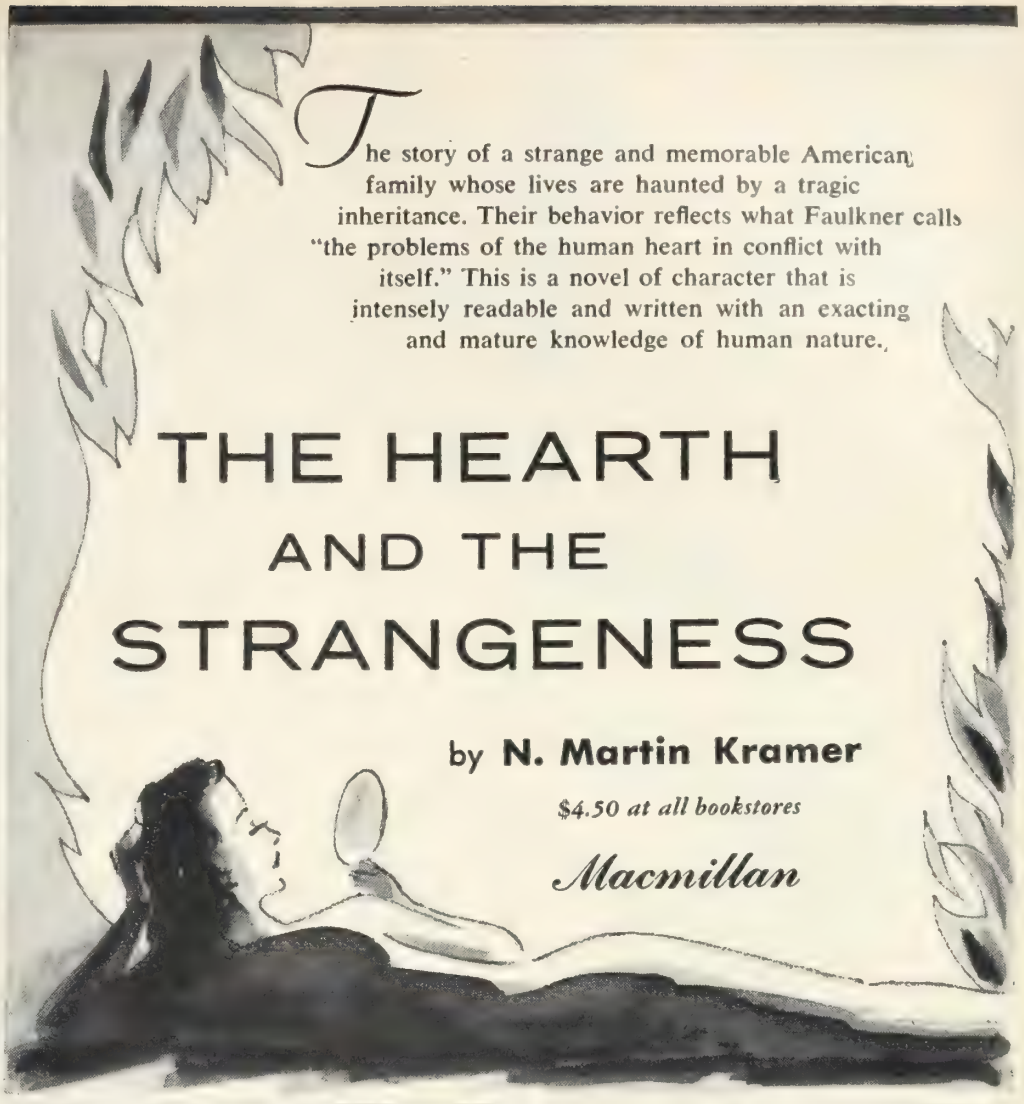
FORECAST

Suspense

Even a quick look at the publishers' spring lists shows that this will be a happy year for armchair murder fans. In March alone we will have *The Strangler Who Wouldn't Let Go* by Hampton Stone from Simon & Schuster; *Inspector Maigret and the Burglar's Wife* by Simenon, *Don't Look Back!* by Miriam Borgenicht, and *The Voice of Murder* by Margaret Erskine, all from Doubleday; and *Three Witnesses, a Nero Wolfe Threesome* by Rex Stout, from Viking. In April come *Hunt the Man Down* by William Pearson (from Simon & Schuster); *Murder Is Where You Find It* by Robert P. Hansen (Mill); and *The Second Man* by Edward Grierson (Knopf). In May we will have *Mystery Stories* by Stanley Ellin from Simon & Schuster, and *The Case of the Demure Defendant* by Erle Stanley Gardner from Morrow. Well, as the children say, blood and gore all over the floor and me without my spoon.

Music, Gardens, "Documentaries"

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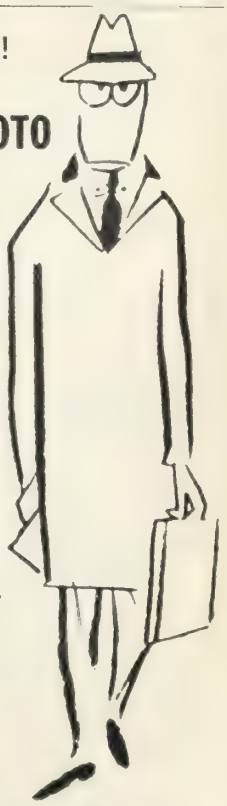
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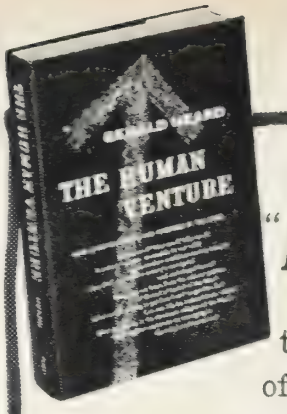
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BOOKS IN BRIEF

has chosen as a dual selection for April (with *Helen Keller: Sketch for a Portrait* by Van Wyck Brooks, Dutton) *Toscanini: An Intimate Portrait* by Samuel Chotzinoff, which Knopf will publish in March. In March, too, Farrar, Straus, and Cudahy will publish *Orchestral Accents* (Did you know that the four elements of which musical accents are composed are attack, volume, tone color, and duration?) by Richard Korn, President of the Society for the Publication of American Music. In April Knopf brings out *Evenings with the Orchestra* by Hector Berlioz, translated, edited, and annotated by Jacques Barzun who has himself written a book on *Music in America* which Doubleday will issue in May. And in "May or later" *The Viking Book of Folk Ballads of the English Speaking World* edited by Albert B. Friedman will come, of course, from the Viking Press. . . .

Then garden and flower books. For those who can't wait to get outdoors but for a few months more have to content themselves with cut flowers and potted plants: in March, *How to Make Cut Flowers Last* by Victoria R. Kasperski, and a revised edition (with a new jacket) of *Geraniums for Windows and Gardens* by Helen Van Pelt Wilson, both from Barrows. And in April, from Knopf, *Men and Gardens* by Nan Fairbrother, author of *An English Year*. . . .

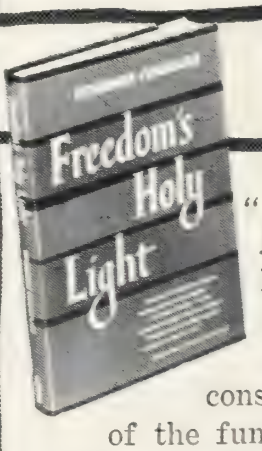
There are many books with the documentary approach (even called "documentaries" by some publishers though "After Hours" frowns on the practice, p. 90). Examples: Farrar, Straus, and Cudahy are publishing in April *Underworld U.S.A.*, "a factual study of a crime syndicate, examining the city culture under a microscope" by Joseph F. Dineen, author of *Ward Eight;* in May Holt will bring out *The Last Voyage of the Lusitania* by Adolph A. and Mary Hoehling, patterned somewhat, the publishers say, on Walter Lord's highly successful book on the *Titanic* disaster: and sometime later in the spring McGraw-Hill plans a book on the Chicago fire of 1871 by Isaac Rosenfeld, based on eye-witness accounts and personal stories of people caught in the fire. A new school of reconstructed disasters?



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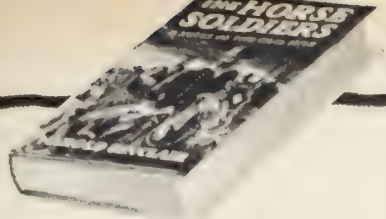
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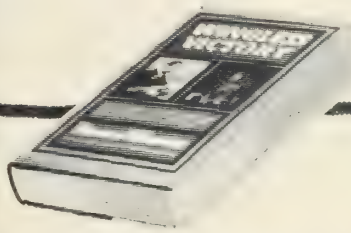


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THE VANISHING BRAY DE BURRO

AS I look across my street right into an active business office—bosses dictating in cubicles, girls leafing through sheaves of orders, files—I'm reminded that the frustrated businessman gets his romance in two notable ways. Momism we know all about. The Sentimental Hobby is the other, especially in connection with some item of vanishing Americana.

The rate of vanishment, of course, must be precisely right, not too fast, but not too slow either. Vanishing steam railroads are high in favor now, not to mention trolley cars; old autos are on the list as are Model A Fords (not to be considered as autos), Colonial antiques, shape-note hymns of the nineteenth century, and patriotic music of the eighteenth ("Be Glad Then America!"); and there's a new move on to organize the old acoustical phonograph, which is currently vanishing at a favorable rate. The vanishing barbershop quartet vanishes no more; it's organized. Dixieland jazz doesn't even need an organization; it isn't vanishing. But the theater organ is.

The American Association of Theater Organ Enthusiasts is just launched, with a shiny new official journal, the *Tibia*. (The Tibia-Something is the foundation stop of the theater organ, as is the Diapason for the classic instrument.) The ATOE thinks the theater organ is a natural for the hobbyist, and I agree. It is, of course, vanishing at the preferred rate. It is hopelessly out of date, defies the current trend towards electronics, yet still exists in numerous examples, each daily threatened by the junk man—a fine stimulant to the crusading spirit.

It is hideously complex and expensive, its technical jargon is a gorgeous gobbledegook; it is monumentally immovable—and so promotes the desirable pilgrimage; but it makes wonderful hi-fi recordings for those left at home. Most important, it still plays. The fabulous art is still alive in a few geniuses, now duly venerated by ATOE. And its music, I assure you, is the corniest, hifiest, most delectably tasty stuff imaginable.

A healthy sign in ATOE is a (rare) sense of humor. The first issue of *Tibia* runs an innocent ad concerning a certain electronic gadget, the Orgyphone (South Insomnia, N. J.), "Unlike Any Organ You've Ever Heard," of which the stop specifications are listed in the usual organist's jargon. But instead of the gedakts and the krumhorns this monstrosity features such improbably plausible stops as the Grunt, the Groan, and the Hootnanny. Its great organ features Llamableat, Hysterica, and Hecklephon, its swell has an Outblatt and a Hiccuphone, not to mention Whimperine, Gretta da Garbo, and Bray de Burro. The choir organ goes berserk with Double Bourbon, Mal de Mer, Unprinciple, Contra Wrangle, Cornodiesel—and Jet Exhaust. That's hobby humor for you.

George Wright Plays the Mighty Wurlitzer. Hifirecord R 701.

Here's the first in an expected deluge of super-hi-fi theater organ records, from this source. They'll all be about the same and you will find no Bach on them. ("Jalousie," "Ebb Tide," "Roller Coaster," "Love for Sale," "Stars and Stripes Forever.") But the sheer sound—and the sheer musicality—of Mr. Wright's performance on the monster machine gives the stuff an appeal that goes far beyond its content.

This organ, typical of the "Mighty" species, has five keyboards and 256 stops, from chimes to real trumpets and a piano, to produce a thousand and one startlingly colorful sounds in endless variety. It is hard to imagine how a pair of hands and two feet can control such orchestral abundance!

Oistrakh-Munch. Chausson: Poème. Saint-Saëns: Introd. and Rondo Capriccioso. Berlioz: Instr. Excerpts, "Romeo and Juliet." D. Oistrakh; Boston Symphony, Munch. RCA Victor LM 1988.

Prokofieff: Violin Sonata in F Mi., Op. 80. Leclair: Sonata #3. Locatelli-Ysaye: Sonata in F Mi., David Oistrakh vl., pf. RCA Victor LM

Forehanded and opportune, RCA whipped these onto the market while the Soviet violinist was still recording for other firms here, to skim the cream from the current excitement over his visit. But the odd thing is that Oistrakh himself is curiously unamenable to sensationalism in his playing. At home, out of the inflammable atmosphere of the concert hall, he plays for you quite modestly, if beautifully. He is a straightforward fiddler of the Romantic school, a less electric Heifetz without the dazzling brilliance of that personality—all in all, my feeling is that he's a bit of a plain man, homey, not a player of very great subtlety nor of much showmanship but an unfailing musician always and a fabulous technician.

There is little subtlety of style in these offerings. The Prokofieff is soft and pretty where it should be wonderfully gutteral and harsh, as in Stern's and Szigeti's recordings. The Chausson "Poème" is Slavically robust and lacks pastel shadings—not too surprisingly. Only the Saint-Saëns, benign and musical showpiece, is good—very good—where many a showier fiddler would ham it up unmercifully. Oistrakh, certainly, will never play a harsh or unmusical note.

The Berlioz excerpts are thrown in to fill out a second side, but they are lovely and welcome.

Bach: Goldberg Variations. Glenn Gould, piano. Columbia ML 5060.

Here's another sensation, in Columbia's longer-ranged building-for-the-future manner; the young Canadian pianist,

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A hi-fi oddity—excellent performances and appropriately lovely recording!

An Evening of Folk Songs with the Trapp Family. Dr. Franz Wasner, conductor. Decca DL 9793.

Perhaps the last of these—and a remarkable recording job.

Gilbert & Sullivan: Princess Ida. D'Oyly Carte Opera Co., New Symphony, Godfrey. London XLL 1200/1201 (2).

I'd say the finest yet, beautifully recorded.

Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats. Six poems by T. S. Eliot, music by Alan Rawsthorne. Robt Donat, narr. Angel 30002 (10-inch).

Humorous cat-stuff, set against pulsing music in manner of Walton's "Façade." Not as good—but amusing.

ıly twenty-two, was quietly hailed here st year as one of the coming geniuses the keyboard and Columbia snapped m up.

He *is* remarkable, as is this work for recording debut! His piano Bach is in e approved lighter, percussive, and ıccato style now favored (in contrast the flat-fingered playing of Harold muel's day); his ornaments are cor- ct, as nobody's used to be, and his mpi are relatively strict—all in the anner of today's pianism, modeled ore nearly on the now-familiar harpsi- ord.

But what counts more is a splendid ythm, an easy clarity of voices, with- ıt forcing and, best, a remarkably flu- ıt sense of the underlying harmonies, ten enough lacking in fluent pianists ith faulty ears. I think there is an der, more mature depth in this won- rful music that is not yet realized—but hatdya expect at twenty-two?

ıch: Partita in E, Sonata in A Mi. ılian Olevsky, violin. Westm. WN 072.

splendidly lucid and understandable aying of these works for violin alone— is astonishing how the sense of Bach his original terms has become more ıd more accessible and natural to this neration of musicians, while the music the early Romantics, Schumann and e like, becomes incomprehensible.

This music is in outline form, a sort musical shorthand implying melodic ıes and harmonies not actually played. any older fiddlers made hopeless jar- ın of it, for all their technique; this ind—his ear—hears it all very simply, ıd so will you.

eethoven: Violin Concerto. Milstein; ttsburgh Symphony, Steinberg. Cap- ıl P 8313.

veral new versions of this work are ıt and there are four listed by Oistrakh ımong the twenty-one versions avail- le. This one is so beautiful that for e moment I can think of no other.

That delicate balance between over- l architecture (so vital in big Beetho- n) and expressive detail, was never so utely difficult to achieve as in this con- rto and this performance is a near- iracle in that respect. A marvelously pressive line, in both orchestra and olin, but a tautness of shape that is ımeasurably strengthening, from be- nning to end.

I heard Oistrakh's: beautiful in every tail, blithely lacking in over-all ten- ın. Others achieve the tension via rsh treatment. Nobody—but nobody— s hit the perfect mean before, in this neration. Here it is.

Palestrina: Mass "Assumpta est Maria"; Magnificat; Stabat Mater. Dessoff Choirs, Boepple. Concert Hall CHS 1231.

The great "parody" mass, built from material out of the vivid, short motet of the same name, plus two wonderfully energetic works for double chorus, sung here with vitality and life—none of the expressionless "mystery" often thought proper for such music, nor the mechanical four-square instrumental rhythms that rob the words of their phrase-sense. I should know: I sang in this recording!

Big, cathedral liveness, hi-fi-sharp detail and perspective.

Tchaikowsky: Symphony #6 ("Pathétique"). Philharmonic Symphony of London, Rodzinski. Westminster WN 18048.

This is an interesting "Pathétique" both because there are things in Rodzinski's interpretation that can't be surpassed anywhere else—and because of a strange anomaly of the recording art.

On first hearing, I couldn't make head or tail of the slow introduction to the opening movement. To be sure, it was very slow, slower than is usual. But beyond this, it seemed curiously tired, dead, removed, distant. Then, at the point where the brass section suddenly enters, the performance changed radically—"came alive" as the phrase goes.

This seemed to me much too great a contrast to be the product of such an experienced conductor as Rodzinski. I sniffed for rats, and the rat I've deduced is strictly hi-fi. What's wrong, evidently, is merely a gross unbalance in the microphone set-up, favoring the brasses at the (unintentional?) expense of the strings.

The brass is fine *per se* and gorgeously recorded. But the long string introduction is thrown away and cannot stand on its own feet, as we hear it on the record. Nevertheless—a very worthwhile recording, especially the stunning scherzo movement.

The Pueblo Indians in Story, Song and Dance. Swift Eagle. Text: Charles Gallkamp. Illustration: Yeffe Kimball. Sound-book CS 1015 (10-inch LP) Book-Records, 680 5th Av., N. Y.

This simple, slightly corny telling of Pueblo Indian legends and singing of Indian song is worth all the ethnic and anthropological studies in the library. Swift Eagle's halting, improvised English gives a wonderful sense of the realness and importance of Indian ways and beliefs—ideal, I'd guess, for kids. A charming personality and not a trace of teachiness. Complementary text and very nice illustrations in color.



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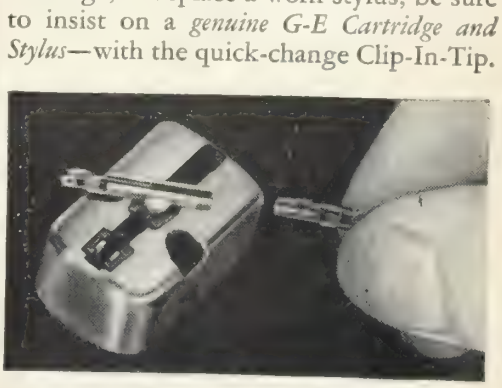
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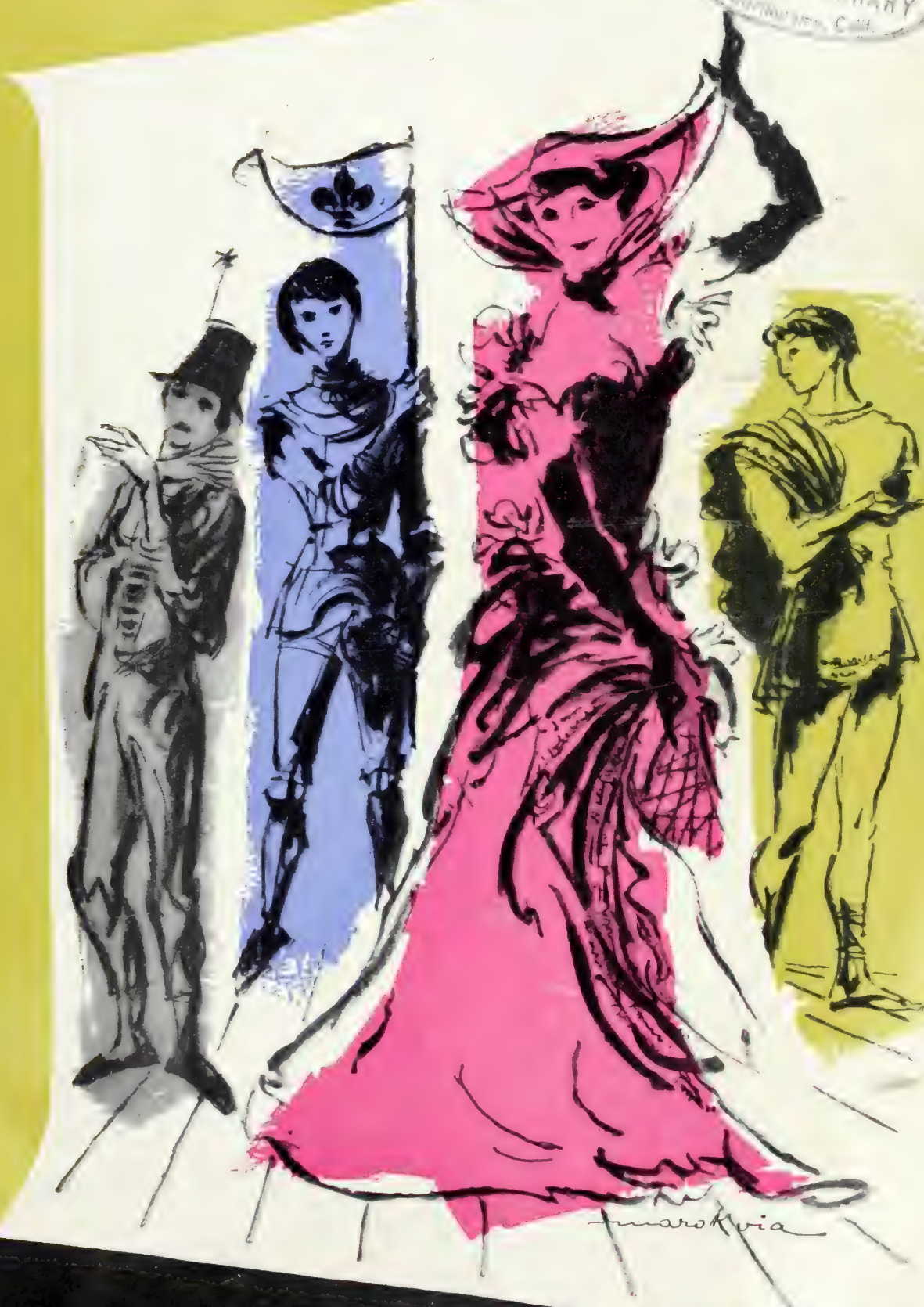
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"Outside we stopped by a truck with an 'earth auger' and other modern attachments. Explaining their uses was a big, jovial lineman.

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"That is, my husband listened. I watched the men as they talked so intelligently and wondered where they live, who cooks their meals and irons their shirts, what their problems are, and if they were ever in love."

EVADNE SCOTT BEEBE,
Zion-Benton (Ill.) News

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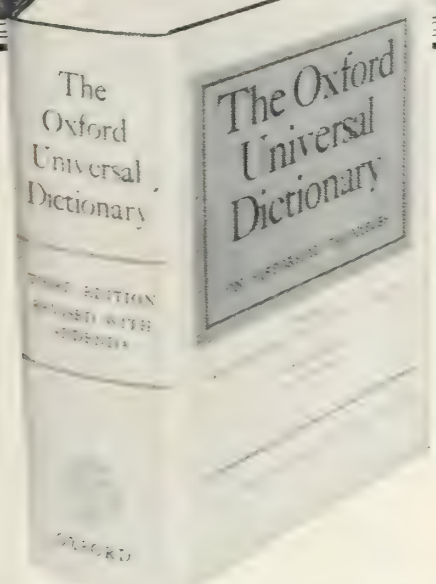
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LETTERS

Intellectuals and Criticism

To the Editors:

I wish to thank you for the column of "The Easy Chair" [February] which you did me the honor to devote to me. Please allow me these personal reflections:

(1) I feel that the manner in which you portray me to our readers is more legendary than historic. I am not complaining. My experience has been that nobody can do anything with his own legend but resign himself to it or utilize it.

(2) I tried in my article to achieve as much clarity as possible. If I have succeeded, my article speaks for itself; our readers will not be mistaken on my intentions and will themselves make the necessary corrections since I am fortunate enough to have my article in the same issue as that Easy Chair. I must, however, remain faithful to my own principles and go to the defense of my country, especially if it is attacked on my account.

You see, my dear Editors, I am French and for a long time now I have not been a child. The longer I live, the less I allow myself to pass a final judgment on France. I am not so sure I know it that well. This reminds me of William Pitt's statement in 1793: "France will henceforth be a blank on the map of Europe." This prediction was made exactly ten years before the coronation of Napoleon. Pitt had mistaken his desire for reality, but reality is far richer than our desires, rich in surprises, especially where France is concerned. Personally I find completely meaningless this dialogue between deaf people which is going on between Europe and America: each opponent sees the other in the role of villain with the necessary conclusion that he is himself the hero. It is exactly this sort of debate I wish we could avoid because it goes nowhere.

(3) Finally, even if what you say may be true and there is nothing to be done to convince Europeans that America is not what they believe it to be, I think it is still worth trying to do something about because where justice and truth are concerned it is not necessary to hope in order to undertake, nor to succeed in order to persevere. But, fortunately, Europeans are much more interested in America than it is told. They would be still more interested if its real nature were revealed to them. And you see how stubborn I am; who can reveal the real America to Europeans in a more suggestive way than those of our American writers who are read and loved in Europe even more than our own European writers? I admit that eventually this is not strictly their profession. But I feel it should be their vocation.

R-L. Bruckberger, Dominican
Summit, N. J.

Father Bruckberger ["An Assignment for Intellectuals"] can't have it both ways. If he would have intellectuals express their "vocation," then he can't object when their "testimony" is for socialism and/or the Russian experiment. If such testimony is false, then apparently intellectuals are as vulnerable to mortal sin as the rest of mankind. Certainly the notion of a *Herrenvolk*, whether intellectual or otherwise, is incompatible with the American experiment for which Father Bruckberger seeks testimony.

Judith E. Aronson
Ithaca, N. Y.

Father Bruckberger's article moved me with its honesty. I feel, however, that he may be under some false impressions.

His conception of the intellectual's role, to judge all actions "according to the truth as do the sages," is left undeveloped by the rest of the article. He does say American intellectuals should give the "true" picture of America to the world. This is an empirical kind of truth with which, I fear, the sages were not primarily concerned.

The other kind of truth he urges American intellectuals to spread deals with values—that thing is good which is true to the cause of freedom. But here he sets up a false dilemma: "a choice between an intellectual culture without freedom and freedom without culture." But there is not even the possibility of an intellectual culture without freedom by Father Bruckberger's own admission: "culture cannot survive without liberty." . . .

Father Bruckberger seems to be under the false impression that America is a land of freedom or near it. . . . I would inform him that . . . America's institutions include segregation, her jealous regard for the freedom of the individual is too often hidden away in dust-covered text books, and her social equilibrium is often a forced one. So I would suggest that those misinformed foreigners that we American intellectuals are to put straight may, on the contrary, be able to inform us of much about ourselves. . . .

James Cockcroft
Ithaca, N. Y.

I wish to congratulate you for publishing Father Bruckberger's article. To illustrate his thesis I want to express my own surprise with regard to the Till case, which does not seem to have caused the reactions of indignation I expected from the intellectuals of this country—no manifestoes, no pamphlets, only a compliant silence. . . .

Raymond Jeanclos
Baton Rouge, La.

. . . It is neither true that America has failed her intellectuals nor that they have failed her. Men of the arts are men of the senses as well as the reason. Out of this combination they write plays and sonatas and sometimes join a committee or write a rejoinder to someone—nobody notices much when they do unless they are on the "wrong" side.

Our scientists tend, above all others, to be men of vocation and avocation. What professional group anywhere in the world has spontaneously evinced so much concern with reality and morality?

As for the other kinds of individuals who might be included in Father Bruckberger's category—the name we Americans seem to cringe at—the professors, doctors, lawyers, or however far his definition extends, in what other country are there so many committees with such a large following, in what other country is the government so stormed by letters from its thinking citizens, in what other country is there so much *attempted* in the way of international contact, more widespread and wider-reaching education, social improvement, help for the artist and researcher, and so on? . . .

Artists do count in America today. They don't have the assurance of Soviet artists who, when in favor, know they are the flower of their nation. They aren't on a European pinnacle because no one city is really our center and no one taste or predominating trend of art is ever accepted in our unhomogeneous nation. . . . So many American artists feel neglected because there are so many of them. There may be so many of them because so many find some sort of encouragement.

Kate Born
New York, N. Y.

Party of the Second Part

To the Editors:

I certainly hope that Governor Stevenson reads Father Bruckberger's plea, not that he may cease to be critical but that his remarkable gifts may be used to clarify for this people and all people the American heritage and hope. Then may Father Bruckberger read Stevenson's

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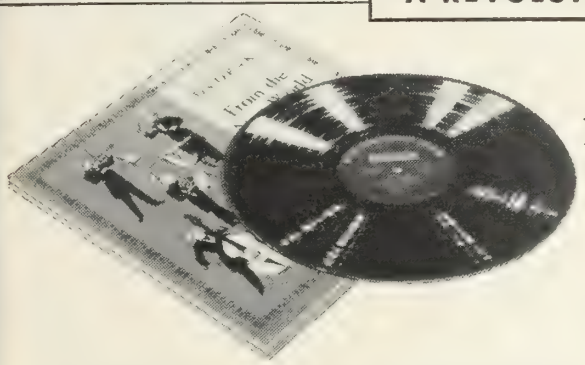
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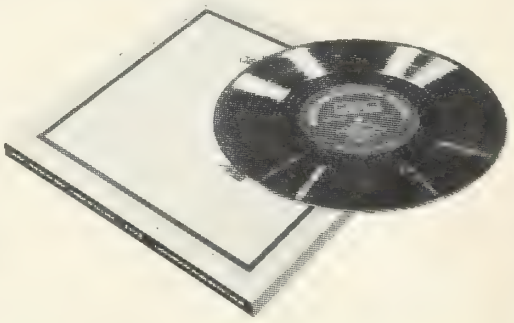
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MAR 73

"Party of the Second Part" [February] and find convincing proof that there are American statesmen in the tradition of Jefferson and Lincoln who are capable of giving "testimony" out of their "grave concern for the destiny of man." . . .

RUSSELL C. STROUP, D.D.
Georgetown Presbyterian Church
Washington, D. C.

Our well-spoken Mr. Adlai Stevenson has ably presented the importance of honest criticism in politics.

How well we might wish that all our politicians, national and local, could prove themselves capable of such high-minded loyalty to truth. . . .

There were times in the 1952 campaign when the fairness and objectivity of Mr. Stevenson's speeches were a hopeful and refreshing departure from usual procedure in the party of the second part and/or the party of the first part. But of late we have begun to wonder if it isn't perhaps too much to expect, after all, from a politician of whatever stature when so much is demanded of him as leader of his party. . . .

Please, please, Mr. Stevenson, read and reread that wonderful article in *Harper's*. Read it with your soul exposed to its impact as though somebody else had written it. It will help you withstand pressures from a party that does not seem to be any more Simon Pure than the Republicans.

ARNOLD L. WHITE
Holliston, Mass.

Teachers and Money

TO THE EDITORS:

The open letter, "Teachers, Parents, and Money," in the February issue is an admirable analysis of what the teaching profession really is, "one of our rarest and most needful resources."

Away with patronizing and modesty! Our schools and colleges should establish suitable faculty salaries and list them as part of the fixed overhead, like light and utilities, that must be provided for at all costs in the basic budget, not scrounged via vapid pleas to parents, alumni, and "friends."

ERNEST W. MANDEVILLE
Allenhurst, N. J.

I would like to express wholehearted approval of the anonymous letter on "Teachers, Parents, and Money." It is encouraging to find one member of the teaching profession who is willing to deny the contention, increasingly widely held in our times, that the primary concern of teaching is with students. Teaching is and always has been primarily concerned with the transmission of knowledge, and the teacher is valuable to society not because he is a kind of missionary or youth counselor, but because he has *knowledge* of a general or specialized sort, the imparting of which is vital to the existence of any society calling itself civilized.

The basic motivation of effective education cannot be the self-sacrificing desire of the teacher to "help" the student, but the desire of the student to acquire information which he does not possess and the teacher does. ELLEN L. EVANS
Atlanta, Ga.

Retarded Shakespeare

TO THE EDITORS:

Milton Kaplan's "Retarding Shakespeare" [January], a cleverly written piece with just the right touch of irony, is almost brilliant. But something is missing: an understanding of the problem—the needs of teen-agers who read like ten-year-olds, and the alternatives to what Mr. Kaplan calls "reduced" classics, and the whole question of translation.

Shall a student capable of understanding the story of *Moby Dick* struggle through a few pages of Melville's rich prose and, frustrated, turn to *Ann and Pat in Samoa?* Shall we all wait until we can read Homer, Virgil, Dante, Goethe, Voltaire, and the Bible in their original tongues? How about it? No "translations" for anyone ever?

WILLIAM D. BAKER
Michigan State College
East Lansing, Mich.

The article by Milton Kaplan was wholly unworthy of the editorial standards of *Harper's* as I understand them and should not have been published. It is not amusing.

It is a smart-aleck, ignorant, sarcastic assessment of what good English teachers all over the country are trying to do to help improve the reading ability and literary appreciation of certain high-school students who are not retarded mentally but who are slow readers. . . .

I believe that no less an authority than Charles Lamb rewrote the tales of Shakespeare for children who could not understand or appreciate the poetic language of the plays. Was Lamb also retarding Shakespeare in the eminent Mr. Kaplan's opinion?

MACK P. MONROE, Principal
Jackson Jr. High School
Detroit, Mich.

Modern Greece

TO THE EDITORS:

Even after the third reading Francis King's "Greece Without Ruins" [February] has lost none of its charm. His happy narrative is especially endearing to me since I was born of Greek parents and grew up trying to reconcile my Greek inheritance with my American birth and education. Then last June I went to Greece to find out what Greeks were like.

Mr. King reaffirms many of my own observations and some of the incidents he relates are all too amusing and accurate.

Indeed one should visit Greece "for its unparalleled landscape and its unparalleled inhabitants." CLEO S. LEFOUSES
New York, N. Y.

In one breath the author of "Greece Without Ruins" says that "Greek musical standards are low. Chopin is their favorite composer."

I wish I could check with Brailowsky on that statement, and it would be fine if I. Paderewski could be reached for a statement! Both these great artists were ardent interpreters of Chopin. . . .

AMY H. GUTMAN
Chicago, Ill.

St. Elizabeths

TO THE EDITORS:

My compliments on Natalie Davis Spingarn's article on St. Elizabeths Hospital in the January issue. It was excellent.

But one thing is frankly disturbing. How do you reconcile the picture of Dr. Overholser as a Daddy figure with his quoted criticism of a student nurse: "Don't nurses stand up when doctors enter the room any more?"

Does Dr. Overholser really require the reassurance of the recognition he may derive from this archaic military custom? . . . This does not speak well for the gentleman's insight. How does he consciously reconcile the Daddy role to the Commander role?

Dr. Overholser will do well to inform himself of the rather more intelligent and practicable contemporary trend toward the team approach in the care of the public's health. . . . This approach recognizes that all concerned, the doctor, the nurse, and the other allied workers and interested parties have a contribution to make. None works for or under the other. Rather they work together toward a common goal.

WILLIAM B. OBERMEYER, R.N.
New York, N. Y.

It is a pleasure to read an article about a psychiatric hospital which is not a domiciliary home but a hospital with a regular turnover of sick and convalescing patients. . . .

MRS. HOWARD ROSEN, R.N.
Tacoma, Wash.



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JOHN FISCHER

the editor's EASY CHAIR

House Party for Eleven Doctors

IT WAS a good place for the party—or for the trial by ordeal, depending on how you looked at it.

The man who built it had called it a mansion; Europeans would call it a palace; to historians, it is an instructive relic of that Gilded Age, around the turn of the century, when princes of industry took a childlike joy in showing off their untaxed millions. For a short generation, the family of a railroad magnate had reveled here in ducal splendor—waited on by forty-five liveried servants, boating on their private lake, billeting platoons of socially-certified guests in the seventy frescoed bedrooms, cantering their thoroughbreds through nineteen thousand acres of family park and forest.

Today, of course, nobody can afford to keep up such an establishment—or, even if he could, he would not care to attract the attention of our jealous sovereign, The Common Man, by such a garish display. So nearly all such baronies have passed into the hands of five institutions: the church, which uses them for seminaries, monasteries, and retreats . . . private schools and universities . . . labor unions, whose members seem to get a special relish out of vacationing on the playgrounds of vanished capitalists . . . the Soviet Union, which houses its diplomatic personnel in the old Morgan mansion at Glen Cove (perhaps for a similar reason) . . . and foundations, which need suitable places for holding the innumerable conferences in which they take such delight.

(The list is significant. It is always possible to get a rough idea of where the power lies in any society by noting who owns the big houses. Washington is a conspicuous example. A generation ago, its most flamboyant piles housed a few millionaires, such as Leiter and McLean, plus the United States Chamber of Commerce. Today's landmarks are the new marble-and-glass palaces of the Teamsters Union and the AFL-CIO.)

This particular estate—Arden House, near Harriman, New York—is now owned by Columbia University, which had rented it for the occasion to the Markle Foundation. The occasion was a four-day house party, planned with cruel ingenuity.

As the guests began to arrive, late on a winter afternoon, the house looked much like an ocean liner stranded on top of a mountain. Its lights, blazing through the chilly fog, gave it the same eerie feeling of isolation from all the world. The incredible interior, with its tapestries, its sweeping staircase, the old-fashioned statuary, the ornate furniture, conveyed the impression of slightly unearthly luxury which you get in the first-class salons of a big steamer.

THE guests of honor were eleven young doctors. All taught medicine; each had been chosen by his school as the most promising of its junior faculty members. All of them looked a little tense.

Four other guests were older, and (at the beginning) less nervous. These men—a university president, a social scientist, an editor, the head of a Canadian government agency—had only one thing in common: they earned their livings by making rapid judgments about other people. For the purpose of the present rite, they were labeled The Committee.

The remaining guests—two foundation officials and wives of committee members—were relaxed

enough. Their only duties were to watch the ordeal, and from time to time to provide solacing conversation to the victims.

Something else was present, invisible but not forgotten for an instant: $150,000 in prize money.

The idea was that everybody would live under the same roof like one big, cheerful family—dining, drinking at the excellent bar, bowling, strolling in the woods, chatting in easy groups around the great fireplaces. Each committee member would find occasion for at least one private interview with each of the doctors. The entire group would assemble for one, maybe two, general discussions of some topic remotely connected with medicine. (How do the boys handle themselves in an argument?) On the last night there would be a formal banquet, followed by a late party with as much liquor available as anybody wanted. (How do they let down after prolonged tension?)

At the end, The Committee would rate all the doctors in order of merit, from one to eleven. Not on their professional qualifications—these were presumed to be first-class—but on certain intangible qualities: character, judgment, dedication, leadership, what Hemingway has called "grace under pressure."

Each of the five at the top of the list would get $30,000, to help finance his research and teaching project over a five-year period. He also would be awarded the title of Markle Scholar—a title which carries very considerable prestige in the medical and academic worlds. In terms of his future career, it might well be worth many times the cash grant.

FROM the first hour, the pressure began to build. Some of the young men were especially equipped by experience to carry it with poise—the pediatricians, for example, who work constantly with emotional parents, or the surgeon who had served in a Korean field hospital and who had in the last year performed six hundred major operations. The researchers, used to the calm atmosphere of the laboratory, took it harder. Nobody, of course, was able to behave with complete naturalness.

In casual conversations, a few men tried to display their intellectual brilliance. Others seized upon that side of an argument which, they thought, might appeal to the committeeman present at that moment. One or two made obvious efforts to be agreeable to the committeemen's wives. Another lapsed into resentful silence. On the whole, however, the candidates handled themselves remarkably well. Nobody made a complete fool of himself; nobody got drunk.

"None of us," as one of them remarked afterwards, "actually collapsed into hysterics."

Neither did the committee members; but the burden of choice soon was wearing heavy on their nerves and consciences.

On the final morning, when the committee members gathered to compare notes, a strange thing happened. All of them, independently, jotted down almost identical lists. In all of the ratings, the four names at the top and the four at the bottom were exactly the same. Concerning the three in the middle there were minor arguments: but half an hour of discussion resulted in a unanimously agreed list.

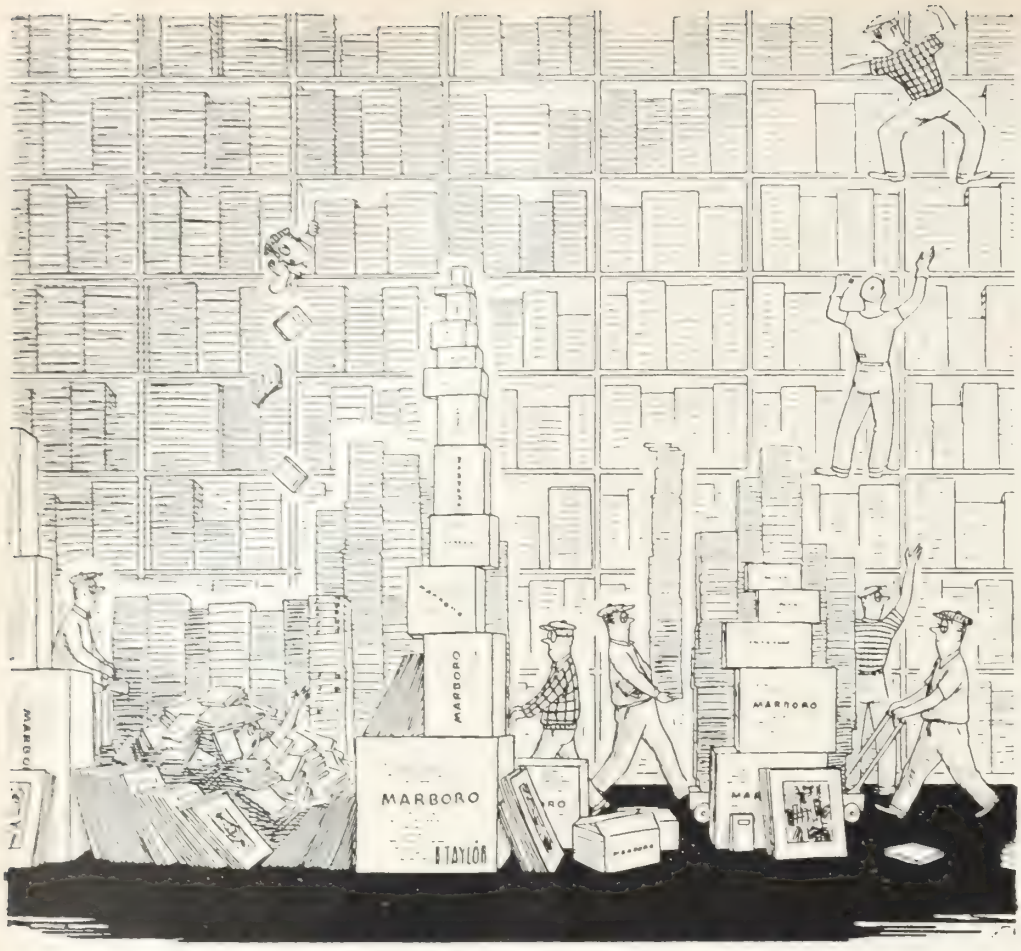
(Even more remarkable was the reaction of the women. Unlike the committee members, they had not studied the candidates' *dossiers,* nor had they been present at the semi-formal interviews. Yet, on the basis of a casual acquaintanceship, they reached conclusions almost precisely the same as The Committee's.)

How good were these judgments?

Nobody, of course, can say for sure. Obviously there is a danger that genius might be skipped over, because it is concealed beneath an opaque personality. Markle Scholars selected in earlier years, however, have chalked up an impressive record of achievement, particularly in the administration of research and of medical education. (Deans of medical schools and directors of important research projects are being increasingly drawn from their ranks.) No overlooked genius has yet turned up among the rejects; and the foundation trustees apparently feel that the system is the best they can devise. For what it is worth, so do most of the people who have served on the selection committees.

THE point of all this is that the House Party Method might prove to be a valuable new tool both for government and for industry.

So far, it is almost unknown in this country. The British use it to pick foreign-service officers. (If they had used it earlier, when Burgess and Maclean first applied for diplomatic jobs, both very probably would have been rejected; it seems to uncover unstable personalities more surely than any other form of examination.) During the war our Office of Strategic Services employed a variant on the system to choose agents for particularly trying assignments in enemy territory. Some corporations have evolved (almost unconsciously) a faintly similar tactic—John P. Marquand described *(Continue on p. 12)*



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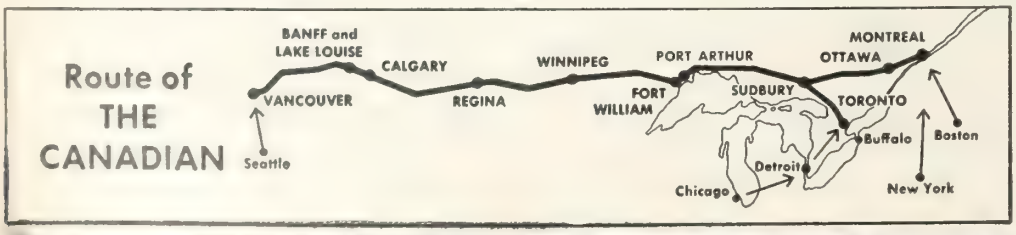
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THE EASY CHAIR

it in his *Point of No Return*—to help winnow out their junior executives. Aside from the Markle Foundation, however, no institution in America (so far as I can discover) is now applying it systematically.

What evidence is available indicates that it might be especially valuable in selecting one small but peculiarly important group of men—that is, trainees for top managerial positions in business and government. For nearly all big organizations, this problem is now acute. They find it essential to spot men in their early thirties who will be capable, twenty years later, of running the show; unless such men are discovered early, there is no way to give them the varied training and experience necessary to equip them for high command.

Yet the qualities which make a good leader cannot be easily detected by written examination, or by scanning efficiency reports and achievement records. The specialist, who often shows up best by such conventional measurements, may lack the peculiar skills (and traits of character) which make a good generalist. But these qualities do seem to show up quickly under the somewhat brutal system of scrutiny-under-pressure which is the essence of the House Party Method.

It would be interesting to watch the results of a few experiments along these lines by such institutions as, say, Standard Oil of New Jersey, the Episcopal Church, the Ford Motor Company, the State Department, and the Public Health Service. The upshot might be the development of an instrument as valuable to the science of management as the electronic microscope is to the physical sciences.

GREETINGS, GIRLS

ANOTHER idea cropped up recently, in what might also be called the field of public personnel management, which deserves more attention than it has received. It appeared in a letter by Phyllis Wheelock, published in the *New York Times* of December 22, and it was welcomed with thunderous silence. Perhaps because it would ruffle some pretty sensitive feathers.

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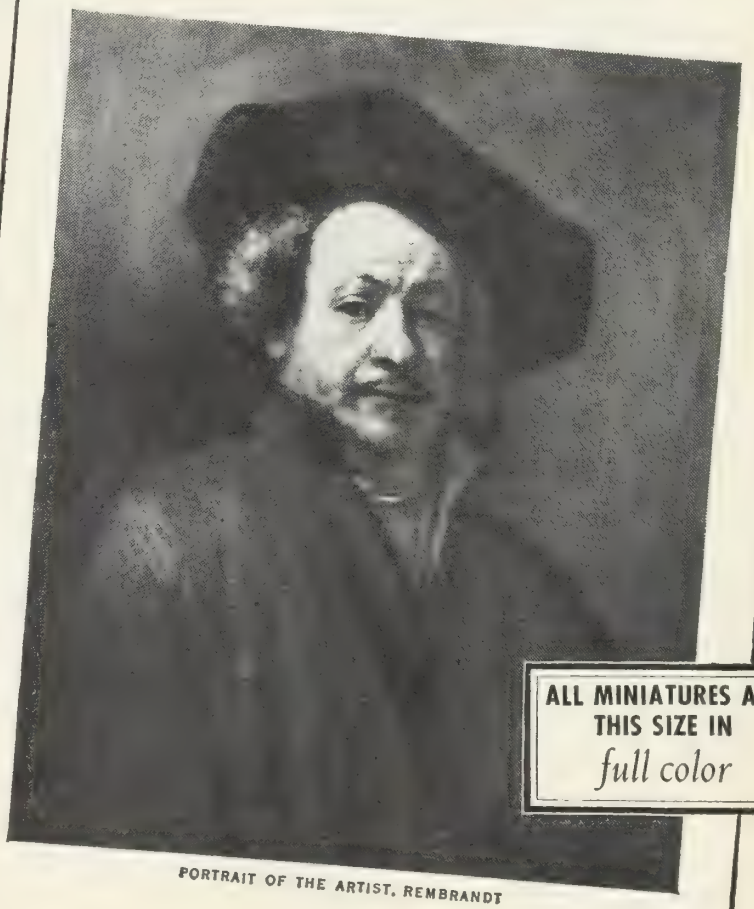
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Wheelock suggested demurely, "to draft college girls in the United States for two years of teaching in the grade schools? Our girls, unlike those in other countries, have never been drafted. I am sure that the young women, like the young men, of this country would respond to a national emergency if it is pointed out to them."

Well, why not?

The emergency is plain enough, and nobody else has yet come up with a feasible idea for meeting it. Already our schools are crippled by a shortage of many thousands of teachers. During the next ten years the shortage inevitably will grow more desperate. In the very long run, it can be remedied by raising the pay and the prestige of the teaching profession—but that process may take decades.

In the meantime, millions of children will be getting a second-rate education, or worse. Already we are falling far behind the Russians in the production of scientists, linguists, and mathematicians—a failure which could easily prove just as dangerous as a lag in turning out jet bombers or guided missiles. To put the argument on the crudest possible grounds, better education is vital to the national security; and so far we have no blueprint for getting it. (The various federal aid-to-education proposals would help cure the shortage of classrooms, but would do very little about the lack of teachers.)

It should not be impossible to work out a practical scheme for drafting women college graduates for a six-month course in basic training for teaching, plus eighteen months' service in the schools. Such a system would not, of course, produce first-rate teachers—but second-rate teachers are better than none at all. And, like the Army, the Teaching Draft Boards presumably would select the best fitted girls and take only enough to fill a given quota. Moreover, a good many of the draftees might continue to teach voluntarily after their term is finished, thus gradually building up a reservoir of experienced talent.

A lot of the girls wouldn't like the idea, of course. But then, young men rarely show unbridled enthusiasm for being drafted, either; yet they generally do their military serv-



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THE EASY CHAIR

ice competently and with only a normal amount of grumbling. Isn't it insulting to suggest that women are any less patriotic?

More violent objections might come from the mandarins of the teachers' colleges. Publicly, they would complain that the scheme would down-grade their professional standards. Privately, they would fight hard against anything which might loosen the present stranglehold of the teachers' colleges on our education system. But the only visible alternative seems to be forty pupils or more to a classroom—a degree of overcrowding which damages professional standards at least as much. In the end, the learned doctors probably would have to go along —or come up with a better idea.

If they have a better one, lots of people are waiting to hear about it.

COMING NEXT MONTH IN HARPER'S

In a Presidential election year when party issues are few, the Democrats hope to capitalize on Republican "giveaways." **Warren Unna** of the *Washington Post* tallies up the giveaway score board and balances the facts against the charges.

Jacques Barzun investigates "The Music Business" in America—which spends more money for music than the entire rest of the world—and explains why nevertheless American composers and symphony organizations are perpetually broke.

Analyzing the surprising growth of the Poujade movement, **Harry L. Turtledove** comes up with some of the answers to "Why the French Act That Way"; while **Giorgio de Santillana** describes the curious changes now under way in Italy's political temper.

Charles B. Seib and **Alan L. Otten** sketch a portrait of Senator Fulbright, "The Arkansas Paradox," who defies pigeonholing as either a liberal or a conservative.

Shirley Jackson gives a hilarious account of the disruptive effect of Little League baseball on one American family (her own).



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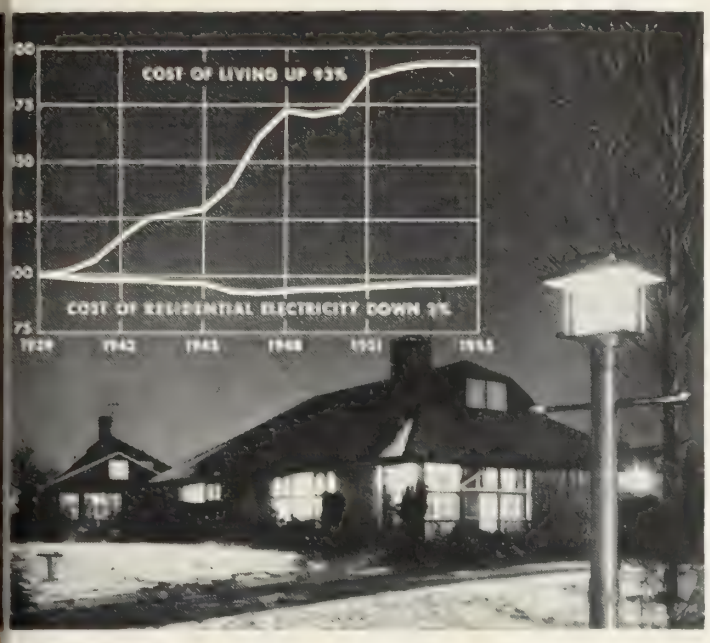
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PERSONAL *and otherwise*

The Plain Man as Inventor

A YOUNG man we know carries in his wallet the inevitable snapshots of his wife and children, together with a clipping showing a model of a machine that cleans air-conditioner filters. The implication is obvious—among his nearest and dearest is an invention of his own making, a new thing under the sun, something that *works*.

When we look around at the great and tiny machines that make our lives, we tend to think the world is populated by successful inventors. Actually the master creators are few, but a host of others exist who make things of small consequence and yet exhibit all the qualities of the true inventor. Like the great ones, they put their notions to work.

Upon reading **Carl Dreher's** dramatic account of the career of E. H. Armstrong (p. 58), we were stirred by the double mystery of Armstrong's genius and his tragic end, so we went to a man we know, one of the breed of small inventors, and asked him about how he got started and why he persisted in so hazardous a career. He is a plain man now in his middle years who has limited his inventing to an avocation and has had a decent success in other fields. His talent for making things has so far brought him neither fortune nor catastrophe, but what he said seems to parallel in many ways the basic impulses and patterns of Armstrong's experience.

It was *The Book of Knowledge* that fed his imagination in boyhood, he said, but until early adolescence he confined his experiments in creation to collaborating with his younger brother on devising a new algebraic method of extracting square roots. At the age of thirteen he came in contact with a brilliant man of about thirty, a house painter who had patented several practical devices for painters' scaffolds and who occupied his mind and spare time "fooling round" making things.

Inspired by this friendly though eccentric mentor, the boy began to take the steps necessary to qualify as a genuine inventor, not just a kid with notions. In those days, shortly before the first world war, a would-be inventor was quite likely to attempt to create a perpetual-motion machine, and (lacking the technical training that had already set E. H. Armstrong and Carl Dreher into the much more promising field of radio), the boy went to work with the materials at hand, making an intricate system of pulleys and weights to solve the problem of the ages.

He was using books for the weights and had rigged up his experiment completely except for attaching the final book to initiate the motion which he expected to continue perpetually or until the parts wore out. At three in the morning, in a fever of excitement, he woke his friend the painter, who was living in the same house, to be his witness. Under the man's sleepy and somewhat reproachful eyes, he inserted the final weight. The book traveled slowly to the floor—as was expected—but instead of majestically rising again, there it rested. While the boy took in the significance of his error, the house painter in his nightshirt padded off to bed.

FOR most men, one such disaster would have been enough to dissuade them from the tedium of making things, but the true inventor persists. The boy proved to be one of the true ones. At fifteen he contrived what he now recalls as his first practical invention—an attachment (a spoon and a length of string) for an overhead electric light bulb that enabled him to keep the light on while reading in bed at night, until the moment when he fell asleep and his relaxed hand would release the end of the string he was clutching. Thus he could avoid both the fears of the dark which harassed him and the complaints of the lady of the house about having the light on all night.

By the time he was thirty he had built and patented a practical device

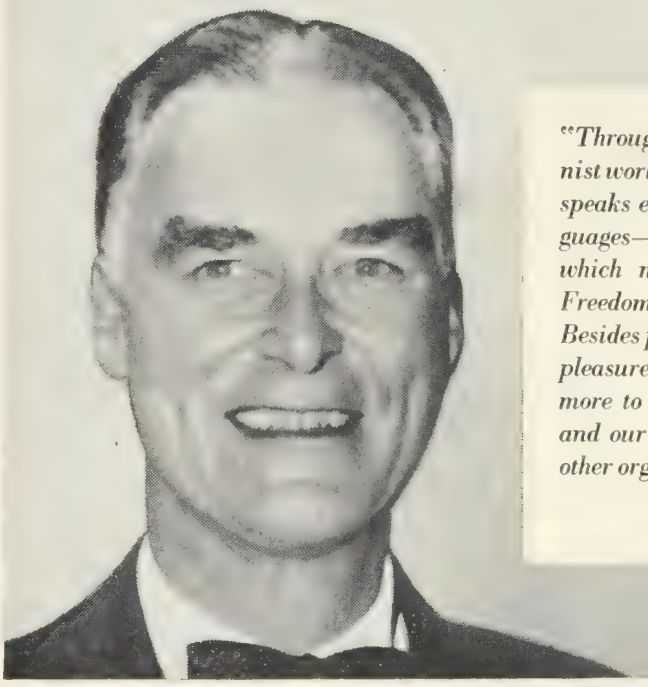
or equalizing the lines of a typewritten manuscript, and if he had had the luck to persuade any manufacturer of business machines to adopt it, he might have made a fortune. A year of his life went into the venture. He had no funds and his backers gradually took over larger and larger ownership in the device. The Depression was on, and the manufacturers teased, dallied, and went cold. The young man, who was by then married and a father, was saved from bankruptcy only by the fact that he was already broke. Later, others worked out improved devices which formed the basis for a whole new field in the printing industry, but the young man, having learned to absorb disappointment like a sponge, went on to make other things.

Today, twenty years later, he is still at it, experimenting in other "arts"—as the Patent Office calls them—with some twenty inventions and several patents to his credit. He has to invent, to keep on making things that are new, in the hope that some will be practical, some will make money or bring him fame—or for the mysterious other reasons that animate the breed of inventors. He says it is fun. Like the host who have tried in vain and like the few who have changed the world, he has had his fun—at a price.

One frustration he has been spared—the one that may have defeated Armstrong: that is Success, huge financial success, conflicts with rivals, strangling absorption in litigation, denial of unconscious goals. It was this complex of mysteries about the Inventor as Hero, not as plain man, that seemed to Carl Dreher an injunction to try to report his friend Armstrong's extraordinary character and career as truly and fully as he could.

Mr. Dreher was one of the early radio amateurs and a tester with the Marconi Wireless Telegraph in 1917. He had a busy and successful career in radio and electronics, as a research engineer for RCA and other firms, station manager of several major stations, director of recording, and consulting engineer. Since 1936, except for service in the Air Corps during World War II, he has been a writer of technical and political articles (several in *Harper's* before

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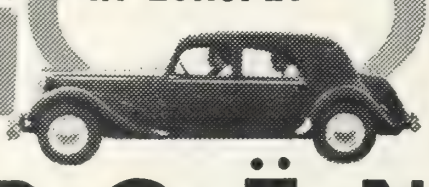
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the war) and of fiction. He is now working on a book on automation.

. . . Political contests which are more like vendettas than free choices of policy are a dark but exciting manifestation of America's mixed heritage. The complex of elements—not simply ethnic loyalties—which determine our voting patterns are disclosed in a new light by **Samuel Lubell** in "The Politics of Revenge" (p. 29).

Mr. Lubell's forecasts of the 1952 and 1954 elections were uncannily accurate, and his book, *The Future of American Politics,* won the Woodrow Wilson Foundation award as 1952's best book in the field of government and democracy. A new book bringing his findings up to date called *Revolt of the Moderates* will be published in April. "The Politics of Revenge" is adapted from parts of the new book, which is both an appraisal of the present political scene and a challenge to Americans to break with the prejudices of the past. (See Paul Pickrel's review on page 84.)

. . . Although **William K. Zinsser's** trips "Out Where the Tall Antennas Grow" (p. 36) have had a jolting effect on his New York provincialism, actually Mr. Zinsser has been around enough to know better. Since the war (which took him to North Africa and Italy as a sergeant in the Army), he has spent vacations from his job at the New York *Herald Tribune* traveling in the Middle East, Southeast Asia, and Africa.

His present job at the *Herald Tribune* is movie critic—he sees almost two hundred pictures a year and is on guard against the hazards of a steady diet of happy endings.

. . . The American people have learned to take for granted friendly business offers from overseas—in spite of deluges of anti-American propaganda which should have long since made the world wary of our good faith. What we are much less familiar with is the fact that America is growing more and more dependent on the nations we have come to regard as our beneficiaries. **Peter F. Drucker** advances and explores this new concept in his article, "America Becomes a 'Have-not' Na-

ion" (p. 38), based squarely n a revised estimate of our trengths and weaknesses for the world of tomorrow. Since renewed lebate on foreign investment is shaping up in Congress, a fresh look at what we stand to lose or gain in the ong run may be useful.

Mr. Drucker, a management consultant, has contributed to *Harper's* number of articles examining America's place in the world economy (for example, "The Myth of American Uniformity" and "Europe's Invisible Brick Wall") as well as an important series in 1955 on "America's Next Twenty Years." His books include *The New Society* and *The Practice of Management.*

. . Now is the wind-up of "The Best Theater Season in Years," says **Walter Kerr,** reliving the dramatic events of 1955-56 (p. 44). Mr. Kerr is not only the author of *How Not to Write a Play,* a book about the theater which came out a year ago, but of "Sing Out Sweet Land" and "Touch and Go," Broadway hits in 1945 and 1949. He has been drama critic of the New York *Herald Tribune* since 1951 and was formerly a stage director, a movie reviewer, and an associate professor at Catholic University in Washington, D. C.

. . "Some time Washington will have to wake up to sense, but not yet," said the London *Times* about Sir Anthony Eden's talks with President Eisenhower about Formosa and Peiping. Whether this sour judgment of the U.S. will prove in the long run to be an endorsement of the Eden policy for Britain remains to be seen. **F. George Steiner** draws up first-year balances for and against the British Prime Minister in "Eden in Trouble" (p. 49), and incidentally gives a clue to the chances of the Labor party to cash in on Eden's political arrears.

Mr. Steiner, an American graduate of the University of Chicago, with a Harvard M.A. and a Rhodes scholarship in 1950-52, is in London now on the staff of the *Economist.*

. . "Man's Courage" (p. 54) is **Wyatt Blassingame's** first story in *Harper's,* but Mr. Blassingame has written some five hundred short stories and a novel, *For Better, for*

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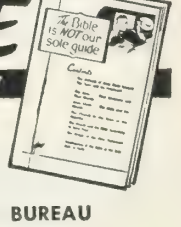
This does not mean, of course, that the Bible is not extremely valuable. It does mean, though, that the Bible is not ... and was not intended to be ... the sole source of Christian teaching and belief. The Church had existed 1600 years, in fact, before the theory was advanced that the Bible should be the *sole* guide to Christian believers.

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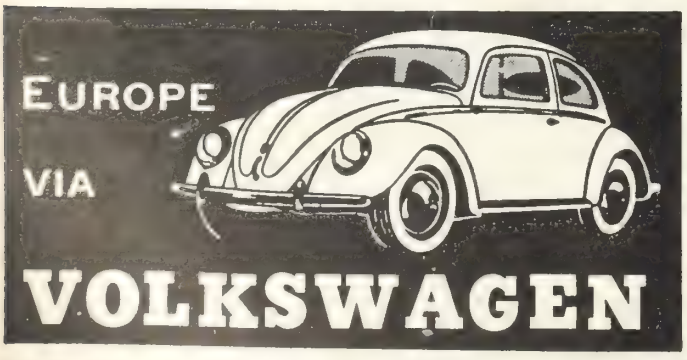
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Worse. He has taught writing in college and spent three years as a Navy lieutenant in World War II.

. . . To correct the conventional idea of the Netherlanders as a stolid people, **Wolfgang Langewiesche** reports (p. 67) on the way they can hustle when it comes to keeping the sea in its place and giving man a chance not only to survive but to thrive.

Mr. Langewiesche used to be a test and research pilot who did a good deal of writing on aviation for *Harper's* and other magazines. Since 1950, when he quit professional flying, he has cruised up and down Africa for a year and a half with his wife in his own plane and written articles for *Saturday Evening Post, Reader's Digest,* and *House Beautiful.* His last piece for *Harper's* was the notable "The U.S.A. from the Air" in the Centennial issue (October 1950).

. . . The question of the control of consumer credit, raised indirectly by the President's economic report to Congress early this year, has been shelved for the time being on a national scale. Nevertheless the individual purchaser has to resist bewildering pressures to make purchases that are beyond his means. How far he can safely go in "Buying on Time" is analyzed on the family budgetary level by **C. Hartley Grattan** (p. 73). Mr. Grattan is the author of many articles and of several books including *Preface to Chaos, Introducing Australia,* and, most recently, *Quest of Knowledge: A Historical Perspective on Adult Education.*

. . . The poem "From Horace to Tibullus" (p. 48) is one of a large number translated in the original meters by **Gilbert Highet** for a book on the Roman poets which he is now finishing. Executive officer of the Department of Latin and Greek at Columbia University, Mr. Highet is the author of many books and is now in his fifth year of broadcasting talks about literature from WQXR and other stations.

The poem for April (p. 77) is by **Jean Pedrick,** who is married to a Boston physician and has written a novel and short stories.

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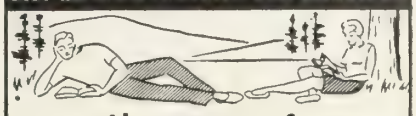
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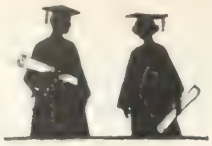
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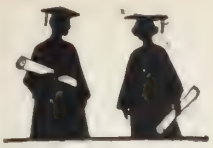
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Harper's MAGAZINE

THE POLITICS OF REVENGE

SAMUEL LUBELL

The only political forecaster who has proved uniformly right during the last four years analyzes the voting patterns which may decide the coming election.

IN THE spring of 1952 I tried a little experiment in the psychology of voting. I had long been interested in the Stuyvesant Town housing project because it comes close to being a cross-section of New York City's varied ethnic elements and because its vote tends to break almost even in Presidential elections. Learning that Louis Harris of the Elmo Roper organization lived there I asked him to bring together several of his neighbors for a political bull session.

Three of the persons he invited showed up: two were white-collar workers, while the third was a storekeeper. Before they arrived, I had told Harris that, after learning how his neighbors intended to vote, I would ask one question which I thought would reveal why they felt as they did: "How did you feel about the Civil War in Spain which Franco won?"

The responses of the three men fell into a remarkably precise pattern. The storekeeper, who had announced he "never" would vote Republican, felt "the Spanish Civil War was when World War II really started. It was the first test of Democracy against Fascism," he argued. "We should have helped the Loyalist government against Hitler and Mussolini, who were on Franco's side."

One of his two neighbors disagreed vehemently. To him the Spanish Civil War had been a struggle of atheism versus Christianity, with Russia as the enemy. "We should never have recognized Russia," he contended. "It was a mistake to get into the last war as an ally of Russia. I was born a Democrat but I'm voting Republican this time. I want Acheson and those Reds cleaned out of Washington."

The third man, who was not a native New Yorker, wavered between these extremes. He had sided with the Spanish Loyalist regime against Franco. He also felt that Russia had been a valuable ally during the war, though he distrusted her now. A stanch Roosevelt supporter, he was ready to vote for Eisenhower but "not for a Taft Republican."

The reactions of these three Stuyvesant Town residents is a fair indication of the extent to which nearly all of us are political prisoners of the past. Although we may not be conscious of it, much of

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our thinking still is dominated by attitudes formed in the 1935-40 period when World War II was brewed.

Consider, for example, the uproar that was kicked up over General MacArthur's views on how the Korean War should be fought. A sizable part of the population attacked—or supported—MacArthur less because of the strategic merits or faults of his views than because of how these people felt about Adolf Hitler.

As our Pacific commander during World War II, MacArthur became a symbol of the strategy which proposed defeating Japan rather than Germany first. This "Asia First" strategy appealed to the old "isolationists" partly because it enabled them to give expression to their hostility to Russia. Also the ethnic elements which resisted entering a war against Germany and Italy preferred to focus upon Japan as the chief enemy.

After World War I we acted in much the same way. From Warren Harding to Gerald Nye the debate over American foreign policy was dominated more by a vengeful desire to fix blame upon who and what had got us into World War I than upon what needed to be done to prevent a new war.

Why this curious American passion for refighting wars that are past? It has not always characterized the American temperament. We have been able to fight several wars—the highly unpopular conflict of 1812, the Mexican and Spanish-American Wars—and let them slide into history once they were over. Only the Civil War and the two world wars have lain like indigestible lumps on the American stomach.

These three wars were long, bloody, costly affairs. But—more important—each was something of a civil war to at least part of our population. The conflicts which were easily assimilated into our historical blood stream did not outrage any important ethnic element in the country. By contrast, the wars with Germany—as well as the Civil War—upset the ethnic balance in the country. Each of these three Armageddons left behind an element in the population whose feelings rendered them ripe for a politics of revenge.

HOW MCCARTHY HAPPENED

IF THIS analysis is sound, then the making of our foreign policy is not being obstructed, as is so widely believed, by a lack of public awareness of our responsibilities of world leadership. The essential difficulty is that our interventions in world affairs tend to drive some part of the population into revolt against the results of those policies.

If Senators like McCarthy, Jenner, Welker, or Bridges try to discredit every form of international action, it is not because they believe we can live apart from the rest of the world. Primarily it is because their political appeal is aimed at those who are disillusioned by the failures or frustrations of our foreign policy. Perhaps we should stop calling such politicians "isolationists." A more meaningful and accurate term would be to describe them as the "disillusionists."

Many people have wondered, for example, how Senator McCarthy could represent the same state which backed Fighting Bob La Follette for more than a quarter of a century in a reformist crusade that made Wisconsin the symbol of everything progressive in American political life. The explanation is that there were two sides to the La Follette heritage: those who were drawn to La Follette by his fight for economic liberalism and those—mainly German-Americans—who were attracted by his opposition to World War I. When the 1938 election tore this heritage apart, McCarthy cast his political lot with the people among whom he had been born and lived his entire life—the German-Americans. In doing so he rejected La Follette's economic liberalism but fell heir to La Follette's role as the father of modern American isolationism and as a politician of revenge.

Despite their differences in personal motivations, the two men wound up espousing much the same viewpoint toward world affairs. Each set out to turn himself into an avenger of "a war that had been fought in vain" and "a peace that was lost at the conference table." La Follette, in line with his economic bias, blamed the first world war on a "conspiracy" of munitions-makers and bankers. McCarthy, facing in another direction economically, has tried to blame the second world war on a "conspiracy" of Communists and New Dealers.

In his attack on General Marshall, who had been the architect of the defeat of Germany, McCarthy blamed "America's Retreat from Victory" upon a "conspiracy on a scale so immense as to dwarf any previous such venture in the history of man. . . ." La Follette's assault on the Treaty of Versailles was almost as indiscriminate—"A treaty that is without parallel in all history as a spoils-grabbing compact of greed and hate."

Clearly what gave both La Follette and McCarthy flame and substance were the prejudices

and emotions of the people they represented. One can go into any German-American community in the country and find that a talk with typical residents becomes a virtual playback of McCarthy's speeches. In all of these communities the belief is generally accepted that "the big mistake" of American foreign policy was "in getting into the two world wars." This sense of disillusionment is sharpened by the widespread feeling that we were "tricked into" both wars "against America's real interests." Usually people feel we were "hoodwinked by propaganda," but many persons are inclined to believe "there really may have been a conspiracy" at the bottom of it all.

In such communities the Democratic party is commonly assailed as "the party which can't stay out of war." One often runs into expressions of violent distrust of both Russia and England. In all of these communities one also finds a burning desire to vindicate their opposition to the last war. The way the peace has turned out is often cited as proof that "Germany and Russia should have been allowed to fight it out among themselves without our getting involved." McCarthy and his investigations are welcomed by many voters as proof that they knew all along who America's real enemies were.

The ethnic conflicts that are stirred up by events abroad do not reflect divided patriotism between this country and ancestral homelands. The main problem, I believe, is one of assimilation, and racial and religious tolerance, here at home.

FOR the strongest single force driving every immigrant group is the desire to be accepted as Americans. This drive is the key to their politics. Whatever helps—or hurts—the assimilation of the group will determine eventually its party allegiance. Until World War I this struggle for acceptance as Americans was primarily a domestic affair. Since 1914, though, the wars abroad and our own military involvement in those struggles have had a heavy impact in helping or hurting the assimilation of many ethnic elements. This is the prime reason why these groups react so strongly to events abroad.

European writers have often joked about the fondness of Americans for considering themselves "more equal than anyone else." Because of our heritage of immigration, most of us are also under some compulsion to demonstrate that we are "more American than other Americans." It would almost seem that the more painful the frustrations endured by any immigrant group in its efforts to be Americanized, the more violent is its recoil of patriotism. Currently, the very fact that the patriotism of some groups was suspect during the war appears to strengthen their desire to seek vindication, with the war over, through demonstrations of super-patriotism.

Viewed in this emotional frame, one can also appreciate why the "red" issue exerts so powerful a political appeal among Catholics. Their religious teachings, of course, would tend to range Catholics in militant opposition to anything associated with Communism. In addition, the Communist issue is almost the first political cause which has given Catholics generally the chance to feel more American than other Americans. In the past, the social and economic status of Catholics was hurt by their religion. In terms of the present cold war, however, Catholicism and the American struggle against Russia merge as one.

This change emerges dramatically if one contrasts the writings of two Catholic leaders, Bishop John Ireland, whose influence was so great roughly sixty years ago, and Francis Cardinal Spellman.

Ireland, whose jurisdiction embraced much of the Midwest, was constantly on the defensive. He preached temperance to refute the widely held belief that all Catholics liked whisky; he voted Republican to challenge the stereotype that all Catholics were Democrats. Denouncing pacifism, he urged that Catholics prove themselves "the first patriots of the land." The one theme that dominated his writings was this need to show other Americans that Catholicism was not an alien force, hostile to American institutions.

In the postwar writings of Cardinal Spellman, though, one finds an untroubled identification of Catholicism and Americanism. In *What America Means to Me,* Spellman ends his eulogy of this country with a "land of loveliness which by the providence of Almighty God, is the last unfailing hope of embattled humanity struggling against the menace of atheistic Communism."

Historians writing in the future may look back on the "treason" agitation of recent years as a manifestation of a nationalistic hysteria, which distracted and divided us at so critical a period. But these historians should not overlook the fact that much of the "loyalty" battle has really been a clash of conflicting ways to show one's patriotism and to be accepted as Americans—a drive which, in the long run, must be a unifying force.

Unfortunately, while our political parties

have often served to unify us, they also help divide us, as will be seen by examining the curious dilemma that confronts Richard Nixon.

THE NIXON DILEMMA

ONE of the odd features of the Eisenhower Presidency has been the fact that it has had a Vice President who was so much more controversial politically than the President himself. This is all the more surprising when one considers how lightly we take our Vice Presidents. Thomas Marshall, who was Woodrow Wilson's Vice President, probably caught the prevailing attitude with his habit of calling out to Capitol visitors who peered into his office, "If you're not coming in, throw me a peanut."

What is the explanation of this Eisenhower-Nixon paradox? Basically, it is that in the minds of many voters Nixon sharpens the very issue that Eisenhower has blurred. It was the "red" issue which first soared Nixon into the publicity firmament. On the surface this issue appears deceptively simple. Virtually everyone agrees that Communists should not be employed by the government. The controversy seems mainly over the procedures that should be employed in purging Washington of Soviet sympathizers.

But if differences over method were all that were at stake, the "red" issue would not be fought over so fiercely. Actually, only a small part of the "loyalty" battle has been over method. In my interviewing of voters I find almost invariably that the angriest outbursts against Communists are voiced in areas where opposition to our entering World War II was strongest. Invariably as well, the loudest outcries against "McCarthyism" and "witch hunting" come from those who were most ardent for our intervention in that war.

In short, what makes the Communist issue so explosive politically is that it revives all the animosities and loyalties of the 1935-40 period, when the American people were debating so furiously among themselves whether Hitler's Germany or Stalin's Russia was our mortal foe —a question that was posed for the first time by the Spanish Civil War. In the end, of course, Pearl Harbor forced the decision, but long before that millions of Americans aligned themselves on one side or the other. And those who felt most strongly about the issue have been at political odds since.

Nor are ethnic emotions alone at stake. The long debate over our involvement in the war coincided with the period of fiercest agitation over the New Deal's domestic economic policies. Inevitably the two struggles merged. As a result, two conflicting chains of emotional symbols were left in people's minds—two streams of memories which even today are still like so many positive and negative particles of political energy. Any politician—or issue—who electrifies these memories causes them to polarize in antagonistic directions.

Eisenhower has been insulated from this conflict by the fact that he is both a Republican and is identified in people's emotions with the war against Germany and Roosevelt's foreign policy. Nixon, though, was picked for the Vice-Presidential nomination largely in the belief that as "the man who put Alger Hiss in prison" he would help the GOP dramatize the Communists-in-government issue.

NIXON'S efforts to gain recognition for his anti-Communist activities are, in many ways, a small-scale model of the problem which confronts the whole Republican party. Largely because the last three wars were fought under Democratic Presidents the Republicans have won the support of nearly all of the disillusioned elements who opposed those wars. The Republican dilemma is how to keep the votes of this following, without becoming a prisoner of the disillusionment it harbors.

Usually this conflict is pictured as a clash of personalities, as if it could be resolved by reading McCarthy out of the party or by changing the views of Senator William Knowland, or of Senator Styles Bridges and others. What is generally overlooked is that every political party is shackled to its own following, and that no party can be remade much faster than the minds of its supporters.

Any rational person could put together a thick book of factual evidence showing how unfounded are the stereotypes that go into the "liberal" and "conservative" chains of prejudice. Also, of course, all of these symbols were never accepted by all Democrats or all Republicans. Many liberals, for example, hated Russia and everything it stood for. Many anti-New Deal businessmen were ardent supporters of Roosevelt's foreign policy. Still, it was largely in terms of these prejudices that the Roosevelt and anti-Roosevelt coalitions took shape.

And it is in terms of these old symbols that the conflict within the Republican party over foreign policy can best be understood. One GOP faction is dedicated to strengthening the coali-

tion of disillusionment which was forged during the years of opposition to Roosevelt. Hence their constant efforts to extend the old and anti-New Deal symbols into attacks on UNESCO, or to weaken the Presidency through the Bricker Amendment, or to impose a ceiling on the federal government's taxing powers, or to link all these causes with a new "states' rights" philosophy, as espoused by Clarence Manion.

But disillusionment is not the stuff of which responsible government is made. Keeping alive the anti-Roosevelt symbols also keeps alive the distrusts of Britain and other of our allies. It militates constantly against a constructive foreign policy. If the Republican party is to regain its old status as the majority party in the country, the moderate Republicans feel the GOP must break out of this old orbit of negativism and stand for a positive foreign policy.

CONVERSIONS COME HARD

EISENHOWER has made appreciable progress toward this goal. Still the claims of the past have been too strong for an overnight, revolutionary overhauling of the GOP. The political force of such symbols as "Yalta" or "Big Business," or of names like MacArthur and Roosevelt, or of issues like the "Communists in government" lies in the fact that their mere incantation will touch off a whole chain reaction of emotional feeling. Nor is this any indication of a lack of intelligence on the part of voters. All voting is an emotional experience, for ditch diggers and professors alike.

One dramatic case history can be seen in New York City's voting. Nearly half of Gotham's population is Catholic, while another fourth is Jewish. Threatened as they were by Hitlerism, Jews generally were among the most ardent supporters of Roosevelt's foreign policy. Among Catholics, on the other hand, were many of the elements inclined to "isolationism" or most strongly opposed to Soviet Russia.

One would expect these conflicting feelings over foreign policy to be evident in voting for national offices. But the election returns show it has affected even the voting for municipal posts as well.

If one ranks the assembly districts in Brooklyn in the order of strength they showed in five elections, spanning the 1946-51 period, a remarkably consistent correlation emerges. The eight districts giving Eisenhower his *highest* percentages were those where Senator Irving Ives did best against Herbert Lehman in 1946 and where Vincent Impellitteri ran best for mayor in 1950. All but one of these eight districts are also among the eight Brooklyn districts which turned in the lowest vote for both Henry Wallace in 1948 and Rudolph Halley in his 1951 race for president of the City Council.

In contrast, among the eight districts where Eisenhower fared *worst,* all but two are also the eight poorest voting areas for both Ives and Impellitteri. All but two are among Wallace's and Halley's highest districts. In ethnic make-up this second group of assembly districts is predominantly Jewish, while the group favoring Eisenhower, Ives, and Impellitteri covers the most heavily Catholic areas in Brooklyn.

The remarkable consistency in voting for such varied candidates explodes a number of widely shared illusions about the psychology of voting.

For example, there is the myth of the so-called "independent" voter. Both Halley and "Impy"—as Impellitteri came to be known—were elected on independent tickets in revolts against Tammany Hall. Most New Yorkers have assumed that the same "independent" voters elected both men. Actually, though a few voting precincts can be found where both men ran strong, in the main Impy was strongest where Halley was weakest and vice versa.

Of the fourteen assembly districts in the whole city which Halley won by a clear majority in a three-way race, all but four fall among Impellitteri's lowest fourteen districts. Clearly, two conflicting streams of insurgency were at work, one stemming primarily from Catholic voting elements, the other mainly from Jewish areas. The widely held image of the free-wheeling "independent" voter, who is above partisan emotions, fits neither group. The returns show that even when voters turn "independent," they do so within the pattern of their cultural conditioning. Most people who type themselves as "independent" voters today really are part of some voting stream and they shift with that stream.

This case history of New York's voting undercuts still another widely held illusion—that Eisenhower's 1952 victory was primarily "a vote for the man." Certainly Eisenhower gained votes because of personal popularity. But the close parallel between his support and that of Ives indicates that the 1952 break among Democrats reflected a resurgence of many of the grievances of 1946. Of the eighteen New York assembly districts where Eisenhower gained more than 10 per cent over 1948, twelve show a difference of only 3 per cent or less from the Ives 1946 vote.

Since Eisenhower cracked the Democratic

ranks all over the country, his election cannot be attributed to any single voting element. Still, it is something of an optical illusion to see his election as a victory for the internationalist viewpoint in foreign policy. Eisenhower's nomination, it is true, was engineered by the "internationalist" Republican wing, but some of his most spectacular gains came in areas which have been the strongest centers of isolationist sentiment in the past.

The extent to which Eisenhower's victory tapped the old "isolationist" wellsprings throughout the country can be seen in how he fared in areas where William Lemke, Father Coughlin's candidate, ran strongest in 1936 and in how closely the Eisenhower vote matches Wendell Willkie's vote in 1940. The thirty precincts in Ohio and Wisconsin which Lemke won in 1936 gave Truman 53 per cent of their vote in 1948. Stevenson sank to 30 per cent in 1952, which was not too different from the 25 per cent that Roosevelt pulled in 1940.

In Iowa, to cite one more example, Al Smith won 500-odd precincts in 1928. These precincts reflected two main sources of Democratic strength, German-Americans, who were largely Catholic, and areas which had been settled from the South. In 1940 these two streams divided sharply, with 175 of the precincts swinging Republican. In 1948 Truman recovered 130 of them, but in 1952 Stevenson could hold only five of the 130.

It is against this background of "isolationist" support that one must measure how much Eisenhower has accomplished in converting the GOP to a new outlook in foreign policy.

WITHIN the Republican party, foreign policy might be said to play almost the same part that the civil-rights issue does inside the Democratic party. The Democratic emphasis on civil rights grew out of Roosevelt's success in winning the support of Negroes and other elements sensitive to discrimination. The issue both won votes for the Democrats and divided the party internally at the same time. This is precisely what the "isolationist" issue does with the Republicans.

In broad outline Eisenhower, of course, has followed pretty much the policies laid down by the Truman Administration. What is not so widely appreciated is that he also has moved closer to the viewpoint of the old "isolationists." The doctrine of "massive retaliation" is a sizable stride toward the reliance on sea and air power which Hoover and Taft sought to popularize. Also, while Eisenhower has avoided any drastic repudiation of our internationalist role, he has pointed American policy in the direction of "disengaging" ourselves from some of our commitments abroad.

The fairest way of summing up the Eisenhower foreign policy might be to say that it reflects a "slow double turn." Eisenhower, himself, has turned somewhat to meet the "isolationist" viewpoint in the Republican party, while the disillusionists have turned somewhat more to meet him. Numerous evidences of this can be cited. Perhaps the most marked single change is evident in the Republican attitude toward foreign aid.

When Harold Stassen appeared before a Senate committee to be confirmed as Foreign Overseas Administrator the first question shot at him by a ranking Republican was: "When are you going to end all this foreign aid?"

While Stassen was trying to reply, another Republican threw a second barb: "I hope you realize you're only being confirmed for a six-months' job." At that time the foreign-aid agency was scheduled to expire the following June. While the extension of the foreign-aid and reciprocal-trade programs was effected largely through Democratic votes and only after concessions to opponents of the measures, more than a majority of the Republicans in the House voted for foreign aid in 1955.

How much of this astonishing change can be credited to the expectation, at the time, that Eisenhower would run in 1956? How much of it represents a lasting change?

A rough judgment can be drawn from an analysis of Congressional roll calls since 1941. In that year more than 85 per cent of all the Republicans in the House voted against both Selective Service and Lend-Lease. Since 1953 the proportion of Republicans voting "no" on foreign aid has been more than halved. Both in the East and on the Pacific Coast, the "no" vote among the Republicans had dropped below 20 per cent by 1955. In the Midwest it still hovered around the two-thirds mark.

In nearly all of the Midwestern states every Republican voted against both Selective Service and Lend-Lease. If one contrasts the districts in these states which now favor foreign aid against those which do not, three general influences seem at work—party support for Eisenhower, the degree of urbanism, and the ethnic make-up of the district.

In Ohio, for example, all but one of the eight "yes" votes in 1955 came from predominantly urban districts, while five of the six "no" votes

were cast by Congressmen from largely rural districts. At least three of these are heavily German in make-up. Much this same correlation shows up in Iowa, where three of the four "no" votes came from heavily German-American districts. The most consistent support for foreign aid is given by the districts embracing the city of Des Moines and southern Iowa, which has the lowest proportion of foreign-born in the whole state.

AFTER EISENHOWER, WHAT?

THE line-up of individual Indiana seats provides another clue to why Eisenhower has been able to convert some Republicans but not others. The four districts which have voted "no" on all three of the 1953, 1954, and 1955 aid bills were lost by the Republicans in 1948. The two Indiana districts which have voted "yes" on foreign aid since Eisenhower became President stayed Republican in 1948.

The 1948 contest was the one vote in recent years in which the "isolationist" elements had no war grievance and they returned to the Democratic party in spectacular numbers. This return in fact provided the balance of votes which elected Truman (as I have shown in *The Future of American Politics*). To many Republican politicians the big lesson of 1948 was how heavy was the Republican party's dependence on the disillusionments of foreign policy to offset the GOP weakness on economic issues.

The economic make-up of many districts is such that a Republican can figure on winning *only* by exploiting the frustrations stirred by our foreign policy. In Chicago, for example, the third district (which has gone Republican in 1946, 1950, and 1952) is inhabited mainly by moderate- to low-income workers. However, this district—the locale for many of James Farrell's novels—has a heavy concentration of Irish families. Fred Busbey, the Republican who has won the seat three times, has relied mainly on the emotions stirred by "Communism" to overcome the area's pro-Democratic economic bias.

This seat-by-seat analysis of Congressional roll calls leads to four main conclusions as to the political nature of "isolationism" today:

(1) Much of it represents nothing more than the opposition of members of Congress to whatever a President of another party proposes. Between 1952 and 1953 the proportion of Republicans favoring foreign aid jumped from 47 to 60 per cent. On the Democratic side, opposition to foreign aid rose sharply after Eisenhower's victory. Thirty-eight per cent of all the votes against the 1955 aid bill were cast in the South, compared to only 19 per cent in 1952.

(2) Despite this change, a Democrat still is more likely to favor foreign aid than is a Republican. In the 1952 and 1954 elections forty-six different seats shifted between the parties. In thirty-seven districts the shift brought no change in how the district was voted on foreign aid. In eight of the nine remaining seats the change from Republican to Democrat brought a more favorable attitude toward our foreign policy. In only one case—the ninth district in Virginia—did the defeat of a Republican bring a shift from a "yes" to a "no" vote.

(3) Generally speaking, "isolationist" sentiments linger most strongly in rural rather than urban areas. Some of this may reflect a hangover of the old Populist agitations against "the money trust" and the international gold standard. Dan Reed's district in western New York was a Populist stronghold, as was Dewey Short's district in the Missouri Ozarks. But other strong Populist areas divide about evenly between districts which are for and against foreign aid.

(4) At least a third of the rural districts voting against foreign aid show heavy concentrations of German-Americans. In 1940 there were 146 counties outside the South where Roosevelt's vote dropped at least twenty percentage points from 1936. In all but about twenty, the census showed German as the first or second strongest nationality. Of these 146 counties 121 are in Republican districts which have been against foreign aid. Only fifteen counties are in GOP-held districts which favor foreign aid.

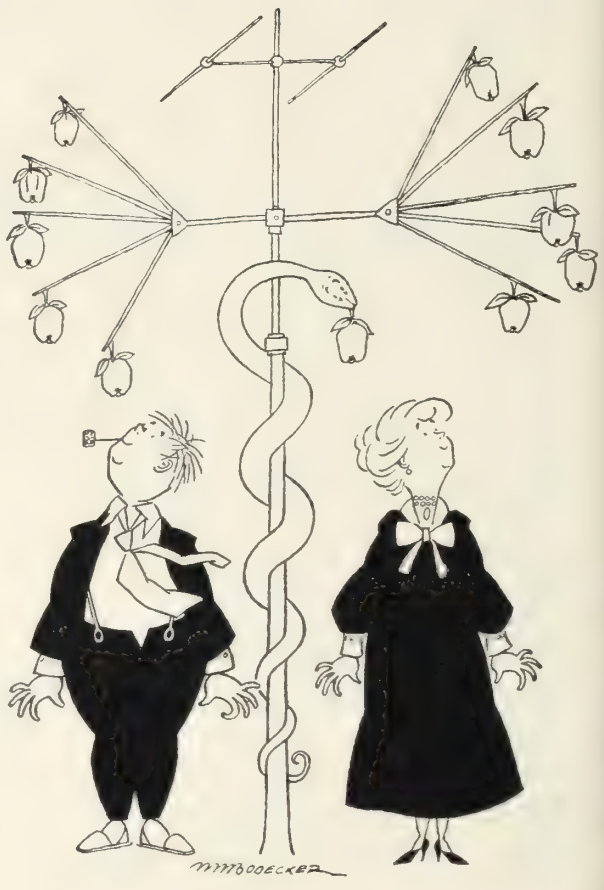
The "hard core" of Republican "isolationism" in sum, will be found in districts with a heavy German-American background or where the Republicans have come to rely on disillusionment over foreign policy as a weapon against the New Deal's economic appeal.

Many observers feel that the future of the Republican party hinges upon who wins the struggle for Presidential succession after Eisenhower leaves the White House. My own judgment, though, is that further progress in remaking the Republican party hangs primarily on its success in strengthening its appeal in the country on economic issues. The 1956 election will test whether the Republican party has reestablished itself as the "party of prosperity." If the GOP remains victorious, "isolationism" should decline steadily. But if the GOP loses, extremist Republicans can be expected to return to a politics of revenge.

Out where the tall antennas grow

By WILLIAM K. ZINSSER

Drawings by N. M. Bodecker



WHEN I went out to Iowa a year ago to get married, I wasn't even sure that there was a state called Iowa. I had seen the Nile, the Congo, and the Ganges, but not the Mississippi. Beyond that river lay a mysterious land of waving wheat and stampeding cattle. According to Oscar Hammerstein, the corn grew as high as an elephant's eye, and this seemed very high to someone who had seen corn only on the cob—and had never been able to look an elephant in the eye.

Whatever would I talk about with my new relatives? I am one of those New Yorkers who spurn the call of the suburbs, with all their robins and roses. I stay in the city because I like to see the new plays and films, operas and exhibits, and try to keep up with the arts. But a huge area of ignorance remains—television. I don't own a TV set. At the time of our wedding, this didn't matter. The folks in Iowa didn't have television either. So we talked about the weather and the cost of living, dogs and taxes, neighbors and politics.

Well, one year can make quite a difference in this coaxial age. When we went back to Iowa last fall, the house had changed. In a corner of the living-room, where the dog used to sleep, a television set now stands. I tried to pretend that I didn't notice, but it was no use.

"Have you seen 'A View From the Bridge' yet?" my mother-in-law asked, eager for word straight from Broadway. "We saw Arthur Miller on television the other day, and he made it sound absorbing. He explained how he tried to relate the tragedy of a Brooklyn family to the tragedies of Greece and Rome—you know, with a chorus to comment on the action. The moderator compared the technique to Sophocles and Euripides."

My father-in-law asked if I had seen the World Series. I confessed that it's almost impossible for New Yorkers to get tickets to a World Series held in New York, but that I had glimpsed a few innings poorly by craning my neck around some beer drinkers at a local bar. "Too bad you missed it," he said.

"I'll be interested to hear how you like the movie of 'Moby Dick,'" my mother-in-law said. "We saw a wonderful interview with John Huston on Dave Garroway's show, and he told us how he filmed the whaling sequences off the Canary Islands, where the whalers still use the same phrases as the old New Bedford harpooners, like 'Thar She Blows!' He said he filmed it in a new process to make it look like those old whaling lithographs. He spoke about the symbolism of the white whale, and said that he used Melville's exact words in many passages."

I had missed Huston's interview, of course, and "Moby Dick" won't be released for months. Conversation swung to other celebrities. I gathered that every person who even carries a spear onto a Broadway stage appears soon afterwards on Steve Allen's night show. Van Heflin, Ruth Gordon, Michael Redgrave, Julie Harris—every

star of the new theater season has confided his secrets to people in Iowa and forty-seven other states, but not to me.

My mother-in-law got up to make dinner, and I commented that she was wearing a very chic dress.

"That's the Y line," she said. "We heard all about it on the 'Home' show. Arlene Francis had this designer from Dior's studio in Paris to explain the new line. I got my winter dresses out and sat at the sewing machine for three days, and now I'm all set—at least for this season. I just hope that Dior and Arlene Francis don't give us another new style too soon. Some of the ladies in town haven't reconverted yet, and of course they're quite embarrassed."

My wife's teen-age sister put a record on the phonograph. Her heroes are Stan Kenton and other apostles of "progressive jazz," so when she lowered the needle and raised the volume I braced myself for the old blast. But out of the phonograph came a Bach fugue. Its rhythm was not as perky as Kenton's, but its construction was trickier than anything the great Stan had put together, and Janet sighed with admiration.

"Jeepers, catch that contrapuntal bass," she purred.

I asked her where she got the record.

"We saw Leonard Bernstein on 'Omnibus'," she said. He took this Bach fugue and showed us how it was assembled. Quite a few of the kids saw the program, and everybody thought it was real crazy. I had saved up to buy a new Ray Anthony record—he played here at the Golden Goon a few weeks ago—but I bought this instead. Isn't it the most!"

Suddenly the lights went out and my mother-in-law brought in dinner on a flaming sword. "*Shashlik Escoffier flambé,*" she announced. "This is the way it's done in the best continental restaurants. They demonstrated it on a cooking program on TV, and I wrote it all down. Last week we had *fettuccine al Alfredo,* which was described on some program by a chef just off the plane from Rome—he even brought his own cheese—and then we had cherries jubilee for dessert. Tomorrow I'm making *Stroganoff Tsar Nicholas,* and I hope it works. The man who demonstrated it on TV fled from St. Petersburg just ahead of the Bolsheviks with all his recipes, and he made it look very easy."

On Saturday afternoon we watched a football game on television. I had always watched football from a chilly perch high in the stadium, where I got only a general idea of the action. I could follow the more obvious maneuvers executed by the tiny figures far below—punts and passes and end runs from the plain old single-wing formation. Later, when the T formation came along, I never did know which player had the ball, and my interest lapsed.

Now the TV camera took me right into the backfield as the Hawkeyes played the Badgers, or whoever they were. (Midwestern teams are always called by their nicknames—I never did learn what universities they represented.) The backs went through motions as intricate as a Watutsi dance, and they handled the ball with a legerdemain too fast for my eye. But they did not fool my father-in-law. He pointed out the spinners, fake handoffs, and buck laterals as if he had devised them himself.



WE NEW YORKERS never regained the initiative. The folks had seen an archaeology program and knew more about the solar boat than we did, though we had been to Egypt and seen the boat itself. They were excited about the new ballet season, since somebody (was it George Balanchine?) had told them about it on a TV show. They talked about the exhibits we would soon be seeing at the Metropolitan Museum of Art and they described the new opera productions.

The weekend left us demoralized, and we wondered if we should buy a television set so that we could keep up with the Iowans. But they have too much of a head start. I'm working on another plan. I have subscribed to *Agricultural Digest* and the *Pig Breeders' Weekly.* I went to a revival of "State Fair" and took notes. I'm reading Secretary Benson's speeches and boning up on the soil bank. I'm hoping that my in-laws will watch television so much that they'll forget all they ever knew about Iowa. That's when I'll go out and tell them a thing or two about corn.

Peter F. Drucker

America Becomes a "Have-not" Nation

A leading management consultant outlines a new kind of foreign economic policy—designed for our own self-interest—to take the place of "giveaways."

FOR the last ten years, our ventures into international economics have been the most imaginative, the most novel, and the most effective part of America's foreign policy. Now, however, they are becoming stale, obsolescent, and ineffective. The Soviet countries, by a deft shift in cold war strategy, are threatening to take the economic initiative away from us all around the world—leaving us in the sterile role of imitator and defender. Clearly it is time for a change.

Fortunately the opportunity for a change is now opening up before us. In the months just ahead, we shall have a unique chance to start on a radically new foreign economic policy—a policy which not only will satisfy the hopes of the free world, but also will fit the needs and ideals of the American people.

Our old policy was, of course, focused on "the postwar emergency." It worked splendidly during the period when relief, repair, and rebuilding were the urgent needs. But this postwar job was finished several years ago—and since our program was originally designed for temporary emergencies, it has been continued on a patchwork basis from year to year to help meet various diplomatic and military crises as they came up. Neither Democratic nor Republican administrations have yet taken time to work out a permanent policy, *specifically designed to serve our own self-interest.*

Indeed, we have not had an *American* economic policy at all; we have had a "foreign aid program." Its unprecedented generosity fired the imagination of our own people. Abroad it rekindled hope, courage, and faith in the future, in a way far more important than the immediate economic impact of our help.

But the very fact that it was a program of "foreign aid" made Congress perpetually suspicious, and built up a growing opposition to "giveaways" throughout the country. Moreover, once the first emergency was past, this emphasis on "aid" was bound to breed dissatisfaction and suspicion abroad. The friends we helped were dissatisfied because nobody likes to be cast in the role of a perennial beggar. They were suspicious because they were sure there must be some hidden motive behind such generosity—that the helping hand must be the fist of "American imperialism" in disguise.

This uneasiness—both in Congress and abroad—was well founded. A foreign policy that is purely selfish is indeed a mean policy, and will come to a mean end. But a policy entirely divorced from national self-interest is equally unsound and impermanent.

There was another flaw in the old policy. It was based on an assumption of extreme economic isolation. The Marshall Plan and Point Four program both assumed—consciously or subconsciously—that the United States is economically independent of the outside world, while the outside world is extremely dependent on the United States. This was well expressed in the slogan of a few years back: "When the United States sneezes, Europe catches pneumonia." Even today most people in this country take it for granted that, economically, "America can go it alone"—indeed, that America would be better off if there were no outside world with its clamor for American handouts.

This economic isolationism is, however, no whit less dangerous in today's world than political or military isolationism would be. Worse, it

is a complete perversion of reality. In fact the outside world is daily becoming less dependent upon America; this is the meaning of the setbacks our international economic policy experienced during 1955 in Egypt, Indonesia, and Latin America. Moreover, the United States is daily becoming more dependent upon the outside world—in particular, upon the raw-material producing countries.

It can be said quite bluntly that international economic relations are the Achilles' heel of the American economy. Our ability to solve the tremendous problems of our dependence on foreigners will very largely determine the rate of expansion of our economy during the next generation. For the painful truth is that our basic long-range position in the international economy is not one of strength, but one of great potential weakness.

The overriding need of the American economy will be to find a supply of raw materials to keep our industrial machine going. And a rapidly increasing amount of these raw materials will have to come from abroad.

Our own cupboard—once bountifully stuffed with raw materials—already has been emptied much more than most of us realize. The Mesabi iron range, once the world's greatest source of ore, is almost gone; and we are shipping in ore to feed our steel mills from Canada, South America, and Africa. Crude oil, which we used to export in floods, now has to be imported in increasing amounts. Other raw materials which are indispensable for our defense and our daily living—bauxite for aluminum, manganese, nickel, wood pulp, chrome, and a dozen others—all come largely from outside our borders. Within fifteen or twenty years, we may well be the major "have-not" country in the world.

To be sure, we will still supply all of our own needs in food and clothing, and most of our needs for shelter. It is also true that some other industrial nations will have to import an even larger share of their raw-material supplies than we do. But our per-capita import needs will be as large as those of any other country; and our total volume of imports probably will be as big as that of several of the great industrial countries of Western Europe lumped together. Today we have only about 10 per cent of the earth's population —but we are using up about 50 per cent of the entire world output of raw materials. Obviously our standard of living—and especially our rate of growth—will become increasingly dependent on our ability to get the raw materials we need.

This of course is not a new conclusion. It was reached by the Paley Commission appointed by President Truman in 1951. But the Paley Commission seriously underrated both the speed of American economic expansion and the rate at which our demand for raw materials will grow. For instance, it expected American power needs to double within the next twenty-five years; but the Federal Power Commission—a rather conservative body, judging by its past performance —now expects our use of power by 1980 to be four times our present power consumption. Furthermore, developments of the last five years have shown that raw-material needs increase a great deal faster than production and consumption. In fact they might be said—though the statistical evidence is not altogether conclusive—to increase twice as fast.

A SET OF SPECIFICATIONS

EVEN more important is the fact that the Paley Commission concerned itself exclusively with U. S. requirements. It assumed that the rest of the world would remain unchanged. But raw-material demands are increasing even faster outside the United States—in the rapidly expanding industries of Western Europe, in the countries behind the Iron Curtain, and, above all, in the rapidly industrializing nations of Latin America, Australia, Asia, and Africa. In the absence of a world-wide catastrophe, we must assume that the demand for industrial raw materials outside of the United States will continue to grow faster than here, and that twenty years from now the United States will find itself in tough competition for all such imports.

How large our imports needs will be in ten or twenty years cannot be estimated with any accuracy. But it is reasonable to guess that, in order to double our national income within the next fifteen to twenty years—the assumption on which most economists base their forecasts and most business companies their capital investments—we will have to import the equivalent of at least a quarter of our total industrial production. We will have to pay for these imports with equivalent exports—which would mean increasing our exports four times over their present level.

This leads to four major conclusions about the basic aims of a new American economic policy.

First of all, it will have to be a policy that will make it possible for us to ***increase exports*** fast enough to pay our international bills. We still assume that it is the ability of foreign countries to obtain dollars that limits our exports—and

nothing else. It would be safer to base our policy on the assumption that, within a decade, the dollar shortage of yesterday will have disappeared, and that our main problem will be how to earn enough foreign exchange to pay for our imports. The first goal of our new policy, therefore, must be to make the United States capable of selling in a competitive world market, and to make it possible for our potential customers to buy our goods in large volume.

The second aim must be an ***expansion of raw-material production throughout the world.*** Productive capacity for industrial raw materials, adequate to the world needs of tomorrow, simply does not now exist—even if the needs of the rapidly industrializing countries of the Soviet orbit are completely (and short-sightedly) left out of the calculation.

We cannot expect—as did the Paley Report by implication—that this country can obtain a very much larger share of the world's supply of industrial raw materials at the expense of our friends and allies in the Free World. This not only would be politically undesirable, since it would inevitably destroy our foreign alliances and would produce the "cannibalistic conflict of the Imperialists" on which Soviet policy banks. It simply is not possible. In the event of a real shortage of raw materials, the supplier countries are bound to use whatever they produce for their own growing industries, rather than to stunt their own growth for the sake of the American economy.

The third goal for a permanent international economic policy must obviously be ***to harmonize our own self-interest with the aspirations and interests of the peoples of the Free World.*** Increasingly we will be dependent on their willingness to be closely integrated with the American economy. This co-operation cannot be forced, and it cannot be bought. It has to be earned, through a policy that clearly and imaginatively merges together the openly avowed self-interest of America and the national self-interest of our partners.

Finally such a policy must ***strengthen the Free World socially and politically***—that is, it must symbolize its beliefs and values, and must express the reality of responsible American leadership.

There is one—and only one—policy that will answer all these requirements. That is for America to take the lead in promoting the rapid economic growth—and especially the rapid industrial growth—of the raw-material producing countries.

The simplest way to illustrate this is to contrast India and Switzerland. India—with almost 400,000,000 inhabitants and with a fair supply of dollar exchange supplied primarily by American aid—buys less from the United States and sells less to the United States than Switzerland. Yet Switzerland has less than 5,000,000 people and is completely independent of American aid. In other words, it is industrial production and economic well-being that create the need for imports, the purchasing power to buy them, and the capacity to produce exports to pay for them. If India could double her miserably low standard of living, both her industrial imports and her raw-material exports might well increase tenfold. But India can double her standard of living only by rapid industrialization.

What is true of India is true of all the other pre-industrial countries, which are the main sources of our raw-material.

The rapid industrialization of the countries that produce raw materials is, therefore, the very best investment the United States can make in its own economic future. It is, moreover, the foremost ambition of these countries themselves. And it is a job which the United States—both because we were ourselves a "raw-material producing country" only a few short decades ago and because we are the leading industrial society today—should be pre-eminently fitted to make our very own.

RECIPE FOR GROWTH

WE HAVE learned a good deal about economic growth these last few years—so much that we can say now what it requires.

We do not, indeed, yet have anything that could be called an adequate theory of economic growth; the last annual meeting of the American Economic Association at Christmas 1955 was, in fact, largely devoted to bemoaning the absence of any such theory. But at least we know that the old assumptions once accepted by both economists and businessmen were all wrong.

The essential thing is not that an economy is "backward" or "underdeveloped," as even President Truman still assumed when he announced the Point Four program. The real point is that an economy has to have a potential of growth. (The sooner we rid our language of such terms as "backward" and "underdeveloped," the more successful our policy will be. In addition to being misleading, they are condescending to the point of insult.) Any sound policy must aim at the *economic self-development of "growth" countries.*

This is important not only because it makes possible a positive approach, instead of the "cavity-filling" and "trouble-shooting" approach of a program of "aid to underdeveloped areas." Above all it makes possible systematic planning with clear priorities—the method we have learned to use with conspicuous success in large-scale business. In fact, some of the disciplines developed in the last few years for the analysis of business decisions—such as, for instance, Operations Research and Synthesis—seem singularly applicable in diagnosing opportunities of a "growth economy."

We also know that economic development is not a slow, continuous process, but one of leapfrogging. It does not proceed step-by-step, but in "break-throughs." And it is not exclusively—maybe not even primarily—an economic process; it also involves a deep cultural and social change—a change in values, habits, knowledge, attitudes, ways of life, social ideals, and aspirations.

Most important of all, we have learned what a country needs to make these changes—with the minimum of social, political, and cultural upheaval. There are three main requirements:

(1) ***A demand for investment capital*** must be created. Traditional economic theory assumed that the supply of investment capital determined whether a country would grow industrially, and how fast. But we have now found that a pre-industrial country usually has more capital than investment opportunities. Capital by itself is sterile; and its lack, while painful, is rarely an absolute bar to growth. But opportunities for investment—that is, for risk-taking, productive enterprise—are economic lifeblood.

(2) ***"Multiplier industries"*** must be created. These are the industries that will set off economic chain reactions, thus producing industrial skill, activity, and enterprise out of all proportion to their own size. We even know that there are four categories of such "multiplier industries" and that for maximum growth a country needs a balanced diet of all four.

There are "spectaculars," such as our Western railroads in the second half of last century, or the TVA in the thirties. In themselves, these are almost always "uneconomic," indeed wasteful; but they have a major impact because they so visibly symbolize the "new age" with its new possibilities of conquering nature, its values, and its new horizons.

There are community services—transportation facilities and power supply above all—which create an integrated economy out of fragmented and isolated districts.

There are service industries to make effective the two kinds of demand needed to move forward the wheels of an industrial economy: (a) a distribution system to create consumer demand, and (b) a credit system to create effective investment demand. For example, the revolutionary impact of a few Sears-Roebuck stores on the economic development of Mexico, Brazil, and Colombia cannot be exaggerated. By U. S. standards their total sales volume is almost negligible. Yet, these stores have put into business a host of new, home-owned and home-managed manufacturing industries. They have opened new careers and created new standards of industrial technology and industrial management. They have pushed up productivity—and with it wages and purchasing power. Finally they are forcing the entire retail system where they operate to change from selling at high profit and in low volume, to low-profit, high-volume merchandising for a homogeneous mass-market.

And—the fourth "multiplier" category—at different times and places, different manufacturing industries have a "multiplier" effect. In Monterey, Mexico—one of the fastest-growing and most modern industrial areas in this hemisphere—a brewery apparently served as the first multiplier through its demands for bottles, bottle caps, trucks, and so on. In our own Southeast, tire-making and automobile assembly seem to have had this effect of "multiplying" economic growth—an effect which was not produced at an earlier stage either by the textile industry or by the huge but economically "inert" steel mills of Birmingham, Alabama.

(3) The most important requirement of rapid industrial growth is ***people.*** People trained to be entrepreneurs, managers, marketers, investment and commercial bankers, engineers, geologists, and technicians of many varieties. People ready to welcome the challenge of economic change and the opportunities in it. People, above all, who are dedicated to the economic development of their country, and to high standards of honesty, competence, knowledge, and performance. What are needed beyond all else are leadership and example; and that only the right kind of people can provide.

Any policy that tries to supply money or facilities, without at the same time providing people in quantity and in quality, must inevitably fail. It may even do harm. And the people must emerge fast; the entire pre-industrial world is in a ferment—is eagerly, almost explosively, looking to economic progress as its road to salvation. If American international economic policy does

not succeed in developing the trained and dedicated people whom the "growth" countries need, they will look elsewhere for the answers and for the leadership.

ARE WE "IMPERIALISTS"?

TO A considerable extent, this is a matter of providing skills—in accounting, in industrial engineering, in metallurgy, or in management. But skills are not enough; they are not even the main thing. For the real challenge is to capture the vision and the energies of the young trained people in each country—the young people who are eager to lead and to serve . . . who want to do something great with their lives, and who aspire to no mean end. These men will have to learn skills, of course; for without skills dedication and zeal are futile. But they will not be satisfied with skills alone. Nor should they be. (The Communists learned this long ago; that is why they specialize in zeal.)

The extent to which industrial growth satisfies these people will decide how fast and how successfully a country grows, and also whether this growth will lead it into full membership in the Free World or toward the totalitarian abyss.

All growth countries require two things to develop the people they need. They require something that is intellectually and aesthetically satisfying: an organized body of knowledge—that is, a discipline of entrepreneurship and management. And they require social and moral principles of business conduct which a good man can respect, and on which he can build self-respect.

The main grievance which the pre-industrial world has against the Europeans is that they have failed, during their century of economic leadership, to produce native leaders who could guide the modern industrial development of their own countries. This is, at bottom, what an Indonesian means when he talks about "Western economic imperialism." It is a legitimate grievance. For such people are the only enduring resource of a society.

If our new international economic policy fails to stimulate the self-development of the kind of people needed in the growth countries, it cannot succeed. It will then be regarded—no matter how noble and unselfish our intentions, or how open our pocketbook—as just another device of the "colonialist" and "exploiter." But if the development of trained and dedicated people is made a clear priority, then our new policy may well succeed in building a co-operative and productive world economy—the kind of economy on which our own prosperity (if not survival) increasingly depends.

Fortunately this is the one part of the job where we are somewhat ahead. Marshall Plan and Point Four—though almost by accident in the beginning—put heavy emphasis on the development of people. We called it Technical Assistance and we talked about "know-how." Yet both the foreign businessmen who came here as members of Productivity Teams, and the American businessmen who have been going abroad on Productivity Missions learned that it is not techniques and gadgets that really matter. What do matter are intellectual discipline and an ethical attitude toward the job to be done. They learned fast that the real "secret" of American economic strength is respect for human beings as the basic resource—rather than a concept of "labor" as a "cost"—and the use of people as a social, intellectual, moral, and spiritual resource, rather than as a purely economic one.

As a result every country—even those truly "underdeveloped" countries, such as France, which are frozen in an antiquated form of European capitalism—has a fairly large number of people in business and industry who are eager, who are reaching out, who are ready to assume leadership. They are the real capital resource of the Free World; and each one is worth a regiment. This country today has hundreds, if not several thousands, of businessmen and managers who are "graduates" of Marshall Plan and Point-Four work. And there are, in every country—from India to Peru—men in native industry who have developed for themselves the knowledge, the skills, the integrity, and the dedication needed: men who can easily hold their own against our best. But these resources are no more than the "raw material." To build a "product" from them, a purposeful and imaginative American economic policy is needed.

WHAT IT WILL TAKE

SUCH a policy will first require a change in our attitude toward the international economy. Our participation in the industrial development of the growth countries would have to be regarded as an investment in our own economic future, rather than as "aid to foreigners."

It will require a long-range commitment—for ten or twenty years—not necessarily to any specific amount of money, but to the principles of the program. It will also require, however, a fair amount of money—to finance "spectaculars" such as the Aswan dam in Egypt; to provide

services such as transportation, power, and irrigation projects; and to insure American investors against currency and expropriation risks. We must also recognize that rapidly industrializing countries occasionally suffer sudden economic upsets, such as the ones that trouble Turkey and Brazil today (and troubled the U. S. in 1837, 1873, and 1894). Quick short-term financial help, though in fairly small amounts, is sometimes needed to prevent such an upset stomach from turning into a wasting disease.

We shall also have to contribute American help to diagnose growth opportunities and plan economic development. We shall have to contribute knowledge, advice, technical assistance, and educational facilities. And finally we shall have to contribute people of our own.

This is to a considerable degree a job for the federal government. The government will have to raise whatever money is needed, whether in the form of loans or of grants. It will have to negotiate the agreements with foreign countries under which the policy operates. (To be effective, this has to be a truly co-operative policy, carried out in partnership with the growth countries, and separate from any program of short-range emergency relief or military alliance.)

The other industrially developed countries of the Free World—Western Europe, Japan, and Australia—should be encouraged to join in a policy that is as much in the interest of their survival as it is in ours. And as soon as growth countries emerge industrially, they should become associated as leaders with the international development program. This would make the policy truly co-operative, rather than purely American. Moreover, the experience gained and the people available in such recent growth areas as Turkey, Puerto Rico, São Paulo, or Bombay are particularly useful and should be tapped.

The government also will have to work out the conditions under which an American business investing abroad might become eligible for re-insurance against the risks of expropriation and currency devaluation. (Criteria might be, for instance: Is the investment in a growth country? Is it in an industry which is relatively new to the country and which is still, technologically or in its capital requirements, beyond the reach of local businessmen? Does it save the country several times the foreign exchange for imports that is required to service the capital investment? Is it a "multiplier" industry? Does it have an organized program for training local people within a reasonable period for managerial and technical positions?) And of course the government would also have to serve as the co-ordinator for the entire program—indeed the International Co-operation Administration would have to be made a permanent governmental agency.

But this is not a job government could, or should, do alone. A major—a very major—part of it will have to be done by the American companies operating abroad. Far too many of them still reserve their managerial and technical jobs for Americans and Europeans—though in Latin America the oil companies, the Grace interests, and Sears are shining exceptions. Far too many also follow managerial practices in their foreign subsidiaries they would never tolerate at home.

Finally this is a job for all American business and managers (and in large measure for American labor leaders). It is a job they will find hard. The systematic knowledge of entrepreneurship and management, which they will have to exemplify and to teach, is barely in its beginning in this country, and is yet to be acquired even in its rudiments by most of our businessmen. And the social and moral principles, which they will have to practice and to convey, are still preachments for many of them.

It is a job that will require time, effort, and humility. Yet, performance of this job will decide whether the manager is worthy of the leadership role our "business society" has entrusted to him. It may also decide whether this "business society" of ours can survive.

Above all, a responsible policy, adequate to our own needs and focused on the rapid self-development of the growth countries, will require imaginative, bold leadership at the very top. In the Point Four program—and in the parallel Technical Assistance program of the United Nations—we have a foundation of experience, achievement, and dedication. In President Eisenhower's current proposal to put "foreign aid" on a long-term basis we have made the first step toward an effective policy. Prominent groups, such as the Committee for Economic Development, are demanding sharp increases in foreign aid, especially to the Near East and Asia. But much of this is still "foreign aid," still conceived as an answer to Communist pressure rather than as a basic long-range American need and self-interest.

Nine years ago, with a few quiet words spoken on a summer afternoon, George Catlett Marshall—appealing to the heads and hearts of his countrymen rather than to their pocketbooks—created a new vision for America and changed the fate of Western Europe. The danger today may be even greater. But so is the opportunity.

By WALTER KERR

Drawings by Arthur Marokvia

THE BEST theater season in years



FOR some seven or eight seasons past, the Broadway theater had seemed to be growing worse and worse, in quality, quantity, and take-home pay. Everybody and his agent was worried. Finally, beginning in early October of last year and sailing right through the winter holidays, a good season declared itself. Now as spring comes on, everybody's *really* worried.

There's nothing like an unexplained series of hits to send panic racing through the very nervous nervous system of Broadway. The first wave of successes—"Tiger at the Gates," "The Diary of Anne Frank," "The Chalk Garden"—had barely hit the beach when apprehension stirred in a thousand hearts. Something had gone wrong, a trap had been laid somewhere, the gods were making men proud that they might the more easily make them mad.

With the second barrage—"No Time for Sergeants," "The Lark," "The Matchmaker"—box-office treasurers across the town could be heard muttering, "Too many hits, too many hits," as they hired an extra man to scrape money off the floor. By the time "A Hatful of Rain," "The Great Sebastians," "Janus," and "Time Limit!" had come in to glowing notices, and even such middle-runners as "The Desk Set" and "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?" were showing signs of spiting their detractors, the hand that had a fingernail left on it or that could hold a cigar match steady was nowhere to be seen.

If the earlier years of persistent failure had produced a great thrashing-about in an effort to explain the failure, this new year of grace was going to be more feverish still in its passionate anxiety to explain success. Tribal law has it that if you can't explain something it will bite you.

Some authorities steadied themselves by quietly announcing that the whole thing was a snare and a delusion. One producer I know still maintains that nothing, nothing at all, has happened. In his view the quality of the season is exactly average but, by a curious coincidence, every manager in town rushed his hottest prospects in early, hoping to avoid the traditional Christmas jam-up; thus the treasures of the year were unloaded early in the year, creating an entirely artificial atmosphere of exceptional health. Another producer has outlined for me, in crisp detail, his reassuring conviction that the hits aren't hits: few of them are doing absolute capacity, not more than three will survive the summer, by early June we'll have a nice, clear picture of how badly off we really are. A third has decided not to produce anything until the scare blows over; no wallowing around in unstable prosperity for *him*. So are the demons exorcised.

There are those, of course, who want to be told that they may hope. They drop on one knee, arms extended, calling out, "Say you believe!" with heart-breaking fervor; just the least bit of reassurance is going to convince them that Tinker Bell is alive and well again. And then there are those who *do* believe, who feel that the

present season represents an actual advance in quality over the seven or eight previous years and that the advance has been made where the advance was most needed—in the level of writing.

I count myself among these optimists, for two reasons. The first has nothing to do with hits; it rests on the flops. An accumulation of hits may always be an accident; but when the flops aren't so bad that they drive you right smack out of your mind, something new has been added. The season's *lowest* level is much higher than usual; and that, I think, is the telltale sign.

With the possible exception of "Island of Goats," which took place in a mill-house and did grind you slowly to death, the season has been free of those ventures that make you feel that Thespis, the authors of "Gorboduc," and Agatha Christie have all lived in vain and that the rudimentary principles of drama have yet to be discovered. "The Young and Beautiful" was a failure; it failed not for want of play-making wit and character wisdom but because it refused the compromise of a little commercial warmth. "A View from the Bridge" will probably be classed as a financial failure; it represented an impressive experiment in tragic scale for Arthur Miller. When the losses of a season include "A Day by the Sea," "Red Roses for Me," or even the insistently penitential "Wooden Dish," failure takes on a slightly different meaning.

THE second reason for cheer exists, in a way, apart from the plays, and seems to be having an effect on them. It is an atmosphere, a mental attitude—one of almost complacent confidence. In other years a producer literally perspired as he signed a contract to produce a play, sure in his heart that he was out of his head; he gathered his staff about him with a grim sense of fatality, wondering if he had any right to send these kids up in that crate; finally bringing a show into town was a matter of giving up, exposing oneself helplessly to a game of Russian roulette in which survival itself was an accident. See how our producers are behaving *this* season: as though success were something that could be intelligently created—and out of the most difficult materials imaginable.

Take Kermit Bloomgarden. He did not wilt under the knowledge that no Jean Anouilh play had ever been commercially—or even critically—profitable on Broadway. He didn't detect a further grisly omen in the fact that an apparently satisfactory Christopher Fry translation of Anouilh's latest play had collapsed in London. He seems to have asked himself: what would a *workman* do in the circumstances? He then went on to persuade Lillian Hellman to write still another adaptation of "The Lark," organized an impeccable company to play it, and marched the piece into New York to delirious notices.

Or take Irene Selznick. Caught out of town with what out-of-towners considered an eccentric, willful, and utterly doomed project, she refused to compromise "The Chalk Garden" by forcibly reshaping it into something conventional. Some secret instinct told her that the play's eccentricity was really its individuality, that its willfulness was its very personality, that an audience could be made to respect and enjoy whatever was rigidly itself. She won. The list of successes that were not so much gamblers' winnings as craft achievements could be extended to include "Tiger at the Gates" (it is supposed to be illegal for Christopher Fry to make money in New York), "The Diary of Anne Frank" (the Nazis *again*?), "The Matchmaker" (a slight revision of that perennial no-good "The Merchant of Yonkers"), and "A Hatful of Rain" (but is dope-addiction *popular*?). Indeed, if the season has one characteristic more marked than another it is that the candidates least likely to succeed are in armed possession of the town. But my purpose in enlarging this second point is not to praise producers. It is to suggest that they have heard something: a sound in the wings, a come-hither note on a very low flute that says, in effect, "It's *possible;* do it." Not that the words have ever been precisely formed, or the results guaranteed. It's more like waking up in the morning with the unearned but perfectly relaxed feeling that everything is going to go all right on this particular day, and then having everything go all right simply because you were sure it would. By some subterranean knitting process, a nerve has been restored.



Suppose all this happy-talk is true. Prosperity is still going to burst like a bubble, the entrail-readers feel, unless someone discovers a *reason* for it. If a cause can be named, the present gentle breezes may blow right on into next season and

the season after that. *Then* a man could look forward, and buy a new suit of clothes.

The most likely explanation for our unexpected sense of well-being that I have heard advanced by the optimist camp is a social-political one. Minds were tightening up a couple of years ago under the pressures of what is most generally called McCarthyism; the creative processes were constricted, playwrights were afraid to be right. With the at least temporary collapse of McCarthyism less than two years ago—this argument runs—the bung was pulled out of a long-sealed cask of



excellent wine. We are now enjoying its bouquet.

There is something to be said for the argument. Certainly the clearer air has expanded our appetites: it isn't likely that "Red Roses for Me," a long-available play by the mildly, romantically pink Sean O'Casey, would have been taken from the "reserve" shelf three years ago; as a matter of fact, it *wasn't* taken from the "reserve" shelf three years ago, though people had been promising its production for years. It is doubtful that a play like "Time Limit!" or the unsuccessful "Innkeepers" would have seen the light of day in a darker daytime. And it is perfectly obvious that the theater—like the other arts, but perhaps even more sensitively than the other arts—always takes something of its character, and even something of its quality, from what may be called the general cultural climate. Successful periods in the playhouse do owe something to what is going on outside the playhouse.

But there is a problem. McCarthyism was televised into what one hopes is nirvana in 1954. "Tiger at the Gates" was written in 1935, "The Matchmaker" is a rewrite of thinking that was done in 1933, "The Chalk Garden" took its first rough form in 1951, the original work on "The Lark" was begun in August of '52. Even "Inherit the Wind"—which has a few loud words to say about the right to think—was in process as early as 1949. Discounting the plays that have been lying in wait forever, the body of the season's work dates back three or four years: too many of the most representative winners were too far along for Joseph Welch to have inspired them. In addition, there is a theatrical fact-of-life to be dealt with: insofar as a season reflects a social impulse, it *must* reflect an impulse generated three or four years earlier—it just takes that long to get plays written, rewritten, and produced.

KEEPING firmly on the political-social track, did anything happen three or four years ago that might account for a change in our writing and producing habits? Maybe. (Obviously, I'm going to have my own shot at entrail-reading; why not?) It occurs to me that it was approximately four, perhaps five, years ago that we, as a society, decided to stop acting and start contemplating.

The 1952 elections have always fascinated me, probably, I suppose, because I guessed them exactly wrong. We had just come through a time—and twenty years is quite a time—of necessary exertion, utter dedication to immediate problems that *had* to be solved: a depression, a recession, two wars, a wobbling world. Here was Adlai Stevenson telling us that we had to work harder than ever: that we must deal promptly with the incredible complexity of Asia, among other things. "We must *do*," said Mr. Stevenson, "and we must do it *now*." And here was Dwight D. Eisenhower promising us that we could relax, that we wouldn't have to do anything important, that he himself would interfere as little as possible, and that anything unpleasant we were already doing could be swiftly stopped. It was Eisenhower, by a technical knockout. I now believe, with stunning hindsight, that President Eisenhower precisely fitted a state of mind, corresponded both in his personality and in his political philosophy to a national desire and indeed a national determination to pause.

I'm not prepared, or even equipped, to say whether this determination was politically sound

or unsound, whether it was an evasive and very risky siesta taken at a time when time was of the essence, or a kind of Toynbeean "withdrawal-and-return" sensibly calculated to refresh us and to replenish our store of wisdom. Someday we'll know.

But from a narrowly aesthetic point of view, the decision could not help but be helpful. A time of contemplation, provided it is not the navel-contemplation of a petrifying society, is always good for art. "Contemplation" may seem a strange, an exaggerated, word for the mental process we are going through. But it simply means that we have, for the moment, desisted from our urgent manipulation of the world, our *use* of the world, our obligation to work it over, and chosen simply to look at it—no doubt in the hope that we may learn to like it again. (It might be mentioned in passing that the condition we are talking about is not wholly local; at roughly the same time that Stevenson was being told to wait awhile, the Labor party was getting the lie-low sign in Britain, and in France anyone who threatened to do *anything* was hurriedly done out of a job.)

The artist is, of course, essentially a man who looks, then points a finger and cries "See?" When he realizes that other people are willing to look with him, he feels better. He may have, during the time of national anguish when it was imperative that every man do his bit, done his bit: he may have propagandized, journalized, patriotized, or even killed time meaninglessly for men on furlough. But he will have known all along that this was not his best function, that the work done in the name of action was only transitory work, that he was really just biding his time and waiting for a little signal that said, "We have a moment now, if you wish to speak to us." Given the moment, he expands, trots out the treasures that have pleased him most, counts on an ear that is not half-cocked in another direction, purrs over the possibility of full and subtle attention. Since his most precious work is now worth doing, he does it better. It may seem a reach to relate a good year on Broadway to a sigh that escaped us four years ago, but it may be just that sigh that has reached us. For good or ill or long or short we may be reaping the benefits of a calculated breathing-space.

All very well. Apart from the curious aesthetic confidence we seem to feel in the air, are there any small signs in the plays themselves of this contemplative bent? Possibly one. I keep imagining, as I watch the season's plays and read the season's novels, that we have shifted the angle from which we try to view the human personality. For a very long time, while sociology was rampant, we were inclined to treat the human personality as a factor in an equation, as a kind of useful and definable statistic. The boys and girls in "Dead End" were rich or poor and pretty much known by their richness or poorness. The men and women in "There Shall Be No Night" were quite at the mercy of their politics; when their politics changed a bit, as they did during the run of the play, their personalities trotted right along without a quibble. The folk in "The Bad Seed" were troubled folk; but a genealogical chart completely accounted for their troubles by inheritance.



Suddenly we have dropped the blueprints and become fascinated by the human personality as a mystery.

Anouilh may have sounded the first clear trumpet note of a slightly new dawn in his by now much-quoted preface to "The Lark." Anouilh announced that he had not the slightest intention of trying to explain Joan of Arc, certainly not as a "social, political, and military" phenomenon:

"The persistent effort of so-called modern minds to explain mysteries is, in any case, one of the most naïve and foolish activities indulged in by the puny human brain since it became overstocked with shallow political and scientific notions, and can yield nothing, in the long run, but the nostalgic satisfaction of the small boy who discovers at last that his mechanical duck was made up of two wheels, three springs, and a screw. The little boy holds in his hands three springs, two wheels, and a screw, objects which are doubtless reassuring, but he has lost his mechanical duck, and he has usually not found an explanation."

This is not just Anouilh being flippant. It is Enid Bagnold writing "The Chalk Garden," too. We meet a woman who says she is a governess. We look at her in governess-profile. It is gradually hinted that she may be a murderess. We look at her in murderess-profile. Both profiles are interesting: in themselves, for themselves, for

the contradiction they pose. But we never do put the two profiles together into a face. We never do know what the woman is. We are content to be baffled, so long as we can look in awe.

Watch that very strange father in "A Hatful of Rain." Subordinate characters in a play are usually swiftly ticketed, got out of the way of the more complex principals. But is this one truly righteous, a justly demanding parent? Is he, as the second act seems to suggest, terribly in need of his children's love? Or is he, in the changing mirror of the third act, the brutal cause of one son's agony? I'm never sure; but I'm interested. I'm interested in the brother in the same play: passionately betraying the family honor at one moment, just as passionately salvaging it the next. Who *was* that girl in "The Young and Beautiful"—a shallow little flirt or a premature woman with a hole in her heart?

Pick up a novel like Anthony West's *Heritage* and run the course again. A child looks at his estranged and disparate parents and seems to give them identities. A very short time later he looks again and revises those identities. At the end of the book the revision is still going on; there are no summaries. Dramatists and novelists have always delighted in displaying facets of character, as Chekhov did or as Tennessee Williams did when he created the mother in "The Glass Menagerie." But the facets were normally polarized, they added up to a stable entity: the mother in "The Glass Menagerie" is a bundle of oddly different qualities, but she is all of them at once, she *is* their sum from the beginning and she remains precisely the figure we have known—monotonously, almost—right down to the final curtain. What is just a bit different right now is our transparent, quite happy, willingness to stare at an object without forcing ourselves to evaluate it, without insisting that we know it absolutely and in a hurry. Our new habit of mind, if it is one, may be called contemplative because it doesn't ask for an answer—just for temporary permission to wonder. We wonder about the character, and the character tends to become a wonder.

People are not quite the automatons we thought them, the automatons that the consumers-research bureaus still think them. If they are mysterious, that may be a good sign: there may be resources here that one had not counted on, man himself may be something of a miracle and not all miracles need be machine-made. Machines keep breaking down; is there something else to place one's faith in? It's always possible that this is the kind of reassurance we needed when we sat down to our overdue cakes and ale.

Too sanguine a view? Probably. But the present upswing on Broadway does not have an end-of-an-era frenzy about it, a frantic dedication to gaiety on the brink. It's a little too reflective, a shade too substantial and calmly inquisitive, for that.

GILBERT HIGHET

HORACE TO TIBULLUS (*Carmina* 1.33, in the original meter)

NOW don't overindulge grief for your lost coquette,
my poor comrade, and don't publish lugubrious
dark-blue dirges for love, endlessly asking why
    she broke faith, took a younger man.
See how Audrey—a rare beauty with clustered curls—
burns for David; and he yearns for the arrogant
Eileen; yet we shall see slavering mountain wolves
    mate with delicate fallow deer
far, far sooner than Eileen will indulge his lust.
Cruel Love always conjoins two inappropriate
hearts, minds, bodies in one pair of unbroken chains:
    Love does relish a savage joke.
I too, though a liaison with a kinder girl
was quite possible, still clung to my cruel Sue—
slum-bred woman, and wild: stormier than the waves
    wind-whipped, lashing Atlantic rocks!

F. George Steiner

EDEN IN TROUBLE

Why the Tories are slipping and how they may climb back

WHEN Sir Anthony Eden became Prime Minister on April 6, 1955, he stepped into the shoes of a Titan, and, even harder, of a Titan who is still alive. Always in the background rumbles the organ voice of England, Sir Winston Churchill, reminding the nation which Eden seeks to govern and the Conservative party whose loyalty he must retain, of their finest hours. In order to emerge from Churchill's shadow, in which nearly all of his distinguished career had taken place, Sir Anthony called a general election in May. His courage was rewarded with a resounding victory and the Conservatives returned to the House of Commons with a strongly increased majority. For a party in power to do this counts as a nearly unprecedented feat in British politics, and it should have made the new premier master of his own ship.

But only eight months later, a cartoon in *Punch* portrayed that ship wallowing in black seas with no one at the helm. Throughout England the press was crowded with rumors of Sir Anthony's impending resignation. With cool irony the Manchester *Guardian* assured its readers that the Prime Minister would stay on as his overthrow might "discredit the government." Leaving for a holiday, Mr. R. A. B. Butler, Sir Anthony's deputy and probable successor, hinted with the air of an ancient cat that his chief was the best Prime Minister available at the moment. On January 7, Number 10 Downing Street issued a solemn announcement that Sir Anthony Eden had no intention of resigning. A shocked silence followed, for this announcement revealed that the Prime Minister was badly shaken and that the campaign against him reflected more than the rancor of malcontents within his party or the perennial desire of journalists to stir up storms in ministerial teacups.

What had brought on this crisis, this onslaught on a Prime Minister about to go to Washington and speak for Britain? A dozen issues, some of them trivial, had gathered impetus. Together they conveyed the impression that Sir Anthony Eden's government was a pallid failure. The premier appeared to govern with indecision tempered by good manners. He had the air of a man desperately afraid of unpopularity and consequently unwilling to discipline his party and his more immediate associates in the cabinet. The Churchillian thunder was gone; in its place spoke a voice of good breeding and even of intelligence. But it was a small voice indeed.

Sir Anthony has passed the major part of his life dealing with foreign policy and mastering the archaic craft of diplomatic negotiation. When he became Prime Minister, the intricate problems of home affairs, of economics and social doctrine were thrust upon him. He did his best to get interested in them and learn the jargon of the statisticians and sociologists. But to this day, dispatches from the Foreign Office are read in Downing Street with minute attention and wisdom, whereas memoranda from the Treasury tend to be received with a weary sigh. In home affairs, perhaps like President Eisenhower, Sir Anthony believes that sound staff work by expert subordinates can be substituted for command decisions at the top. Postwar Britain, however, is a land passing through a social and economic revolution, and home issues are the front line of politics. On them, the Conservative government must, in the final analysis, prove its worth. So far, it has shown that discretion can also be the lesser part of valor.

On minor issues it has succeeded in making rather major errors. The government decided to ban the import of heroin in order to fight drug addiction. A storm of medical and expert opposi

tion compelled it to change its announced policy at the last moment. Then, after letting it be understood that it opposed the ridiculous rule which prevents British radio and television from discussing political issues within fourteen days of their being debated in Parliament, the government grew timid and shelved its proposed amendment. Despite numerous admissions that England's roads are among the most crowded and inadequate in Europe, the development program put forward by the Eden cabinet was feeble and makeshift.

But all these were small setbacks. They could not have undermined a government with a majority of sixty members in the House of Commons. The decisive blunder was the emergency budget presented in October.

In the spring, before the elections, Mr. Butler, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, had asserted cheerily that the British economy was in sound shape and that the classical monetary weapons—high interest rates and a squeeze on credit—would be sufficient to meet the threat of inflation. This optimism was probably the greatest single factor contributing to the Conservative victory at the polls. But by autumn things looked very different: the cost of living was rising steadily and Britain's balance of trade—the symbol of its economic survival—was dangerously out of tilt. The government resolved to present a special budget, but what emerged from Mr. Butler's red dispatch case was too weak to stem the tide of inflation and too harsh to please either the country at large or the more light-headed Conservatives.

While doing little to reduce government expenditures, the Chancellor raised existing purchase taxes and imposed new ones on household utensils. Now it is reasonable to try to cut imports and spending by discouraging people from buying a new Rolls Royce or a second fur coat; it is plain silly to do so by taxing mops. The "pots and pans" budget not only brought Hugh Gaitskell to power in the Labor party, it also showed the disunity and sense of frustration prevailing in Conservative ranks.

LOSING FACE ABROAD

THAT Sir Anthony Eden's grasp of domestic affairs has proved mediocre is disappointing but not altogether unexpected. The government's inferior performance in foreign policy is another matter. The new Prime Minister came to Downing Street with a formidable reputation: he was the diplomat *par excellence,* the tireless negotiator in a score of conferences at and below the summit, the man whose tact and subtle insight into world affairs made him the potential mediator between East and West. And that role of mediation is precisely the one Englishmen cherish when they admit to themselves that they are no longer one of the two world giants. But now that he is Prime Minister, Sir Anthony seems to have lost his magic touch.

Cyprus is the darkest stain on the Conservative shield. In 1954, the British government sought to show that the whole problem was really one of Greco-Turkish relations. This deft misreading of the facts succeeded in bringing on a quarrel between Athens and Ankara which has damaged NATO's Balkan flank. But it did not succeed for a moment in convincing the Cypriots that they should tolerate British occupation and the rule of military force. The truth is that Cyprus is Britain's last major base in the Middle East and Sir Anthony and his government will fight hard to keep it. The only genuine solution is self-determination for the island in exchange for Britain's right to lease bases—the kind of thing the United States does all over the world. But with every new outbreak of violence, this solution is becoming more remote. Once again, colonialism is fighting a futile, violent rear-guard action, while at home the British conscience grows more troubled.

In the rest of the Middle East, too, the Eden record has been one of reverses. Egypt has purchased arms from behind the Iron Curtain or has managed to obtain British tanks although the government promised that none would be exported. Israel has angrily rejected Sir Anthony's offer of mediation. The pro-Western administration in Jordan was overthrown by palace intrigue and mob rule, and the result has been a swift advance of Communist interests in what had been a fief of Whitehall diplomacy.

Wherever the average Englishman looked last December, his country's prestige and foreign influence seemed on the wane. This, combined with dissatisfaction on the home front, brought great pressure to bear on Downing Street. Sir Anthony was strongly urged to reshuffle the cabinet he had inherited from the Churchill era. A few months earlier, such a move might have done much to increase Conservative prestige and popular confidence. Carried out in the midst of difficulties, it only intensified the impression that the premier was not up to the demands of his office.

What Eden did was to change Chancellors of the Exchequer in the mid-stream of inflation. On December 20, Mr. Butler was replaced,

against his own wishes, at a moment when Britain's gold and dollar reserves had fallen by yet another $163 million and before the measures taken in the autumn budget could show even small results. The reasons for Mr. Butler's removal were imperative but disturbing. Sir Anthony had decided to make of Mr. Butler a kind of Sherman Adams in Parliament. Unfamiliar with economic problems and worried lest his uncertain health be impaired by the strain of continual presence in the Commons, the Prime Minister made Mr. Butler a deputy premier, with great responsibility but no definite powers on which to base it. This decision, however wise, was a revelation of weakness.

Harold Macmillan, a man of ambition, was called upon to leave the Foreign Office and replace Mr. Butler. Mr. Macmillan had long felt that a Foreign Secretary's lot was not a happy one when the Prime Minister was himself an expert on foreign affairs. There was definite friction between him and Sir Anthony on such issues as the coming visit to England of Messrs. Bulganin and Khrushchev. Nevertheless, Mr. Macmillan must have resented being replaced a month before the Washington conference and being handed Mr. Butler's unfinished business.

The rumors about Sir Anthony's excessive interference with the daily work of the Foreign Office were also partially confirmed when he chose Selwyn Lloyd to succeed Mr. Macmillan. Although Mr. Lloyd is an excellent administrator, he is not a man to disagree with Sir Anthony. The lesser cabinet changes were likewise open to criticism. Britain has been attempting to integrate its armed services along American lines, but progress has been slow. It was felt, therefore, that the Prime Minister should not have removed Mr. Lloyd from the Ministry of Defense, particularly as there have been nine changes in that office in only seven years.

As the new cabinet was announced, the same old faces reappeared in a slightly different order and the whole team looked like a group of blue-blooded club men celebrating a weary and nostalgic reunion in some Ivy League college.

After that the storm broke.

THE HARD FACTS OF HISTORY

BY LATE January, when Sir Anthony left for Washington to confer with President Eisenhower and address Congress, it had abated. Today, the premier's associates say that only a break in Sir Anthony's uncertain health or a major economic collapse could bring about his retirement from Downing Street. They sometimes forget to add that it could also be brought about by a Labor victory at the general elections —which can be postponed until 1959 but which may well take place earlier.

In order to assess the possibilities for a Labor victory and to understand the true nature of the dilemmas which nearly mastered the Eden government in January and which may threaten it again, one must realize that Britain in 1956 is a nation facing revolutionary challenges with what are, all too often, obsolete defenses.

For the first time, Britain as a nation has to work hard not merely for the luxuries but for the necessities of economic life. In the very week in which the attack was launched against the Prime Minister, something else happened that future historians will deem far more important: figures were published showing that Germany had once again become the world's third largest steel producer, behind Russia and the United States. Ten brief years after a war which left its factories a sea of rubble, Germany had outstripped England. Only a few weeks earlier, spokesmen for the British aircraft industry conceded that they were paying the tragic price of pioneers: because of the crashes of the early Comets and the consequent delays, American jet airliners were capturing the world market. In Buenos Aires or Tokyo, in Bombay or Madrid, "made in England" no longer means an assured sale—all too often it means that something labeled "made in Germany" is already on the counter.

The average Englishman is obscurely aware of this great change. But although countless politicians and experts have told him to produce more and buy less, he is unwilling to do so. Seven years of war and ten years of austerity have left him with a formidable hunger for the good things of life. He feels that the free world owes him its survival in the 1940s, so surely it owes him his long tea-breaks, his placid weekends in the back-yard garden, his leisurely pints of beer, and the millions of pounds he enjoys gambling away in football pools or at the dog-tracks. He is living better than ever before and proudly considers his standard of life, with its superb social services and extensive leisure, to be higher, in actual fact, than even that of the average American. Consequently, he is wary of overtime in the factory or late night work in the office. The life of the foundry worker in Western Germany or of the junior corporation lawyer in Wall Street seems to the ordinary Englishman not worth striving for. And in the tired wisdom which characterizes so many senior British officials and

politicians, these views play an unconscious, but essential role.

The results have been an adverse balance of trade—with the unfavorable gap between exports and imports running $5,600,000 higher this January than the monthly average for 1955—and steady inflation at home. The cost of living, which stood at an index figure of 100 in 1947, now stands at 152, and the purchasing power of the pound has declined appreciably since the change from Labor to Conservatives in October 1951.

This rise in the cost of living is the principal shadow in Sir Anthony's path. With every penny extra on the price of essential commodities, dissatisfaction grows and the man canvassing for Labor is made more welcome at the housewife's door. There is a great paradox here, for the one way to lower prices is to produce more, spend less, and exercise restraint in wage demands. Instead, the average Englishman continually spends more, drives up the prices, and then, with a mixture of surprise and indignation, launches yet another campaign for better pay.

ECONOMISTS know the real answer to this spiral, and sometimes whisper it to one another behind drawn curtains: if Britain is to work harder and spend less, if inefficient industries are to be forced under and the cost of production cut so that British goods can match German and American exports, then there must be a bout of unemployment. But what is truth in economics is suicide in politics. The England of today is committed, come what may, to full employment. The fact that there are some two and one-half million unemployed in the United States seems to the British proof that the "American way of life" is a dangerous myth. In Britain there are more jobs than hands to do them, but at a heavy price.

Because economic realities cannot be converted into practical politics, the Conservatives appear to be in something of a trap. If they choose to force prices down by restricting imports still further and by increasing taxation once again, the British workers will see no incentive for working harder and Labor will come to power on a wave of resentment. If, on the contrary, the Eden cabinet allows prices to rise and seeks to disguise the fact by granting new wage demands, Britain will price itself even further out of the international market and economic disaster will ensue. This is the central dilemma which the Conservative party must face and resolve if it is to have a political future.

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> —London *Times,* January 10, 1956.

Sir Anthony Eden and a small group of his most brilliant advisers believe that they have found the answer. Like President Eisenhower, the Prime Minister is an ardent student of atomic affairs and a fervent believer in the peaceful uses of nuclear power. As Sir Anthony sees it, Britain is moving through a decisive and exceedingly difficult quarter century between the decline of a traditional economy, based on coal, and the beginning of an atomic era. Even as Britain rose to world power on the back of the first industrial revolution, so it may once again emerge from a period of decline as the second industrial revolution of automation and nuclear fuels takes place.

British experts feel that Britain will become the world's first atom-powered country. It is a small island with abundant supplies of water; it has a large force of highly skilled labor and a long tradition in chemical engineering and complex metallurgy; it is already ahead of the United States in the design of reactors for immediate commercial use; and its atomic development program calls for the construction of a dozen power stations in the next few years. British engineers have made a virtue of the necessities of American legislation: as Congress does not permit freedom of exchange of atomic "secrets" between Washington and London, the British have had to go ahead on their own. They have not only produced an atom bomb thought to be much cheaper than its American equivalent, but they are making a hydrogen bomb.

On the eve of his departure for America, Sir Anthony made an extremely important speech to the country. In it he said:

> I am sure that the discovery of atomic power and what has followed and will follow is going to transform the whole future of the world as fully as the discovery of the steam engine 140

> years ago. In that discovery, as you will remember, we were well in the forefront, and so I am determined that our country shall be in the forefront now.

In the same speech the Prime Minister promised that all developments under what he called "the nuclear shield" would be pursued without stint or delay. Uppermost in his program are the training of more scientists and the construction of atomic installations all over England.

THE PARADOX OF THE FUTURE

IF SIR Anthony is right in his expectations, the Conservatives will break the vicious circle of inflation and adverse trade balances. Britain will become the great exporter of nuclear equipment and know-how. Its reactors and isotopes will be, in the last quarter of the twentieth century, what its steam engines and steel plate were in the nineteenth.

But in this bright vision there is also a major political threat, and Sir Anthony referred to it in courageous terms: with the second industrial revolution there is bound to come a period of heavy unemployment, of social readjustment, even of economic upheaval. This is what the British working man fears above all else, and it is on that fear that the Labor party can build its future victories. The memory of what Eden himself called "the dark and tragic years of the 1930s" burns hot in the mind of the British laborer. He has preferred to see Britain importing foreign coal—a grotesque necessity—rather than accept a handful of Italians in his mines. He fears automation, and there is no Walter Reuther among his trade-union leaders. To all too many British workers a gain in efficiency bodes a loss in employment. Sir Anthony has asked them not to be "afraid of new machines, new methods," but it is a plea which runs counter to deep instincts and memories. Paradoxically, therefore, the very revolution which the more enlightened Conservatives are striving for may bring Labor to Downing Street.

Hugh Gaitskell, the youthful leader of the Labor party, wants to be Prime Minister, but it would be unjust to suppose that he counts on social upheaval and economic crisis to realize his ambitions. Earl Attlee's successor is a moderate; he differs from his Conservative opponents on questions of method and priority rather than on fundamentals. It was the ridiculous trivia in Mr. Butler's last budget which provoked him to his most ferocious onslaught and thereby endeared him to the tougher elements in his party. But on the great issues, and they include England's atomic future, he is in agreement with Sir Anthony Eden. That is both his strength and his weakness, for like many Democrats in the United States Mr. Gaitskell must create a genuine opposition policy but at the same time take care not to alienate the middle-of-the-road voter who will swing the election.

He is finding that task no easier than Mr. Adlai Stevenson. On his left sits Aneurin Bevan, that half-extinct volcano. Barring Churchill, Bevan is the most powerful personality in British political life, and like Churchill he is a man whom only a great national disaster can bring to the helm. Mr. Bevan believes that Mr. Gaitskell and his kind are dooming the Labor party to a role of perennial opposition tempered by brief spells of pallid rule. He argues that Labor can win the next election only if it offers a genuinely different program from that put forward by the Conservatives. Since the Conservatives have moved left, Labor must move much further and become Socialist in the true sense of the word. Mr. Bevan would abolish the House of Lords, nationalize most remaining industries, and adopt a neutralist foreign policy. This may be a nonsensical program, but at least it is a program, and that is more than can be said for Mr. Gaitskell's moderate, patient views.

So far, Labor has preferred to follow the small voice of Mr. Gaitskell rather than Mr. Bevan's erratic hurricanes. But if the Conservatives realize their high hopes and carry Britain into a new era of industrial expansion and prosperity, Labor will grow desperate. Whether the British temperament will ever produce a truly radical Socialist party is one of the major imponderables about Britain's political future.

Meanwhile, the issues are smaller, and polls forecasting how the British would vote if a general election took place now vary with the price of eggs. In nine by-elections since the last general election, the Conservatives increased strength in only one. While they managed to hold onto their seats in three of these contests held this February, their individual majorities were sharply reduced.

No doubt, Sir Anthony Eden's first year in Downing Street has been a difficult one. But, as one of his intimate advisers put it, "no man stays Prime Minister of England without fighting for his job." As the visitor leaves the small red-brick house with the number 10 on its black door, he cannot help feeling that to live there is worth a fight.

MAN'S COURAGE



A Story by Wyatt Blassingame

Drawings by George Gillespie

THE FACT that Lieutenant Henderson was a Negro did not alone cause the trouble. At least part of it went deeper, springing from one of those curious, instantaneous, apparently chemical dislikes that two men sometimes feel and for which there is no logical reason, the men simply recoiling from one another like reversed magnets.

But certainly it would be wrong to say that Henderson's color, and the fact that Lee Stewart, the private, was from Mississippi, did not affect the matter. At least it dramatized it, gave it a foundation in the obvious that we could all see and understand, just as we could sense without understanding the other deeper feeling between them. And surely Stewart himself did not understand, could not until it was all over, that the problem went beyond color, that there existed a deeply personal relationship, even if founded on sudden and instinctive dislike, between him and a Negro.

Until that final and climactic night all his references to Henderson as a coward and a misfit in our regiment were predicated on the simple fact of color; his hatred was based on this even after the more personal reasons—the repeated KP, being stopped on the sidewalk and forced to salute, the matter of the car and the liquor—were obvious to all of us.

It was so obvious that when word went around Lee Stewart was going to kill Henderson, none of us doubted it. It was just a matter of time and method. And soon we (the enlisted men; Henderson was probably the only officer to know what was happening before it was all over) knew that too.

"Because only a fool would get himself in trouble over a nigger," Stewart said. This was at Mac's bar. There was a group around him as always, paratroopers wearing their half boots and managing to look both rakish and competent in that way no other outfit can simulate, not even the Marines. It was one of these, a corporal in the same platoon, who had asked him. "And I'm no fool," Stewart added.

Belle, the girl who tended bar, said, "You're sure about to get yourself in trouble."

"Not me, Sugar." He reached across the bar to pat her arm. "We're going on maneuvers next week. You think you can get along without me for a while?"

SO WE knew then it would be during maneuvers in the Florida swamps: a fouled parachute, a rifle that went off by accident. There were always opportunities for that sort of thing. There were even rumors that it had happened in our regiment before. We were a tough outfit that took pride in its toughness, no man more than Lee Stewart. There weren't many left who had been with the regiment when it was the first to jump over Normandy, but they were enough to carry on the legend and the pride. And there were more who had helped stop that first, now almost-forgotten, break-through in Korea and who later jumped so near the China border we could see the Yalu as we came down and then had to walk back, looking, we thought, like

Washington's army the winter at Valley Forge while we did it.

There had always been considerable fraternization between officers and men, as there is in most fighting outfits, and our respect for officers was not so much in the bar or leaf on the collar as in the man. Weak officers, as well as weak men, had been weeded out.

And most of us, not only those who instinctively resented Henderson because of his color, believed he was a weak officer. He was West Point, only too much so. He had one of these quiet, restrained, sensitive faces you see sometimes on members of his race, but over it was a kind of mask as though he had put it on with his academy uniform, or even before that, when he got the appointment: the long and constant awareness of being a responsibility to his race, an officer, and a gentleman.

We had heard he was coming before he reached camp: a Negro officer, the first Negro officer most of us had served under. Then we saw him, small, precise, his cap as squarely on his head as if it had been placed there with the aid of engineering instruments.

"My God," one soldier said. "Do you think that when he jumps he comes all the way down at attention?"

"Why not?" Lee Stewart said. "He's probably too scared to bend."

IT WAS a week later they had their first personal contact. Stewart was working on a jeep outside one of the hangars. Inside someone was tuning up the engine of a C54 and the sound of it filled the eardrums like wax. Stewart, his head and shoulders under the jeep's hood, did not see Henderson, did not know he was present until the dark hand, the salmon-colored palm came over his shoulder and took the wrench from his own hand.

Then, their heads close together, Henderson said, "You can break things that way, Soldier," and working carefully he got loose the plug at which Stewart had been yanking. He stepped back and put the wrench on the fender, and as the two men stood looking at one another it slid off and fell to the ground between them.

Neither moved. Perhaps Stewart (who as a child had never known or even seen a Negro who was not some white man's servant) had for an instant forgotten the bar on the other's collar. Anyway—and to all of us working on the hangar apron this was perfectly apparent—he expected the Negro to stoop and pick up the wrench.

On the lieutenant's face there was no expression at all. They just stood there, looking at one another with the wrench on the ground between them. After a moment Henderson took a clean handkerchief from his pocket, wiped his hands, and turned away.

At the same instant, inside the hangar, the C54's engine was silent. In the sudden quiet Lee Stewart's voice was saying, "Well I'll be goddamned . . ." speaking not so much in anger as baffled amazement.

Henderson stopped. He looked back at Stewart, the handkerchief still in his hands, his face withdrawn, expressionless.

"What is it, Soldier?"

Stewart merely stared at him. Henderson put the handkerchief in his pocket, turned, and walked away.

It was that same afternoon Stewart drew KP. He blamed it loudly, openly, on Henderson, damning not the man so much as the incredible stupidity of some unknown "they" who would assign a Negro, and therefore a coward, a misfit, to a paratroop outfit that considered itself, even in peacetime, a strictly combat unit.

"To us," Stewart said, his voice dazed, aghast. "Of all the outfits in the army they assign a nigger officer to us."

Then he drew KP again. He began to get work details far more often than they would have come to him in the normal cycle of things. And soon we all knew that Henderson was aware of Stewart not only as the leader of that group which will always instantly and violently resent a Negro officer, but as an individual. Perhaps it was the white officers that reported to him, perhaps it was some of the scattering of Negro enlisted men in the regiment, but soon it was apparent he knew of Stewart and was retaliating, deliberately, precisely, riding hard the uncrossable advantage of rank.





HE BEGAN to ask for Stewart as a driver and we would see them on the camp streets, even on the highway into town: the white man, the servant, on the front seat, the officer behind him, neither speaking until Henderson would say, not even leaning forward,

"Turn right at the next corner. Stop here."

He said it this time in front of Mac's Bar and Stewart stopped the car. He sat there, holding the wheel, beginning to breathe a little hard now, knowing that Belle was inside and probably looking out through the dirty, lettered glass of the window.

Henderson's hand came over the back of the seat, appearing at Stewart's right shoulder with a five-dollar bill between his index and third finger.

"Would you go inside and get me a bottle of bourbon?"

Stewart looked at him then, as much with unbelief as with anger.

"What? What is it you want?"

"A bottle of bourbon," Henderson said. And then, "When we get back to the post I won't have a chance to go by the Officer's Club. And this is north Florida. They won't want me coming in the bar. Or is there a back entrance a Negro can use?"

"No," Stewart said. He took the money and got out of the car. He went slowly, his head bent forward a little in thought, through the hot gold sunlight of late afternoon and into the dimness of the bar.

Belle was already moving to meet him. He named a brand of whiskey, "A bottle. To take out."

And she said, "You drinking with him now, Lee?"

This was when he told her he was going to kill Lieutenant Henderson, saying it softly as though he had thought about it a long time and now it was as good as done. Then he went outside and gave the lieutenant the bottle and drove him back to the post.

THE NIGHT before maneuvers the regiment had orders to be back on the post at midnight. Some of us made quite a party of it at Mac's Bar. Then it was quarter of twelve and we were crowding through the door, leaving, when we looked back and saw Stewart sitting at the far end of the bar.

"Lee, you resigned from the Army?" a soldier said.

"You don't think I'm leaving without telling Belle good-by?" Stewart said.

So that was the last we saw of him, for a while anyway: a big man with a broad, hard face and red hair sitting there at the far end of the bar with Belle across from him trying hard to blush or look indignant.

We moved out the next morning and he did not go with us. But he was in camp when we returned and it was then he told us what had happened, telling it with the same baffled, awed amazement with which he had always regarded the idea of a Negro officer in our outfit. Only now there was something new in his voice: not just the knowledge that here was something he did not understand but, and for the first time, an attempt, a straining to understand.

He had left Belle's shortly after two. From there it was a half-mile walk to the camp, where he must climb a fence and reach his barracks without being seen, a thing he had done often enough before. But now as he stepped into the road a man said, "Stewart." It was Lieutenant Henderson.

This was a back road with no traffic. On both sides the pines closed in, solid and dark, with a piece of bent moon above those to Stewart's left. In the dim, almost nonexistent light Henderson's face was featureless; but Stewart could see the uniform, the square-set cap, the gun the lieutenant wore.

"Yes?" Stewart said.

"I'm glad I met you," Henderson said. He spoke as always in a brisk, precise manner with no accent of any kind. "I don't have a car. I have to walk back to the post."

Stewart said nothing. He was thinking hard, trying to figure the angle but with nothing to work on yet.

Then Henderson said, "I understand there is talk around the regiment that someone is going to kill me."

And still Stewart did not answer, just leaning a little forward now, beginning to breathe more quickly, until Henderson's hand moved, not hurriedly but quick, and even as Stewart started to leap he saw the gun was held out toward him, butt first.

"So I'm going to need a bodyguard," Henderson said.

"What?" Stewart said.

"Take it," Henderson said. And when Stewart did not move, "It's loaded. Take it."

Later Stewart said, "I thought it was going to be some kind of a duel."

So he took the gun and when it was in his hand Henderson said, "I don't want anyone to shoot me in the back, so you will follow me at three paces." Then in the same clipped voice, he said, "You can consider that an order," and turned and started along the empty, moon-touched road.

"Wait!" Stewart said. But the officer did not stop, did not look back. And Stewart said again, "Wait—"

Then he began to curse, running until he caught Henderson by the arm and swung him around, still cursing. And Henderson said, "I ordered you to stay three steps back of me," and went on again.

"So I followed him," Stewart said later, "holding his gun and waiting for him to stop, or start to run, or whatever he was going to do." No traffic passed them. On the left the pines stopped and there was open prairie, dark under the moon, on the right the wall of pines. Then the pines closed in again. The road curved through them as through a tunnel. There was no sound except that of their shoes on the road and somewhere, sourceless, and persistent, the call of a whip-poorwill.

THEN they were around the curve and there was a light ahead. This was the junction with the main highway; the light was at the camp-gate. The lieutenant went on until he was within a hundred yards of the gate and the MPs who stood there were visible under the light. Then Henderson stopped and turned.

"All right," he said. "You had your chance. Why didn't you shoot me?"

"I couldn't," Stewart said. He was to repeat it later, sitting in the barracks, his big hands with the red hair on the back of the fingers locked and twisting. "I couldn't shoot a—a man—not any man—in the back. Not with his own gun when he gave me the gun and turned his back on me."



And then, to Henderson, crying it almost, "You knew that! You *knew* it!"

"No," Henderson said. "I hoped. But the girl would have said anything you wanted. And a nigger's body—a white jury . . ."

"Then why—?" And answering himself, saying, "So that's it. So you had to prove to me you weren't yellow even if you are a nigger."

"To the regiment," Henderson said. "Don't you even believe, can't you believe, that I am proud of it too?" And when Stewart did not answer, "I tried every other way to stop you talking. And it had to be stopped. You understand that."

"Yes," Stewart said.

"All right," Henderson said. He took the gun now. He said, "You were due back on the post by midnight. You will report to the MPs for being past hours."

"Yes, Sir," Stewart said.

And later, in the barracks, telling it slowly in an effort not only to make us understand but to understand himself, "Because he really didn't know I wasn't going to shoot him, couldn't shoot him that way. I reckon a nigger wouldn't know." And then, with a kind of defiance in his face, "So I thought he had the Sir coming to him."

Carl Dreher

E. H. Armstrong: the Hero as Inventor

The radio in every home reflects the genius of an American little known outside his profession, who expended himself in titanic battles over his legal and financial rights.

THE death of E. H. Armstrong in January 1954 ended the outstanding technological career of our time—one that brought into being devices so intricate that only a small group of specialists can understand them, yet so simplified in practice that they function in nearly every American home. It was a life replete with all the things ordinary human beings long for—and also a life from which most of us would recoil if we were given even a brief preview of what it entailed. *Fortune* said in 1948 that Armstrong could qualify as "the greatest American inventor since Edison and the most important of all radio inventors, including Marconi." Yet perhaps five Americans in a hundred know who Edwin Howard Armstrong was.

As far as a life can be, Armstrong's was planned—and it was he who did the planning. When he was fifteen he informed his parents that he intended to be an inventor. In the classical tradition he did his first work in a garret, though a very comfortable garret in the spacious Armstrong home in Yonkers, overlooking the Hudson. (His father was the American representative of the Oxford University Press.) By the time he was a junior at college he actually *was* an inventor and an extremely important one, though it took time for the fact to be recognized.

What he had invented was the regenerative circuit, known also as the feedback circuit, the oscillating audion, and the ultra-audion—the multiplicity of names reflects its importance—a milestone in technological history and the prize in patent litigation which lasted nineteen years, cost millions in lawyers' fees and lost time, and scarred Armstrong to the end of his life.

Apparently Armstrong's father started him on his career when he returned from a European business trip with a copy of *The Boy's Book of Invention*. Faraday and Nikola Tesla became young Howard's idols. But he began too at this early date to show some of the pugnacity he exhibited in later years when his inventions were at stake. If anyone disturbed his equipment he was furious. Sometimes he would stay in the garret, which was also his bedroom, for two or three days at a time.

When he was eighteen Howard Armstrong went to Columbia University for his electrical engineering degree. It is recorded that he drove a motorcycle between Yonkers and Morningside Heights at alarming speeds, and this was not the first time he had shown daredevil tendencies. He would climb trees, the cliffs of the Palisades on the New Jersey side of the Hudson, and—what was especially nerve-wracking to the neighbors—a high radio mast which he had erected in the back yard of the Yonkers home. There was something more to this than youthful exuberance, for he kept on doing it as he grew up. He liked to take physical risks—all kinds of risks—and if he felt fear it was to a lesser extent than most men.

BOY WONDER

IN 1909 the electrical engineering course at Columbia was only four years, but the teachers were top men like Arendt, Mason, Morecroft, and Michael I. Pupin, the Serbian goatherd who had arrived in the United States in 1874 at the age of fifteen, with a red Turkish fez on his head and five cents in his pocket, and had become professor of electromechanics and a redoubtable inventor. He remained picturesque. "The rotor of a synchronous motor," he would say in his lectures, "is lousy with harmonics." In later years Pupin, swelling with pride, would always refer to Armstrong as "my former pupil."

Except in radio, however, Armstrong was far from brilliant. Morecroft, after Armstrong became prominent, recalled that he had little interest in the characteristics of alternating current machinery and did "rather poorly" in many of his courses. Moreover, he was a nuisance; he

spent most of his time in the laboratory setting up intricate radio circuits. At one point he was so much under foot that Professor Arendt told Professor Mason to "get Armstrong and his stuff out of the laboratory."

He received his degree in 1913. By that time he had impressed the department sufficiently with his zeal in research to be kept on as an assistant at $50 a month, correcting papers and doing other routine work. This was the only regular job Armstrong ever had and he did not have it long. He was to come back to Columbia eventually, as professor of electrical engineering, in which capacity he received no salary and did little teaching. For the moment, however, Morecroft felt Armstrong should work six days a week for his fifty a month, and finally he was fired. Armstrong went back to Yonkers, put up a 110-foot mast in the back yard, and continued to experiment.

THE feedback invention was the culmination of a series of discoveries by Armstrong's predecessors. Back in 1883 Edison, experimenting with the electric lamp, found that when a metal plate was introduced into the bulb a current would flow between the plate and the glowing filament, always in one direction. Edison had other worries and did nothing with the discovery; it came twenty years too early. In 1904 there was a need for a detector of wireless waves and a British electrical engineer, John Ambrose Fleming, made a two-element vacuum tube employing the Edison effect.

In 1906 Lee de Forest, then thirty-three and the only one of the great pioneers of radio still living today, introduced a third element into the Fleming valve and really started something. This element, a zigzag wire called the grid, controlled the current flowing between the filament and plate and added amplification to the detecting action. De Forest, a Yale Ph.D., may not have had a completely clear picture of what was happening inside his "audion," as he called it, but no one disputes that he first put the grid into the vacuum tube and thereby opened the door to modern radio—and to Armstrong.

In 1912 and 1913 reports were circulating that some lad up at Columbia had a receiver hundreds or thousands of times more sensitive than the conventional de Forest audion, so that he could receive signals at unheard-of distances. Armstrong demonstrated the device, which he concealed in a black box, to a number of engineers and commercial radio people—among them David Sarnoff, the twenty-two-year-old chief radio inspector of the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of America. Later Armstrong disclosed his engineering principles in a classical paper delivered before the Institute of Radio Engineers modestly entitled, "Some Recent Developments in the Audion Receiver."

What Armstrong had discovered was the technique of taking a portion of the current from the plate of a vacuum tube and feeding it back to the grid, where it would again go through the process of amplification and again make available a surplus of current to be put through the same process over and over again. If the feedback was increased beyond a critical point, the tube would become a generator of oscillations. Engineers could envision large vacuum tubes which would take the place of the arcs and sparks and rotating machinery currently in use. The regenerating and oscillating audion was one of those protean devices which revolutionize whole industries. Not only had it been created by a man barely old enough to vote, but he had done it with such superb engineering skill and thoroughness that the most resourceful, experienced engineers could add little or nothing.

Fitting the invention into the existing scheme of things, however, was a more complex matter. The way of the innovator is hard, and innovators make it hard for one another. There is no more ruthless competition than that between inventors, and the claims of an independent individualist like Armstrong had to be assessed on the strength of his patent position, which could be decided only by the tedious and unpredictable action of the courts.

Around 1915, Armstrong was a good buy. He was practically penniless. He would have sold all his rights for $10,000 and a research job at an equally modest salary. It was just as well for Armstrong that there were no takers, for within a few years, by granting licenses under his patents, he was receiving $7,000 to $8,000 a year in royalties. He could have lived very well had it not been for legal expenses. But five years later, he was in debt $40,000 to his lawyers.

SECOND BULL'S-EYE

ARMSTRONG'S closest friends were the founders and early directors of the Radio Club of America, which is not so much a club as an engineering society. In World War I a large proportion of the members were in the armed services. Armstrong was commissioned a captain in the Signal Corps, sent overseas, and given the job of intercepting German front-line

radio communications. It was impossible to pick them up intelligibly at the American listening posts with the vacuum tubes and receiving equipment then available. Armstrong solved the problem by devising a new type of receiver, the superheterodyne, so superior in selectivity, sensitivity, and ease of operation that by the late twenties it had superseded all other types of receivers and still holds unchallenged leadership.

The French made Armstrong a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor for the superheterodyne and the AEF promoted him to the grade of major. Characteristically, he came home from the war without giving notice of his arrival, appearing suddenly on the steps of the Yonkers house, his head swathed in bandages, crying, "I'm perfectly all right, perfectly all right."

The bandages were necessitated by a skin infection which soon cleared up but disposed of the remainder of Armstrong's hair, which had started falling while he was still in college. He had little vanity, though his high domed forehead, quizzical gaze, long upper lip, and firm mouth might have been accounted handsome in their way. When *Time,* in later years, referred to him as the "bald, monolithic professor of electrical engineering at Columbia University" the description was as accurate as it was merciless.

When he returned from France the Radio Club threw a big dinner for him. Every prominent radio man who was in New York or could get there was present. The only absentees were a few opponents in litigation. Armstrong had a hard, packed life but it contained some glorious moments and this was one of them.

Within the next two years his financial situation improved. He had licensed twenty concerns under his regenerative patents; he now sold what remained of these patents, together with the superheterodyne, to the Westinghouse Company. His total receipts from this sale came to $435,000, which in the early twenties constituted a substantial estate. Even so, it was only a fraction of the intrinsic value and Armstrong sold very reluctantly. An important consideration was his indebtedness to his lawyers and the continuing cost of litigation; once he had sold, the further defense of the patents devolved on Westinghouse.

MR. SARNOFF'S SECRETARY

As Armstrong was the technical genius of radio's second phase, David Sarnoff was and remains its administrative genius. Inevitably their lives were intertwined. In 1922 Sarnoff, the ex-messenger boy and wireless operator —one of the most expert who ever tapped a key—was, at thirty-one, vice president and general manager of the Radio Corporation of America. Sarnoff and Armstrong were almost exactly of an age; Armstrong was the elder by two months.

Sarnoff's secretary was a tall girl from Merrimac, Massachusetts, named Esther Marion MacInnis. One didn't get to be Mr. Sarnoff's secretary by looks and charm alone: Miss MacInnis was also intelligent. Armstrong was in Sarnoff's office a good deal, discussing patents and the like, and he was no more immune than other young men. His manner of courting her was in the spirit of the Scott Fitzgerald era. Armstrong had returned from a European vacation with a Hispano-Suiza, in which he took her for a ride on the Long Island Motor Parkway, a private toll road financed by W. K. Vanderbilt which in one respect was the precursor of modern turnpikes —it had no grade crossings. The road was forty-five miles long and an able driver would make it in forty-five minutes or less. According to Miss MacInnis at one moment on this ride the speedometer read 100 mph.

Another incident in the courtship reflected Armstrong's continuing impulse to risk his neck. Early in 1923 the Radio Corporation of America was erecting its first broadcasting stations in New York City, on West Forty-second Street, opposite Bryant Park. The building, which bore the name of the Aeolian pianola company, was over twenty stories high, and there were two one-hundred-foot towers on the roof to support the antennas. Each tower was surmounted by a crossarm on which a man could walk; in the middle, about fifteen feet higher, there was a ball of strap iron symbolizing, somewhat feebly, the world. Armstrong liked to come up to the station and climb all the way to the ball of the north tower, but Sarnoff had written him a sharp letter telling him to stop. By way of retort, Armstrong appeared at the formal reception which marked the opening of the station and (while Sarnoff was officiating as impresario in the studios on the sixth floor) went up to the roof, climbed the north tower, and stood on the ball 350 feet above Forty-third Street while a photographer took flashlight pictures from the crossarm. According to some eyewitnesses, Armstrong did a handstand on the ball. He had not had a drop to drink.

Armstrong sent a set of prints to Miss MacInnis and Mr. Sarnoff, and the next time Armstrong came to Aeolian Hall the engineer-in-charge had the painful duty of informing the inventor of

the regenerative circuit and the superheterodyne that he was *persona non grata.*

In a few months, however, Sarnoff forgave him. Nobody, except perhaps Dr. de Forest, could stay mad at Armstrong very long. Nobody wanted to and besides, it wasn't safe; with a man who turned the industry upside down at least once a decade, it was well to be on speaking terms.

Miss MacInnis also remained on speaking terms with Armstrong; she married him on December 1, 1923. While the bride-to-be waited in Merrimac, the bridegroom started out from New York in the Hispano-Suiza, paced by his friend George E. Burghard in a DeLage. A few miles out of New York the DeLage broke down. Armstrong and Burghard took the carburetor apart four times. At 2:00 A.M. they were on the outskirts of New Haven and further progress became impossible.

It was a cold, drizzly night. The two eminent technicians in their $15,000 vehicles did not have a tow rope between them. Armstrong drove into New Haven, obtained a rope, and towed Burghard into Hartford, where they arrived at 6:00 A.M. The DeLage had to be towed to the Bosch plant in Springfield for a new magneto. The next day, in Worcester, the battery fell out. Eventually Armstrong and Burghard reached Merrimac, the marriage was solemnized, and the couple fled south in the Hispano-Suiza.

HOW TO INVENT

THE Armstrong story is not merely a story of inventions, but of invention itself. Americans, even more than other peoples, live by invention—"We live by obsolescence," as Sarnoff puts it—yet most of us haven't the faintest idea of how the thing is done.

In Armstrong's case, one factor was humility. He was always ready to learn from others. He would patiently question the most uninspired engineer to elicit what little the man knew; in return, with equal patience, he would give as much of his own understanding as the other could absorb. In technical debate, when he felt credit for what he had done was being taken from him, he could be harsh and even cruel; the way in which he tore de Forest apart at meetings of the Institute of Radio Engineers is still vivid in the memories of those who witnessed it, forty years ago. But that was in the heat of battle and de Forest was equally harsh toward Armstrong; worse, he was patronizing.

Armstrong's second great characteristic was skepticism. He believed with Professor Arendt that "it isn't all in the books." He never tired of quoting—or quoting his version of—the Josh Billings saying, "It is better not to know so much than to know so many things that ain't so." When he started on a project he went over everything that had been done before to make sure it *was* so. Educated in mathematics, Armstrong distrusted mathematical formulations; he had seen how often, through erroneous assumptions, they made things seem impossible which were actually possible. He invented by observation, instrumentation, hunches, intuition, and reasoning. And he passed over nothing. "Listen, look, and measure" is one colleague's summing up of his technique.

And then, he *thought.* He thought long and hard. Most of us, most of the time, do not think in this way; we live in a fog of self-induced reverie. Armstrong could not have been entirely devoid of this aimless, restful activity, but his mental processes were abnormally purposive. Watching him with a radio circuit spread out on a laboratory table, or just talking with him, you felt the intensity, the preoccupation, the dogged resolution, the overevaluation—for who can do good work unless he is convinced it is more important than it actually is?

Not all of Armstrong's inventions were successful. One was a total failure and another, the super-regenerative circuit (1922), did not bear out the high hopes of its inception. Its selectivity was poor, and the superheterodyne drove it out; the most important effect of super-regeneration was to make Armstrong rich. When first revealed, its performance was spectacular, its weaknesses less apparent. RCA bought the patent for $200,000 and 60,000 shares of RCA stock, and later Armstrong received another 30,000 shares for helping, among other engineering services, to adapt the superhet for mass production. He thus became, and for years remained, the largest stockholder in the Radio Corporation of America.

THE bitter legal controversies of technology are not occasioned by mere greed or vainglory. Such factors play a part, but there are also honest differences as to who did what. Nobody invents by himself. Every inventor stands on the shoulders of his predecessors, and they stand on the shoulders of earlier investigators, and so on back through history.

Every inventor is also dependent on his contemporaries. An art progresses through the

efforts, in each generation, of a few major originators, perhaps some hundreds of second-rate originators, and thousands on thousands of run-of-the-mill engineers and technicians who do the common labor. In the realm of ideas the ratio is about the same. For every good idea, there are a hundred bad ones; for every new idea, a hundred old ones. The mistakes and failures are necessary to clear the ground.

Then, as Pupin said, inventions are always partly luck. There comes a time when an invention becomes possible, and at that stage there are usually more than one pair of hands reaching for it. It is not necessarily the most scholarly or most deserving investigator who grasps it first.

THE PATENT WARS

THE patent system attempts to reconcile the conflicting claims which arise out of all this confusion. In a patent conflict the parties—sometimes there are more than two—may all have ethically valid positions. They all made the invention and they may have made it in substantially the same way and at about the same time. Yet, by reason of some slight priority, or verbal dexterity in the description of what is claimed, or purely legal technicalities, one inventor may be doomed to deprivation while another reaps the reward both in fame and money. It is no wonder that at times the in-fighting gets dirty.

Not one of Armstrong's inventions was entirely his own in the sense that his authorship was never challenged. Eventually he lost the regenerative circuit in a heartbreaking decision in which the engineering profession lined up almost solidly behind him but the Supreme Court ruled that de Forest was the legal inventor. The superheterodyne patent was successfully challenged in the United States by Lucien Levy, a French inventor, although the French gave Armstrong a patent and none to Levy. Frequency modulation Armstrong never claimed as entirely his own; as he said, the idea had been kicking around for years, but nobody did anything with it except to prove, by beautiful mathematical analysis, that it was no good.

Alfred McCormack, a brawny, sapient Wall Street lawyer who became Armstrong's attorney in 1928, remarked that Armstrong's inventions were accepted by acclamation rather than by litigation. The acclamation came to him not because he was the only one who had the ideas nor because he was the only one who could make them work—but because he was one of the precious few who had ideas, made them work, demonstrated with pellucid clarity how they worked, knew what was the next thing to do, and went ahead and did it.

The regenerative litigation began in 1915 with patent "interferences" between Armstrong, Irving Langmuir of the General Electric Company, a German named Meissner, and de Forest. An "interference" is the Patent Office proceeding for determining priority among claimants who have all made the same invention. Armstrong beat out Langmuir by six months, Meissner by two. From 1922 to 1934 de Forest and Armstrong alternated as the legal inventors. The case went up to the Supreme Court not once, but twice. The animosities it aroused bordered at times on physical violence, and of verbal violence there was no end.

De Forest tells in his autobiography how Pupin, whom he had regarded as a "kindly friend," burst into a hall at the Bureau of Standards in Washington where de Forest was giving a demonstration of the oscillating tube, bellowing, "What right have you to have that there? That thing is not yours! That belongs to Armstrong!" And when de Forest read a paper on the audion and its evolution at the Franklin Institute in Philadelphia in 1920, Armstrong himself was ordered by the chairman to sit down when he declared that he himself was the inventor of the feedback circuit, and that all de Forest had invented was the audion.

In 1928 the Supreme Court, without reviewing the evidence, decided for de Forest on points of law. Armstrong was severely shaken. After a few days he got in touch with an engineer-friend and asked him to review the voluminous printed record and tell him who was the inventor—he or de Forest. A week later his friend informed Armstrong, over the telephone, that he was indeed the inventor from a technological standpoint, but that it might prove impossible ever to sustain his claim in a court of law. He then urged Armstrong to try to forget the experience, bitter as it was.

"You still have the mind with which you invented the damn thing," he said. "If anything, it's better than it was. You can make other inventions just as important." There was a pause, then Armstrong's voice came over the line in a tone of quiet despair. "There'll never be another oscillating audion," he said.

Others gave Armstrong the same advice. "We all know you invented the regenerative circuit," Burghard told him. "All the engineers know it. What do you care what the courts say?" But

Armstrong insisted on re-opening the case. In the meantime the Radio Corporation had created its patent pool and possessed rights under both the Armstrong and de Forest patents. RCA had no further interest in defending Armstrong—rather the contrary—and withdrew its support. Armstrong spent about $200,000 of his own money carrying the case up to the Supreme Court once more.

This time the court reviewed the evidence but made deductions from it which dumfounded radio engineers. Pupin and other savants protested in the newspapers and technical journals, pointing out the gross errors in the opinion written by Justice Cardozo. Nevertheless the decision, although somewhat altered in its final form, stood in favor of de Forest. Armstrong returned to the Institute of Radio Engineers its Medal of Honor, which had been awarded to him in 1917 for the invention.

But the directors voted unanimously to re-award the medal to Armstrong, and in 1941 the Franklin Institute awarded its medal to Armstrong for his inventions, including the regenerative circuit. In 1942 the American Institute of Electrical Engineers awarded the Edison Medal to Armstrong for the invention of the superheterodyne, the FM system, and the regenerative circuit. De Forest was awarded the Edison Medal in 1946 for the invention of the audion.

Schiller, being asked by some fool which was the greater poet, he or Goethe, replied complacently, "You can thank God for both of us." American technology and industry, and indeed the whole world, can thank God for both Armstrong and de Forest, but in the eyes of engineers Armstrong invented the oscillating audion. And Armstrong was right: there never was another invention of such far-reaching economic and industrial importance, and of such sheer technological beauty, in his lifetime. There was to be FM, but it was not the same.

LIFE WITH HOWARD

IN 1948 Mrs. Armstrong confided to a reporter that while it had been wonderful to live all those years with a genius—she did not use the term but Howard *was* a genius—it had not always been easy. He worked at all hours. Sometimes he would go to bed early, sleep for a while, then get up and work. Some one who liked and admired him complained that he could talk of nothing but radio. Professor Alan Hazeltine, another prominent radio inventor and an admirer of Armstrong's, tells how he waited, starving, until after nine at Armstrong's apartment where he had been invited to dine, because Armstrong, completely absorbed in the matter under discussion, forgot to take his guests in to dinner.

But that was only one side of him. For every story of how Armstrong didn't mix, there is another of how he did—and was a warmhearted and easy success at it. He would have enjoyed more of life if he could have invented a machine for stretching time. He played a good game of tennis until he was past sixty and gave it up only when trouble with his shoulder made it impossible for him to serve overhand. He liked to get off once in a while to a night club, have a drink and a hamburger and watch people. In middle life he loved the circus and musical comedies.

A light drinker, he liked drinking and dilated in spirit with a few ounces of whisky. Mrs. Armstrong says some of their happiest hours came when he would review the day's work with her, over old-fashioneds. They had fewer guests in the later years, but if Howard became something of a recluse it was only because he attempted to do too much for one human being.

His manner of operating an office must have appalled his wife. Howard had Professor Pupin's old office at Columbia but did not use it much. His principal office was in their twelve-room, five-bath apartment in River House, overlooking the East River. A secretary would come down three or four times a week to take dictation. In another room, cluttered up with radio equipment and packing cases and wires running in every direction, Thomas J. Styles, an old friend of Howard's who had been a banker, took care of accounts, payments, taxes, and the like.

In the library Howard sat on an old lounge chair, surrounded by telephones, a Duncan Phyfe sofa, and three tea tables on which he piled the most important correspondence and documents. Eight more tea tables and some chairs formed a kind of outer orbit. He would pile the day's mail on the floor, open it himself, and go through it. He would never write if he could telephone, and he made no distinction between local and long-distance calls.

He was scrupulously, almost morbidly, honest. It is even harder for a man to be a hero to his lawyer than to his valet, but McCormack speaks of Armstrong's "terrific integrity" and says he never overstated a scientific point, even when accuracy would confuse the courts and possibly result in the loss of the case. He loathed the

pseudo-scientific pap which is fed to judges in patent cases and never concocted any of it himself. "He was capable of kidding himself in other matters like the rest of us," says McCormack, "but never in science."

Armstrong might be bullheaded or at times naïve, but it was impossible to imagine him performing a mean-spirited act. His friend C. R. Runyan, Jr., who lived near the Armstrongs in Yonkers and knew him from boyhood, describes him as "the damndest, most generous man you ever saw." On a picnic or camping expedition he was always the one who carried the heaviest box, saw that everyone else was comfortable, and did most of the work.

Under a protective crust of reticence, he was extremely sentimental. He kept the Hispano-Suiza in storage and always intended to recondition it. When the Aeolian Hall towers were torn down he bought the strap iron ball from the wreckers. In 1930 he bought for $100 an old shed at Babylon, Long Island, which had housed the first American Marconi marine station in 1902. He presented the shack to the RCA station at Rocky Point to be set up and preserved.

FM: THE TITANS CLASH

IF FM is not exactly a revolution that failed, it is one that has not been as successful as it deserves to be. In FM Armstrong conquered nature, but the obstacles raised by men were too much for him. FM was unlike any of his earlier inventions. It involved not only the creation of a new form of radio communication but an effort to divert a complex industry with a large capital investment into a new channel.

The original motive for developing FM was to eliminate natural static, the bane of radio communication. Every inventive radio engineer had tried to lick it and it had licked them all. Apparently nothing could be done. A distinguished mathematical physicist had said, "Static, like the poor, will always be with us." But Armstrong was a man who never gave up. The elimination of static was to be his monument.

Modulation is variation in some form that makes possible the transmission of information. In radio, the orthodox method of modulation was to vary the power or amplitude while keeping the frequency constant—AM, amplitude modulation. There was no way of shutting out static with this technique, for static is itself a form of amplitude modulation, present on every frequency. Armstrong's solution was to turn the technique upside down; he kept the power constant and varied the frequency—FM, frequency modulation. The type of electro-magnetic wave thus produced is not found in nature. As Armstrong worked it out, it largely eliminated man-made as well as natural (lightning) static, thus giving radio a silent background: you could actually hear the proverbial pin drop. But it made many existing transmitters and receivers obsolescent.

While, as Sarnoff said, we live by obsolescence, it is the task of the financial administrators to balance obsolescence—which involves loss of capital—against the gains from new devices which can reasonably be expected to replace the capital destroyed. Thus the seeds of conflict are sown between the independent engineer and the corporate administrator—in terms of the outstanding personalities in this case: Armstrong versus Sarnoff.

The Sarnoff-Armstrong alliance was one of the most productive in the history of radio. That they were able to work together for over twenty years is a tribute to the good sense and adaptability of both. They were not only collaborators but friends. After Sarnoff was married in 1917 Armstrong came to the Sarnoffs' house in Mount Vernon so regularly, in the morning before going to work, that the Sarnoff children called him "the coffee man," because Armstrong, declining breakfast, would always say, "All I want is a cup of coffee." Even after the real break had begun, in 1935, Armstrong appeared at the annual meeting of RCA and, when Sarnoff was under the usual fire of dissatisfied stockholders, rose impulsively to his defense.

"I didn't come here to make a speech," said Armstrong. "I didn't come here to get into a row. I have been a stockholder since 1915, since the days of the old Marconi Company. I have seen the inside of radio from the beginning to the end. I want to say that the man who pulled this Company through during the difficult times of the General Electric, Westinghouse, RCA mixup with the government was its President, Mr. David Sarnoff. [Applause] I think you would have been wiped out if it hadn't been for him. I know what I am talking about. I tell you, I wouldn't have his job for $500,000 a year. I don't agree with everything, for I have a row on with him now. I am going to fight it through to the last ditch. I just wanted to tell you what you owe to Mr. Sarnoff."

Sarnoff wrote Armstrong the next day: "Doubtless I have made many mistakes in my life but I am glad to say they have not been in the quality

of the friends I selected for reposing my faith." While he still pays tribute to Armstrong, however, Sarnoff says that he grew difficult to deal with. "And you know," he adds, "he liked to fight." This is a half truth, and it is also half true of Sarnoff. Neither went out of his way to fight; men of their caliber have too much regard for efficiency to engage in useless brawls. But neither are they backward in asserting their rights. Once they are in combat, such men fight with zest.

THE basic patent on Armstrong's system of frequency modulation was granted in 1933. The system was further developed and the IRE paper, which traditionally follows the culmination of a major radio research project, was delivered in New York City on November 6, 1935. Up to that time the system had required nearly ten years of experimentation and, according to one estimate, some 50,000 measurements. Armstrong worked on it like a man possessed, seven days a week, holidays included; some years he took only Christmas off.

Late in 1933 Armstrong demonstrated the equipment for Sarnoff and was invited to move it to the Empire State Tower, where it was field-tested for evaluation by RCA and NBC engineers from June 1934 on. The Armstrong and RCA groups did not see eye to eye and in October 1935 RCA informed Armstrong that it needed the Empire State space for its television research project, which had been carried on concurrently. In no pleasant mood, Armstrong moved out his gear, sold a hefty block of RCA stock, and in January 1936 applied to the Federal Communications Commission for a construction permit for an experimental station of his own, to be located on the Palisades at Alpine, opposite his old home in Yonkers. The FCC, after some boggling, granted him the permit; by the summer of 1938 he had a four-hundred-foot tower of his own to climb.

When Armstrong got into a real hassle you had to be for or against him; the middle ground quickly became untenable. The industry was split wide open. General Electric, Westinghouse, Zenith, and Stromberg-Carlson lined up with Armstrong and became his licensees. RCA, Philco, Crosley, Emerson, and other large producers manufactured FM receivers without benefit of Armstrong licenses. Armstrong and his partisans contended that these receivers were strictly *ersatz*. The non-licensees retorted that a large part of the improvement in quality was just a matter of high-fidelity reproduction which could be achieved just as well on AM as on FM. The engineering controversies were loud, involved, and bitter.

Amid the sound and the fury, this much was clear: Armstrong had rescued FM from oblivion and he was responsible, singlehandedly, for inducing—some would say forcing—the industry to recognize its advantages. He could and did reproduce sound with a fidelity and freedom from disturbance previously unknown. The strength of his patent position was something else again: it was possible that the systems not licensed under his patents were legally in the clear. The only claims he had were for the improvement he had actually effected, to the extent that this proved to be profitable—and, in the last analysis, to such amounts as he could compel the industry to shell out if the matter were carried to the courts.

In 1940 Sarnoff held out the hand of compromise. He offered a million dollars for a license under the Armstrong FM patents. The license was to be non-royalty paying: a million dollars in a lump sum, and that was that. And indeed it was. Late in 1954, after Armstrong's death, the suit was settled for "approximately $1,000,000."

Sarnoff, it has been said, likes to collect royalties, not to pay them. Naturally. He was largely responsible for the creation of the RCA patent pool which, however onerous it may have been to some, brought order out of chaos and enabled radio to go about its business instead of engaging in endless, destructive litigation. But Armstrong refused the offer. He already had royalty-paying licensees; and he was determined to keep control, this time, in his own hands.

THIS was a new Armstrong. A lifelong Republican, a revolutionist only in technology, in politics he was one of the most conservative of men. But in this instance Armstrong was bucking the economic and political system which places the interest of the financier before that of the inventor. Armstrong was trying to act like one of those eighteenth- or nineteenth-century industrialist-inventors who, before big business was dreamed of, started their own industries in an atmosphere of total freedom—freedom from either governmental interference or the network of existing financial and corporate interests.

First Armstrong had to hack his way through the electronic jungle. This he did with his old-time brilliance; only a man who felt and sensed and lived circuits could have brought FM into the realm of practicality at all. Then he came up against the thick wall of AM plant and vested interests—which includes, of course, not only

property interests but habit, inertia, and all kinds of psychological factors resisting change. He was making some headway against that when the government forbade the manufacture of TV and FM broadcast equipment during the war period.

TV was not yet commercialized, but FM was, and the four-year standstill hurt. Immediately after the war the FCC (on technical advice which Armstrong called "legerdemain" and "engineering skulduggery") uprooted FM from the 40-52 megacycle band and shifted it to 88-108 megacycles, just above the low TV band. With 500,000 FM receivers already in use, the forced move was damaging. Then TV reached the commercial stage and rocked FM back on its heels.

Armstrong spent more than a million of his own money on the construction and operation of the Alpine station and for twenty years most of his own time went into FM. He had envisioned thousands of FM transmitters on somewhat the same basis as local newspapers, so that every community, small as well as large, could formulate and express its views on the radio instead of relying on the nation-wide networks for entertainment and indoctrination. He did not submit gracefully to the relegation of FM to what he called "an auxiliary and uncompensated service" which merely duplicated the AM programs of the chains.

In July 1948 he brought suit against RCA and NBC in the United States District Court in Wilmington, Delaware, asserting in effect that the defendant companies had conspired to discourage FM, had attempted to persuade the FCC to allocate to it an inadequate number of usable radio frequencies, and had illegally obstructed an application of Armstrong's in the Patent Office. In 1953 and January 1954 he filed additional suits against numerous manufacturers of television and radio receivers.

TWILIGHT

IN 1950 Armstrong was sixty years old. Measured by deeds, he had lived much longer. He did, in fact, look ten years older than he was.

Invention, and scientific investigation in general, is as tough a way of life as can well be imagined. Mental and emotional breakdown is one of its occupational hazards. Lawrence S. Kubie, the psychiatrist, writing in the *American Scientist* for January 1954, reminds young scientists that for every successful piece of research there are hundreds which prove only that something is *not* so. "A scientist may dig with skill, courage, energy, and intelligence just a few feet from a rich vein . . . but always unsuccessfully." Or he may be brilliantly successful, as Armstrong was, and still the fate of which Kubie warns may overtake him.

By the summer of 1953, the suits against RCA and NBC had dragged on for five years. The pretrial testimony ran into volumes. Armstrong was spending most of his time on this litigation. During the war years and after, he had been engaged in classified radar work, and toward the end, an apparatus used to pick up impulses reflected from the moon was built under his direction. He was dangerously overtaxed.

Mrs. Armstrong tried to persuade him to taper off. Beyond a certain point devotion to a cause, however admirable, enters the realm of pathology. Mrs. Armstrong felt that Howard had reached that point. Howard, however, was not convinced.

On Sunday morning, January 31, 1954, forty-one years to the day from the legal date of invention of the regenerative circuit, Armstrong telephoned Burghard at about nine o'clock. Burghard's wife had been ill and Armstrong called to inquire about her condition. Burghard was leaving the house and the conversation was brief. It made no particular impression on Burghard; Armstrong sounded perfectly normal. During the day there were three servants at the Armstrong apartment; they left shortly after preparing his lunch. Mrs. Armstrong was in Connecticut. After about one o'clock he was alone.

Sometime during the evening or night of January 31, Armstrong wrote a love letter to his wife, in pencil on two sheets of yellow paper. Then he put on his hat, overcoat, and gloves and jumped out of the thirteenth-story window. He fell to the third-floor terrace. No one heard him. The man who had done more than any other to increase the clamor of the world departed from it without a sound.

What words, what prayers, what music could have availed him more? Perhaps if there were a special liturgy for the inventor, it could say that he creates the future out of the ideas left by the dead and the dying, including himself. Then, except by specialists, his name is forgotten. Armstrong's is the common fate; even now, only engineers and his friends remember him. But the forces of the past and the future worked in him, and if one measure of a life is this capacity to bridge time, the span of his life was high and long.

Armstrong lay dead on the terrace. The sun rose a few minutes after seven. At ten o'clock they found him.

By WOLFGANG LANGEWIESCHE

Drawings by Adolph Hallman



THE DUTCH HUSTLE

DUTCHMEN don't get excited over nothing. I was in an airliner over Holland, when the Dutch aboard started crowding each other at the windows: below us, green and shining, was a farm landscape that has only just recently come out of the sea. It is the first piece of a whole new province (a new state, we would say) that Holland is adding to itself: "Flevoland."

I went back later, by car, by boat, by Piper Cub, and looked into this land-making operation. It's the pride of the Dutch. It's what makes their eyes shine.

The main method is this: you build an earthen dam from shore out into the shallow sea and back to shore, so as to fence in part of the sea. Then you pump the water out. You wait a few years for the rains to wash the salt out of the soil. Then you start farming! Such a piece of land—saucer-shaped, lying below sea level, is called a "polder." It's a necessary word, and not translatable. Nobody has polders but the Dutch. They have been making them for five hundred years—small ones—and now, with big money and big machines, they make them big.

I drove out on a dyke that is fencing off one future piece of Flevoland. You drive on the top of the dyke, and you do sixty. We went out of sight of land, and still the road kept going. I thought: "This is big." You hold it against the American scale of things—Hoover Dam, TVA, Empire State Building—and it still is big. You hold it against the size of Holland—six Hollands wouldn't fill the State of Kansas—and it becomes colossal. It's as if we wanted to push the Gulf of Mexico back and build a second Texas.

We finally got to the capital of Flevoland, Lelystadt. Right now, it's just a wide place in the dyke. There are a few dozen houses, a hospital, a school. Some of the dyke-builders live there. On both sides, all the way to the horizon, there's nothing but water. But never mind: the land is there. It merely happens to be covered with water. It will come out.

I went to the part where the land *is* out, and saw the opposite sight: a real island, one that is natural and has always been there. It has a lighthouse and small harbor—and all of it is now sitting in a sea of farmland—all newly made.

The whole thing is part of a Great Tradition. The Dutch have been pushing the sea back for a thousand years—and the sea the Dutch. Except for dykes, much of Holland would not exist. Some of it lies below sea level, by as much as fifteen feet. This much would instantly be drowned; some of it, *at* sea level, would be tidal flats. Some of it would be swamped by river floods once a year, other parts by an extra-high North Sea tide two, three times a century. Left to nature, half of Holland would be for the fish.

And this is what makes Holland Holland. Windmills, for instance: land below sea level doesn't drain. You have to keep pumping the rain out. The windmills do that—still do it, though most of the pumping now is electric, or diesel. And those wooden shoes? (You still see them quite a bit.) Why? Much of the soil is

always wet, and wooden shoes are watertight and warm. You can't run in them—but then, a Dutchman is well organized; he starts early and has no need to run. Little boys who feel like running have a special Dutch boys' gesture: you take your shoes off and carry them both in your left hand, and run.

And canals—wherever you are in Holland, there's always a canal in sight: down the main street of town, or along the highway, or right through the farm. Naturally. To get the water off the land, you need ditches criss-crossing every field, about a hundred feet apart. These ditches drain into deeper ditches; those drain



into canals, which run into bigger canals, and finally you come to the pumping station—windmill, diesel, or electric: there, the water goes up into the sea. This ditch and canal system has much to do with the looks of Holland. From the air it seems to be composed of innumerable tiny parcels—like a brick pavement. From the ground, you don't see all the canals, but you see one result: cows can't cross them, and so you see pastures full of cattle, and no fences. This leads to the tourist reaction: My, what well-behaved cows. Dutchmen are so used to having a canal around that a landscape without canals bothers them—doesn't look civilized. Wherever they have gone—the East Indies, South America—they have always found some excuse to build a canal. It's the Dutch Touch in Landscape Architecture.

And the "dam" in Rotterdam, Amsterdam, and other place names: it means a dam with a sluice gate. When the tide is high, the gate is closed to keep the water from coming in. When the tide is low, the gate is open, so the country can drain. This was one way the early Dutch made sea-level land habitable, even before "polders."

HAND-PICKED FARMERS

FLEVOLAND, the future province, is simply the Zuider Zee dried up. It's man's country anyway. The North Sea broke in there over and over again. Now they are pushing it out once more. The Dutch are in no nervous hurry about it. They do the job polder by polder, each polder of about 120,000 acres, containing 2,000 farms, ten villages, a town. Note the time-scale: the Zuider Zee works were started in 1918. The first polder came dry in 1938. The second one—the one we saw from the airliner—came dry in 1942, is now being settled. The third one will come dry next year. The fourth and last one is scheduled to be ready before 1980, and even after that, there'll be twenty years of fine-point improvement. The dyke-building outfits have jobs lined up from now to the end of the century. Behind them, the soil-conditioning crews, the road-and-bridge people, the house-and-barn contractors, all can keep moving on from job to job.

The "New Country," they call those polders. Never before in history have people had a chance to take possession of a country quite so new. The land comes out of the sea a dismal gray—barren, flat. But it comes with the main canals already dug; its soils already tested; all plans made. The officials know exactly where they are going to put the town, the villages, the orchards, the woods. Woods? Of course: children should have woods, and the Dutch think of everything.

But first the soil has to be brought to life. A few years' rain washes the salt out—but you have to see to it that the soil can drain. This is too big a job for the individual farmer. Government contractors move in with special machines. They dig those ditches, and they bury miles and miles of drainpipe underneath the fields.

And then they let the people come and take up homesteads, American style? No. The Dutch hand-pick their settlers, farmer by farmer. The new land must go to the most competent farmers; and they should be men who also will be useful citizens, who can run a cattle breeders' association, get the church going, generally take hold of the new country's civic affairs. An interviewer visits each applicant on his farm; looks the wife over, too. Confidential informants within the farm organization report on his record, his reputation, his personality. And when the Dutch have

picked their man, they plant him as carefully as they would plant a tulip bulb.

They lay out the new country to look as much as possible like the Old Country. In planning the town, they see to it that the two main streets cross each other not squarely, but with a little jog. And they don't draw the streets quite straight; they give each a little dog-leg. This avoids that American look—straight streets and avenues, crossing each other at right angles—that Europeans find so soul-chilling. The countryside, too, is carefully antiqued—a curve in the road here, a little woods used as an accent there.

Having made the plans, the government builds the town—every house in it—the schools, the churches, the stores; the barns (pre-fab, but old-world looking) and the farm houses. And when the little trees are planted around the house, and the key is in the door ready to turn—*then* they let the farmer come. But he can't buy. He only gets a twelve-year lease, renewable if he has been good.

The townsman, too, is hand-picked and hand-planted. They find a good hotel man, and lease him the hotel already built, with its name already written on the sign. The sociologists figure it takes one townsman for each three farmers, to teach and preach, doctor and vet, service the farm machines, run the stores. They know just how many photographers, shoe-store owners, television service-men will be able to make a living, and just so many are planted. Nobody else can horn in because he couldn't get a place to live or work.

To the American, such all-powerful government control seems strange and rather horrible. It's a long way from Oklahoma! But then, it is now 67 years since Oklahoma had its land rush. Holland tried the American frontier style of settlement once—a hundred years ago. They had pumped dry a big lake—pumping by steam had just come in and made the project possible. They turned the land over to the settlers raw—no roads, no schools, no prepared civilization.

It did not work. People lived in sod houses. There were squatters and outlaws. There was cholera, children didn't learn to read. All this in orderly, well-kept Holland! "It took three generations to heal that sore." Perhaps this is not so odd. On the American frontier, it usually took several waves of comers to change a region from outright wilderness to full civilization; the original pioneers seldom saw the thing through; they moved on to pioneer elsewhere. Here, in tight little Europe, there was no place for them to move to.

For all the tight control, there's something American about the "New Country"—because it *is* new. It attracts the people with get-up-and-go. It gives them a thousand chances to make a new start: new school, new church, new farmers' association, new garage, new hotel. This is one of the ingredients of the American atmosphere, and the tourist recognizes a familiar scent.

"The Old Country was more *comfortable* than here," said one man wistfully. "Here, everybody is always on the go; everybody is making money. . . ." He himself was, too! And an official said: "Wait till these people's children start marrying each other! It's going to be a high-powered new race."

COWS WITH COATS ON

BUT why do all this?" I asked. "Does it pay?" As a straight business proposition, no. The land costs $1,500 an acre delivered raw, plus soil-conditioning, ditches, roads. If a company tried to make land and then farm it, it would go broke. "But we draw a distinction," said a high-up Dutchman, "between private economy and public economy." The government rents the land to the farmers at a loss. The country gains because the farmers' money goes round and round. Each guilder's worth of new farm production builds up, they figure, into seven guilders of new income all around the nation.

And what production Dutch farmers can get off a piece of land! They get four times the yield of wheat per acre that Americans get. They also use, per acre, perhaps four times as many workers. The Dutch go in for high-value products—seed potatoes, breeding cattle, tulip bulbs, cut flowers, out-of-season vegetables, and of course cheese, which they eat for breakfast. They work with great care. In fall and spring, Dutch cows out on the pastures wear coats, like Park Avenue poodles. I flew over a section of Holland where the farms were glassed over. You might be stodgy and call it greenhouses, but here they were so big, so many of them so close together that, from the air, seeing things as they really are, you have to call it a glassed-over countryside. So, you take a newly-made acre, multiply it by four for big production, and then by seven for the round-and-round effect, and land-making does pay.

But quite apart from all money angles, the Dutch want to keep the country part of their national life big and healthy. To many Europeans country life is something special, almost



holy. They think that the best people are raised on farms; farm boys make the best soldiers. The country is morally good, the city dubious at best. The city is where a nation dies out; the country, where it is reborn. And so on. True or not, these ideas are strong, especially where German thought is influential. Germany has for a hundred years protected her farm life against the competition of American wheat and Argentine beef for just those reasons. Great Britain now sometimes wishes she had done the same. There's also the idea that a nation should be able to eat off its own land, come war, depression, trade restrictions, or what-not. Holland decided on the Zuider Zee works in 1918—after four years of watching Germany and Great Britain trying to starve each other by submarine and blockade.

That is the background. Against this, the Dutch see cities, highways, industries, gobble up land. Also, many Dutch farms have been subdivided too many times among too many sons, and have become too small to support a family decently. Farmers are looking for land and can't find it. Holland has been subsidizing the emigration of its own people—to any country where they can get in. That's a sad thing for a country to have to do. The farmer, the Dutch think, ought to have a chance in his own country, just as the engineer or the businessman has. Hence land-making.

SLEEPERS AND DREAMERS

BUT the Dutch people need no such arguments. To them, land-making is just simply Good Works. For the glory of God, for the dignity of Man, for the future of your children—if you are Dutch, you build dykes.

And dykes are sacred. In the old days, if a man harmed a dyke, they buried him right in the dyke—and didn't wait to kill him first. Today, there are no keep-off signs on the dykes, no guards: they are not needed. When a new dyke is built, further toward the sea, nobody thinks of tearing down the old one. The outer, active dyke is called the "watchman"; the next one in, the "sleeper"; the oldest one, farthest from the sea, the "dreamer." Sleepers and dreamers still are important. They put a limit to the worst that can happen. They divide the country up into many small polders, so that Holland is like a ship with watertight compartments. The water has to fill one basin before it can attack the next dyke. This takes time; and the very high floods don't last so long.

The thought of flood is always there. Almost anywhere in Holland, if you look around for a few minutes, you find some marks drawn on a house somewhere: *this* is how high the water came in such and such a year. The marks are always over your head: if it happened again right now, you would be swimming.

Floods come to Holland more from wind-push than from the tide. A northwest wind drives water into the North Sea through the hole between Scotland and Norway. The water can't get out except through the English channel—very narrow. There is no room for a deep-down undertow by which the water could return northward: the North Sea is too shallow. So the water piles up against the Dutch coast—sometimes fifteen feet above normal. Then comes the tide. And if the wind-shifts happen to hit the timing just right and the two water mountains, the wind-driven one and tidal one, really get moving—look out.

When a dyke goes, it doesn't simply break;

nor is it simply overtopped. The spray from the waves blows over the top; water runs down the landward slope and makes gullies; slowly, from the landward side, they eat into the dyke. Once a low place is made and solid water begins to pour, there is no stopping it: it comes as a gigantic rapids, and that particular polder will now fill up. The water's rush slows down as it spreads, away from the break. To those who lived deep in the polder, away from the dykes, the great flood of February 1, 1953, came quietly. A child woke up and said:

"Mammy, there is water in the kitchen."

By that time, it was too late to flee to the dykes. For them the only high place was the roof. Then the roofs floated off with people on them. One family, that February night, floated across miles of open water. When their roof fetched up against an island, the wife and children were dead from exposure. An hour later, their dog landed, in a wooden box, blown by the same wind to the same spot. Now the man and the dog are back on the farm.

Eighteen hundred people were drowned that night. And the land, which Dutchmen love more than they love themselves, was terribly damaged. The salt got in the soil and killed everything, including trees that had been growing for a hundred years. The sections that were hit are now absolute prairie. The salt got into the houses—all brick in Holland. Once bricks have soaked up salt water, they will be clammy ever after: you might as well tear the house down. The sea scoured up masses of sand and buried the soil under it.

But you know the Dutch: stubborn. I saw them work with power shovels and drag lines. They dig around in the sand until they find the soil. Then they pick the soil up and spread it on top of the sand. Square yard by square yard, acre by acre, farm by farm. The government does it—and recovers part of the cost by a thirty-year special assessment against the farm—a sort of mortgage.

"These farms are going to be better than they were."

Bad as it was, Holland has seen worse. In one night in November 1421, about 3½ per cent of Holland's whole population was drowned. It was then that the Dutch really declared war on the sea. Since then, they have become virtuosos at working with water and mud and sand and sea-currents.

They have developed special machinery: a barge that capsizes itself and dumps its load of clay, then rights itself—same idea as a dump truck. A "mattress" woven of willow branches: it's the world's biggest piece of basketry, being about half an acre. You float it to the job as a raft. Then you sink it, by weighing it down with rocks. It protects the bottom against the scouring action of tide currents. The suction dredge is a ship that sends a sort of elephant's trunk down to the sea bottom, and sniffles up sand, mixed with water—same idea as a vacuum cleaner. Then, through a long pipe, it dumps this sandy water in some selected place. The water runs off, but the sand remains: this is how they now build their giant dykes in the Zuider Zee: they *pour* them. It looks wonderfully effortless: just a few ships on the vast water surface, and of course no dust—everything floats and flows, and the dyke comes into being.

Only the big bulk of a dyke is sand—or any other earth-fill that is handy. The sides are of a fancy watertight clay, which you find here and there on the sea bottom—if you know your way around. The sides of a dyke are also armored with those willow mattresses. A layer of straw is often sandwiched in. Then the seaward side is paved with stones! Down the canal that's always there in Holland, there always comes a barge loaded with stones for some dyke, somewhere. Holland has no stones; they have to be imported, and a Dutchman can tell: this load came from Germany, this one from Norway, this one is Swiss.

In dyke-building or repairing, the great moment comes when it's all completed but for a small gap. Through this gap the tides flow in and out as raging currents, sweeping away any earth-fill you might shovel there or pour there. But four times a day, for a few minutes each time the water levels on both sides of the dyke are even, and the current is slack. At that moment, they bring up a barge, loaded with rocks; they tow it into the gap and sink it: job completed.

THE MONSTER

FOR Holland the Sea is a double-headed monster. It comes as flood, and it also comes as salt. "The devil, and the poison," say the Dutch. Salt in the soil kills plants two ways: directly, and by making the soil pasty and airtight, instead of nice and crumbly. And salt keeps getting into Holland's soil. It comes up the rivers—much farther inland than people used to know. Salt water is heavier than fresh. It pushes inland as an undertow, underneath fresh water that is flowing into the sea. Then a ship

comes and mixes the two. The poisoned water then sneaks into the canals, into the fields.

Locks don't keep it out. The world's biggest locks lead from the sea into the canal to Amsterdam harbor. Every time a steamship passes through, a load of salt comes in with it and spreads through Holland's inland waters. So the whole country's canal system must be continuously sweetened up with fresh water from the Rhine. And now even the Rhine is getting slightly salty. It's not enough to taste, but enough to worry the Dutch. Reason—deep coal mines in Germany strike salt water. They have to pump it out; it finds its way into the Rhine—"Europe's big sewer," as a Dutchman bitterly describes it. The Dutch are now getting ready to do a big persuasion job on Germany. It's quite a brain-teaser, though. Just exactly how do you get rid of floods of salt water that spring up in the middle of a country?

But for Holland the biggest salt invasion is by seepage through the soil. It stands to reason: you've got land below sea level; the sea water will flow in if it can. Sometimes it seeps inland through layers deep underground, and from there upward into the soil. Then the yields get poor. The precious cows give less milk. On a century basis, the polder idea turns out to be not so good.

(We in the United States are inviting the same trouble on both coasts, where we pump up ground water for irrigation, and thus cause sea water to flow inland underground. But we still have time.)

The Dutch have done much thinking about this. And they have come up with a typical Dutch answer: they need a canal!

Here is the reasoning: you have to see to it that the water outside the polder, the water that's pressing to get in, is fresh and not salt. This means each polder ought to be surrounded by a fresh-water canal, in which the water level is kept high. This is the main new trick—apart from sheer size of their operations—that the Dutch have added to their art in this century. And the Zuider Zee works are a gigantic example of it. The first step of that project was a super-dyke that seals off the whole Zuider Zee from the open sea. The Dutch closed that one off in 1933. Then they waited five years, letting water flow out through the sluice-gates, but never in. Slowly the Zuider Zee, fed by the River Issel, a branch of the Rhine, turned into a fresh-water lake. As it changed its water, it changed its name. Today, Dutchmen appreciate it if you call it the Issel Lake.

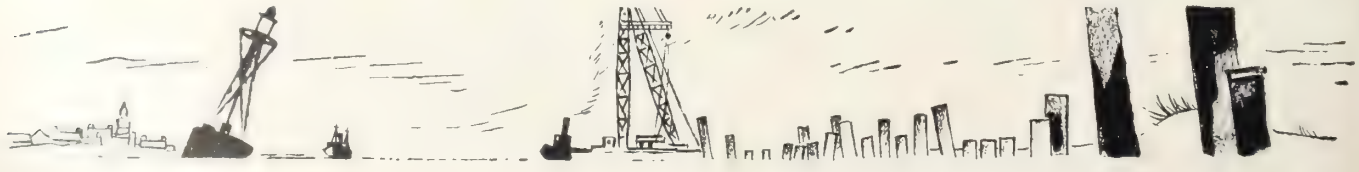
IT'S out of this fresh-water lake that they're now building their polders and getting their new land. When all the polders are in, the fresh-water lake will still survive as a system of broad waterways between the polders. And now they have their eye on two more spots where they think the same trick system will work—build a dam, develop a fresh-water lake, and then build polders into it. They think they can pump themselves up a couple of very nice little provinces. The first spot is the delta of the Rhine—the island country that was so hard hit in '53. The second spot is a string of islands off the coast. These projects take us well past the middle of the twenty-first century.

You see again how big the time-scale is on which the Dutch do their geographical engineering. This may be why the whole thing has got so little attention. Everybody knows something of the sort is going on; but at any one time, everything you see looks like old news, slightly stale:

"Why," says the tourist, "I heard about all this when I was a child."

Yet the thing as a whole is terrific news, century-wise. It proves once more what may be the biggest new thing Man has learned in this century: *There's always more of everything!* We don't need new continents to take over: there's more of everything right where we are: more food, more oil, more wood, more water, more jobs. . . . Each time it seems incredible, but each time somebody comes and proves it's true. And now the Dutch come, right in the middle of tight, crowded small old Europe, and prove it is true even of land!

And don't think the Dutch have it easy, and that their country sort of invites land-making. . . . Not so. All this time, Holland is sinking! The geologic evidence is conclusive: Holland is sinking under the sea at the rate of six inches per century. This does not discourage the Dutch.



C. Hartley Grattan

Buying on Time: Where do you stop?

Here are the simple rules of thumb which show when a family is getting too deeply in debt . . . plus a report on what the growth of consumer credit is doing to our economy.

WHAT you think of consumer credit, and the proper way to use it, depends to some degree on how old you are. Only in the last three decades or so has consumer credit become respectable; and only since World War II has it been almost unquestioned as a proper aid to sustaining a standard of living. In the old days—the days prior to, say, 1922—it was considered unsound financial practice for a family to have any more debt than a minimum mortgage on a house (50 per cent of sale value or less), and perhaps a few current accounts at selected stores, payable in full the first of the next month. Then ideas began to change.

The greatest single cause of the change was the automobile. In the early years automobiles were mostly sold for cash straight down the line to ultimate owner. But by the time of World War I it was clear that if the techniques for mass-producing cars (perfected by Henry Ford and his associates by 1913) were really to be brought into full play, a corresponding mass market for the cars was needed. This, it turned out, could only be found if credit were injected into the picture, especially credit for the ultimate consumer. From cars the idea spread to other "durables"—articles expected to last three years or more in use, such as refrigerators, radios, vacuum cleaners, washers, freezers, air conditioners, and so on—all items priced at a higher figure than numerous families who coveted them could normally meet in full at the moment of purchase. Cars, however, still represent the largest single item in consumer credit outstanding at any given moment.

Consumer credit is, then, indispensable for the distribution of the more expensive items in the mass-production–mass-consumption equation which underlies the American standard of living. Consequently, it is easy to see how it has gained social acceptance, or respectability, and why suspicion of it as a technique for acquiring consumer durables has practically died out among our young people.

But as many "good things" are subject to limitations of use, so also is consumer credit. If it can, used wisely, be a creative factor for the family and the economy, it can also be disastrous to both if abused. For consumer credit is an excellent servant, but a bad master. Rub Aladdin's lamp too recklessly and trouble will ensue.

The point exceedingly difficult to decide is just when consumer credit becomes too much of a good thing. At this moment a good many economists would be overjoyed to have an infallible method of determining it. But before tackling that conundrum, let us take a look at the consumer-credit picture as it exists today on a national scale.

THE first thing to notice is that the great current increase in the total volume of consumer credit has occurred at a time when consumer disposable income (that is, income after taxes) also has been steadily increasing.

Furthermore, the increase in disposable income has been especially favorable to precisely those consumers who are classified in the "middle-income" group—the $3,000 to $10,000 a year people. At this level there has been since about 1947 not only an increase of dollar income but also, and more importantly, an increase in real income of about 20 per cent. (Real income is money income less the effect of inflation, or rising prices.) There seems also to be a strong tendency at present to add more and more consumers to the middle-income group.

Beyond this, income has been remarkably reliable for the last decade. People have become used to steady income, and they are very ready to assume that their incomes will continue to be steady in the future.

Now while consumer credit is ordinarily granted on the assumption that the American

consumer is a pretty sound fellow and will scrupulously keep his promises, it is also based on an assessment of the past, present, and future of the borrower. Therefore, with more people earning good incomes, and continuously earning them, it is entirely natural that consumer credit should increase. There is no cause for alarm about a rise in consumer credit in such a period. The experts are especially calm if they feel reasonably sure that the steadiness will continue into the predictable future, as they currently mostly do.

What would be alarming would be to have it conclusively shown that consumer credit is steadily rising faster than disposable income, or rising at a time when we can anticipate that many people will shortly be out of jobs or irregularly employed. This would mean that consumers were getting too deeply into debt, with regard to both current income and reasonable expectations for the future. Available evidence pointing in this direction is not conclusive and really indicts not the economy in the large, but foolish families and foolish lenders extending credit to foolish borrowers.

Nevertheless the "soft spots" in the consumer-credit picture today are (1) the possibility that there is a rising tendency to grant credit with too small down payments and too long a term to pay off the balance; and (2) a complementary tendency to bet too unthinkingly on the continuance of full employment.

WHO BUYS "ON TIME"?

WHILE it is often loosely said that today "everybody" uses consumer credit, this is not true. At any given time only about half of the total number of consumers are committed to installment purchases, and of the people earning less than $3,000 a year and over $10,000, only about one-third and one-quarter respectively. The low-income people are either excluded from the credit market because they are not good risks, or voluntarily withdraw from it by reason of retirement with fully satisfied needs; while the high-income people naturally have a greater capacity to pay for expensive purchases with cash.

Consumer credit is, therefore, predominantly a middle-income phenomenon. It is also commonest among the younger families of this group, of which perhaps two-thirds are involved.

This indicates that consumer credit is an instrument widely used by young married people of good incomes to acquire the machines for living customarily owned by people maintaining the standard of living to which they aspire. It is an instrument used by people on the way up—people who, under normal conditions, have not reached their ceiling in the hierarchy of employment, or of income, and who do not have any considerable savings to draw upon for large expenditures. The best they can do is to accumulate enough for down payments.

Since these people live in very various environments, it is difficult to characterize them in concrete detail. However, they are not, for example, all men in gray flannel suits; they may wear blue denim at work. But it is a reasonable assumption, on the basis of the facts known about them, that they are very commonly found in $12,000 to $15,000 houses in the new pre-engineered suburbs, and it is also likely that they have a family (probably incomplete) of one or two young children. Fairly often the wife works, even if intermittently, thus creating a two-income family. These people are the conspicuous beneficiaries of the prosperity of recent years, and they also have a very large stake in its continuance.

To these people the soundness of consumer credit is not an abstract economic question, but a fundamental necessity for their continued well-being. Only if it is sound can they expect to keep up the standard of living symbolized by the car, the refrigerator, the freezer, the washer, the TV, the high-fidelity record player. . . .

Looked at from their point of view, consumer credit is a problem in budgeting. The larger factors which must be kept in view in thinking about consumer credit in the economy are also basic to family thinking about it: current size of income and its probable future course, both as to size and continuity. If too large a percentage of the income is committed to installment payments, the pattern of family living will be distorted and the whole enterprise will suffer strain. If a false assessment of prospects is made, commitments tolerable at the moment may become disastrous burdens later on.

Let us look illustratively at two monthly budgets based on an annual disposable income of $6,000 *after taxes* and other deductions at source. There is nothing very scientific about them, but they conform to realities. The first is based upon the use of 20 per cent of disposable income for installments, the maximum percentage anybody of responsibility seems to be prepared to defend today.

The second reflects the situation if but 12 per cent is devoted to installments, the commonest repayment rate at the present moment.

MONTHLY BUDGET I

To the bank on mortgage (probably 10 per cent too large), plus operating utilities (water, gas, electricity, telephone, fuel)	$100
To installments (*e.g.*, new car at about $80, plus one, possibly two, less costly appliances)	100
To insurance (including life, car, fire, etc., but not including deductions from salary for social security, or for company coverage)	25
To food and clothing (this to take in department store charges and routine household operating expenses)	175
To services (including maintenance of car, medical bills, commuting expenses, church donations, dues in other organizations, etc.)	75
Leaving a cash surplus to take up slack or for savings	25
	$500

MONTHLY BUDGET II

To the bank on mortgage, as before	$100
To installments (*e.g.*, a good second-hand car, *or* various household appliances)	60
To insurance, as before	25
To food and clothing, as before	200
To services, as before	75
Leaving a cash surplus to take up slack or for savings	40
	$500

Plainly several things can be said which apply to both situations: that the car will be paid for in from twenty-three to thirty months, that the appliances will be paid for in twelve to eighteen months, and that, therefore, these budgets represent temporary situations, unless new installment purchases are made while the old ones are being completed.

But whatever is said in exculpation of such heavy commitments, these are tight budgets, and since they are presumably budgets of young people, the arrival of a new baby, for example, would throw them badly out of gear. The second picture is obviously better than the first, but both would be hard to live with over any extended period.

They must be finally assessed in the light of what the family concerned is trying to accomplish. This—we might as well face it—is the common road to a standard of living few people today, even stern moralists, are prepared to deny middle-income young people.

Actually, however, only about three to four out of ten consumers have committed up to 10 per cent of their income to installment payments; about the same proportion have commitments running from 10 to 20 per cent of disposable income; while two or three are in deeper than 20 per cent. These latter two categories include the people who arouse the apprehensions, not only of old fogies, but of all persons with the slightest regard for sound personal finance. They also inspire most of the critical remarks about consumer credit.

When one reads in William H. Whyte, Jr.'s famous and hair-raising essay "The Consumer in the New Suburbia": ". . . in their desk drawer are several little books with twelve or sixteen or eighteen or more monthly payment coupons to fill out. But they do not worry. This is the normal estate in our economy they know . . ." one may properly shiver (if one is over fifty!), especially when Whyte adds that the only insurance against disaster is, not savings, which do not exist, but a single bet: continuity of the job. Some of these people are the personal embodiments of a worrisome phase of the consumer credit picture: overcommitment.

On the reasoning used here, the consumer whose installment payments get up toward 20 per cent of his current disposable income is acting very unwisely, even dangerously. As he increases his commitments he is probably tempted to grab at low down payments and extended time to pay

off, thus worsening his position in the long run. Experienced observers of consumer-credit users know perfectly well that risky terms are in large part the product of overselling by overzealous merchants, plus a lapse of judgment on the part of credit houses. They cause the appearance of "soft spots" in the picture.

HOW MUCH CREDIT IS "SAFE"?

OF COURSE, credit terms cannot be dogmatically prescribed. They are largely the product of the experience of those professionally engaged in granting credit. No IBM machine fed a punched card designed to define a consumer's economic position will ever be able to give a final answer to the man extending credit. But experience does become epitomized in working rules. And experience indicates that at this moment minimal safe terms on a new car, say, would be about one-quarter of the price down and thirty months to pay off; the same down payment on a recent-model used car and a maximum of twenty-two months to pay off; and on an older car the same proportionate down payment and fifteen months to pay. With regard to less costly consumer durables, a similar proportionate down payment would be wise, but a shorter pay-off period should be expected. (Every buyer going into the market should keep this rule in mind: the higher the proportion paid down, the safer the transaction for him.)

Although it is hard to read the figures, it would seem that up to now the great majority of consumers have kept within sensible limits. One set of figures I have seen shows that six out of ten committed consumers will pay their existing commitments within a year, another three within two years, and only one out of ten is on the hook for longer than that. These figures obviously refer to people who have already partly paid for their cars, for a survey of new purchasers, with thirty months to go, would show a higher number committed beyond two years.

With this discussion of terms we get around to a complex aspect of consumer credit that worries critical (but not necessarily hostile) observers. If terms appear to be going "soft" or "bad" they become alarmed, and with reason. If the percentage of the price required as a down payment declines too far and the time allowed to pay in full stretches out beyond what is "reasonable," there is cause for concern. The great trouble is that there are no firm bench-marks for either factor.

The one-quarter down payment used above seems sensible in a healthy economic environment, but imaginably it should be run up to one-third to damp down an inflationary situation, or even dropped to one-fifth to stimulate sales in a deflationary but fundamentally sound general economic situation. "No down payment" offers are always questionable, even when they are truthful. Some newspapers take such a dim view of them that they refuse advertising offering such terms. Consumers regardful of their welfare should be equally chary. Down payments there must always be; the question is, how big should they be?

Similarly there can be no dogmatic prescription about the time to pay out. Before me is a report on pay-out times for cars, as reflected in the operations of one of the largest and soundest credit companies in the business. It shows that between 1953 and the middle of 1955 average pay-out time on new cars increased by about four to thirty months; on recent-model second-hand cars, by two to twenty-three months; while on older second-hand cars it stayed steady at fifteen months. These adjustments reflect fairly accurately the prices for cars over the period. Taking the installment field as a whole, however, there seems to be a tendency for the pay-off time to rise, and in such a fluid situation there are always those who will try to feel out new limits. Today there is a pull toward thirty-six months on new cars, as against the current thirty. Expert judgment today opposes this development, except in rare, very special cases. The careful purchaser will keep well within the prevailing idea of what is sound, not go adventuring into the outer fringe of possibilities.

BASICALLY, the cause for worry about terms is the existence of evidence that seems to show that as terms of credit get sloppy, economic difficulties impend in the economy at large. At least there appears to be a historical association between the rise of sloppy credit terms and the onset of depression. Sloppy credit is, perhaps, a disease-carrying by-product of boom psychology. According to correlated studies which bear upon the point, both lenders and borrowers are involved, so the mere ability to obtain sloppy terms is no sign that the borrower won't suffer. A study of consumer credit made some years ago showed that what is called the "bad loan relative" (or the ratio of bad loans to good loans) rose as the down payment declined and the time of pay-off increased.

The wayfaring citizen is no great hand at

before facing up to the meaning of the man with his hand on the handle.

Fortunately the exhibition was more than just a collection of menus. There were pictures of the hotels and steamship saloons and restaurants in which those meals were served. Our rugged ancestors might, it seems, have enjoyed pulling the handle on a beef-stew dispenser. The custom of eating on the dead run is nothing new. Robert Burford, who visited New York in 1834, noted that in American hotels, "The meals are taken in the public room where 50 to 100 persons sit down at the same time . . . a vast number of dishes cover the table, and the dispatch with which they are cleared is almost incredible; from 5 to 10 minutes for breakfast, 15 to 20 minutes for dinner, and 10 for supper are fully sufficient. . . ."

But not all public eating was at such a clip, any more than it is now. There was no such thing as the three-martini lunch, but there were breakfasts that were just as imprudent, especially on steamers. On the good ship *Mary E. Forsyth,* for example, you could get any number of cuts of lamb, pork, ham, and beef (including Beefsteak à la Bordelaise) for breakfast. Formal dinners, of course, went on for course after course, hour after hour, fanciness after fanciness. A testimonial dinner for the Hungarian patriot Louis Kossuth at the old Astor House ended with a display of ornamental confection which was "Washington's Triumphal Arch surrounded by Goddesses of Liberty, Atlas supporting the World, the good old ship Constitution, Grecian Tower of Athens, Hungarian Cottage, and Turkish Temple with statue of Abdul Medjid." This was in 1851. Not even the Albert Memorial ever reached quite such an apex of sculptural frivolity, though the spirit was much the same.

Most of the menus in the collection, or in the part of it that was shown, were from hotels. The full collection given to the Historical Society by Arnold Shircliffe of Chicago in memory of his father, a hotel man and *aficionado* of food, numbers 10,000 items. Tremont House in Boston, the first "palace" hotel in the world, was indulging in French menus in the 1830s, when there must have been even fewer Americans who could read them than there are now. In the year of the Gold Rush, the Ward House in San Francisco was charging the rough and ready prospectors a dollar apiece for "fresh California eggs," a dollar for a plate of soup, and $250 a month for a tiny room. Only a few years later in the same city Bucklin's What Cheer Hotel was offering Beefsteak and Onions for a dime, and a "Mammoth Glass of Chicago Celebrated Beer" for a nickel. Curiously, a dish of hot oatmeal mush cost the same as beefsteak. Posted at the What Cheer was a sign:

> Guests are requested to avoid the filthy practice of spitting on the carpets, smoking, lying upon beds with their boots on, or defacing the walls by lighting matches, driving nails or moving furniture.

In the 1880s at Dunn's restaurant in Boston there was discrimination in favor of women. Dunn's advertised a ten-course dinner for 25 cents. Ladies could get the same meal for 20 cents.

At the fashionable Rector's, prices were, however, exorbitant. Roast beef was 40 cents, squab, plover, snipe, or railbird were 80 cents, and Turkish coffee was 20 cents. The "half-portion" was popular in those days as the full portion was more than enough for two people. Rector's, however, wouldn't let its customers off too easily. "Half Portions for One Person Only," it said on the bottom of the menu.



Item for item, menus have changed surprisingly little in the past century and, relatively speaking, prices have not changed much either. The number of items on a restaurant menu, which sometimes seems ridiculous, was shocking to foreigners in the last century as it is now, and the use of French to lend tone was just as common. In general it would seem that our public eating habits have changed less than our family ones, where the tendency has been toward smaller meals more easily wrested from a state of nature.

When, however, wresting hot food from nature becomes merely the business of inserting a coin ing a machine and pulling a handle, I find I sigh a bit. The *Wall Street Journal,* I discovered when I got back from the Historical Society, goes on to say that the hot stew machine "will have six chutes that can merchandise a wide variety of Heinz soups and 'portion' pack meals including lamb stew, chop suey, chicken stew with dumplings, and Spanish rice."

First thing you know, you'll be able to get your soup, as a waitress once said to me, "with or without *aux croutons.*"

—Mr. Harper

the new BOOKS

PAUL PICKREL

Political Rhetoric, the Decision-Makers, and Some Innocents Abroad

WITHIN a few days of one another three remarkable new books dealing with the Eisenhower period in American history make their appearance. To say that the books are diverse in their approaches is to understate the case; at times the reader who turns from one to the next will have to remind himself rather sternly that the era discussed in all of them is the same. Yet one thing that unites the three books is a common concern with the part language plays in contemporary politics.

Richard Rovere, author of **Affairs of State: The Eisenhower Years** (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, $4.50), has made himself a kind of unofficial literary critic of the Eisenhower Administration. This means that he has had his work cut out for him, for whatever else may have been bad about the Administration its worst feature has certainly been its rhetoric. Rovere has made the most of his opportunities; he takes the inept slogans that have been meant to dramatize policy but have usually had to be explained away in the end—phrases like "massive retaliation" and "unleashing Chiang Kai-shek"—and he teases them until all their inherent foolishness is apparent, though he now thinks that "the rhetoric is no longer an obstructing feature" of the Administration.

In other and possibly less conscious ways Rovere writes like a literary critic when he discusses politics. He tends to see events as an aesthetic spectacle, like a play: he writes of the Geneva Conference as "a piece of theater," for example; he amusingly analyzes the politician's speech from the rear platform of a train as "an art-form"; he all but puts the Watkins Committee behind a proscenium arch. Like a literary critic Rovere feels the force in characters whose actions do not altogether appeal to him. The hero of the first half of his book is Senator Taft—not because Rovere sympathizes with Taft's political objectives but because Taft's character stirs his imagination. (Of course, the fact that Taft was not Eisenhower may have had something to do with it too.) The record, for Rovere, is the literary record; he characteristically sees political figures in the light of what they have said or written rather than in the light of their political functions. He can use the literary record with disastrous effect, as he does against Dulles and Nixon.

Yet literature and politics are not the same thing, and a political speech cannot be judged in the same way as a short story or political action in the same way as a play. Both a literary work and politics are in some sense structures of power, but in literature the power is in the words and in politics it is in a lot of other places as well. Rovere's weakness as a political writer is a tendency to overemphasize the verbal or aesthetic element in politics. He makes politics so entertaining that the reader is in some danger of drawing the conclusion that the object of politics is entertainment.

But the fact that he has so much awareness of literary values and such a highly developed literary gift enables Rovere to do some things that most political writers cannot do. For instance, he writes fairly often, and very well, of what does *not* happen. A good deal of political writing consists of making mountains out of molehills, but Rovere can describe a molehill (or the mole asleep inside it) so well that he does not have to resort to exaggeration to hold the reader's attention. Someone hostile to the Eisenhower Administration might say that Rovere's ability to write of inaction has peculiarly fitted him for the task of chronicling the politics of the present, but probably at most times there is less going on in politics than meets the newspaper reader's eye. It is not in the interest of newspapers to minimize political activity, and so a writer like Rovere who can set aside the pother of the headlines to record the crisis that

The Swivel Chair



April's reputation for cruelty is well deserved when one considers the seed catalogue, the boatowners handbook, or the civic improvement program. The printed word everywhere is calculated to get one out of the armchair and into the multiple confusions of manual labor. Procrastination brings all things, however. Fire can be fought with fire. The local bookstore can still supply fare guaranteed to keep one indoors oblivious to hammer and paint brush and trowel.

This is the way to go to Africa, for no luxury safari ever offered the insulation or the detachment of hearthside travel. **The Nylon Safari** ($3.50) by **Rehna (Tiny) Cloete** —"The tone is prevailingly lighthearted, the pace is readably headlong, and there is notably little spilling of blood or guts. Indeed, the Hemingway-Ruark axis of hairy-chested literary Tarzans may be somewhat miffed at the casual kiss-off Tiny Cloete gives their favorite outdoor sport. From the time the Cloetes outfit themselves in brand-new hunting togs in Nairobi, Tiny makes it amusingly plain that she is out to slay the myth of the strong, infallible White Hunter." — *Time*



"Amusing, debunking approach. From the very start our author ruthlessly strips away the glamour. But as they drove through vast herds of game on the Serengeti Plains, camped at night in the shadow of Mount Kilimanjaro, marveled at the dramatic dawns in the Great Rift Valley, and watched a million or so flamingoes take to the air together, her resistance broke down. So chalk up one more conquest for Darkest Africa. Rehna Cloete, who had heard so much about romantic safaris, came, saw, and finally concurred. This book is her zestful confession." — *John Barkham, New York Times*



This is the way to go to New Mexico. **Behind the Mountains** ($3.00) by **Oliver La Farge.** A Pulitzer prize winning novelist writes of his wife's world — a baronial ranch in the Sangre de Christo country — an idyll touched with the shadow of slowly vanishing grandeur. "This book comprises a dozen reminiscent sketches. Somewhere in each sketch is delicately touched the emotional core of the experience that made it remembered. Through them we glimpse the people and the life in the beautiful blue valley in that twilight decade. Warmly, charmingly told." — *Saturday Review*





This is the way to hunt a tiger — or to watch a tiger hunt — for this is a creature whose fate is in the hands of just one man, **Harry Black.** ($3.95) **David Walker** has written other absorbing novels about men and animals in the flight for life. They were curtain raisers for this one. Harry Black has done excellently in all things school, career and war. He has taken the wrong great love affair correctly. He is well conditioned for success; defenceless in the face of failure. And so he sets out after his tiger, a creature that has eaten human flesh and now can never cease to hunt it.

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failed to become critical or the decision that was not decided is a useful man to have around.

When Rovere puts his mind to it he can also deal with issues and ideas. In a few paragraphs he traces the changing basis of our military strategy with unsurpassed lucidity, and he has an admirable analysis of the President's relations with the Joint Chiefs of Staff. (He thinks the President has used his military experience as a counterweight against the political pressure of the Joint Chiefs with excellent effect.) When Rovere goes beyond the literary record to talk with people, as he did with the delegates at the Republican Convention in 1952—a crowd who, as Rovere portrays them, had given their hearts to Taft but thought they had to nominate Eisenhower to win—he writes just as well as when he is dissecting a slogan. And he is the wittiest and most ingratiating writer on politics now at work.

Rovere's own political position is apparently somewhere between the two Humphreys—Senator Hubert who has "a fatal weakness for all the pieties of contemporary liberalism" and Secretary George who is "simply the rich man's John Snyder." That leaves him considerable room for maneuver. In general, Rovere's opinion of Eisenhower has risen (it didn't start high); he thinks Eisenhower has done well in foreign policy, reaching the climax of his career at Geneva, where his success was distinctly personal and no less real for its failure to change things in some measurable way. On the other hand, more than any other writer known to me, Rovere thinks that Eisenhower has not enjoyed the Presidency or politics, that he hates Washington and is often impatient and bad-tempered when he is there.

Affairs of State is made up of magazine articles Rovere has published in the course of the Administration, concluding with a long new chapter that summarizes what the Administration has accomplished. The method of composition results in a good many gaps and a certain amount of false emphasis, but it has a striking immediacy that makes the reader feel as if he were reliving the events of the last three and a half years.

ANOTHER LANGUAGE

Revolt of the Moderates by Samuel Lubell (Harper, $3.75) is a criticism of contemporary political language from quite a different point of view.* As Lubell sees it, what is wrong with the language of politics is that it is out of step with political reality. We are trying to talk about politics, he says in effect, in the vocabulary Roosevelt developed in the 'thirties, when we were concerned with such problems as using the government to make the economy work and improving the lot of the less privileged members of society. But now that the welfare state has been institutionalized and the principle of government responsibility for the economy accepted by both parties, that vocabulary ceases to serve our needs. The central political problem of our time, according to Lubell, is the creation of a stable state that can survive and civilize the technological revolution that has brought into being a new agriculture, a new South, the possibility of automation, and a new basis for international relations—thermonuclear weapons. To talk about this problem we need a different political language.

Lubell makes his case for a new political vocabulary very well, but what that new language will be is not very clear. When he says that such terms as "right" and "left" have lost their relevance he is convincing, but when he argues that they should be replaced by such terms as "past" and "future" I must confess, however reluctantly, that I do not know exactly what he means. This fault in some measure marks the book as a whole; it shows that the commonly accepted picture of American politics is out of focus but it doesn't quite succeed in giving us another picture to take its place.

Lubell's gifts as a political writer are an imperturbable objectivity, an independence of judgment in drawing conclusions from evidence, and a tremendous capacity for work. He has analyzed the voting of every county and every major city since the Civil War, and he has talked with thousands of voters all over the country about their political opinions. He is not a pollster and he does not show tables of his results or claim statistical reliability for them, as Kinsey does for his quite different figures; but it is only slightly fanciful to see in Lubell the Kinsey of political writing. Both in sex and in politics there are certain stereotypes about how people behave, based in part at least on how they behaved in earlier periods of social history, and for all their differences Kinsey and Lubell have the common effect of breaking up stereotypes.

On a number of points Lubell is in fundamental disagreement with Rovere. He thinks, for one thing, that Eisenhower enjoys politics and is extremely good at it. Where Rovere gives Secretary Humphrey the back of his hand, Lubell takes him seriously as a central symbol of the Eisenhower Administration—he is the kind of Republican who has talked the right-wing language of the 'thirties so long that when he finds himself exercising political responsibility in the "moderate" fifties he has a good deal to learn. In fact, Lubell sees the Eisenhower Administration as, among other things, a kind of adult-education program for men of Hum-

* See "The Politics of Revenge," p. 29.

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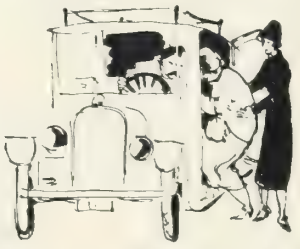
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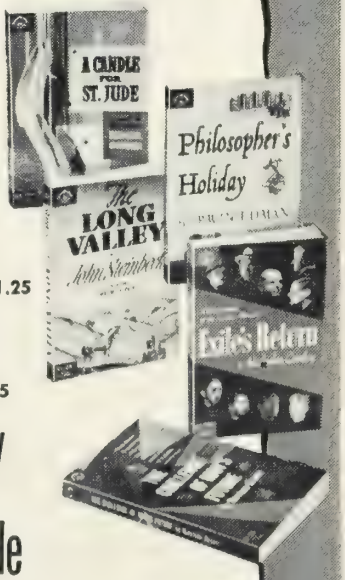
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EDITOR AT LARGE



I gather from what I read in the various critical journals and writers' magazines that the short story is somewhat in the state in which Mark Twain is reputed to have placed the weather: everybody talks about (and writes) it and nobody reads (or buys) books containing it.

In a way this is understandable, for a book of short stories seldom offers the sustained reading experience that one gets from a longer piece of fiction. Yet every now and then there comes along a collection of short stories that is so much of an entity it offers a reader everything he looks for in a novel.

Just such a collection is "The Presence of Grace," the second volume of stories by J. F. Powers.

Powers' stories are almost all about the Catholic community in the American Midwest. Many of them are about priests, including Father Burner, who also appeared in Mr. Powers' first book, "Prince of Darkness." I doubt if many *New Yorker* readers have been able to forget the stories about Father Burner as told in the first person by his pastor's cat, and both of these stories are in the new book.

The writing ability of J. F. Powers has been acclaimed by the most discriminating critics. His stories of bishops, priests and parishioners have appeal for Catholic and non-Catholic alike.

And he proves that a skillful writer can get more character, atmosphere and story into thirty pages than lesser writers can put into novels of more than 300 pages.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"The Presence of Grace," ($2.95) by J. F. Powers, is published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y., also publishers of his "Prince of Darkness" ($2.75), which, those who bewail the fate of the short story should note, was published in 1947 and is still going strong. Copies of both books may be obtained from your own bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, including the one at 921 Nicollet Avenue, in Minneapolis, Minnesota, which is J. F. Powers' home state.

phrey's stamp. He even makes out a report card on Humphrey's progress; it shows improvement but it isn't straight A's.

Perhaps no contrast between Rovere and Lubell reveals the difference in their approaches better than their treatments of Vice President Nixon. In a brilliantly savage chapter Rovere examines Nixon's literary record and finds him a young man on the make who has said all things to all men, an opportunist who is all strategy and no principle. Lubell does not mention what Nixon has said or written but defines him by his political function—Nixon plays a part essential in any coalition party, such as both our parties are: he is the equivalent of the "border-state Senator" in the Democratic party, the necessary go-between reconciling opposing interests. The two appraisals do not cancel one another out, of course, but they reveal different bases for judgment and different political expectations.

Similarly, where Rovere sees a phrase like "massive retaliation" as a piece of rhetorical bungling, Lubell sees it as an expression of an attitude prevalent among many voters during the election—an expression of disillusion with half-measures in Korea.

Lubell is not the writer Rovere is—his prose is merely serviceable—but he is a highly original analyst of politics (decidedly more original, in fact, than this discussion makes him sound) and very much worth reading.

THE OLYMPIANS

C. WRIGHT MILLS'S criticism of the language of American politics, in **The Power Elite** (Oxford, $6), is a far more drastic version of Lubell's. Like Lubell, Mills thinks that our political language no longer corresponds to political reality, but he also thinks that there is nothing accidental about this discrepancy. Practically everybody in a position of power, according to Mills, has now learned the rhetoric of liberalism, and employs public-relations men to release large clouds of it to keep the people at the bottom of the power pyramid from seeing what is going on at the top. Everybody talks liberalism and it doesn't mean a thing. There are, to be sure, a few withdrawn spinsterish types who do a species of verbal tatting known as the New Conservatism, but they have nothing to do with what happens. There are also a few people at what Mills calls "the middle levels of power"—Congressmen, labor leaders, and the like—who talk more or less realistically about issues of localized interest.

But the genuine power in America, in Mills's opinion, is wielded by an interlocking directorate of the leading corporation managers, the very rich, a few of the topmost politicians, and the highest-ranking military officers. They make the decisions that matter in Olympian seclusion, irresponsibly sending out their thunderbolts upon a defenseless people and shielding their stronghold of power from vulgar view with clouds of vaguely liberal sentiment seeded with platitude.

This is a variant on the view of the Eisenhower Administration as a creature of Batten, Barton, Durstine, and Osborn, enlarged to include all of American society. But Mills is too apocalyptical to be partisan; he believes that the structure of power he describes got started during the second world war, has used the excuse of secrecy provided by the cold war to consolidate its gains, and has become entrenched under Eisenhower.

The Power Elite is an infuriating book. It is repetitious; it is interminable, or a little longer; on occasion it lapses into a language for which a reading knowledge of English will not prepare you. "For," Mills is capable of writing, "if a genuine public is sovereign, it needs no master but the masses, in their full development, are sovereign only in some plebiscitarian moment of adulation to an elite as authoritative celebrity." (The example is not typical, but it's too good to pass up.) Mills divulges far too many open secrets—at ponderous length and in a tone of shocked surprise he reveals that the rich send their children to private schools, that the managers of leading corporations live in large houses, and that if you want to be a captain of industry it is helpful to have a father in the captain-of-industry line, with statistics to prove it.

The book is cantankerous, in-


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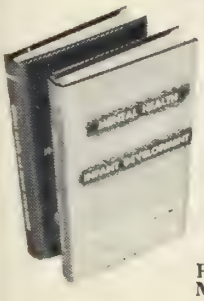
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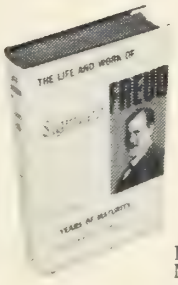
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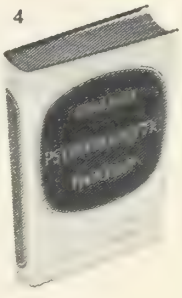
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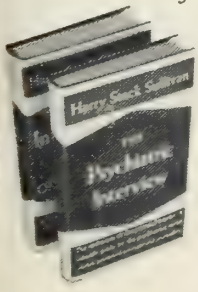
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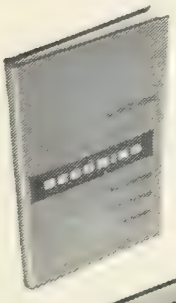
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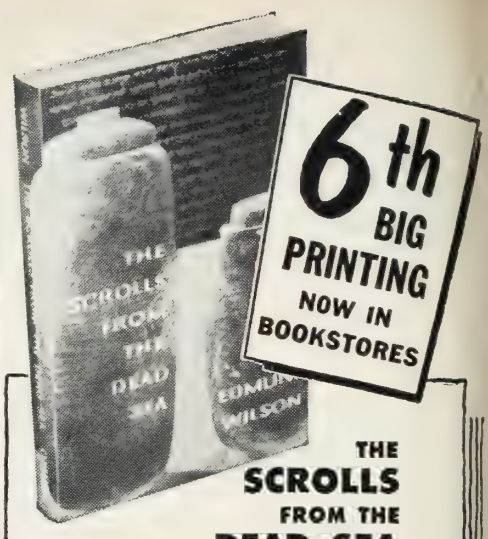
flated, and—as I read it—intellectually confused. Mills's central argument—that power must be judged by the "standards of power"—doesn't make sense, because power itself has no standards. His attempt to destroy any moral basis by which the men who wield power can be judged (he says that such concepts as honor, duty, integrity, and ability are only whatever someone chooses to call by those names) leaves us in a human jungle even more primitive than the one he describes.

Yet for all this, *The Power Elite* cannot be lightly or finally dismissed. There is at least enough reality in it to make you look at the society and political activity around you with a new awareness, to ask questions that can neither be ignored nor easily answered. In contemporary America it is a long time between radicals, and Mills serves the true function of the radical in society: he calls the whole structure of power into question. Lubell warns against smugness and a universal appeal to moderation; Mills is an excellent antidote to those dangers. In the end I grant him my grudging admiration—he has made me change my mind about a few things and to realize my ignorance of many others, and that is a formidable operation.

ASIAN WARS

BY A convenient coincidence Graham Greene's new novel—**The Quiet American** (Viking, $3.50)—is also concerned with the rhetoric of American politics, though not in its domestic aspects but rather as an international problem.

Greene's central character, the quiet American of the title, is a nice young man who goes to Indochina to save Southeast Asia for democracy. His only equipment is infinite idealism and good will, a lethal innocence, a vastly oversimplified picture of Indochinese problems provided by a once-over-lightly American journalist, and molds for making bombs of plastic that he has brought into the country illegally. His vocabulary of political idealism has no relevance to the actual situation of the Indochinese; they take his bombs and forget the words that are supposed to give the bombs



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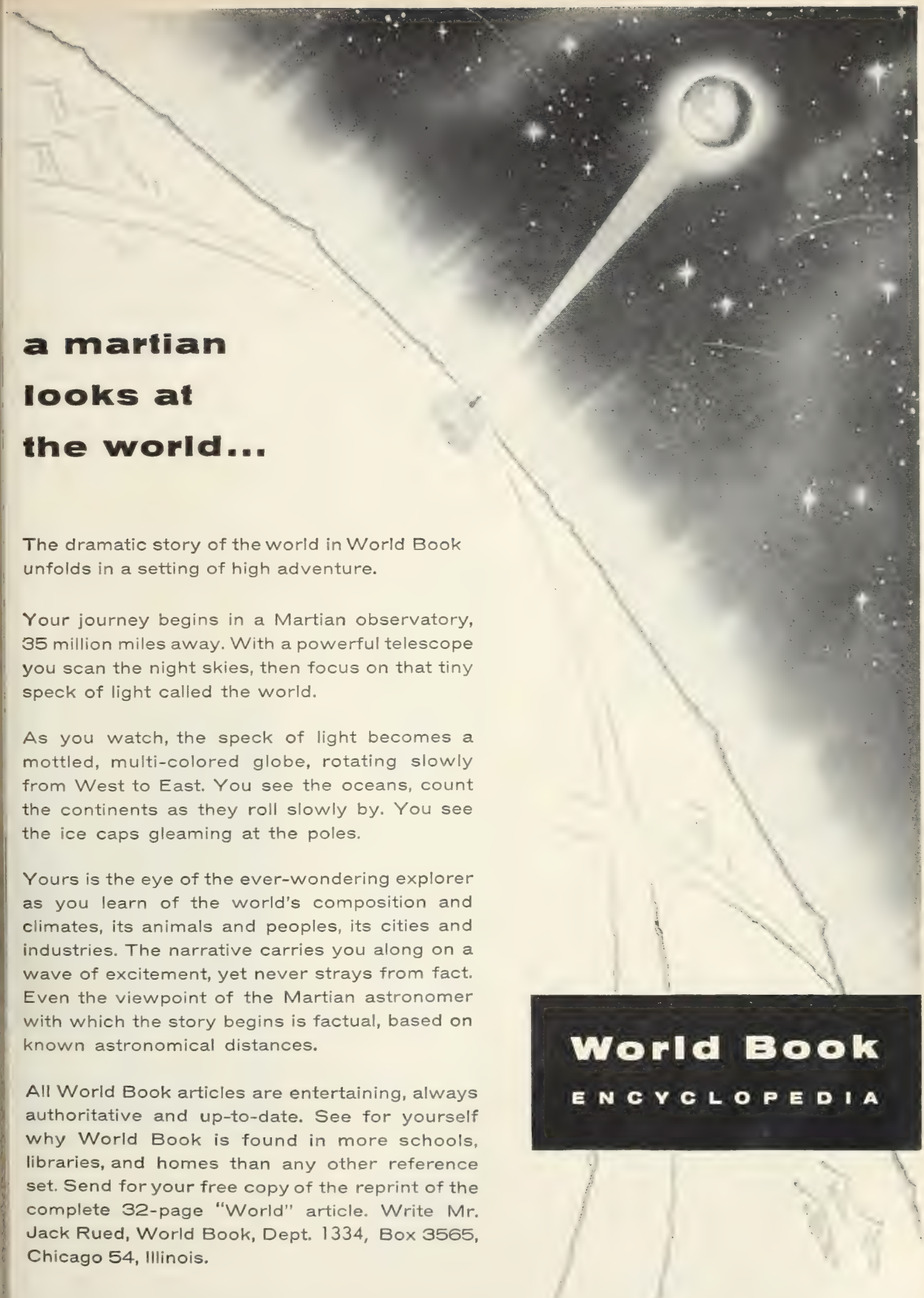
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moral status. In time the young man finds himself up to his neck in trouble—he can't imagine why, because he had meant so well. He ends up in a ditch, murdered.

In contrast to the quiet American stands the narrator of the story, an English newspaperman afraid to go back to England, a man who has forgotten more about Indochina than the American will ever know but who is too far gone in disillusion, self-indulgence, and self-pity to do anything about what he knows. He is a neutralist through no conviction; he is willing to use violence to serve his own comfort, but beyond that everything is too complicated and too boring to bother with.

The "message" of the book seems to be that there is little to choose between the innocent man who means well and the knowing man who has ceased to mean anything at all. Though Greene has announced that with this book he has abandoned religion as a central issue in his books, it is easy to draw from the novel the conclusion that however a man acts the result is going to be pretty sinful.

The Quiet American is not one of Greene's best novels. The whole subject of American innocence confronting the moral complexity of the world has grown a little stale. (Henry James was doing pretty well with it half a century ago, and it has become one of the most common of commonplaces in discussions of international relations.) The story that Greene uses to develop his subject—the two men are in love with the same Indochinese girl—is too obviously allegorical. The American has only symbolic interest; the seedy Englishman down on his nerve in foreign parts is drawn more convincingly, but Greene has done him before, and better. The Indochinese background, on the other hand, is very well realized. The motion picture that is the inevitable consequence of a novel by Graham Greene will probably be better than the book.

ANOTHER new novel more interesting for its Asian background than for its distinction as fiction is Kamala Markandaya's **Some Inner Fury** (John Day, $3.50). This too is a story set in a time of strife; th

A Venture in Utopia

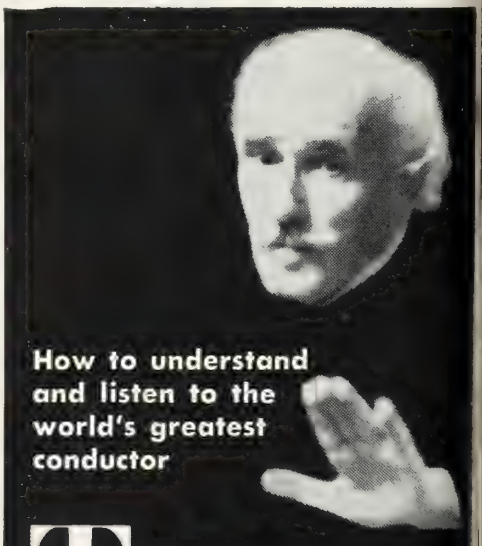
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limactic scenes are provided by incidents of violence in the Indian truggle for independence.

The chief characters are the members of an upper-middle-class Indian amily—one brother who has been horoughly assimilated to the British hrough education in England and n appointment to the Civil Service; foster brother who becomes a eader of the Indians against the British; and a sister (who tells the tory) of divided loyalty, in love with n Englishman but closely bound to ier own people and their revolutionary leaders.

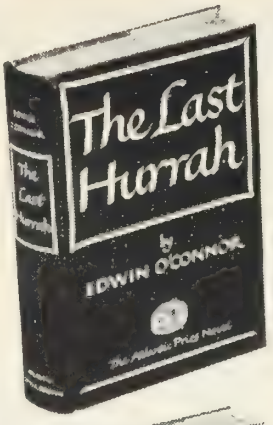
The early chapters of the book ive a pleasant picture of one kind f Indian family life, and the whole hing makes the years immediately receding Indian independence real 's few novels have, but *Some Inner ury* is not a great success as a novel. The manner is so humorless and so ortentous that the essentially dramatic story gets dwarfed by the style. Iiss Markandaya too often reminds he reader that the events she is elating are terrible and tragic; they re, but the reader would have preerred to make the discovery for himelf.

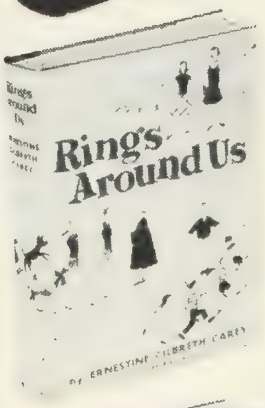
DOMESTIC STRIFE

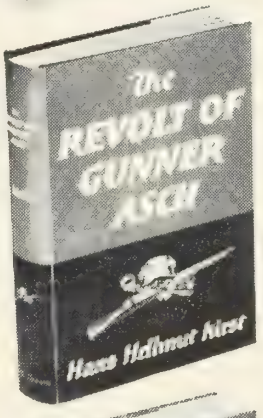
WARS in Asia come and go, but fortunately for novelists dultery is always with us. It provides the subject of two new novels—. P. Hartley's **A Perfect Woman** (Knopf, $3.95) and Irwin Shaw's **Lucy Crown** (Random House, $3.95).

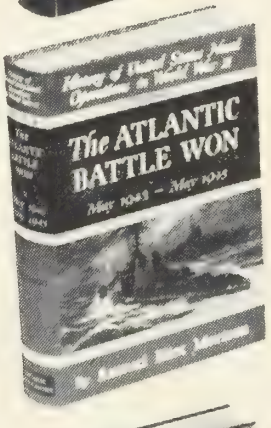
L. P. Hartley is an English novelst who has so far found admiring eviewers and few readers in this ountry. *A Perfect Woman* should nlarge his audience here, for apart rom its excellence it is in certain ays more open to the understandng of the American reader than his ther books have been; in fact one f the most interesting things about he book is how much the society it ortrays resembles our own.

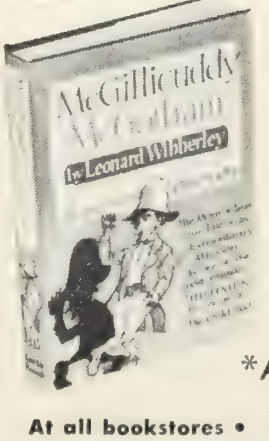
Hartley's main characters are a oung married couple with two chilren; we would call them typical uburbanites. The husband is a eteran and a thoroughgoing conormist—materialistic, able, and ambitious within very narrow limits, nimaginative and proud of it. The vife comes from a slightly higher











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social class and for a little while before she married led what she regards as an emancipated life in London; onto the idealism of her upbringing she has engrafted the notion that the object of life is "experience." From delightfully mixed motives the pair of them set out on the somewhat unlikely project of seducing a barmaid for a novelist and end up by seducing themselves.

The situation probably sounds less than promising when it is put so baldly, but Hartley is a master of a kind of cool ironic dissection of motives that makes every turn in the story unexpected yet convincing. (It is a gift more often encountered in French fiction than in British or American.) He does not make you love his characters, but he does make you see them with disquieting clarity. Their little snobberies and vanities, their moral assurance and capacity for doing wrong, their modest hopes —all stand revealed; more than that, their qualities result in action and reaction to produce a lively psychological drama. Hartley surveys human behavior with a skepticism that is never blatant but is not exactly genial; his book is not for those who want a good warm-hearted novel, but the freshness and penetration of its psychology, its comedy, and the interest of its narrative give it real distinction.

OUR other novel of adultery, Irwin Shaw's *Lucy Crown,* is the story of a young married woman from Hartford who has an affair with her son's tutor at a summer resort. The consequences are complicated, including estrangement from his mother for the son and a life of dull but devoted promiscuity for her.

It is a curious novel, because it is almost constantly interesting as it unfolds, yet in retrospect it is somehow not very satisfactory. The reason may lie in the way the story is told: it consists almost entirely of big scenes. This is not on the face of it a mistake, since Shaw certainly knows how to write a scene to bring out its dramatic value. But the absence of small scenes and connecting passages of narrative means that the social milieu, which would be of considerable importance in the situation, is hardly more than indicated, and the psychology of the characters,



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ather than developing, comes out in ates of self-revelation.

The most successful character in he book is Lucy Crown's husband, nd the son has at least neurotic erisimilitude. But the novel has to e judged on the character of Lucy erself. It is hard to tell what Shaw eant her to be, but as the book ands her career seems hardly more an a piece of pitiable whimsicality.

HUMAN INTEREST

THE curious appetite human beings have for reading about ch other is in no danger of going nsatisfied for the present; the last w weeks have produced at least eir share of autobiographical remi-iscence, personal portraiture, and lain gossip. Some of the books are orth reading:

Samuel Chotzinoff's **Toscanini; n Intimate Portrait** (Knopf, $3.50) an account of a thirty years' friend-hip between the great conductor nd the distinguished music critic ho, as musical director of NBC, rought Toscanini out of retirement nd back to America for the golden oda of his career, as conductor of e NBC Symphony. The book is ore than a collection of anecdotes hough it doesn't lack them), for it both a picture of a brilliant and rceful personality and a fascinat-g account of how a great conductor oes his job—or at least how he does if he is Toscanini.

Van Wyck Brooks's **Helen Keller: ketch for a Portrait** (Dutton, $3) also a record of a friendship, ough Brooks uses a more conven-onal biographical form and covers ll of Miss Keller's life so far. The ccount of the early years adds little what most readers will remember om *The Story of Helen Keller,* ut as the story moves on toward the resent it is less well known and raws increasingly on the author's ersonal acquaintance with his sub-ct.

It is almost impossible to believe at Miss Keller is not yet seventy-ve years old (she will be this sum-er); she was famous as a little girl she has probably been famous nger than any other living Amer-an—and as a child she was a friend f all the great of New England's ndian summer. When Phillips

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Though it too has its moments of comedy, David Daiches' **Two Worlds: An Edinburgh Jewish Childhood** (Harcourt, Brace, $3.50) is fundamentally a serious and indeed a sad book. The dominant figure is Daiches' father, a distinguished rabbi of Continental education who came to be known unofficially as the Chief Rabbi of Scotland. It was his dream to unite the cultures of Orthodox Jewry and Western Europe (in both of which he was highly accomplished), to be both a good Jew and a good citizen of the modern West. In Scotland he found in some respects an ideal place to realize his dream. The Calvinism of the Scots had something in common with Orthodox Jewry, and Rabbi Daiches' personal distinction did much to win the respect of their Scots neighbors for his people. But the cultural balance he achieved was precarious, and the later chapters show how some of his children found it impossible to maintain.

Apart from this main story, *Two Worlds* has many incidental pleasures—the picture of life in an Orthodox family, an account of an extraordinary Scots-Yiddish language that for a time was spoken by poorer Edinburgh Jews, sketches of the strange characters (some of them imposters) who turned up at the rabbi's house for help. A quiet but very rewarding book.

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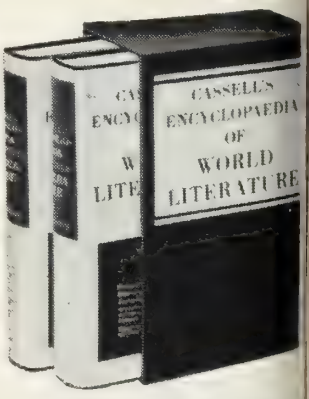


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BOOKS *in brief*

KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON

FICTION

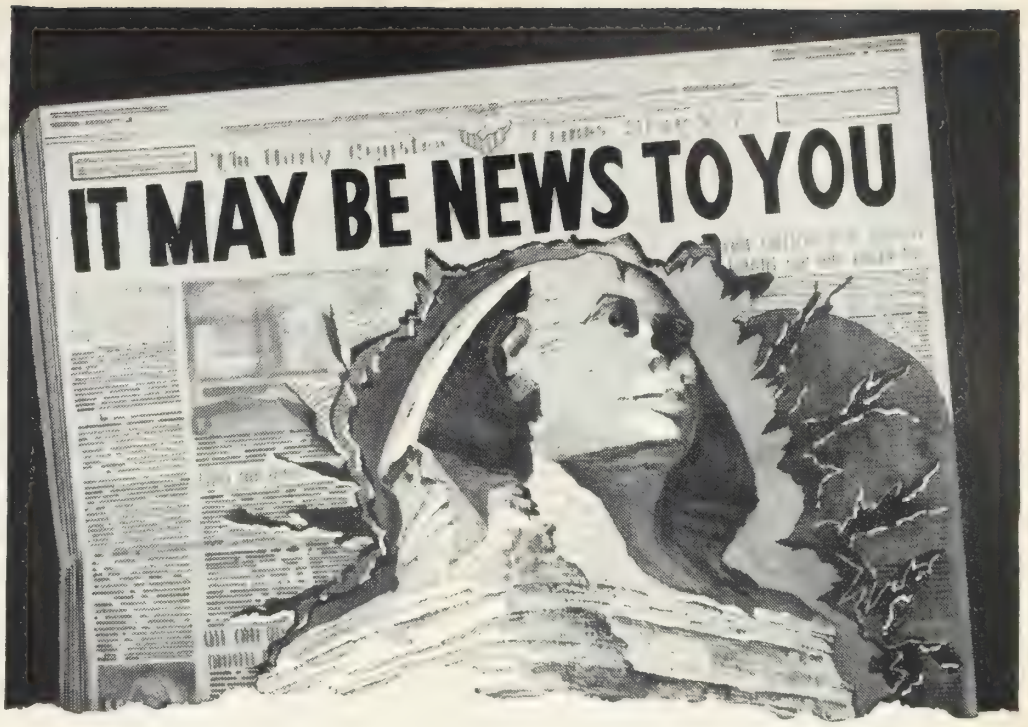
ea-Wyf, by J. M. Scott.

The author of *Heather Mary* and *The Other Half of the Orange* now urns his accomplished pen in the irection of four castaways—three ıen and a woman—on a raft in the ndian Ocean in 1942. They had ›een aboard a refugee ship, tor›edoed a few days out from Singaore by a Japanese submarine. But his is no ordinary story of survival t sea, though there's plenty of that ı it too. There is a basic mystery hich the reader knows of from the art, and its unraveling is as excitıg as the escape from the sea. Deft nd polished and full of suspense, ven if the end seemed not entirely tisfactory. But good, good.

Dutton, $3.50

The Forest of Tigers, by Robert haplen.

Mr. Shaplen has accomplished a ifficult feat. He has written a story bout people one cares about in the idst of such chaotic goings-on in ndochina that the plots and counerplots in which they are involved re almost impossible to sort out. The action takes place in Saigon at ıe end of the Indochinese War (a art of the world Graham Greene as also invaded—see page 90 above). The physical descriptions of place re wonderful; one breathes the atıosphere and feels the heat and the ain. The political climate is less ıgible. Perhaps because Mr. Shapn, that good reporter, knows it too ell, he fails to make the infinite ifferences clear and credible to one ho has not been there and his herwise convincing characters get st, for the reader, in their various legiances. Surely the pressures ere are anything but simple—the *atus-quo* French, the non-imperialt French, the Vietnamese, the Vietinh, the "indefinite country," the ro-French Americans, the antiolonial Americans—all nurturing eir own plans of survival that must e acted out at once. As one of his aracters says: "It is an anachronism that where change has always per-



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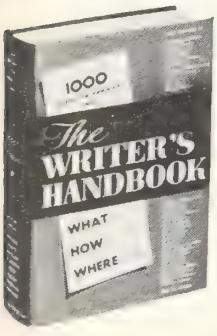
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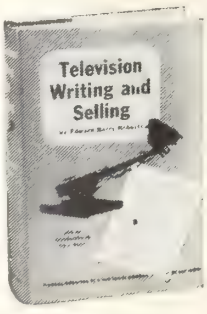
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meated slowly, over centuries, all of a sudden there's only a narrow inch of time left." It is infinitely complicated, but in a novel, it must, it seems to me, be simpler than he makes it here. Yet there is in the book a vitality, a sense of history-in-the-making, and of people too, that give it dignity and stature.

Knopf, $3.95

A Bar of Shadow, by Laurens van der Post.

This is a very small book with a very large idea. It is also very dramatic and readable—the story of the relationship between a British officer and his Japanese captor, a man famous for his brutality. Somehow the British officer, even when beaten by him, understands the compulsions that drive his moon-haunted persecutor, and their relationship continues till the tables are reversed in the war trials after VJ-day. It is all told hauntingly and forcefully as a flash-back conversation between the British officer and a fellow prisoner from the POW compound, five years after the end of the war. Can a man love his enemy? Apparently Mr. van der Post, author of *Venture into the Interior,* thinks he can and makes a very moving case for it in this autobiographical novel.

Morrow, $1.95

The Presence of Grace, by J. F. Powers.

A new book of short stories by an author who has made his readers very much at home with the Catholic Church, and with the special problems—serious, humorous, awkward, human—of priests with each other and with their parishioners. Many of the stories have appeared in the *New Yorker* though the title story appeared in *Accent*—an amused and amusing story of a priest who unwittingly and for the best motives dines at the home of a widow and a man "who lives there"; of the furor among the ladies of the parish; and of the resulting action of the not-too-sympathetic pastor. The situations the author tackles are as various as human nature and as full of humor and delicious fallibility. Many readers will remember Mr. Powers' previous book of short stories called *Prince of Darkness.*

Doubleday, $2.95

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

NON-FICTION

Journey to Greatness: The Life d Music of George Gershwin, David Ewen.

For those who want to know the ts and chronology of Gershwin's e and work, this is an excellent ok. Everything is here—family, achers, friends, influences of all nds. Here, too, is the written cord of dates of production of all at music that is played and loved day even more than in the enties and 'thirties when it was itten. "Rhapsody in Blue," of urse, and the interesting correspndence between Gershwin and aBose Heyward about "Porgy and ss" (a financial failure when first oduced in spite of critical acaim); and good stories about Ethel erman, that near-unknown who as called in and allowed to sing Got Rhythm," "Sam and Delilah," d "Boy, What Love Has Done to e" in a show called "Girl Crazy" 1930. What a show it was! Ginger gers was in it too, and the songs—Bidin' My Time" and "Embrace-le You." And unfeatured, quietly contributing their share in the chestra pit were Red Nichols, ene Krupa, Glenn Miller, and nny Goodman. Who wonders why merican musicals are good! But rhaps because Gershwin's life outde his music—on the whole successl from the start—had so few ups d downs or apparent conflicts un- his final tragic illness, this is not very interesting book as literature as a "life." It is possible that nen the sum of a man's life *is* such usic, reducing it—with inspiration o mere human terms is bound to anticlimactic. And the story of e music is here.

Holt, $5

ila, Her Story, as told to Willie ow Ethridge.

This is the very remarkable story a very remarkable woman, told in very remarkable way. Nila was rn a Russian peasant, of parents ho could neither read nor write: e lived through the Revolution d traveled to remote and barrous parts of her country teaching ementary hygiene and—of all ings—folk-singing. Later she spent onths confined in Lubyanka Prison, where she read poetry to the inmates; she was exiled to Siberia—which she loved; she married Robert Magidoff, the American AP and NBC correspondent in Moscow, and eventually came to this country, where she has made friends among the famous and among people in every walk of life. She has adopted America and its ways in the wholesouled fashion in which she does everything. Her drive and enthusiasm for life, her depressions and her joys are impossible to communicate except in her own inimitable English which Mrs. Ethridge (author of *Going to Jerusalem, Let's Talk Turkey)* has reproduced here in most effective way. As lively a book as the season is likely to produce.

Simon & Schuster, $3.50

A Sailor's Life, by Jan de Hartog.

The author of the play, "The Fourposter," and of *The Lost Sea* and *The Distant Shore* now writes a splendid miscellany of life at sea; a compound of advice, warning, and subdued exhortation. "It may be a hard life," he seems to be saying on one hand, "but if you avoid these few pitfalls there's no life like it." He starts with a section called "Life at Sea (Outward Bound)" covering Boyhood Dreams, Seasickness, Homesickness, and Celestial Observation. His other sections on "Crews," "Ships," "The Sea," "Life at Sea (Homeward Bound)," and "The Future" are equally full of unconventional surprise and delight. *Harper's* readers will remember "Ship's Company" in our November issue which is included in this book.

Harper, $3

FORECAST

Travel—Adventuresome & Broadening

April is the month for travel books, high, wide, and enlightening. Houghton Mifflin starts off with the heights in *The Conquest of Mt. McKinley* by Belmore Browne; Vanguard combines art and travel in a book of 200 pictures of *German Cathedrals* as they were before any of them were damaged by the war, edited by Julius Baum; while Macmillan has as a kind of companion piece Karl Baedeker's *Cologne and Bonn* as well as Edward Sekler's

Important HARPER Books

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Forbidden Neighbors

A STUDY OF PREJUDICE IN HOUSING

By CHARLES ABRAMS. New York State's aggressive head of its Commission Against Discrimination here presents the shocking story of how segregation, legal and social, makes certain neighbors *forbidden* in certain localities. A sound program offered to help bring the things we practice into line with those we profess. ". . . a record, unique in its completeness, of the rise, spread, and meaning of prejudice in housing."

—NATHAN STRAUS, *Saturday Review.* $5.00

Insight into . . .

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Edited by R. M. MacIVER. In the form of individual chapters on some of the world's great literature, here is lively, rich, and perceptive criticism. Each chapter focuses on a human situation in which a case can be made for one course of action and for its opposite. Ranging from *The Caine Mutiny* to *The Book of Job,* from Shaw to Sophocles, these studies relate influential books to moral dilemmas at the core of life. Contributors include Robert Bierstedt, Charles Frankel, George N. Shuster, Lionel Trilling, William York Tindall, Richard McKeon, and others. *Series of the Institute for Religious and Social Studies.* $3.00

Understanding . . .

The Fears Men Live By

By SELMA HIRSH. Based on the monumental work, *Studies in Prejudice,* this short and provocative book offers a brilliant summary and interpretation of what science has learned of prejudice in America, and what can be done about it. Here, in lucid terms, are considered the what, why, and how of factors that cause fears and hence bigotry. "The author has translated highly technical psychological material into the language of our everyday life . . ." — HARRY A. OVERSTREET, in the Foreword. $2.75

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Wren and His Place in European Architecture. In the "Lands and Peoples" series Macmillan will also issue in April *Scotland* by George Brodie, and *The West Indies* by John Quarry. A book of the same type, though not in the series will be published by Crowell, a book about the Bering Sea and the Aleuts and their civilization called *Birthplace of the Winds* by Ted Bank II. Harcourt, Brace will have *At Home in India,* a book of impressions by Chester Bowles' daughter, Cynthia, and McGraw-Hill announces *Moscow Was My Parish* by the Reverend Georges Bissonnette, A.A., the story of the priest who was exiled from Russia in February 1955 after a two-year stay. John Day contributes *Sweden: The Welfare State* by Wilfrid Fleisher. . . . May will see another book on *Germany* by Doré Ogrizek—twelve double-spread maps, and hundreds of photographs and sketches, from McGraw-Hill. . . . June offers a varied assortment of books for the traveler—actual or armchair. Crowell will publish *The Coast of Maine* by Louise Dickinson Rich; Farrar, Straus & Cudahy will present *Gorilla Hunter: The African Adventures of a Hunter Extraordinary,* by Fred G. Merfield with Harry Miller (wonderful animal stories); and Simon & Schuster will have not only *New Horizons U.S.A.,* a guide to travel in this country with all the latest information for foreign visitors as well as for Americans, prepared by Pan-American World Airways, but also *Ten Years of* Holiday, an anniversary collection by the editors of *Holiday* with an introduction by Clifton Fadiman.

And Don't Miss—

The memoirs of Mrs. Mark Clark, *Captain's Bride, General's Lady,* from McGraw-Hill in April; Sir Winston Churchill's first volume of *A History of the English-Speaking Peoples — The Birth of Britain* (Book-of-the-Month-Club Choice for May) from Dodd, Mead late in April; in May from Little, Brown, the Literary Guild's June selection, *A Thing of Beauty,* a new novel by A. J. Cronin, author of *Hatter's Castle* and *The Citadel;* and from McGraw-Hill *Souvenir: Margaret Truman's Own Story* by Margaret Truman with Margaret Cousins.

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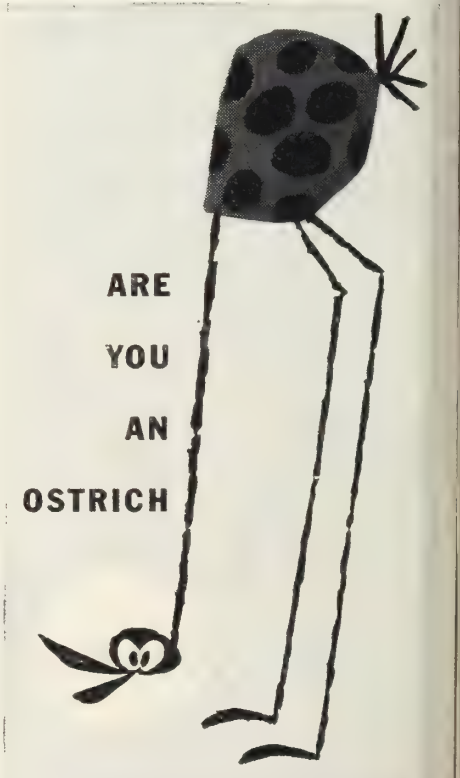
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Shakespeare: Scenes from "As You Like It"; Twenty Sonnets. Dame Edith Evans, Michael Redgrave, *et al.* Angel 35220.

Technically a superb recording, a "speaking likeness" of the great and sprightly actress, whose witty Shakespearean conversation here is startlingly lifelike, as though brilliantly improvised on the moment. But the sonnets are less good; she is too much the character actress for them, nor is the record's engineering as favorable.

Lorca: Lament on the Death of a Bullfighter, and Other Poems. Translated and read by Alan Wheatley. Westminster WN 18098.

Lorca has had some miserable translations and dramatic performances in English; this job seems to me—granted the extreme difficulty of rendering the wild, morbid material into convincing English—a job very well done. Blood flows in every line, death is omnipresent, the melodramatic "plots" are of the sort that, for us, tend to fall flatly into the ridiculous or into disgust, yet Wheatley is able to bring through a good deal of the power these poems had for the Spanish readers of the days of the Civil War. (Lorca was shot by the Falangists in 1936.)

The fantastic Lorca imagery, mixture of the bizarre and the platitudinous, comes through particularly well in the translation.

Wheatley's rather literary stage-drama reading will irritate some, though it is technically effective.

T. S. Eliot Reading Poems and Choruses. ("Ash Wednesday," "Prufrock," etc.) Caedmon TC 1045.

The old magic in new LP form—the gravelly voice seems no higher in the fi than in his prewar 78 records, but it is as wonderfully dramatic as ever. Eliot is one of the great readers-aloud of this century, though he defies every conventional rule of radio and TV speech projection.

John Collier: Mary, Mary. De Mortuis. Back for Christmas. Columbia ML 4754.

One of the Columbia Literary Series, now being released individually, this record is a wonderful example of the new and informal power for home entertainment in the spoken story—at length. The solemn titles hardly suggest what is to come: Mary is a trained pig, who gets between an innocent laddie and his lass, until Mary becomes sausage. The other two tales have both to do with wives ingeniously murdered and buried in the cellar—but murder will out.

Pleasant, informal, easy-going reading, entirely comprehensible.

Kipling: Just So Stories and Other Tales. Read by Boris Karloff. Caedmon TC 1038.

Byron: Don Juan (Canto I); She Walks in Beauty; On This Day; Childe Harold's Pilgrimage (excerpts). Read by Tyrone Power. Caedmon TC 1042.

A risky business, this reading of poems by professional actors—but these two

---

WORTH LOOKING INTO . . .

Bach: Toccata and Fugue in D Mi., F Ma., Fughetta and Ch. Prel., "Dies sind die heil'gen Zehn gebot." Carl Weinrich, organ of Varfrukyrka, Skänninge, Sweden. Westminster Lab. Series W-LAB 7023.

J. S. Bach: Works for the Lute. Michel Podolski (Belgian Pro Antiqua). Period SPL 724.

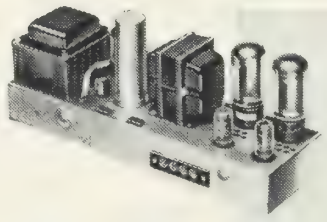
Beethoven: Symphony #2; Coriolan Overture. Philharmonia, von Karajan. Angel 35196.

Beethoven: Symphony #4; "Ah, Perfido!" Schwarzkopf; Philharmonia, von Karajan. Angel 35203.

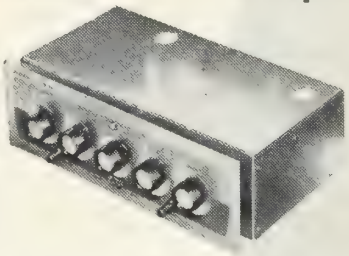
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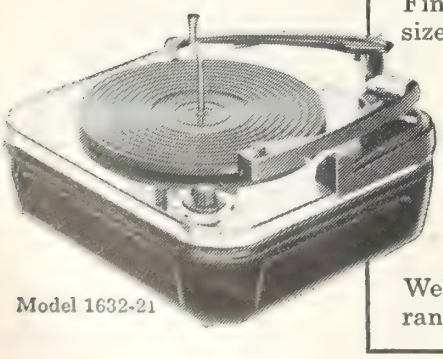


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discs are brilliantly successful. The number of us who will enjoy them wholeheartedly just as they come, without special preparation or literary background, is legion. Boris Karloff's big bass voice brings a group of the wonderfully silly "Just So" stories—"How the Camel Got his Hump"—and a long slice of the story of Mowgli the original wolf boy, in a most natural and unaffected way, while preserving that intangible nineteenth-century elegance so characteristic of Kipling.

Tyrone Power's Byron is equally sincere and honest in the projection, though more "coached" (directed by Howard O. Sackler), in movie style. The story of the young Don Juan's embarrassing escapade at sixteen into a married lady's boudoir is delightful—and should do a lot to reassure those who suppose Byron hopelessly stodgy now for all but English students.

These records make wonderful parlor entertainment, I assure you, and for just about everybody too.

Dylan Thomas Reading, vol. 3. (Recorded at a public reading at M.I.T. in 1952). Caedmon TC 1043.

If you had any doubts about the greatness of this extraordinary man, the fifteen-minute opening introduction here will give you an almost terrifying new insight into one of the true geniuses of the spoken word in our age. Humorous, bitingly so, rich with sheer word-sound though it is ostensibly prose, this "speech" sums up the man, even his loneliness—for he does not wait for an audience reaction to his humor, but plows straight on with his marvelous sense of diction, generating laughs faster than they can be expressed, piling sense on sense so thickly that you will gasp for breath, though he does not.

A group of his own poems follows; his readings of the works of other poets on this same occasion will be issued on a separate LP record.

It is a sobering thing to realize that the entire recorded documentation of Thomas, which seems as certain to go down to posterity as anything we now possess, was taken down within a single year, one of the last of the poet's life. For if ever the printed word was inadequate to preserve the whole work of a poet, it is here.

Homage to Dylan Thomas. (Recorded at the Globe Theater, London, Jan. 1954.) Westminster WN 18076.

This very opportune release, from Westminster's British affiliate Argo, incorporates the bulk of a memorial reading. The opening poem is about Thomas; it is not clear who wrote it.

HE NEW RECORDINGS

e works that follow are by Thomas, luding some ("A Hunch Back," "Poem October") that are available in omas' own reading. A moving printed roduction by Dame Edith Sitwell is luded, in which she writes, somewhat iclimactically, that "I shall never hear t golden speaking voice, that voice the lion, the eagle, the dove, the again." Rhetoric, I trust; or maybe has no phonograph.

t is interesting to hear poets who Dylan's contemporaries reading him h an unconscious imitation of his n reading style, each according to his hts. They could pay him no greater mpliment. And the long reading by lyn Williams of "A Visit to Grand-s" proves that the wonderful Thomas ollections in prose, read so beauti-ly by himself, can survive in another's ce as successfully as the poems.

ne Derwood Reading Her Own ems. Serif C&W 1001. (Clarke & Way, ., 35 W. 21st St., N.Y.C.)

not necessary to make judgments or *con* the poetry here recorded in der to speak of its audible qualities—ich are negligible. Once more it st be said, very few poets can read ir own works successfully. For those o know this poet and her works—fine. interesting documentary. But as al art, this strikes me as not very cessful. The recording, by the Library Congress, is substandard, too.

et's Gold. Helen Hayes, Raymond ssey, Thomas Mitchell. Several vol-es. RCA Victor LM 1812, 1813, et al.

well-produced example of one type of dible poetry, read by professionals o, incidentally, have famous names their own. The recorded repertory ludes many poems familiar to school-ldren and to English students—Long-ow, Stevenson, Whitman, Lear, leridge, Fitzgerald, Gray, Kipling, they, Yeats, Poe, Millay, and so on, nonchronological survey. The alter-ion of contrasted voices is an excel-t idea. No music.

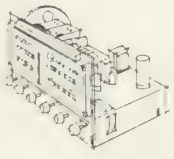
et's Gold—Verses of Today. Chosen by hit Burnett, read by Geraldine Brooks, rman Rose. RCA Victor LM 1883.

is one of the moderns is necessarily "traditional," more problematical n the above and, appropriately, its rticipants are less securely famous as nes.

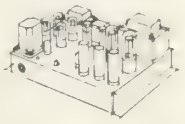
Norman Rose's voice is smooth and l projected, with just a hint of the ll-bred commercial in it. Geraldine ooks is vocally the pixie type; she r-acts for the mike, as though it were



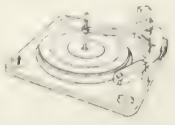
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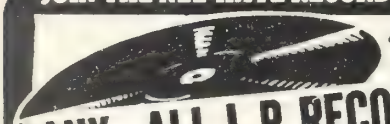
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THE NEW RECORDINGS

a stage. But she is at least spritely and humorous. Not a very successful disc.

An Evening of Elizabethan Verse and Its Music. W. H. Auden; New York Pro Musica Antiqua, Greenberg. Columbia ML 5051.

An effective combination that should have been tried long ago, the spoken poetry adding greatly to the sense of the sung madrigals which follow. Auden has also contributed an interesting written discussion, on the record jacket, of the relationship between words and music.

In practice there are some drawbacks. Auden tends to lisp, perhaps for technical reasons in the recording, and his mouth seems full, in a just-finished-dinner sort of way. The singers, unlike most British madrigal groups, sing with a round, somewhat nasal tone and plenty of vibrato. Nevertheless, both music-lovers and followers of poetry will find the record well worth trying.

Richard III (The Laurence Olivier film). RCA Victor LM 6126 (3).

Film sound tracks are a risky business on records, especially in the case of the outdoor sort of Shakespeare with its vast action and excitement. If you've seen the film, imagination easily makes up for the missing picture; but if you haven't (and at this writing the film hadn't yet been released) the absence of the visible throws every element of the drama awry.

It isn't merely that the story is confused, with one scene running on into another, unannounced, with characters entering and leaving unintelligibly, with multitudes of distracting thumps, rumblings, clankings, footsteps occupying a noisy and quite meaningless foreground—where in the film they are wholly background reinforcement of the visible action. The very delivery of the play itself is affected.

For language is more easily understood when the sound is aided by sight. These actors, rightly, speak fast and dramatically for the camera. But on records half their words are unintelligible; they seem to exaggerate, clip their sentences; they talk off-mike; and they mumble. When you see the film they will do none of these things.

In the same way the music, which is so effective a binder, punctuator, mood-maker, scene-changer for the film, is ugly and much too prominent on the discs and often with unintended effects—as when one burst of music seems to swallow up the king and his henchmen as though the floor had suddenly collapsed beneath them.

Go see the film first—*then* try this.

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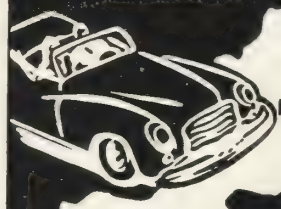
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Music: For Money or for Love?
Jacques Barzun

Texans Don't Know Any Better
Hugh Russell Fraser

Italy Changes Her Ways
Giorgio de Santillana

Arthur T. Vanderbilt:
Order in the Courtroom
Jerome H. Spingarn

Why the French Act that Way
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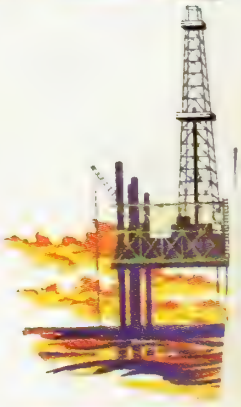
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HOUSTON, TEXAS

Telephone Man Helps Save Five from Tidal Waters

Quick action prevents tragedy when family is marooned in hurricane

Hurricane winds of 110 miles an our were creating a tidal wave when e telephone operator at Block Is- nd, Rhode Island, received a call r help from a family marooned in cottage.

"I was in the telephone office," ys installer repairman Robert A. illespie, "when I heard of the call. I been through hurricanes before id I knew they might be in real ouble."

Quickly enlisting the aid of two en who were outside the telephone ilding, he drove his company truck within 400 feet of the isolated cottage, as near as the high water would allow.

"We could see that three poles led toward the cottage," says Bob Gillespie, "so we took handlines and a rope from the truck. We secured one end of the line to the first pole and waded to the second pole. There we tied up our line and kept wading to the third pole."

But they were still thirty feet away from the marooned family when they got as far as the rope would go—thirty feet of dangerous, rushing water.

Bob Gillespie's companions safeguarded the ropes while he fought his way alone to the cottage.

He made three trips through the rising tidal waters. First he carried a small boy to the comparative safety of the forward end of the rope.

Then, with considerable difficulty, assisted two women; and a man and another boy. And finally, though almost exhausted, he guided the entire group along the all-important rope lifeline that led to high ground and safety.



AWARDED MEDAL—Robert A. Gillespie, of Block Island, R. I., was awarded the Vail Medal for "courage, endurance and ingenuity" in helping to rescue five people marooned by tidal waters. Vail Medals, accompanied by cash awards, are given annually by the Bell System for acts of noteworthy public service by telephone employees.



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ANNOUNCING

The Metropolitan Opera Record Club

A UNIQUE PLAN OF HOME SUBSCRIPTION TO *The Metropolitan Opera* THROUGH LONG-PLAYING RECORDS

THIS exciting new cultural venture proposes in time to make available to operavers *the full repertory* of the Metropolitan pera on phonograph records. In most cases e performances will be abridged, for home tening, to the length of one LP record. The eras will be recorded in the Metropolitan pera House itself. Members will be able to bscribe to a series of four records of their oice, out of nine to twelve offered each ar, just as they might subscribe to a series operas they could attend at the Metropoli-n Opera House. *To Founding Members each cord will be available at less than half the st of an orchestra seat at the Met.*

Because of the recent success of subscrip-n record clubs, the idea of this new project curred independently to Metropolitan Op-i directors and to the Book-of-the-Month ub, and after more than a year of careful nning the two organizations have decided pool their experience, unique in their pective fields. The Book-of-the-Month Club ll be responsible for the business side of enterprise, and particularly the details of lfilling" the subscriptions. The Metropoli-Opera will devote itself entirely to the istic aspects of the enterprise.

L METROPOLITAN OPERAS WILL BE CLUDED • This venture will begin on a dest scale—nine operas in the first twelve nths, to be chosen from the 1955-56 sea-'s offerings at the Metropolitan. In time grand purpose is to embrace the entire tropolitan repertory: the standard classics l also operas newly added or restored each r to the Metropolitan's repertory. In short, whole wide range of opera will gradually covered—Italian, German, French, Rus-, American.

ERAS CAREFULLY ABRIDGED BY THE MET-POLITAN ITSELF • One of the me considerations necessarily is keep the cost to subscribers as as possible. For that reason, plete recordings of operas, which uld require more than one disc, be rare. Actually, record com-ies and radio stations have found, the case of many operas, that a roughly satisfactory performance for home listening can be given on two sides of a single twelve-inch long-playing disc. *This will provide approximately one hour of music.* In the case of very long operas—*Die Meistersinger,* for example—two twelve-inch discs will be required.

A MODERATE PRICE • The records will be high-fidelity Vinylite 33⅓ R.P.M. twelve-inch discs, and no expense will be spared to make them the very finest records manufacturable. *The price to subscribers for a twelve-inch disc, if bought singly,* will be $4.50. When an opera is presented in an album of two discs, the price will be $6.75. (A small additional charge will be made in each case for mailing expense.) These prices, it will be recognized by record collectors, are lower than those of many opera records of comparable high quality.

DETAILS ABOUT SUBSCRIPTION • Membership will entail the simple obligation of buying four records a year, except with Founding Members (see next column).

A month before each opera is released, an announcement will be mailed to the subscriber.

If he wants the opera, he need do nothing. It will come to him automatically on a shipping date determined by the parcel post zone in which he lives.

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If, through oversight, he fails to send in the Rejection Form, *he is free to return the record, if it is sent back unplayed.*



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The membership may be canceled any time after the subscriber has bought four records.

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LETTERS

Indian Country

TO THE EDITORS:

In "The Raid on the Reservations" [March] Dorothy Van de Mark complains at some length about actions taken by the federal government in the field of Indian affairs seventy-five or a hundred years ago. In the main these historical criticisms are accurate. . . .

On current policy of the Bureau of Indian Affairs, however, she is not exactly a reliable guide. But perhaps this is not surprising since she has never been in touch with me nor, so far as I can determine, with any member of the Bureau's headquarters staff. . . .

In discussing the tragic case of Ira Hayes she states: "It might have been different if the Indian Bureau had been more interested in helping an Indian than in getting publicity for its newly-launched relocation program."

This, in my opinion, is one of the lowest blows that have been aimed at the Bureau of Indian Affairs in recent years. Here are the facts: (1) Ira Hayes applied for assistance in relocation, on his own initiative, in the fall of 1952. (2) Because of his known difficulties with alcoholism, he was advised by the Bureau not to take such a step immediately but to give himself a "probationary period" in his home environment. (3) Six or eight months later he reported a successful adjustment and was given help in relocating in Chicago. (4) At no time did the Bureau seek publicity on Hayes' relocation, either before or after his arrival in Chicago. (5) While he was in Chicago, the Bureau made numerous attempts to help him, directly and indirectly, in working out a satisfactory adjustment. (6) Just a few months before his death, he wrote a warm and friendly letter to a member of the Bureau's Chicago relocation staff. "I still like Chicago," he wrote. "To make out, a guy has to watch his drinking and not drink the way I was. International [Harvester Company] was pretty nice to me. Who knows I might go back whenever I know for sure that I have my two feet on the ground."

Mrs. Van de Mark, in short, has spent a great deal of energy and righteous indignation in tilting at windmills and knocking over straw men. . . .

GLENN L. EMMONS
Commissioner
Bureau of Indian Affairs
Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Van de Mark's article is writte to incite emotions rather than as thoughtful analysis of Indian problen

This Administration has requested Congress an appropriation for India including health, of $137 million. T years ago the appropriation was on tenth this amount. At that time 73 per cent of Indian children were atten ing school; now the percent is 86.5. .

This Administration holds that o government is built on the freedom the individual, the right to develop on capacities, to manage one's own affai to go and come as one chooses, and own and pass on property to one's ch dren. We believe segregation is wro and that wardship for competent peop is repugnant to our way of life. . . .

The competency bill, referred to the article, would have, under law, pr vided one way for an Indian, on his ow initiative, to end his status as a ward. .

Assistant Secretary D'Ewart is charg as one "unsympathetic toward the I dian people in their efforts to mainta their diminishing land base," but n factual data whatsoever are presente in the article to substantiate this stat ment. The article speaks about "puttir up for sale whatever might be label 'grazing lands' within those forests. . . No such proposal was ever sponsore by Mr. D'Ewart or by any committe of Congress on which he served. Th article says: "In 1953 Secretary McK denounced D'Ewart for sponsorir giveaway legislation. Yet two years lat he put him in charge of conserving th same lands." The bill referred to w HR 4023 and had nothing to do wi Indian lands.

The article refers to House Concu rent Resolution 108. If those who a really interested in the welfare of th American Indian would get House R port 2680, 83rd Congress, 2nd Sessio and carefully read the first thirtee pages, they would have a much bett understanding of the objectives of th Congress in adopting Resolution 108.

WESLEY D'EWAR
Ass't. Sec'y. of the Interi
Washington, D. C

Both Mr. D'Ewart and Mr. Emmo have sidestepped the main issue, th former by accenting his own record, th latter by denouncing the Ira Haye story.

HR 4023 has nothing directly to d with Indian lands. My point was tha the raid on Indian lands was part of th Administration raid on public lands. . .

Mr. D'Ewart's letter is an exampl

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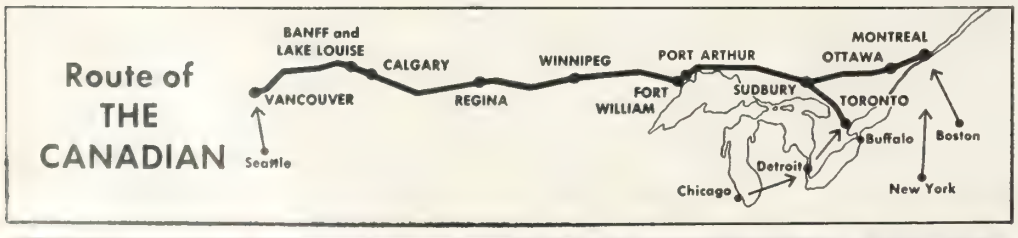
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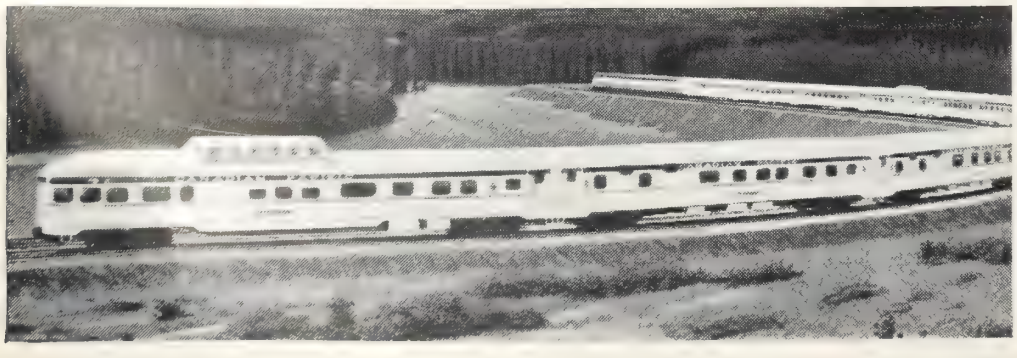
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LETTERS

of Interior's double talk. Take the thi paragraph:

"Our government is built on freedo of the individual"—but Indians a shackled by ignorance and poverty ar one of the most treasured Americ rights, representation by counsel of on own choice, is denied them.

"The right to develop one's own c pacities"—but BIA writes "We recor mend this not be enacted" on eve tribal rehabilitation bill.

"The right to manage one's own a fairs"—but Indians are not allowed manage their own tribal funds. . . .

"To come and go as one chooses" but Indians must relocate because th have no choice, and most who want return home are unable to do so.

"To own and pass on property one's children"—but Indians have ready lost two-thirds of their reservatio lands, and two-thirds of the remainin one-third are now used by non-India for reasons that refute the beautif statements of Interior philosophy. .

The increased appropriation for I dians is not surprising; historically, ea Bureau period of "working itself out the Indian business" is followed by i creased appropriations to pick up t pieces. Increase in school enrollme is chiefly due to the Navaho drive, i plemented by BIA to the extent of su impermanent school structures as tra ers and Quonset huts.

Requests for information from t BIA or Interior bring only official poli statements and copies of Commission Emmons' Estes Park speech of Ju 1955. . . . Under this tight-lipped A ministration one must go for accura information to Congressmen, to In rior's Executive Communications a accompanying letters, to Indian bil hearings on the bills, court decisio agency directives, and the Indians the selves. This I have done.

DOROTHY VAN DE MA
Chicago, I

. . . The public should be made awa that the reform in Indian administ tion that began under Coolidge a reached its culmination in the Roo velt era has been set in reverse. It my considered judgment as an h torian that only twice before—duri the forced removals of the 1830s and t liquidation of tribes that followed t General Allotment Act of 1887—ha the Indians been so seriously menace

I am glad Mrs. Van de Mark point out the danger in Wesley D'Ewar appointment. The Indians found hi opposed to their interests when he was member of Congress and managed to d feat his competency bill. But they h to watch in helpless frustration his wo on the subcommittee that "investigate

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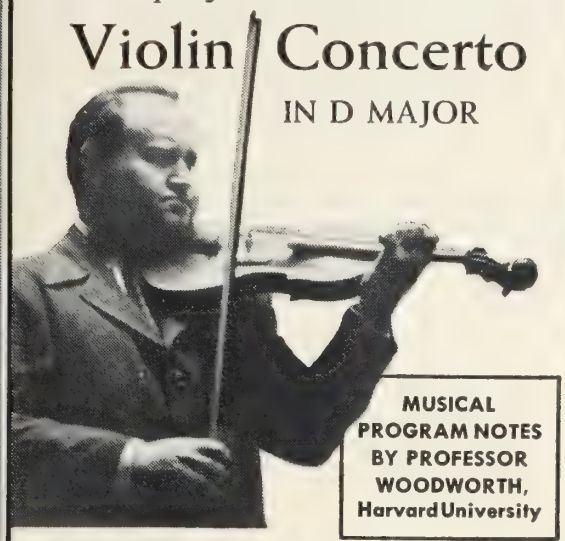
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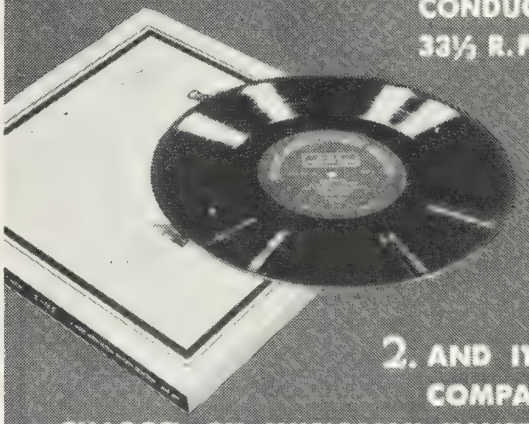
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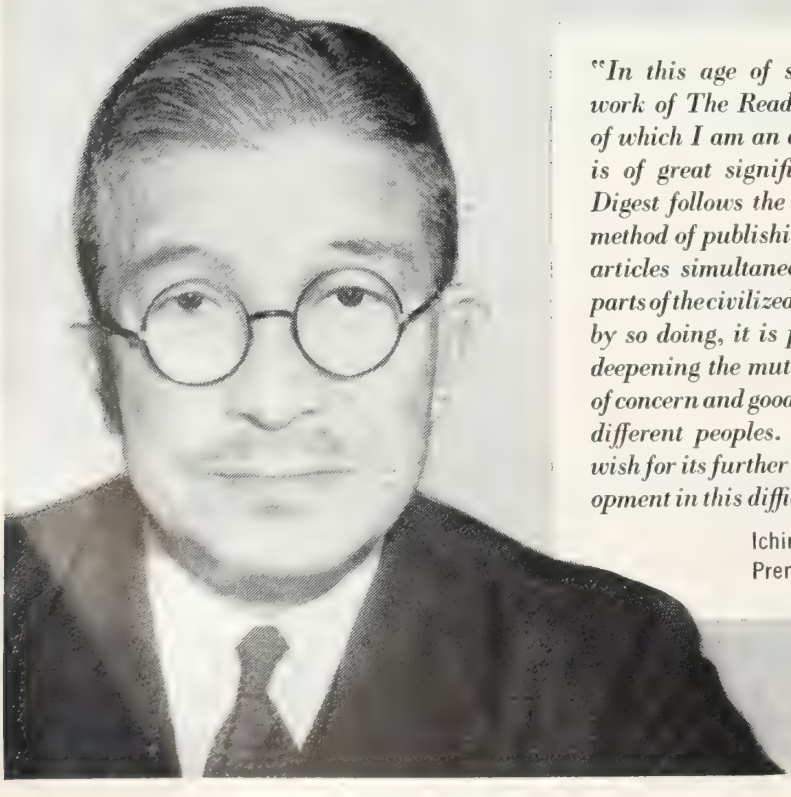
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Ichiro Hatoyama,
Premier of Japan

LETTERS

their situation . . . and published . . . the notorious House Report 2680. . . .

ANGIE DEB
Marshall, Okl

. . . One thing in Mrs. Van de Mark relating of the Ira Hayes story is no true. I was in the Chicago Relocatio office at the time, and we realized tha if Ira were to "make a new start" h would have to come to Chicago unan nounced and be treated like any othe voluntary relocatee. Unfortunately th American Indian Club thought othe wise. This club and not the Relocatio Office arranged for the publicity at th LaSalle Street Station. . . .

I am really glad to learn that finall the National Congress of American In dians has a constructive plan. When was an active member of that organiz tion it seems to me that their onl efforts were directed toward destructiv criticism of everything the Bureau wa trying to do. . . .

PETER F. WAI
San Francisco, Cali

Dorothy Van de Mark's article wa good and timely. . . . I can positivel assure her and her readers that the sam procedure is very evident right here o the Yakima Indian Reservation.

ELMER ROY NELSO
Bickleton, Wash

On page 51 of your March issue says: "The Yakimas declared themselve in favor of the move [termination]. . . . This, no doubt, is a mistake since th Yakimas have not approved nor do the advocate termination of the Yakim Reservation. . . .

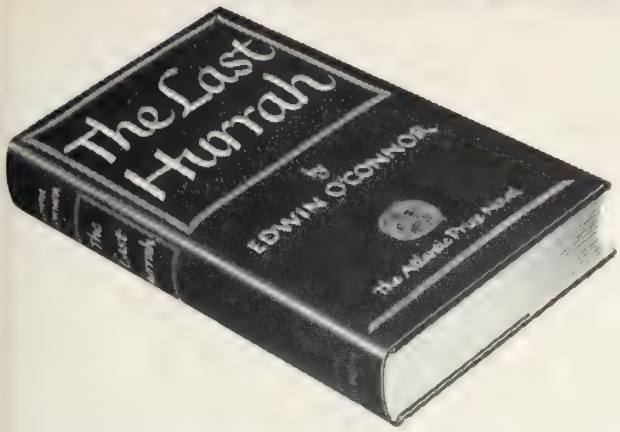
GEORGE UMTUCH, *Chairma*
Yakima General Counc
Toppenish, Wash

We need some hard-hitting person t do for our Indians what Bernard D Voto (and how his readers miss him! did for the public domain. So I was d lighted with "The Raid on the Reserv tions." I know from experience th truth of Mrs. Van de Mark's statement For sixteen years prior to 1918 I serve as clerk in the Indian Field Service an was forced to help implement th iniquitous policy of the Indian Burea B.C. (before Collier) in allotting In dian land to whites. From 1911 to 191 I was at Pima Agency. The Coolidg Dam had yet to be built, but I foun the Pimas near starvation due to d version of the water of the Gila Rive

MRS. ESTELLE AUBREY BROW
Tucson, Ari

As a working editor who has lived i Arizona for thirty-two years, I am na urally interested in "The Raid on th Reservations." As far as Arizona goe

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—JOHN K. HUTCHENS,
N. Y. Herald Tribune

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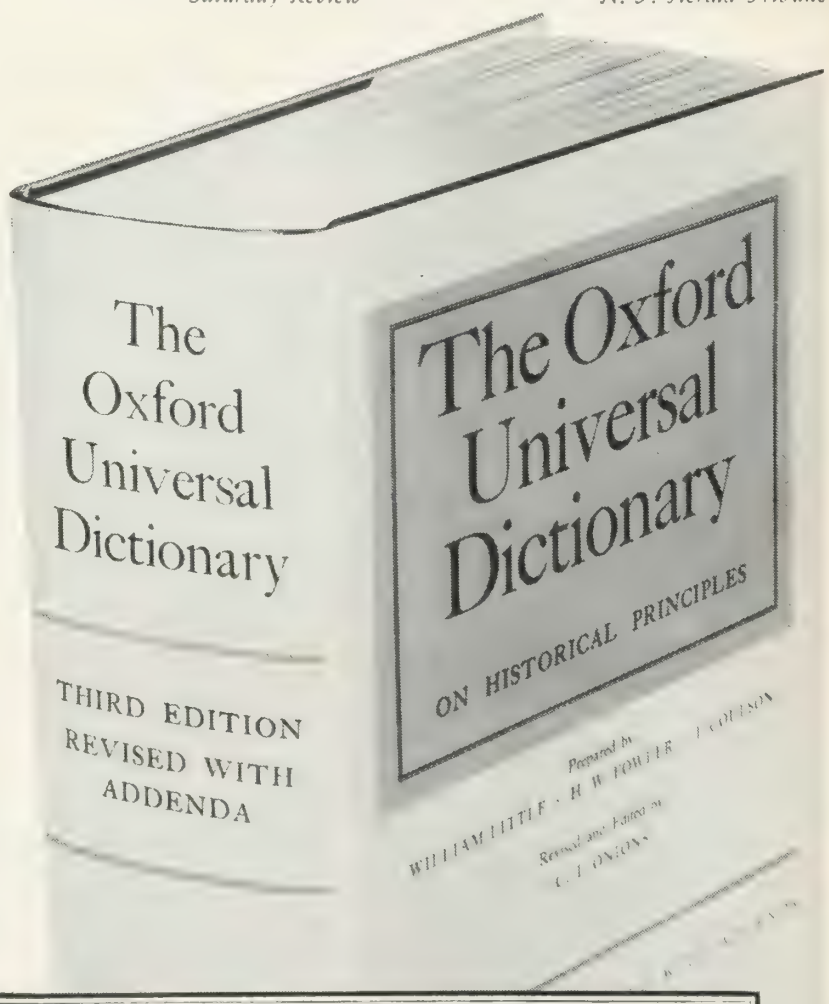
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no raid is taking place. When the cattlemen tried to divest the forest service of what are called nonforest grazing lands, it was my privilege to oppose that plan with everything I could. Later in Washington it was my happy experience to work with Mr. DeVoto in preventing some Wyoming raiders from having their way.

The unfortunate fact about the article is that the big raids have already taken place.

Secondly the author assumes that if in some way the Bureau of Indian Affairs will let the Indians develop their reservations, they will be all right. Take the Pima Reservation she mentions. The Japanese who occupied the concentration camp there during the war made that reservation bloom. The Pima Indians farm it lazily. If it were brought into full production it could not begin to take care of the increasing numbers of Pimas.

The Papago Reservation near Tucson is for the most part a semi-arid grazing area, good only for growing livestock. There are 7,500 Papagos and their numbers are increasing. They will have to look elsewhere for support. . . . The same is true of the Apache Reservation. . . . It is already taking place on the Navaho Reservation. . . .

The status of the Indians will not be improved until education is carried to them on the reservations. Personally I think every effort should be made to develop them as good American citizens, and only incidentally as Papagos, Apaches, etc.

WILLIAM R. MATHEWS, Editor
The Arizona *Daily Star*
Tucson, Ariz.

Dulles and Goa

TO THE EDITORS:

Your strong comments on the statement of Mr. Dulles and Dr. Paulo Cunha on the policy of Portugal ["The Editor's Easy Chair," March] were published yesterday prominently in the *Hindu* of Madras and all Hindus are glad at your frankness and I send our thanks to you. But we are sorry to note that you are annoyed at "the ecstatic way in which the Hindus welcomed their Russian visitors."

We are surprised at the anger of Americans who belong to a *Christian* nation, which follows the Lord Jesus' teachings of "loving one's enemies," for the reception given to the Russian leaders who came as our "guests." . . . Though Russia has been on India's borders for centuries it has never done harm to this ancient country either by trespassing on its borders or by helping any of its enemies. We cannot forget that America is arming Pakistan, and *only* on account of its confidence in the support of Americans it is trespassing on the borders of India by land and by air. America knows that India is rooted in democratic principles imitating the U.S.A. But America is supporting Pakistan and Portugal though the policies and principles of both countries are in the mire of undemocratic attitude, as is seen from Pakistan driving away its own Hindu citizens from East Pakistan and Portugal shooting down unarmed and peaceful persons in Goa. . . .

S. R. NARAYANA AYYAR
The Nilgiris, India

Far be it from you to suppose that Mr. Dulles ever has a good reason for anything he does, but it is just possible the old boy knew the score on Goa.

The Goanese people want no part of Nehru's Utopia. It is a strange fact of Portuguese history that the Portuguese, unlike the British, Dutch, French, and other Europeans, have always been good colonizers. They immediately set about to civilize and nationalize natives of any land they occupied. In the 400-odd years they've been in Goa the people there have almost from the start regarded themselves as Portuguese. . . .

If the price of friendship with India is to hate everyone the Indians hate, it ain't worth it. E. L. SITTON
Fort Worth, Tex.

Young Gesells

TO THE EDITORS:

Helen Puner in "Gesell's Children Grow Up" [March] has relieved me of a minor emotional burden. A confirmed Freudian, I have long felt defensive about the fact that when my children's behavior is puzzling, I turn first to Gesell. What I look for is a *description* of the behavior, and, usually finding it, I am reassured that it is typical of a developmental age. When I want an *explanation* of behavior I look elsewhere.

It would be unfortunate if the value of Gesell's research should be judged by the abuses to which it has been put by overanxious parents and overzealous nursery-school teachers who have distorted his behavior norms into arbitrary measures of children's adequacy.

ALTA GOLDNER
Bowling Green, Ohio

Gesell gives us data on children who have been brought up in a "culture that is too meddlesome and too emotional."

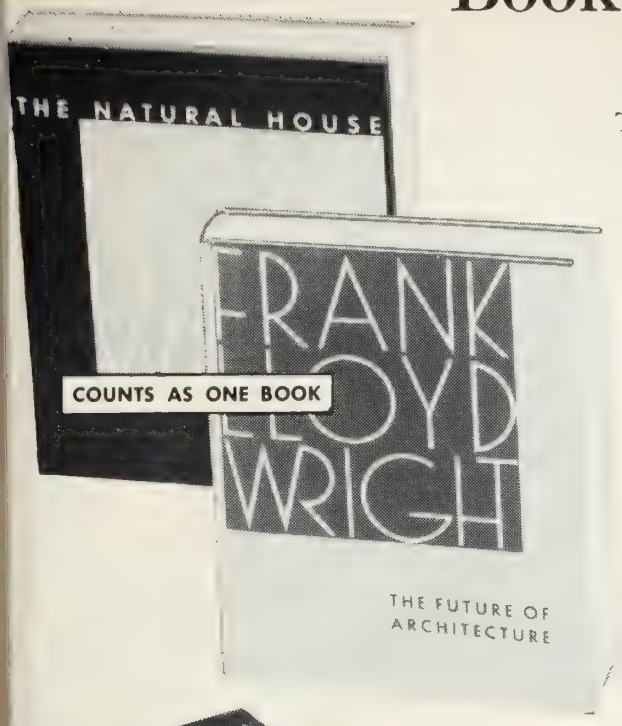
Will someone please give us some data on children who have been "guided with a light hand"?

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Remembrance in a High Valley

A LITTLE later this spring, when the snow melts in the passes of the Bitterroot mountains, the ashes of Bernard DeVoto will be scattered along the Lochsa River near the border between Idaho and Montana. He loved the American land—all of it—with a passion which channeled the whole course of his life; he knew it from one coast to another as few Americans ever have; and this was the stretch of country he loved best.

It is a rough, lonely place, majestic with history. Here Lewis and Clark came closest to disaster, in what one member of their party called "the most terrible mountains I ever beheld." Here they finally stumbled upon the Lolo Trail, which led them across the continent—and thus stretched the nation to the Pacific. Through this maze of timbered ridges DeVoto traced their path, mile by mile, as he did his field work for the classic history of the greatest of American explorations. Here he found his "days of well-being and content . . . on the Lolo and the Lochsa which since fate vouchsafed them to you it can never take away." One of his last wishes was that his ashes should be brought back to this valley; they have been waiting for the spring, in a Forest Service vault in Ogden, Utah, where he was born.

Today this stretch of wilderness lies within the Clearwater National Forest. One of his friends who traveled it with him—Senator Richard Neuberger of Oregon—has asked Congress to change its name to the Bernard DeVoto National Forest. Already his suggestion has encountered angry opposition.

For DeVoto was, in Neuberger's phrase, "the most illustrious conservationist who has lived in modern times." For twenty years he waged his battle—in these pages and elsewhere—to save the remnants of our national heritage. Time and again he blocked the schemes of greedy men to seize and despoil the forests, parks, game refuges, and wilderness areas which belong to all of us, and which give our country its unique grandeur.

So he made enemies. Many of them call themselves "conservatives"—a curious abuse of language, since it is they who want to change and destroy; and they could not recognize in DeVoto the true conservative: the man who wanted to conserve not only the primeval loveliness of the American land, but also the American spirit which needs such places to survive. (He believed, with the Old Testament, that the soul shrivels when it is crowded in noise and ugliness, and that patriots grow best where it is open and green and quiet.) Even in Congress there are men—Senator Herman Welker of Idaho is one of them—who detest the idea of a memorial to any conservationist, and especially to DeVoto. This would have delighted DeVoto: he thought a man could be measured by the kind of enemies he makes.

Since his death last November many readers of *Harper's* have asked how they could best express their affection and sense of loss. Senator Neuberger has offered one opportunity. Perhaps such friends will want to let their own Senators and Congressmen know how they feel about the proposal to designate DeVoto's favorite national forest as his memorial.

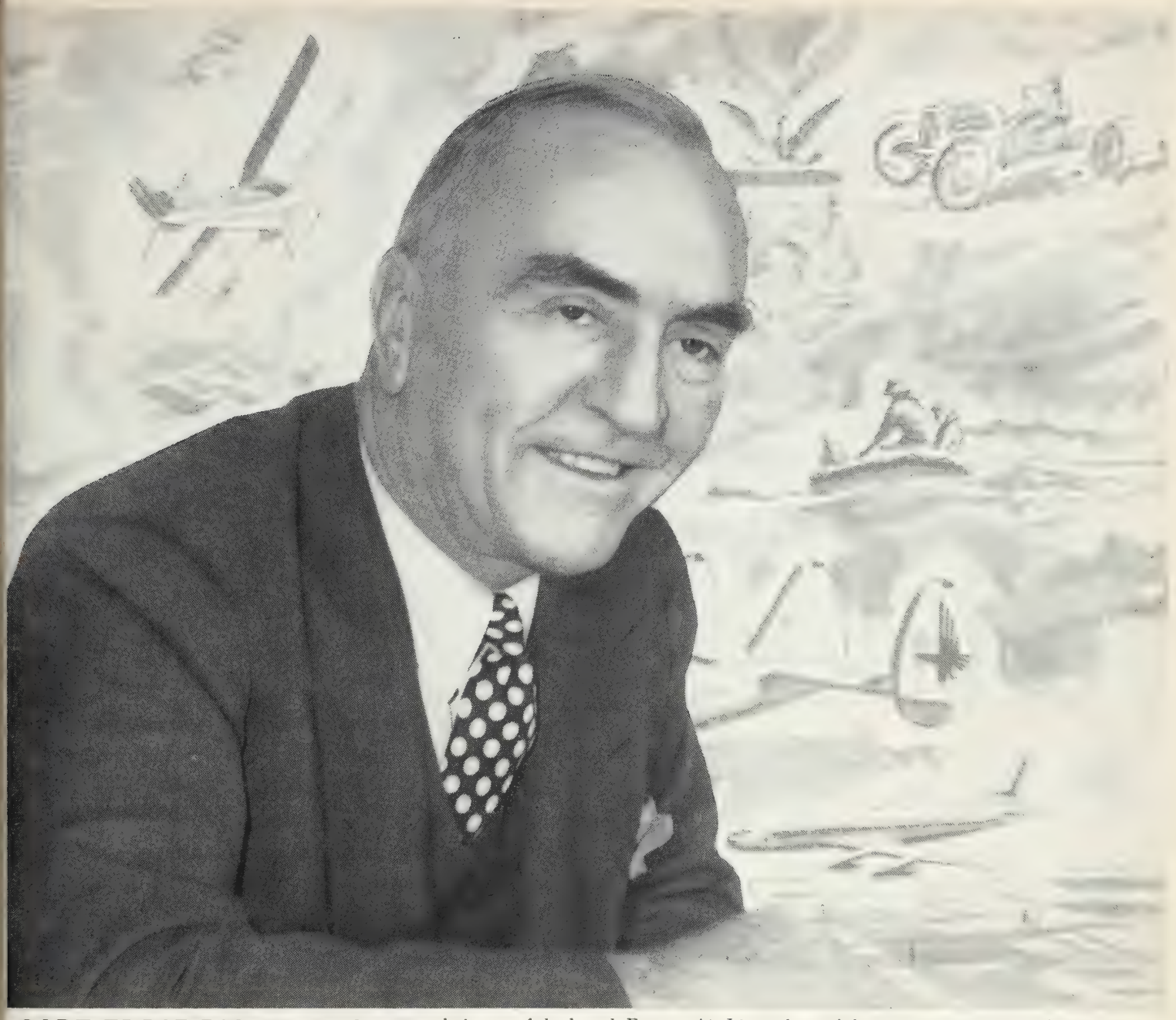
But they can do another thing which Bernard DeVoto would have valued far more.

Bill Johnston, editor of the Lewiston, Idaho, *Morning Tribune,* summed it up like this:

"DeVoto loved the sound of the rushing Lochsa more than the sound of his own name. He was more interested in the forest itself than in its nomenclature. . . . He worked and fought for principles, not for money or fame. He was not as concerned about what people thought of him as he was about what they thought of National Forests and National Parks."

And Mr. Johnston set down his personal pledge "to the memory of a dedicated man" to "fight as he did for the forest itself."

That kind of enlistment is the remembrance which DeVoto would have appreciated most. The fight isn't over. (A communiqué from the front, by Warren Unna, appears on page 29.) There are still people, plenty of them, who be-



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lieve that beauty is waste . . . that a tree is worthless until it is chopped down and converted, for cash, into comic books and beer cartons . . . that it is foolish sentimentality to try to save a piece of America for the generations yet to come. So long as they infest the land, the battle for conservation will have to go on, and recruits for the DeVoto Memorial Battalion will still be needed.

COME as you are. The nice thing about this particular scrap is that you can pitch into it any time, any place. Chances are that in your own town, at this very hour, somebody is getting ready to bulldoze away one of the few remaining meadows or patches of woods. They will do it in the name of Progress—a convenient word to cover the prefabricated slums-of-tomorrow, the asphalt parking lots, the endless concrete scabs of the new highways. They can nearly always prove—to the satisfaction of the City Council, dominated as it usually is by real-estate men—that we can't afford to leave a little open space here and there. Nobody can make a dime out of "idle" land; so a strip of greenery is a luxury the taxpayers will never stand for. After all, nobody will ever enjoy it except the taxpayers, and their children, and their grandchildren.

The end result of this variety of Progress is the Bronx. It is nearly all of eastern New Jersey. It is the West Side of Chicago. It is Hamtramck. It is U. S. 1 between Baltimore and Washington. It is the cut-over slopes of the Cascades, and the stinking, septic rivers of Ohio and Pennsylvania. It is Lake George and Joliet and Gary, Indiana. It is the hundreds of square miles of flaking stucco shanties which disfigure Southern California. It is the hideous eczema, creeping out like a Wave of the Future, from every metropolitan center—what DeVoto once described as "an uninterrupted eyesore of drive-ins, diners, souvenir stands, purulent amusement parks, cheapjack restaurants . . . a jerry-built, neon-lighted, overpopulated slum."

Give us a few more decades, and most of the United States accessible by auto quite possibly will look the same way—and by that time the ruination of a once-splendid continent will have gone so far that no remedy is possible. If you don't want to live in that kind of America—if you are not willing to hand the country over to your grandchildren in that shape—then you are a conservationist; and you have your work cut out for you.

It is not pleasant work. It requires you to make a nuisance of yourself before the Board of Aldermen and the Zoning Commission. It will mean quarrels with respectable citizens of your own community who want to make a quick buck—and can't understand why it is any of your business where they put up their billboards and tourist cabins and juke joints. It means interference with the private use of private property—something most Americans approach with sensible reluctance, even when the welfare of the whole community is at issue. It calls for lots of patient missionary work in civic associations, women's clubs, and local political organizations. Sometimes it may involve a head-on collision with powerful business interests, and often it means higher taxes (including your own) to pay for that bit of potential park land which the city has to buy now or lose forever.

But the Lord's work is never easy, or the good citizen's either. And it has been an article of faith in this republic from the time of the Plymouth Colony that the man who plants a tree, or saves one, is serving both God and his country.

POLITICAL NOTES FROM THE LEARNED PROFESSIONS

(1) A psychologist of awesome repute is predicting, in private conversations, that the President's heart attack will turn out to be a major unsuspected political asset.

"Because," he explains, "most people not only need a father figure, which Eisenhower was already. What they want even more, deep in their unconscious, is a father figure with a weak heart."

(2) Noting that Ike began to attend church regularly only after his election, a Washington clergyman is canvassing support for a new non-political religious order: Presbyterians Before Eisenhower.

(3) One of those political rarities—a doctor who also is a Democrat—points out that Dr. Paul White and all the other physicians who gave such encouraging reports on the President's physical fitness for another term are stanch Republicans. The Democrats, he suggests, ought to demand equal time on the stethoscope.

STRANGE NOISES FROM THE STEPPES

MAYBE something really important is happening in Russia. It is hard to measure (for the Russians as for us) because it is all a matter of tone.

For example, when the Kremlin bosses spoke before the Twentieth Party Congress a few weeks ago, they did not sound like Simon Legree giving orders to the field hands. That was the way Stalin used to talk on such occasions; but this time the speeches had a faint but unmistakable ring of political oratory. Khrushchev & Co. didn't kiss any babies before the camera, but they did use most of the other standard political gambits. They pointed with pride to all the dandy things they had accomplished; they glossed

what is the . . .

Church of Christ?



Many have asked this question through the ages since it was established over 1900 years ago. Where shall we go to find the answer? To the Bible, God's Word, of course!

The Bible teaches that the church of Christ is the *body* of Christ, the body of persons who are saved by Christ. *Ephesians 1:22 - 5:23.* It is the kingdom of Christ which was established on the day of Pentecost fifty days after Jesus' resurrection. The Lord added three thousand people to His church on this birthday, and He has been adding those who obey His will ever since. "He became the author of eternal salvation to all who obey Him." *Hebrews 5:9*

This divine organism is not a denomination or federation of human organizations. It was established several generations before the oldest denominations. It is *non-denominational* and *Christ-centered* by its very nature. It is neither Catholic nor Protestant. It has no earthly headquarters and is not controlled by an ecclesiastical hierarchy. Every member is a priest under Christ, the high priest. *I Peter 2:9*

Jesus Christ built this church as He promised. "Upon this rock I will build my church." *Matthew 16:18.* He is the *only* head of His church. "And He (Christ) is the head of the body, the church . . . that in all things He might have the preeminence." *Colossians 1:18*

Jesus has "all authority" in heaven and on earth. *Matthew 28:18.* He makes known His will through the Holy Scriptures which are able to make men "wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus. All scripture is given by inspiration of God . . . that the man of God may be perfect thoroughly furnished unto all good works." *II Timothy 3:16, 17*

The church of Christ was built upon the rock or foundation of Jesus as the Son of God. "Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Christ Jesus." *I Corinthians 3:11*

Wherever Christ is preached and men believe in Him, repent, and are baptized (immersed) into Him, Christians are made. *Galatians 3:27.* Then God adds them to the church which is the undenominational body of Christ. *Acts 2:47*

The church of Christ is pleading for primitive Christianity, the restoration of the apostolic church, and the unity of all Christians. Jesus said, "The seed is the Word of God." *Luke 8:11.* When this seed is sown today, it will bear the same fruit that it produced in the first century of Christianty.

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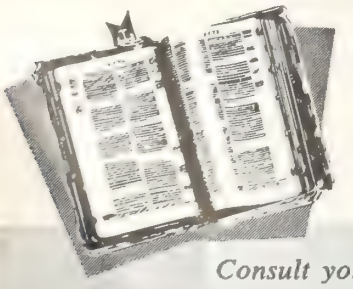
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over their failures; and they promised wonders to come—not in some distant Marxist millennium, but practically tomorrow. They seemed in fact—in an awkward, unaccustomed way—to be pleading for popular support.

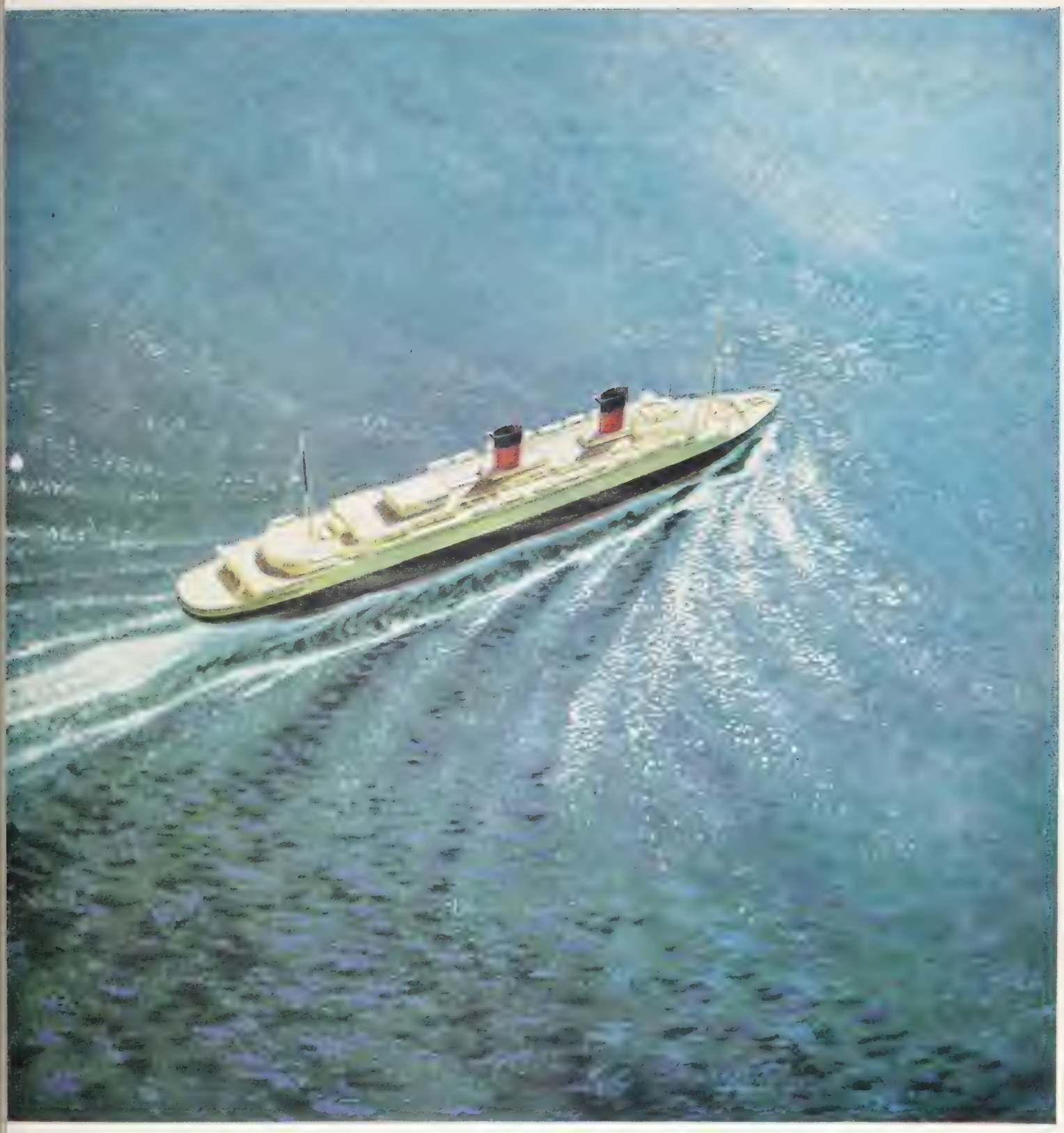
Then on March 9 the Kremlin announced a new farm program—designed, like all the earlier unsuccessful ones, to raise production. Here again the tone of voice had changed. This manifesto did not roar at the peasants, nor threaten the usual purges and punishments if they failed to work harder. Instead it sounded, according to the Moscow correspondent of the *New York Times,* "conciliatory and even deferential." That is, much like the sweet talk of any politician presenting himself to the farmers of Normandy, or Honshu, or Minnesota.

A few weeks earlier Ekaterina Furtseva was appointed an alternate member of the Presidium—the eleven-man committee, formerly known as the Politburo, which runs the Soviet empire. No Communist woman had ever risen so high.

At forty-six Mme. Furtseva is handsomely preserved, in the robust Percheron style which the Russians have always favored. For the last eight years she has worked very intimately indeed with Nikita Khrushchev—a pretty robust character himself—and it has been suggested that their friendship may have had something to do with her jet-propelled ascent. (Her husband recently was packed off to Yugoslavia as Ambassador—an appointment which might recall the fate of Uriah, husband of Bathsheba, after King David's eye happened to fall upon that lady in her bath.*) If so, the relationship is not likely to do The Boss any harm politically. (In Russia, as in the United States, a reputation as a lady's man is usually a help. It may evoke shocked disapproval from prissy elements; but this is more than offset by a large silent vote. Examples could be cited from current American history, if it weren't for the restraints of good taste and the libel laws.)

At the same time, it is quite possible that the Communist party sachems thought it expedient to bestow some notable recognition on a

* Second Samuel:11:2-17



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woman politician, for the same reason that Frances Perkins and Oveta Culp Hobby were given roughly equivalent jobs in Washington.

Harrison E. Salisbury, one of the best informed Americans on Russian affairs, has reported that the new men in the Kremlin are "destroying the prestige of the secret police and radically checkreining its authority." At the same time they are steadily tearing down the image of Stalin and the "cult of personality" which justified his one-man rule. Taken together, these measures obviously would hamper Khrushchev or anyone else who might hanker to replace the present "collective leadership" with the old-fashioned absolute dictatorship. The revelation that Stalin was not a demi-God—as The Faithful had been assured for twenty years—but a murderous, blundering old paranoid may also implant in them a permament skepticism about official propaganda. If so, the Communists may well find that one of their classic weapons is corroding badly.

Finally, a few signs cropped up during the Twentieth Party Congress which seem to indicate that two factions might be developing inside the "collective leadership." Some competent British observers think that the opposition group may be led by Mikoyan and—astonishingly enough—Malenkov. It was surprising that Malenkov wasn't shot, according to custom, when he was tossed out of the supreme command a year ago; that he should be permitted to keep a seat on the Presidium was even odder; and if he now actually dares to raise his voice in opposition, then times have changed indeed.

ALL these scraps of information are only straws in what might possibly turn out to be a wind. In April of last year it was suggested in this magazine that politics, in the Western sense, might be seeping into the Soviet Union. That guess was based primarily on a slight acquaintance with Khrushchev, a man who struck me as more of a politician and less of a conspirator than his predecessors. The recent happenings in Russia offer a bit of additional evidence: they suggest that the ruling clique no longer is entirely indifferent to public opinion . . . that it does not wield quite unlimited power . . . that its members were badly frightened by Stalin and are reluctant to let any one man regain that kind of power . . . and that for the moment they do not need to rule primarily by terror and brute force. To some slight extent, they now appear to be experimenting with the arts of political persuasion, rather than relying on the police alone.

This does not, of course, mean that the Soviet Union has yet developed any resemblance to a democracy. It is still a one-party state; the police terror remains on tap, if needed; the basic apparatus of party and government is unchanged; the collective leadership may prove to be unstable and temporary.

At best, it may mean that the Russians are in the first stages of development away from absolute monarchy—their tradition for a thousand years—toward some form of limited autocracy. Malenkov's survival hints that they may be at about the point the English reached in the seventeenth century, when they discovered that it is possible to dismiss a minister without chopping off his head or chasing him into exile. (At that time perhaps 4 per cent of the British population played an active role in politics; about the same percentage of Russians now belong to The Party.) It took England another 200 years to develop a full-fledged democracy.

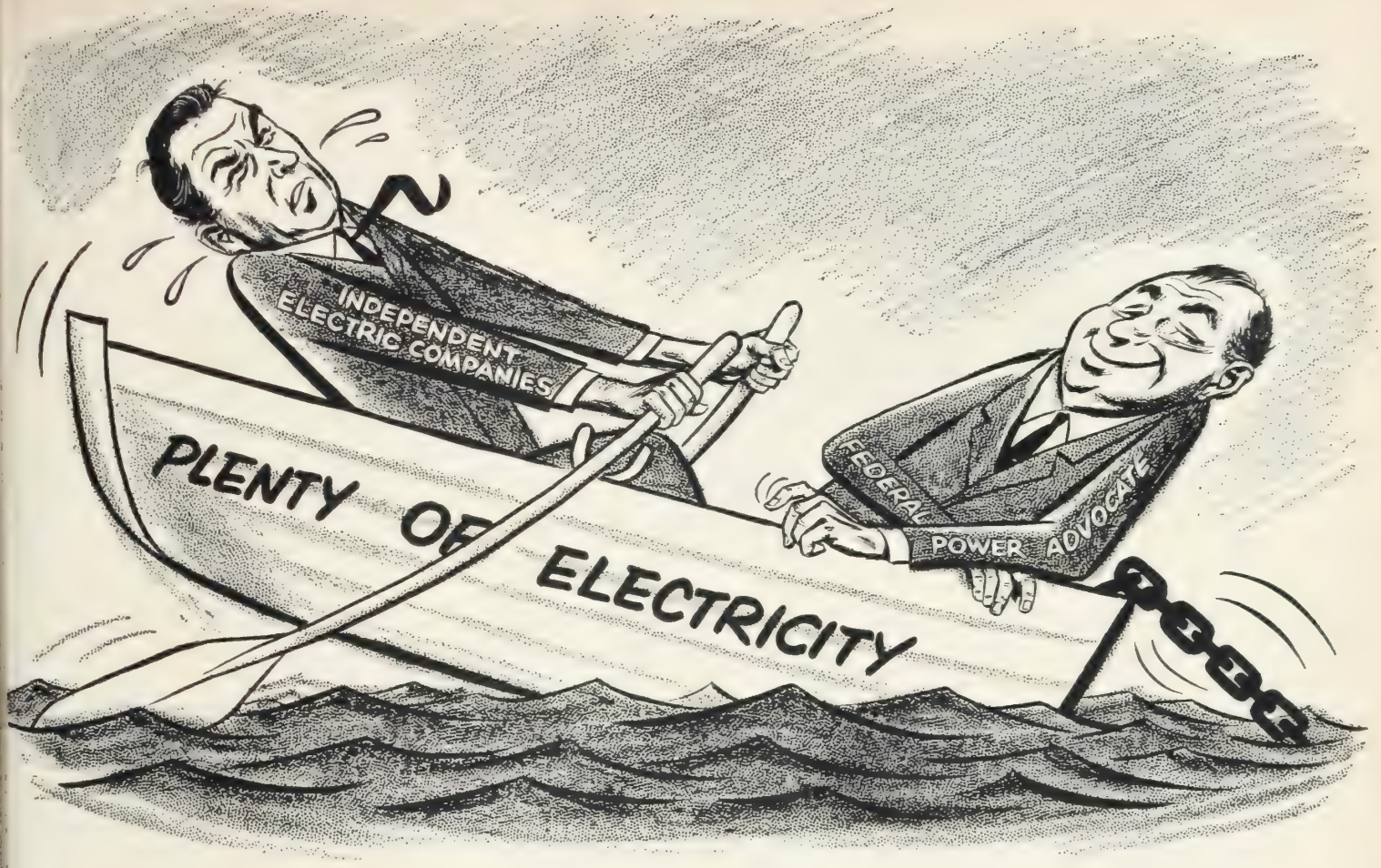
Moreover, this trend does not offer us much comfort, at least in the short run. On the contrary, the new Russian manners almost certainly are more dangerous than the old. They are less frightening to the neutral nations—the next intended victims—and they fit neatly with the new Soviet tactics of economic and political penetration, rather than military aggression. Furthermore, these tactics are harder for us to parry; we knew how to meet a simple military threat, but both our political leaders and our public temper seem well-nigh helpless to cope with the subtler, more flexible weapons the Soviets are now using.

For the very long run, however, the prospect is a little cheerier. Absolute power in Russia apparently is being eroded by the same thing which once whittled it down in England and the other countries of Western Europe—the growth of a powerful, privileged, and indispensable middle class. In this case it consists of the bureaucrats, engineers, technicians, and scientists whom the Russians are at last producing in large numbers. These are the people who keep every modern industrial society going; they cannot be purged, on any large scale, or the machinery would stop. They have their own professional groupings and interests, which are not always identical with those of The Party. In some unmeasurable degree, they already are an independent force; and their strength is likely to grow.

As Edward Crankshaw has suggested, they are also a conservative force. They have acquired remarkable privileges—in salary, housing, choice of work, and in many luxuries—which would be threatened by war or internal upheaval. They are contriving to pass many of these privileges along to their children—partly because they can pay for the best education, partly because they have the influence to place their youngsters (and those of their professional friends) in the best jobs. (Perhaps as a placatory gesture to this elite, Khrushchev announced last February the establishment of a new system of boarding schools for the training of future leaders—modeled quite openly on the British private schools such as Eton and Harrow.)

AS A dictatorship becomes even partially dependent on such a vested class, it loses some of its freedom of action. It can no longer be quite so adventurous abroad. It has to listen—a little, anyhow—to the rising murmur for more consumer's goods, shorter hours, a slackening of the strain; it cannot plow quite so much of the nation's income into arms and heavy industry. Conquest of the world for the True Faith will remain the official goal; but it may be pursued with a bit less zeal. After all, these people have a good deal to lose besides their chains.

So one day—perhaps in fifty years—we may find that co-existence with the Russians has become feasible. The problem is to get through that next fifty years.



Who threw out the anchor?

Are the advocates of federal government electric power really interested in plenty of electricity for all Americans, as they so often claim—or are they interested primarily in building a government power monopoly?

• • •

To meet vastly increased needs for electricity, the nation's more than 400 independent electric light and power companies are planning and building at an unprecedented rate. But in some sections of the country, federal power advocates are fighting the efforts of electric companies to build. Here are three examples:

On the Niagara River in New York State, local electric companies have tried for many years to expand their power development to help provide the vast amounts of additional electricity that will soon be needed in the Northeast. Public power advocates, however, have been able to block government approval for the companies to build.

In the Pacific Northwest, trying to speed a new source of electricity and avoid a real threat of power shortage, local electric companies have offered to pay 88 per cent of the cost of the proposed John Day power dam. But federal power groups say no. They seem willing to risk a power shortage rather than let local electric companies take any part in building the power project. They would have the federal government pay for it all, with tax money from all over the country.

At Hell's Canyon on the Idaho-Oregon border, the local power company, with government approval, is building the first of three dams that will more than double the supply of electricity in that area. The company applied in 1947 for permission to develop the project, but has been unable to get it underway until now—largely because of delaying opposition from federal power groups. These groups are still fighting to get the government to spend 429 million dollars of taxpayers' money to replace the project the company has already started.

This record of obstruction is duplicated all over the country. Time after time federal power advocates have thrown out the anchor when more power was offered and planned by *America's Independent Electric Light and Power Companies**.

**Names on request from this magazine*

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PERSONAL *and otherwise*

Primitives in the Super Market

JOHN Augustine Hartford used to say that he could walk blindfold into any A & P store in the U.S.A. and find a can of pork and beans. Coming from the man who led the A & P during the decades when it grew into the world's largest food retailer, this remark was not boastful. Millions of housewives could make good on the same claim today—and pick up a box of corn flakes on the way out. But it does demonstrate one of the classic features of American life—the stamp of business patterns on the way we act, in this case on what we eat.

As she threads her pushbasket along the alleys of the super market the shopper is mentally juggling a complex of factors that impel her choices. First she is thinking about what her family likes, but this thought—which might lead her immediately to pick up a beef steak and some ice cream—is played off against her recollection of what they ate last night for dinner and her guess at what her husband had for lunch downtown. She is thinking also of the weekly cash budget and about what the family *ought* to eat for a healthfully balanced diet—and about her own skill or lack thereof in cooking. The number of hours at her disposal between now and dinnertime, the utensils she owns, and the quirks of her stove play a part in the calculation. She is haunted by a casserole recipe for a new way to use hamburger, in the food column in the morning paper, and by an advertisement she noticed for a miracle non-fattening dessert, high in protein and vitamins and low in everything else but flavor. During Lent or on Friday, she may skip the meat counter, or if she pays attention to Jewish dietary laws, she may pass by the pork or cross over to the kosher side of the market. If she has taken up with some food faddist, she heads for the specialty that is going to cure her depression, lengthen her life, enhance her radiant beauty regulate her elimination, and improve her chin line by forcing her to chew every bite fifty times.

But the route she follows while pushing her cart has been determined first of all by the way the merchant built the store, and what she finds stacked on the shelves to choose from are the packages designed and filled by captains of industry—about one-half of those items were unknown to her mother at her age. Though she is threading her own maze, mental and physical, there is somebody else's planned and audited method behind it.

How simple, in comparison, were the food choices of our ancestors described by **Dr. William H. Adolph** in "What Early Man Discovered About Food" (p. 67). Or were they so simple? To parboil the wheat and set it to dry for a few days in the sun; to ferment the soybean; to convert the butter into ghee—were these the fumbling tricks of the children of the race? Or were they the pre-scientific discoveries of the captains of pre-industry?

Dr. Adolph does not discount the economic and cultural pressures that have influenced eating habits since earliest times. But today, in our part of the world, advertising makes business seem to be the most powerful force for change.

ONE businessman who operated on, and profited by, Americans' food tastes was the late corn flake king whose story has just been told in a book by Horace B. Powell called *The Original Has This Signature—W. K. Kellogg.* The famous ready-to-eat breakfast food, the "Toasted" corn flake, was developed as a health food around the turn of this century at the Battle Creek Sanitarium of W. K.'s doctor brother, John Harvey Kellogg, the surgeon and apostle of "Biologic Living." Dr. John himself was given to dietary enthusiasms, and he once lived for a year while he was a student at Bellevue Hospital mainly on apples

ıd Graham crackers, the diet then dvised by Dr. Sylvester Graham. le had a barrel of each in his room. Little Dr. Kellogg at the height his career was a white-suited ynamo with trim white mustache ıd goatee. At Battle Creek, where e combined the features of a clinic ıd Chautauqua, health foods were rved on the dining tables and ld on a counter in the lobby. But was the shy younger brother, Will, ho fought with all his sibling valry and aggressive business imagation to develop a great food inıstry out of the process of "flaking" reals which the brothers had inented together and which hunreds of rivals imitated over the ears. Against the doctor's wishes ıd during his absence in Europe, Will introduced sugar into the corn rmula, and although Dr. Kellogg ıad a fit" when he returned—he ojected on the grounds that it ould be harmful to diabetics—it as the new flavorful flake that ade the fortune.

What would Dr. John have hought of the sugar-coated cereals hich are the rage today on juvenile reakfast tables? But by a curious eversal of the usual business-adertising pressure exerted on popur tastes, the very latest Kellogg real—newer than the sweet ones—ppeals strictly to the housewife's al for nutritional values. "K"—ke a laboratory element—does ithout old-fashioned heart-warmg appeals, like the smiling "Sweetart of the Corn," and sticks to cold scientific label, "Kellogg's ecial High-Protein Food." There e no premiums on the box or in other than a great deal of printg which lists the proteins and tamins in the cereal and, in chart rm, describes them. One word nly mentions taste—"delicious." eyond that, the consumer (harkeng to the scientist) has spoken, and mmands have gone back to Battle reek. The modern primitive, the ousewife in the super market has ut across an idea.

. . Dr. Adolph, who is now lecturer nutrition and public health at ale, spent many years abroad train-g research workers and teachers nutritional biochemistry. Beveen 1929 and 1950, he taught in



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If you should decide to seek the answer, we hope that you will ask yourself this one question: "Why am I not a Catholic?"

First of all, the answer to this question will reveal, almost certainly, that your ancestors were Catholics — that your forefathers worshiped in the historic Church just as your Catholic friends and neighbors all around you are still worshiping today.

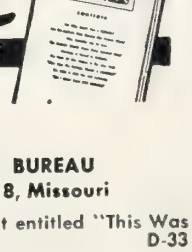
It may be difficult for you to trace your "family tree" back far enough to discover when or why your forebears ceased to follow the historic Faith. It may have been in eras of oppression, when imprisonment, confiscation of property and even death were among the penalties for holding true to the Faith. Possibly it happened during the sixteenth-century revolt against the Church. Or it might have been due to a marriage outside the Church, to a lack of religious interests, or even to some disagreement which you would instantly recognize as trivial.

Perhaps your answer to all this will be that you don't care what your ancestors were... that you can choose your own religion, or do without one.

But will this answer stand the test of your own common sense? We know that Christ did establish a Church to proclaim His teaching to all men — including you. We know that He commanded us to "hear the Church." We know that He promised His Church would endure to the end of time. And we know that the Catholic Church is that same Church existing through the centuries since the days of the Apostles.

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P & O

Peiping at Yenching University and at the Peiping Union Medical College. At the outbreak of the Pacific war he was interned by the Japanese and repatriated on the *Gripsholm*. He was back in China as acting president of Yenching when the Communists took over. After an interlude of teaching at American University at Beirut, he came to Yale.

. . . The coming battle in Oregon for the Senate seat of Wayne Morse is likely to center on debate over Republican "Giveaways," for the challenger, ex-Secretary of the Interior Douglas McKay, has been the chief target of Democratic fire. But the battle will not be confined to one part of the country. In the lead article this month (p. 29), **Warren Unna** dockets the charges and the facts behind them.

Mr. Unna covers national affairs for the Washington *Post and Times Herald*. A native of San Francisco he has the Westerner's keenness about this problem. His series of nine articles on the giveaway charges, which appeared in the *Post* in January, were analyzed at length in the *Congressional Record* of February 29 by Republican Senator Barry Goldwater, who found them "irresponsible" and "politically inspired"—a statement which may have enjoyed a little political inspiration of its own. The *Congressional Record* for March 2 then reprinted the entire series, at the request of Democratic Senator James Murray of Montana.

. . . One of the main criticisms of the Little League baseball movement—a sports activity involving half a million American youngsters—has been that too many adults are in on it and that they have pressured the children too hard and put too much emphasis on winning. Since last spring, when a conference of health experts got together for stock taking at the behest of Little League officials, the subject has been moot and, despite a bang-up season last year, the fate of the League has at times looked dim.

In "It's Only a Game" (p. 36) **Shirley Jackson**, a mother, a novelist and a humorist whose individual style of mad realism is the farthest

ning in the world from social re-earch, documents the plays of one ittle League game in one small own—from the point of view of the arents. In this case, however, it ould seem to be the adults, not the ildren, who are scathed.

Miss Jackson has written four ooks of fiction and fact, the most cent being a novel, *The Bird's est.*

. How America's passion for cul-re is frustrated by the complex-ies of the music business is escribed by **Jacques Barzun,** his-rian and musical amateur, in "Mu-c: For Money or for Love?" (p. 40). or a complementary view of the ail-order record boom, see Edward atnall Canby's "The New Record-gs," p. 94.)

Mr. Barzun is professor of history d dean of the graduate school of olumbia University, where he was aduated A.B. in 1927. His books ve expressed the remarkably wide ope of his interests, from *Darwin, arx, Wagner: Critique of a Her-ge* to *Teacher in America, Berlioz,* d *God's Country and Mine.* At esent in progress are a one-volume ition of *Berlioz* to be issued later is spring by Meridian; a study of lture and the contemporary world be published by Harper & Broth-s in the fall; and the book from hich the present essay is taken: *usic in American Life,* to be is-ed this month by Doubleday. Mr. arzun wrote the latter at the re-iest of the American Council of arned Societies, to introduce its ies on music and musicology.

. Late in February in Dallas, pub-hers belonging to the Texas Daily ewspaper Association heard Tur-r Catledge, managing editor of e *New York Times,* predict that ws reporting in the future would lp readers see how new social and entific studies apply to them. Mr. tledge spoke more ironically an he intended: his optimism y have been justified for readers other states, but not for Texans—less the condition of Texas news-pers, as described by **Hugh Rus-l Fraser** (p. 47) takes a turn for e better.

The brave man who dares to say exans Don't Know Any Better"

What Strange Powers Did The Ancients Possess?

EVERY important discovery relating to mind power, sound thinking and cause and effect, as applied to self-advancement, was known centuries ago, before the masses could read and write.

Much has been written about the wise men of old. A popular fallacy has it that their secrets of personal power and successful living were lost to the world. Knowledge of nature's laws, accumulated through the ages, is never lost. At times the great truths possessed by the sages were hidden from unscrupulous men in high places, but never destroyed.

Why Were Their Secrets Closely Guarded?

Only recently, as time is measured; not more than twenty generations ago, less than 1/100th of 1% of the earth's people were thought capable of receiving basic knowledge about the laws of life, for it is an elementary truism that knowledge is power and that power cannot be entrusted to the ignorant and the unworthy.

Wisdom is not readily attainable by the general public; nor recognized when right within reach. The average person absorbs a multitude of details about things, but goes through life without ever knowing where and how to acquire mastery of the fundamentals of the inner mind—that mysterious silent something which "whispers" to you from within.

Fundamental Laws of Nature

Your habits, accomplishments and weaknesses are the effects of causes. Your thoughts and actions are governed by fundamental laws. Example: The law of compensation is as fundamental as the laws of breathing, eating and sleeping. All fixed laws of nature are as fascinating to study as they are vital to understand for success in life.

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is a former newspaperman who has been living in Texas for the past year and a half writing the history of the oldest private bank west of the Mississippi, located in San Antonio. He is the author of *Democracy in the Making: The Jackson-Tyler Era,* and was the originator—and co-designer with Allan Nevins—of the famous *Times* history test given to 7,000 college freshmen that shocked the public. People didn't like to admit that their children were as ignorant as themselves. Mr. Fraser found in Texans a habit of boasting that aroused his interest in finding out what they know and don't know—and why.

. . . **Giorgio de Santillana** returned to his native Italy recently, on a Fulbright professorship, and over the course of a year observed the manifold ways in which Italy is changing from within and making for herself a place of new consequence in the world. His report appears on page 50. Mr. de Santillana is professor of the history and philosophy of science at Massachusetts Institute of Technology and was a correspondent in Italy in 1944.

His latest book is *The Crime of Galileo,* published last year by the University of Chicago Press and called brilliant by reviewers in the *New Yorker* and *Time.*

. . . When Judge Arthur T. Vanderbilt's short book, *The Challenge of Law Reform,* was published last December, Judge Harold R. Medina called it "one hundred and eighty-four pages of dynamite." The book has not only jarred lawyers and judges out of their professional complacency, but has aroused interest in the quiet figure of Vanderbilt himself. **Jerome H. Spingarn's** portrait of him (p. 61) is an analysis of his accomplishments and a suggestive study of the human being whose attention to reform has not chilled his relations with his fellow men.

Mr. Spingarn is a Washington attorney who writes frequently on law and public opinion. He has contributed before to *Harper's* as well as to other magazines, and has acted as consultant to several Congressional committees. His wife, Natalie, wrote the article on St. Elizabeths hospital which appeared in the January issue.

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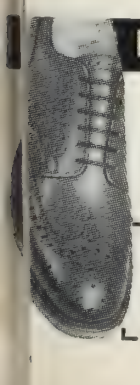
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P & O

. . . **Peter Kane Dufault** ("Ash Can," p. 35) is an ex-pilot, newspaperman, and playwright. A book of his poems will be out this fall.

. . . Like many people who love France, **Harry L. Turtledove** believes that she has deserved better treatment than she has received recently from some of her own citizens. A former American government officer with ECA and the U.S. Information Service in France, Mr. Turtledove now lives with his wife and child outside Paris, observing "Why the French Act That Way." His analysis appears on page 71.

He is a graduate of Reed College (1942) and of four years in the Army, and a native of Portland, Ore.

. . . "The Sound of Moorish Laughter" (p. 55) is **Harold Brodkey's** first story in *Harper's.* Mr. Brodkey is a Harvard graduate, twenty-six years old, and lives in New York. Several of his stories have appeared in the *New Yorker* and other magazines, and the Dial Press will bring out a collection of them.

COMING NEXT MONTH

The South's tragedy, writes **William Faulkner,** is "the tawdry quality of the South's fear of the Negro." Having spoken elsewhere to the North, he here appeals, directly and eloquently, to his own countrymen.

Last June at the Le Mans international auto race, more than eighty spectators were killed when one of the cars went out of control. **Laurence** and **Robert W. Lafore,** who were there, tell how it happened, why, and what it may mean to the future of auto racing.

"What," **Russell Lynes** wants to know, "is so all-fired wonderful about Prosperity?" He cheerfully takes apart the preposterous extravagances of our prolonged boom and has some amiable things to say—so help us—in favor of depressions.

From Cyprus **John Phillips** reports on the curious people—bearded priests, juvenile terrorists, and suave British gentlemen—engaged in a pocket-size civil war . . . which suddenly has become an urgent concern of the United States.

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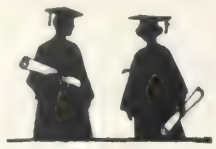
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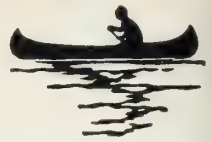
Country Day and Boarding School on Palos Verdes Peninsula 25 miles south of Los Angeles. Coeducational—grades 1-12. Fully accredited. Member California Association of Independent Schools. Summer School. July 6—Aug. 16.

Cmdr. & Mrs. Joseph H. Chadwick, Dirs., Rolling Hills, Cal.

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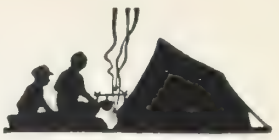
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Frances G. Wallace, Principal, Box 17, Lake Forest,

KEMPER HALL
Episcopal Boarding School for Girls. Thorough col preparation & spiritual training. Unusual opportunitie Music, Dramatics & Fine Arts; also Ceramics. All s Jr. School. Beautiful lake shore campus 50 mi. from Chi
Write: Box HM, Kenosha, Wisconsin



SCHOOLS — CAMPS

See page 25 for Home-Study and Coeducational Schools.



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Ride to snow in the Rockies. Drift cattle on a work ranch. are for "own" horse. Swim, canoe and pack trip in Mon- na with congenial teen-age girls keen for adventure ood supervision. 25th season. Inclusive fee.

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Spend the summer on a 40,000 acre Western cattle ranch. Daily riding. Roundups, rodeos, all sports. Pack trips. Swimming pool. Crafts. Caravan trip thru scenic Southwest. Cool, dry climate. Coed, 9-17. 25th yr. Also winter school.

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An unforgettable summer vacation for Boys at America's National Shrine.

CAVALRY CAMP (14-18); expert riding instruction; mounted hikes.
PIONEER CAMP (7-13); woodcraft, trips.
BAND CAMP (13-18); expert musical training, swimming.

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Phone: Melrose 5-1682 (Phila.)

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Dr. & Mrs. E. C. Storey, 370 Orienta Ave., Mamaroneck, N.Y.

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FOR BOYS — FOR GIRLS

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California. Mountains for Boys. Ocean for Girls. Pools, horses, trampoline, archery, riflery. Cabins, lodge. Boys: fishing, pack trips. Girls: sailing, aquaplaning, horse show, etc. Ages 9-16. Same mgt. Montecito School for Girls.

Homer M. Barnes, 300 Hot Springs Rd., Santa Barbara, Cal.

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SCHOOL AND CAMP INFORMATION BUREAU

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MRS. LEWIS D. BEMENT, SCHOOLS
MISS ADELE WALLACE, CAMPS

ENERAL INFORMATION

Boy ☐ Girl ☐ Present Age..... and grade.....
Boarding School ☐ Day School ☐ Military School ☐ Coed ☐
Location desired..... Entering when .....
Denominational ☐ (Specify).....

NFORMATION FOR SELECTING CAMP

Is this the child's first season? .....
Check if you are interested in:
Traditional, all-round program ☐ Supervised trips ☐
Special training ☐ .....

NFORMATION FOR SELECTING SUMMER SCHOOL

Courses desired: .....
Are credits desired? Yes ☐ No ☐

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5-11



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Harper's MAGAZINE

Republican "Giveaways": *the charges and the facts*

WARREN UNNA

A veteran Washington newspaperman adds up the score on one of the main issues of the coming campaign . . . and concludes that neither party has a spotless record.

IN THIS Presidential election year when party issues are far too few, the Democrats have borrowed the "giveaway" slogan from television's guessing games and pasted it liberally over the Republicans' natural-resources program. The Democrats hope their charge will stick to the Eisenhower Administration the way "mink coat" and "deep freeze" stuck to Truman in the 1952 campaign. Charges so gross demand fair and public weighing.

"Giveaway" has already been applied to everything from public-power dam sites to synthetic-rubber plants, from offshore oil deposits to National Forest timberlands, from public-domain grazing lands to rapid tax-amortization certificates. The conservationists and the public-power advocates have backed up the politicians. The United Auto Workers have gone so far as to compute a facetious "giveaway" price tag: one trillion dollars. And the Democratic National Committee in its monthly *Digest* last fall, named the Secretary of the Interior, who was then Douglas McKay, "The Giveaway King."

Now it is true that neither the Democrats nor the conservationists nor the public-power advocates are the exclusive guardians of the 768,000,000 acres of public land in the continental United States and Alaska. The great protectors of natural resources, President Theodore Roosevelt and his forestry adviser, Gifford Pinchot, were, after all, Republicans.

But it is also true that if the "giveaway" charge is justified against the Republican Administration, such gifts of the nation's property are irretrievable—no succeeding Administration can hope to recoup them.

To investigate—let alone prove or disprove—these charges is a job beyond the scope of one article. However, I have made a reporter's check of career and political appointees in this Administration and the last, of key members of Capitol Hill watchdog committees, and of lawyers and conservationists close to the issue.

The basic facts are these:

(1) There is definite substance to some of the "giveaway" charges—in some instances to a greater extent than the Democrats have intimated.

(2) A good many Republican projects might have resulted in "giveaways" if the Democratic Congress had not thwarted the Administration.

(3) There are resources still in danger of being given away.

(4) Some of the "giveaway" charges are quite unfounded and, in at least one field—the National Parks—the Republican record is better than that of the Democrats.

THE GIFTS ALREADY GIVEN

TAKING the blackest side of the score card first, what exactly have the Republicans given away? And to whom?

By March of this year, in six major instances, pieces of federal property or national rights have been passed, sold, or surrendered to private hands. Here they are:

(1) *The National Wildlife Refuges, heretofore sacrosanct, have been opened up to the drilling rigs of the oil industry.* Not all, but plenty of them.

Historically, the nation's 264 refuges have been off-limits to oil exploitation, with two exceptions: in cases where previous owners never did surrender their mineral rights to the refuge land; and in cases where the government entered into co-operative agreements with oil companies which were drilling nearby to prevent them from sucking out all the oil from underneath the government's own land.

In August 1953, not long after coming into office, Interior Secretary McKay issued a "stop order" on further leasing, ostensibly to tighten up the regulations. Last October 27, McKay assured an audience in Corvallis, Oregon: "I can tell you flatly that no new regulations will be authorized unless they give far more protection to our refuges than they did before the stop order."

Then began some of the choicest bits of double-talk heard in Washington for some time.

Interior now concedes it granted some 274 leases between August 1953, when the "stop order" began, and last December 2, when it was revoked. Not many more leases have ever been granted in the thirty-four years of refuge history, and these without the so-called protection of a "stop order."

In addition, Mr. McKay issued new orders in December to "protect" the refuges in future leasing. Hereafter, he promised, twelve of the refuges would be inviolate from all leasing and the others would be leased only under controlled conditions. The trouble with that promise was that these twelve refuges had never been sullied with oil derricks anyway; and the "controlled conditions" for the 252 other refuges will be supervised by the Director of the Fish and Wildlife Service, an office McKay made subject to political instead of career appointment.

Inaugurating the new regulation, Interior granted the Frankfort Oil Company of Bartlesville, Oklahoma, a subsidiary of Seagram Distilleries, permission to seek oil on 12,000 acres of the Lacassine National Wildlife Refuge in Louisiana. Frankfort gained the lease under noncompetitive terms at the minimum 50-cent-per-acre fee and 12½ per cent royalty. The lease was curiously dated December 1, 1955, a day before McKay's new regulations permitting it had even been promulgated. Interior later explained the lease actually had been "back-dated"—at the oil company's insistence.

(2) A sizable parcel of National Forest timberland in Oregon is now being cut over by a private company, under the legalistic guise of complying with the federal mineral laws.

Until Congress changed the law last year, the country had sought to encourage discovery of its underground mineral resources by granting title to the land to any prospector who could show there was enough ore to justify a "prudent" man in mining it. This law included National Forest land. Previous Administrations, aware that high lumber prices might induce "timber mining," kept a wary eye out for applications on these forest lands.

Such an application came from the Al Sarena Mining Company of Trail, Oregon. In 1948, under its new owners, the McDonald family of Mobile, Alabama, the mining firm had applied for twenty-three patents in the Rogue River National Forest in southern Oregon. They announced there was sufficient gold and silver under the forest floor to justify putting the mine back into active operation. Eight of the claims were granted. But the fifteen others, totaling 303 acres, were denied after the Bureau of Land Management, Forest Service, and several private assay firms failed to find sufficient evidence of gold and silver ore to justify either Al Sarena in its digging or the government in ceding its land for the nominal $5-per-acre fee.

The McDonalds had Democratic Representative Frank W. ("All is made for love") Boykin of Alabama intercede for them with Democratic Secretary of the Interior Oscar L. Chapman—but got nowhere. They have had better luck with Republican Representative Harris Ellsworth of Oregon and the Republican Under Secretary of

the Interior Clarence A. Davis. Unbeknownst to either the Forest Service or Bureau of Land Management, Davis ordered a third government agency, the Bureau of Mines, to take a new look at the case and specifically to permit the Al Sarena people to have their say about which assay house should test the ore samples. The McDonalds accordingly chose a firm in their native Mobile, 2,400 miles from the Oregon site, which up until then had specialized in testing timber for telephone poles. Once a favorable report was made, representatives of both the company and the Bureau of Mines disposed of the spare samples of the ore by tossing them into the Rogue River. Davis himself was so solicitous for the company's welfare that he personally telephoned the Bureau of Mines employee out in Oregon to find out how the case was coming. He then approved the Al Sarena claim, in January 1954—days before the required field report had ever reached Washington.

Davis has subsequently told Congress he was acting completely within the law. He has not chosen to notice the fact that since being granted its $250,000-or-so hunk of the National Forest, Al Sarena has timbered off lumber worth more than $100,000 but has not mined one cent's worth of gold or silver.

(3) At least one parcel of the National Forest in Minnesota has gone into private hands through a secret long-term lease.

International Nickel Company, anxious to justify investing $56,000,000 for nickel and copper mining in northern Minnesota's Superior National Forest, had asked the Democratic Administration for a 99-year lease on 12,000 acres. It got nowhere. Once the Republicans came in, the company confronted the Forest Service with an Office of Defense Mobilization letter declaring the national welfare would be endangered if the mining were not permitted. International Nickel next visited the then Assistant Interior Secretary, Orme Lewis. In the presence of a former high-ranking Bureau of Land Management official, Lewis told the company officials:

"If you gentlemen draft the kind of lease you want, we'll be glad to look it over."

The fifty-year option they gained is an irrevocable commitment by the government. Yet Lewis E. Hoffman, top minerals official of the Bureau of Land Management, says that as far as his records go International Nickel has only a two-year prospecting permit, and that the memorandum of conversations with Assistant Secretary Lewis "is in the confidential file of the Secretary [McKay]."

Fifty-year leases in the National Forest are unheard of, yet M. A. Hanna Company, formerly headed by Secretary of the Treasury George M. Humphrey, and Kennecott Copper, have similar agreements pending with Interior for Superior National Forest Land.

(4) *The Federal Power Act has been rewritten through a sort of "administrative fiat," as the public-power advocates call it.*

This involves the Hells Canyon controversy in which Secretary McKay withdrew his predecessor's objections to private development of the Snake River gorge on the Idaho-Oregon border. McKay also told the Federal Power Commission that it would be nice if the Idaho Power Company applications were approved so that the project could be developed by private enterprise.

After eighteen months of hearings, an FPC examiner said that a high federal dam at Hells Canyon—the deepest untouched natural gorge in the United States—would produce the maximum development of the area. But the examiner also declared that since Congress had repeatedly refused appropriations for a federal dam, it would be only practical to let the Idaho Power Company go ahead on one of three proposed smaller dams. The Commission waited until Congress went home last summer. It then announced approval of not one, but all three of the private utility's proposed dams.

By this "giveaway," Oregon's two Democratic Senators, Wayne Morse and Richard L. Neuberger, say that the country will lose potential electric power, since the three low dams can never develop as much energy as the single high dam. They further contend that the private dams will result in higher power rates to consumers and less water storage, flood control, and navigation benefits. They also argue that private-utility development of the Hells Canyon area will make impossible the low-rate power necessary to mine Idaho's vast phosphate deposits.

(5) *The government's $35,000,000 synthetic fuel plant in Louisiana, Missouri, has gone to the Hercules Powder Company for $5,000,000.*

Here the so-called "giveaway" ratio is 14 cents on the dollar—considerably more of a disparity than the 25 cents on the dollar charged by the Democrats. Hercules originally built the plant to manufacture ammonia for the Army during World War II and retained an option to meet the high bidder whenever the plant was put on the block. Before the sale in December 1954, the plant was used to experiment in the production of oil from coal.

(6) *The traditional "wheeling" regulation—*

which required private power companies using federal power to transmit some of this power over their own lines to such "preference" groups as co-operatives and public-power companies—has been abrogated.

Buried in an unpublicized memorandum of the Department of the Interior, this change in policy went unnoticed until last year, when the House Public Works and Resources Subcommittee, headed by Democratic Representative Earl Chudoff (Pennsylvania), uncovered it. Ten of the memorandum's thirteen recommendations—including the one on wheeling—were copied verbatim from a paper submitted by the Pacific Gas and Electric Company's Washington lobbyist, Herman Kruse. Two other recommendations made by Kruse were adopted in substance. All found their way to the desk of Interior Under Secretary Davis and were promptly promulgated.

THE MIGHT-HAVE-BEENS

SO MUCH for what has already been done. How much more of the nation's natural resources might have been given away, if the Democrats in Congress had not nipped the Administration's incipient generosity? The list is impressive:

(1) The offshore submerged oil lands (the so-called "tidelands") might have been given in their entirety to a few lucky states and, probably, from them to the large oil companies.

The Republican majority in the 83rd Congress voted to give the coastal states the rights to oil found by drilling in the shallow waters just beyond their shore lines. The Democrats, however, tacked on amendments guaranteeing the federal government continued ownership of whatever oil was discovered further out. Most states now own drilling rights in a strip of submerged land reaching only three miles out to sea. Texas, however, was granted a 10½ mile strip for "historic" reasons and Louisiana is trying to get the Supreme Court to recognize a similar offshore limit for her. Even so, it has been estimated that 80 per cent of the submerged oil wealth lies beyond the state territory—in that part of the continental shelf still controlled by the federal government.

The Interior Department issues glowing reports declaring the federal Treasury is richer by $252,000,000 in offshore oil lease revenues since the program began. But the Department consistently fails to add a footnote explaining it was the Democratic amendments which made these revenues possible.

(2) The D'Ewart grazing bill (HR4023) would have given 17,000 ranchers now holding grazing permits in the National Forest the right to deed them to their heirs or sell them at will.

This bill was sponsored by Montana's former Republican Representative Wesley A. D'Ewart, whom the Administration made Assistant Secretary of the Interior for Public Land Management after he lost out for re-election. Although D'Ewart's bill had the backing of the National Wool Growers and the American National Livestock Associations, it never was reported out of committee. At stake were 200,000,000 acres of grazing lands in fourteen states. Only about 3½ per cent of all Western stockmen would have benefited from the bill. Since the federal grazing charge is only nominal—15 cents a cow per month; 3 cents a sheep or goat per month; 30 cents a horse per month—the advantage of possessing a grazing permit as a vested right would have been considerable.

D'Ewart was not very happy with the treatment his bill received and declared sarcastically during a Washington interview:

"If the federal government cares for natural resources it is 'conservation.' But if private individuals seek to acquire any land now publicly owned, the object is 'steal'."

Even Interior Secretary McKay called D'Ewart's bill "lousy" in an unguarded moment. But then he could afford to: D'Ewart was not yet on his payroll and the bill came under Agriculture Department legislation, not Interior.

(3) The Ellsworth timber exchange bill would have given a private lumber operator the right to select a piece of public timberland as compensation for land the government might have to acquire from him for a public dam or reservoir.

This bill was sponsored by Oregon's Representative Harris Ellsworth—of Al Sarena fame—and managed on the floor of the House by D'Ewart. Democratic Representative Lee Metcalf of Montana said the bill would have permitted "big lumbermen to trade stumps for trees." He found its worst aspect was in creating a legal precedent in condemnation suits which in time might well have obligated the federal government to replace gas stations in kind to make way for highways, and the like. The government agency deeding over this land to a timberman was to be given no control over what piece he selected; no insurance the land the government was acquiring had been maintained under "sustained-yield" conservation conditions (the harvesting of an annual crop—no more—from the forest); nor any guarantee that the private opera-

tor would continue sustained-yield timbering on the government land he took over.

The fight in behalf of the Ellsworth bill supposedly had a direct effect in the 1954 defeat of both Senator Guy Cordon in Oregon and Congressman D'Ewart, who at that time was running for the Montana Senate seat.

When a House subcommittee held a hearing on the bill on July 14, 1953, testimony was taken from James L. Lanigan, at that time acting chief counsel for the Bureau of Land Management. Lanigan began itemizing the bill's shortcomings.

The transcript then reads: *"Lanigan:* 'I just had a message that I had a telephone call. They want me to answer before I finish testifying.'"

Lanigan never returned to the witness stand after that call from his superiors in the Department of the Interior.

(4) Government-owned helium-production facilities worth $20,000,000 would have been sold.

These valuable properties were endangered twice in 1954. Early in that year, Representative Clare E. Hoffman of Michigan and Senator Joseph R. McCarthy, then chairmen of the Government Operations Committees, introduced identical bills—presumably at the Administration's behest—to give the Interior Secretary the right to dispose of the government's helium properties. These facilities have been rigidly conserved as a government monopoly for thirty years. Such a bill as Hoffman and McCarthy introduced is normally considered procedural and rides through unnoticed. However the Democrats spotted this one and tacked on enough amending words to nullify its intent.

A few months later, a Bureau of Mines survey team composed of an oil and a copper corporation executive, two coal-mine operators, and a mining-school dean recommended, among other things, that the government make its helium properties available for private purchase. Secretary McKay's profuse letter of thanks to the survey team failed to note exception to its helium recommendation. It was then that Montana Congressman Lee Metcalf couldn't resist remarking that the Secretary's request for helium-plant disposal seemed "premature" in that the Administration at that very moment had pending a request for $5,000,000 to purchase still another helium plant.

A few days later, the then Interior Under Secretary, Ralph A. Tudor, declared there were no "immediate" plans to sell the helium plants.

(5) Federal inspection of mines might have been jeopardized by the confirmation of Tom Lyon as director of Interior's Bureau of Mines.

Lyon, who has a revocable annual pension of $5,000 from the Anaconda Copper Company, was one of the Republican Administration's first nominees. At his Senate confirmation hearing he unhesitatingly declared he had no use for the federal mine-inspection laws he would be required, as director, to enforce. He explained:

"Human life is becoming very cheap these days on the globe."

If there was any doubt that the Senate might refuse to confirm Lyon, this clinched it. President Eisenhower withdrew the nomination.

This, however, did not end Interior's tinkering with the Federal Coal Mine Safety Law. The same Bureau of Mines survey team recommended in July 1954 that the states take over coal-mine safety regulations. Congressmen, on both sides of the aisle this time, took a dim view. They declared a coal-mine operator could look forward to greater leniency from a state inspector than from one responsible to Washington. Republican Representative John P. Saylor (Pennsylvania) termed the recommendation a "direct defiance of the 1952 federal law."

But Interior has inched ahead anyway by creating a new office of "education" to help states get into the inspection habit. Already some half-dozen states are conducting joint inspections with federal authorities.

ON THE DOCKET

THE Eisenhower administration has indeed run into decisive opposition in many of its attempts to dispose of national properties. But even more substantial giveaways, it is charged, are in prospect. Here are the cases pending:

(1) Under the guise of "partnership," Pacific Northwest power groups are slated to receive all power revenue from the huge 1,500-000-kilowatt John Day dam on the Columbia River border between Washington and Oregon.

Senator Wayne Morse calls this "the real payoff." He says the private utilties involved will be getting a low-cost government loan for fifty years. They will receive tax-free revenue for federal power, delivered on federal transmission lines, which they can market at high rates, and yet they will be under no obligation to put up any of their own capital in advance.

Legislation has already been introduced by Representative Sam Coon of Oregon, with the Administration's blessing.

(2) The Nez Perce federal dam site on the Northwest's Snake River is to be abandoned in order to permit private utilities to build smaller

dams elsewhere—thereby pinching off maximum utilization of the watershed.

Instead of a federal Nez Perce, the Pacific Northwest Power Company, a private utility combine formed by Washington Water Power, Pacific Power and Light, Portland General Electric, and the Montana Power Company, is expected to gain approval for two smaller dams at Mountain Sheep and Pleasant Valley. It is estimated that, compared with the Nez Perce development, this will mean a loss of 4,300,000 acre-feet of water storage and 500,000 kilowatts of power capacity. Abandonment of the federal high dam at Hells Canyon, also on the Snake, has been estimated to mean a loss of another 2.9 million acre-feet of water storage and another 500,000 kilowatts of power.

(3) The government may forfeit all future power development in the Northwest.

The Administration has curtailed the Bonneville Power Administration's budget for further long-range planning in the huge Columbia River basin. The planning function has been taken over by an *ad hoc* committee composed of the Governors of Idaho, Washington, Oregon, and Montana—all outspoken opponents of public power. As their executive director, they have hired an official of Ebasco Services, Inc., the Electric Bond and Share Company subsidiary which figured so prominently in the now defunct Dixon-Yates power proposal. The Northwest Governors have even permitted their executive officer to remain on Ebasco's payroll so that he may retain retirement benefits. Interestingly enough, Idaho Power Company, which has never announced membership in the Pacific Northwest Power Company combine, was nonetheless billed by Ebasco for services rendered, along with the other private utilities.

(4) The "Downstream Benefits Bill," proposed by the President in his 1954 budget message and now pending in the Senate Interior Committee, would suddenly permit upstream private dams to charge the government for "storage" of water on its way to a downstream federal installation. Although the FPC has told Congress the idea for such legislation was its own, Kinsey Robinson, president of the Washington Water Power Company, couldn't resist informing a reporter a while back that paternity really rested with him.

(5) Speculators may find it easier to obtain bits of government land with no strings attached. Under the terms of a June 1955 Interior executive order which eased the Small Tracts Act regulations, a purchaser may now acquire land without first showing his good intent by leasing and improving it for a three-to-five year period. The easement supposedly is confined to areas where local municipalities have their own power to regulate building, sanitation, and water supply. Interior says it has so far only applied the easement to the Las Vegas area, where there was a backlog of 20,000 applications for small tracts on the public domain. But if this easement on the regulations goes unwatched it might assist land speculators in obtaining government land cheap, selling it high, and still not being inconvenienced by having to get near it.

(6) The government may drop its protection of the Indians.

Secretary McKay has already made it emphatic it is high time to stop looking on the American Indian as a "museum piece." He thinks the Indian should have the right to dispose of his own share of the tribal lands, the same as any other adult citizen. He estimates the government can get itself out of the Indian business in twenty-five or thirty years.*

What will happen to an Indian's land rights once a slick grazing, timber, or oil man starts to bargain with him? Already the Klamath Reservation in Oregon has been given the right to sell one million acres of tribal timber now, instead of drawing income from the land in the years to come. Similarly, the Department sponsored a Congressional bill to remove protection from some 200,000 acres of timber on the Menominee Reservation, Wisconsin's last sizable forest land.

STILL OUR OWN

NOW, finally what has *not* been given away? Despite wholesale charges against them, the Republicans have preserved certain basic and precious natural resources.

(1) The National Parks have actually gained 130,000 acres and had their current budget boosted from $32,000,000 to $44,000,000.

"To give the devil his due," one disgruntled former Interior official declares, "it isn't all bad. The National Park Service is getting better appropriations and he [Secretary McKay] is beginning to do something about the terrible condition of roads." McKay's "Mission 66" means to put the parks in shape to accommodate the estimated 80,000,000 people who will be visiting them in 1966, the fiftieth anniversary year of the National Park Service.

(2) Some national refuges and park lands have

* See Dorothy Van de Mark's "The Raid on the Reservations," *Harper's*, March 1956.

PETER KANE DUFAULT

ASH CAN

how beautiful is the ugliness of the city
on certain days
when a heat wave breaks and an East Wind
leans on the tenement cornices
loosening pigeons
into small tornadoes of wings;

when acres of refuse under the starved ailanthus-trees in back alleys—
peels, bottles, cans, burnt-out pails—
sparkle; and, creaking their pulleys,
the sheets on clotheslines
thud like square-rigger sails.

Each angular canyon of laundry then is a Clipper.
Its pavement heaves
like a deck and momentarily spears,
bow-geysering, legendary waves—
toward what gay occasions
from frayed posters of other years!

escaped threatened incursions. Secretary McKay himself mounted a white charger in their defense.

When the Army angled last fall to acquire 10,700 acres of the Wichita Mountains Refuge in Oklahoma as part of a thirty-six-mile long, three-to-six-mile wide gunnery range for Fort Sill, McKay generously offered to let the boys fire *from* the Wichita refuge and *into* Fort Sill proper —but allowed absolutely no monkeyshines the other way around.

When the Air Force had its heart set on night-long photoflash bombing on Matagorda Island, within a mile of the Aransas National Wildlife Refuge in Texas, McKay hearkened to the conservationists. Aransas is the only wintering ground of the world's twenty-eight remaining whooping cranes, the largest and probably best publicized birds on the North American continent. The Air Force has since decided to do its photoflash bombing somewhere else.

McKay also stood firm against lumber interests who wanted the boundaries reduced on the Olympic National Park, Washington's huge virgin wilderness which covers an entire Puget Sound peninsula.

(3) National Forest timber on the Kentucky-Tennessee Cumberland plateau was not ceded under the guise of mineral rights. Secretary of Agriculture Ezra Taft Benson rode to the rescue this time.

The Sterns Coal and Lumber Company, of Sterns, Kentucky, sold 47,000 acres of land to the government with the understanding that the company retain the mineral rights. After the sale, Sterns contended its quest for coal entitled it to strip the surface as well, particularly since only strip mining was profitable. This would have meant a nice bonus to the company in valuable timber. Secretary Benson, who is guardian of the National Forest, turned the company down flat last summer.

(4) Many small land parcels *have* been sold from the public domain—but they are considered expendable.

The Administration has sold some 163,000 acres in small tracts during the past fiscal year, more than double the 74,500 acres the Democrats sold during fiscal 1952. However, the Democratic Administration, as far back as 1949, agreed that some 3,500,000 acres of physically isolated public-domain land could not be managed effectively by the government or policed for fire hazards and trespassing.

Here then is a rough "giveaway" score card on natural resources: items which the Republicans have indeed given away; items which they might have given away if it were not for Democratic opposition in Congress; items which are on the brink of being given away right now; and items which have never been given away at all, but only falsely included in the over-all accusations.

Since President Eisenhower's February veto of the amendment to the Natural Gas Act, the political potency of the "giveaway" charge has been considerably watered down.

After all, lifting federal controls from the production of natural gas carried a price tag too—between six and eight hundred million dollars a year in increased annual income to a relatively few oil and gas companies, according to Democratic Senator Paul H. Douglas. And though more Republicans than Democrats finally voted for the bill, it was pushed hell-bent by the Democratic party's House leadership in 1955 and its Senate leadership in 1956.

The score card ends up with dollar signs opposite both teams.

By SHIRLEY JACKSON

Drawings by Bernarda Bryson

It's Only a Game



THE Little League is new in our town this year, which may be the reason my friend Dot and I were so ill-prepared on opening day. Dot had learned how to keep a box score, of course, and I had my movie camera, and I noticed that Marian—we are speaking to Marian again now, although she has not been quite so cordial since her son Artie's batting average went way down—had a pair of field glasses.

On the day of the first game Dot and I established ourselves on a car robe up on a little hill near the third-base line, and looked complacently down on the neat little field our husbands had helped build. Dot asked me if I remembered most of the rules of baseball and I said well, of course, I knew both our boys were on the team with dark blue hats named the Braves, and my son Laurie had been coaching me a little, and Dot said Billy had tried to explain a lot of it to her, too.

"It's so good for the boys to get in on something like this," I said.

"Learning sportsmanship and all," Dot said.

"I was telling Laurie last night," I said, "that the important thing is to work together as a team, not as individuals, and it doesn't matter *who* wins as long as the game is well played."

"It's *only* a game, after all," Dot said.

"That's what Laurie told me," I said ("Its *only* a game, for heaven's sakes," he had said to me, "try to remember, for heaven's sakes, it's only a *game*.") "I just hope the boys aren't nervous," I said.

"I think maybe they might be, just a tiny bit," Dot said. "But after all, it's such a big day for them."

We settled ourselves comfortably. Dot got out her score card and pencil and I put a new magazine of film in my movie camera. We could see our husbands standing around in back of the Braves' dugout, along with the fathers of all the other Braves players. They were in a group, chatting with great humorous familiarity with the manager and the two coaches of the Braves. The fathers of the boys on the opposing team, the Giants, were down by the Giant dugout, talking to the manager and the coaches of the Giants.

Marian, a friend of Dot's and mine whose boy Art was first baseman for the Giants, came hurrying past looking for a seat and we offered her part of our car robe. She sat down, breathless, and said she had lost sight of her husband, so we showed her where her husband was down by the Giant dugout with the other fathers. Then, suddenly from far down the block, we heard the high-school band playing "The Stars and Stripes Forever" and coming closer. Everyone stood up to watch and then the band turned the corner and came through the archway with the official Little League insignia and up to the entrance of the field. All the ball players were marching behind the band, tall and proud. The band went out onto the field and the ball players ran behind, lining up along the base lines. The sky was blue and the sun was bright and the boys stood lined up in their bright new uniforms, holding their caps while the band played "The Star-Spangled Banner" and the flag was raised.

"If you cry I'll tell Laurie," Dot said to me out of the corner of her mouth.

"Same to you," I said, blinking.

It was announced over the public-address system that the Braves were the home team, and after a minute I was able to make out that Laurie was on second base. I told Marian that I was relieved that Laurie was not pitching, since he had been so nervous anyway that pitch-

ing would have been too harrowing an experience for him, and Marian said that Artie had been perfectly willing to sit out the game as a substitute, or a pinch runner, or something, but the manager insisted upon putting him at first base because he was dependable.

"You know," she added with a little laugh, "*I* don't know one position from another, but of course Artie has always been quite a baseball authority."

"I'm sure he'll do very nicely," I said, trying to put some enthusiasm into my voice.

It turned out that Billy was on first base for the Braves, and Marian leaned past me to tell Dot that first base was a *very* responsible position and required a large knowledge of baseball, but she was certain that Billy would play as well as he could. Then she smiled in what I thought was a nasty kind of way and said she hoped the best team would win. Dot and I both smiled back and said we hoped so, too.



WHEN the umpire shouted, "Play Ball!" people all over the park began calling out to the players, and I raised my voice slightly and said, "Hurray for the Braves," and that encouraged Dot and *she* called out, "Hurray for the Braves," but Marian, of course, had to say, "Hurray for the Giants."

The first Giant batter hit a triple, although, as my husband explained later, it would actually have been an infield fly if the shortstop had been looking and if he had thrown it anywhere near Billy at first. By the time Billy got the ball back into the infield the batter—Jimmie Hill, who had once borrowed Laurie's bike and brought it back with a flat tire—was on third. I could see Laurie out on second base banging his hands together and he looked so pale I was worried. Marian leaned around me and said to Dot, "That was a nice try Billy made. I don't think even Artie could have caught that ball."

"He looks *furious*," Dot said to me. "He hates to do things wrong."

"They'll settle down as soon as they get playing," I assured her. I raised my voice a little. "Hurray for the Braves," I said.

The Giants made six runs in the first inning, and each time a run came in Marian looked sympathetic and told us that really, the boys were being quite good sports about it, weren't they? When Laurie bobbled an easy fly right at second and missed the out she said to me that Artie had told her that Laurie was really quite a good little ball player and I mustn't blame him for an occasional error.

By the time little Jerry Hart finally struck out to retire the Giants Dot and I were sitting listening with polite smiles. I had stopped saying, "Hurray for the Braves." Marian had told everyone sitting near us that it was her boy who had slid home for the sixth run, and she had explained with great kindness that Dot and I had sons on the other team, one of them the first baseman who missed that long throw and the other one the second baseman who dropped the fly ball. The Giants took the field and Marian pointed out Artie, standing on first base slapping his glove and showing off.

Then little Ernie Harrow, who was the Braves' right fielder and lunched frequently at our house, hit the first pitched ball for a fast grounder which went right through the legs of the Giant center fielder and when Ernie came dancing onto second Dot leaned around me to remark to Marian that if Artie had been playing closer to first the way Billy did he might have been ready for the throw if the Giant center fielder had managed to stop the ball. Billy came up and smashed a long fly over the left fielder's head and I put a hand on Marian's shoulder to hoist myself up and Dot and I stood there howling, "Run run run," and Billy came home and two runs were in. Little Andy put a surprise bunt down the first base line and Artie never even saw it and I bent down to tell Marian that Artie's extensive knowledge of baseball had apparently never included the study of fielding bunts; Laurie got a nice hit and slid into second and the Giants took out their pitcher and put in Buddy Williams, whom Laurie once beat up on the way to school. The score was tied with two out and Dot and I were both yell-

ing and then Ernie Harrow came up for the second time and hit a home run, right over the fence where they put the sign advertising Jim Morrow's sand and gravel. We were leading eight to six when the inning ended.

LITTLE League games are six innings, so we had five more innings to go. Dot went down to the refreshment stand to get some hot dogs and soda; she offered very politely to bring something for Marian but Marian said thank you, no; she would get her own. The second inning tightened up considerably as the boys began to get over their stage fright and play baseball the way they did in the vacant lots. By the middle of the fifth inning the Braves were leading nine to eight, and then in the bottom of the fifth Artie missed a throw at first base and the Braves scored another run. Neither Dot nor I said a single word, but Marian got up in a disagreeable manner and excused herself and went to sit on the other side of the field.

"Marian looks very poorly these days," I remarked to Dot as we watched her go.

"She's at *least* five years older than I am," Dot said.

"More than that," I said. "She's gotten very touchy, don't you think?"

"Remember when Artie used to have temper tantrums in nursery school?" Dot said.

In the top of the sixth the Braves were winning ten to eight, but then George Harper, who had been pitching accurately and well, began to tire, and he walked the first two batters. The third boy hit a little fly which fell in short center field, and one run came in to make it ten to nine, and then Georgie, who was by now visibly rattled, walked the next batter and filled the bases.

"Oh, no," Dot said suddenly, "don't you dare, you can't *do* it." I stood up and began to wail, "No, no, no." The manager was gesturing at Laurie and Billy. "No, no," I said to Dot, and Dot said, "He *can't* do it, don't let him. That's my little boy," she explained to a man sitting on the other side of her.

"It's too much to ask of the children," I said.

"It's her little boy, too," Dot said.

The man on Dot's other side leaned forward to speak to me. "Your boy a pretty good pitcher?" he asked.

"I'm sure he ought to be home in bed," I said. "He looks pale and from here even, I can see that he has a fever."

"Billy had a fever this morning," Dot said. "And he hurt his foot the other day."

While Laurie was warming up and Billy was getting into his catcher's equipment I suddenly heard my husband's voice for the first time. My husband has been a fan of the Brooklyn Dodgers all his life, and this was the first baseball game he had ever attended outside of Ebbets Field. "Put it in his ear, Laurie," my husband was yelling, "put it in his ear."

Laurie was chewing gum and throwing slowly and carefully, with a pitching windup he could only have learned from television. I stood feeling my shoulder shaking against Dot's, and I tried to get my camera open to check the film magazine but my fingers kept slipping and jumping against the little knob and I said to Dot that I guessed I would just watch the game for a while and not take pictures and she said earnestly that it was much better for Billy's precarious state of health to be in the shade around first base instead of the hot sun behind home plate and couldn't the manager see a simple little thing like that?

I said to Dot, "Laurie doesn't look very nervous," but then my voice failed, and I finished, "does he?" in a sort of gasp.

The batter was Jimmie Hill, who had already



had three hits that afternoon. Laurie's first pitch hit the dust at Billy's feet and Billy sprawled full length to stop it and the crowd laughed and I said to Dot that I thought I would be getting on home. Laurie's second pitch sent Billy rolling again and a man in the crowd behind us giggled foolishly and said maybe the kids thought they were playing football or something, and Dot turned around and said in a voice like a knife edge, "Sir, that catcher is my son."

"I beg your pardon, ma'am, I'm sure," the man said.

The umpire called Laurie's next pitch ball three, although it was clearly a strike, and I was yelling, "You're blind, you're blind," and I could hear my husband shouting to throw the bum out. The same man behind us—I could tell by the silly giggle—said that *this* pitcher wasn't

going to last very long and I clenched my fist and turned around and said in a voice that made Dot's sound cordial,

"Sir, that pitcher is *my* son. If there are any more personal remarks you care to make about any member of my family—"

"Or my family," Dot said, "we will call Mr. Tillotson, our village constable, and have you ejected from this ball park. Picking on little boys! Really!"

"Because it so happens," I said, "that my son—"

"Strike," the umpire said.

I shook my fist once more at the man with the silly giggle and he announced quietly and with some humility that he hoped both teams would win, and he subsided into absolute silence.

Laurie then pitched two more strikes, his nice fast ball. It was at about this point that Dot and I abandoned our spot up on the hill and got down against the fence with our faces pressed against the wire. "Come on, Billy boy," Dot was saying over and over, "come on, Billy boy," and I found that I was telling Laurie, "Only two more outs to go and we win, only two more outs to go and we win, only two more outs . . ." I could see my husband now but there was too much noise to hear him; he was pounding his hands against the fence. Dot's husband had *his* hands over his face and his back turned to the ball field.

"He can't hit it, Laurie," Dot yelled, "this guy can't hit," which of course was not true; the batter was Bob Weaver and he was standing there swinging his bat and sneering.

"Strike," the umpire said, and I leaned my forehead against the cool wire and said in a voice that had no power at all, "Just two more strikes, just get two more strikes."

Laurie looked at Billy, shook his head, and looked again. He grinned and when I glanced down at Billy I could see that behind the mask he was grinning too. I thought of how hours ago they had been playing catch with hamburger rolls and Dot and I made them stop. Laurie pitched, and Bob Weaver swung wildly. "Strike two," the umpire said. Dot and I held hands, and Laurie threw the fast ball for strike three.

One out to go, and Laurie and Billy and the shortstop stood together on the mound for a minute. They talked very soberly, but Billy was grinning again as he came back to the plate. Since I was incapable of making any sound I hung on to the wire and promised myself that if Laurie struck out this last batter I would never never say another word to him about the mess in his room, I would not make him paint the lawn chairs, I would not ever mention clipping the hedge.

"Ball one," the umpire said, and I found that I had my voice back. "Crook," I yelled, "blind crook."

Laurie pitched, the batter swung, and connected in a high foul ball back of the plate; Billy threw off his mask and tottered, staring up. The batter, the boys on the field, the umpire, waited, and Dot spoke into the silence.

"William," she said, *"you catch that ball."*

THEN everyone was shouting wildly; I looked at Dot and said, "Golly." Laurie and Billy were slapping and hugging each other, and then the rest of the team came around them and the manager was there and I distinctly saw my husband, who is not a lively man, vault the fence to run into the wild group and slap Laurie with one hand and Billy with the other. The Giants gathered around their manager and gave a cheer for the Braves, and the Braves gathered around *their* manager and gave a cheer for the Giants, and Laurie and Billy came pacing together toward the dugout, past Dot and me.

I said, "Laurie?" and Dot said, "Billy?" and they stared at us, without recognition for a minute, both of them lost in another world, and then they smiled and Billy said, "Hi, ma," and Laurie said, "You see the game?"

I realized that my hair was over my eyes and I had broken two fingernails. Dot had a smudge on her nose and had torn a button off her sweater. We helped each other up the hill again and gathered up the car robe and the camera and the box score which Dot had not kept past the first Giant run. On our way to the car we passed Artie in his green Giant cap and we said it had been a fine game, he had played well, and he laughed and said tolerantly, "Can't win 'em all, you know."

Back at our house Dot and I washed our faces and took off our shoes and put the kettle on for a nice cup of tea. After a while Dot said that she certainly hoped Marian was not really offended at us.

"Yeah," I said. "Why don't we plan a victory party for the Braves at the end of the season?"

"Listen," Dot said, "I heard the boys talking one day. They were going to take some time this summer and clear out your barn and set up a record-player in there and put in a stock of records and have some dances."

"You mean . . ." I faltered. "With *girls?*"

Dot nodded. "Oh," I said.

When our husbands came home some time later we were talking about old high-school dances and the time we went out with those boys from Princeton. After a while Laurie and Billy stopped in, briefly, to change their clothes and pick up some cookies. There was a pickup game down in Murphy's lot, they explained, and they were going to play some baseball.

Jacques Barzun

MUSIC: for Money or for Love?

A consumer's view of the music business and the new amateur.

IT IS a memorable—indeed an awesome—fact that in spite of our perennial croaking about America's neglect of the arts, this country spends more money for music than the entire rest of the world. Quite aside from broadcasting, we give and hear more concerts than the rest of the world put together: leaving out, on the one hand, the regular orchestral and operatic performances, and, on the other, the innumerable amateur offerings, the American people suffers (in the etymological sense) something over 20,000 concerts a year.

But totals give only a surface view, correct but incomplete, and thus misleading as a premise for moral judgments. When we examine the detail of our musical organization we come upon such maladjustments of means to ends that we may well consider our croaking justified after all. We must complicate our thought and temper our vehemence with some historical and sociological reflections. One of these is the age-old difficulty of organizing the support and patronage of art; another is the intricacy of the conditions and techniques prevailing in our industrial society. We find it easy in retrospect to blame the Archbishop of Salzburg for his mistreatment of Mozart. The noble patron had money but no manners. Nowadays any complaint or demand involves not two men but unknown multitudes, plus the abstractions of the laws under which they act. To understand the situation of a city orchestra that cannot give its men a living wage one must read the tax laws. To sympathize with the young composer whose quartet cannot be commercially recorded by a willing and able group of amateurs, one must be familiar with union rules, the managerial system, and the recording industry. And disturbing all these are the demands, the sharpened judgments, and the multifarious doings of a musical public that is no longer mere auditor but lively agent and half-rival of both performers and managers.

The first thing an interested concert-goer learns is that the great musical performers are the creations and also the sport of managers, on the one hand, and the regimented citizens of the union on the other. There are two agencies and only two that can insure a top-flight career in the United States. Both regard their work as Marcus Aurelius did the maintenance of the Roman Empire. What lies outside must be vanquished or absorbed. The managerial circuits handle a limited number of performing animals who must jump through pre-established hoops. Fees, schedules, territory are not only set but irrevocably imposed, so that anything like a natural rise in fame or fortune is well-nigh impossible. Artists are sold to local groups in packages—one high-priced and several thrift-shop items. As a $250 number, it is not even possible after paying one's expenses to make a living, which means that a piano-tuner is better off than the pianist he serves. New talent, regardless of merit, must wait till the machine offers a "slot."

The last bitter dose for the enterprising or wayward is the need to make the program conform to the supposed tastes of the audience. The violinist must have a large repertory of "little pieces" for both the main course and the encores. The vocalist must be lavish with coy numbers, for the lieder program has all but disappeared. And the pianist (as Debussy once suggested) must be able to lift the piano with his teeth. It was ever thus and the serious artist, even when managed to the hilt and presumably fulfilling his des-

tiny, complains that he cannot introduce those modern works that have usually been dedicated to him—in hopes. If he is a native or foreign-born nationalist he also regrets that American music is slighted in favor of European.

Ultimately, all these grievances are chargeable to the public. The provinces mistrust themselves and one another, and all want the latest New York success; a reputation in Cleveland is of no use elsewhere: San Francisco won't listen. To obtain New York notices, the aspirant must give —at his own expense—a Town Hall recital. But even glowing notices will not open the doors of the managerial Kremlin and will not be read in the hinterland. The smaller New York managers and the local ones in the provincial cities can compete only on sufferance with the great circuits, because their constituents, the public, are ignorant, timid, and snobbish.

TASTE, TECHNIQUE, AND NATIVE TALENT

BUT having reiterated this age-old and thoroughly justified accusation, one must immediately modify it by saying that this same section of the American public has learned a great deal about music in the last thirty years. The demand for showy pieces is much less than in the heyday of Kreisler and Paderewski, and the fact that many colleges are on the circuits enables the intellectual musician to offer programs of unimpeachable integrity with assurance of applause. They have the vogue of discs to thank for this, since the acceptance of solid music, old or new, depends on familiarity, which is to say, the repetition at close intervals that only the machine affords.

Paralleling the purification of the repertory and the scramble to get on the managerial assembly line, has come a vast improvement in the standards of performance. Unlike theatergoers, connoisseurs of music now in their seventies will tell you that in every branch of the art technique has been raised unbelievably high. "Everybody plays like a streak." A leading manager has even gone so far as to say that the modern performer is born with technique. What is likely is that modern child-rearing, diet, and outdoor sports promote physical co-ordination, while educational facilities and culture-consciousness work early on the prospective virtuoso. When a few years ago a young woman pianist, just graduated from Juilliard, astounded New York with her musicianship, it appeared that she had studied since the age of five and filled her twenty years with more than 50,000 hours of practice and study. She won the Naumburg Prize and the Leventritt Award which gave her, respectively, a Town Hall recital and a soloist appearance with the Philharmonic—but these successes did not, incidentally, earn her a place on the overfull managerial lists.

An abundance of talent, technically dazzling, precociously "finished," is then no illusion. But positive and new though the fact is, it must be interpreted in a numerical and a negative sense: it is not artistry or musicianship that has reached new heights; rather, it is mediocrity, it is slovenliness, that has been driven off the boards and dexterity made compulsory. Technical mastery, however, is still something different from high art, and one may at times prefer Enesco's dramatic scratchiness to Heifetz's smooth perfection. The prevalence of technique is in fact not limited to the concert stage: it runs through the whole of modern culture, a product of the ideal inspired and imposed by mechanics, and a result of competition among ever larger numbers.

Another exclusivism of the old dispensation has also been broken. As one looks today at the rack of throwaways in the concert-hall lobby, it is clear that something has changed: the chances of American-born musicians to obtain a hearing are now as good as anybody else's. Three out of four performers are now Americans. Moreover, to most Americans of an earlier time, music was something that came out of the Germanies. Classical music was indeed the music of the classical lineage—Bach to Brahms. Sandwiched between these two were the other dozen composers eulogized in Grove's *Dictionary* and familiar to the leading critics of our musically formative period. Twentieth-century innovators from Bartok to Cowell were either ignored or abused. Nowadays modernism is sacrosanct under the name of experimentation, and though it is still ahead of the audience, its older achievements are sincerely admired. "Wozzek" makes at least as much money as "Don Giovanni" and the dress circle faces an occasional twelve-tone row with stoicism. American concert-goers have become musical internationalists and citizens of a world wider than that of the nineteenth century.

Mind and spirit, then, are open to change. But institutions are conservative by nature and cannot help acting as a countervailing force. The imperialism of the managers is only one of these forces. The directors and trustees of musical societies, the broadcasters, the unions, the publishers' associations, and the government itself act, in the pursuit of their legiti-

mate aims, as so many barriers to the imaginable free trade in music.

Of these the public is most likely to be aware of the unions. Their rise to power throughout the land has given them, in common opinion, the position formerly held by the trusts; that is, they are regarded as engines of mass power which interfere with supply but are nevertheless understood to work toward some mysterious good. The chief musical associations are: the American Federation of Musicians (whose president, Mr. James C. Petrillo, is a national figure with legendary characteristics—at once ferocious and lamblike); the American Guild of Musical Artists (AGMA), comprising the rest of the professional performers; Broadcast Music Incorporated (BMI); and the American Society of Composers, Authors, and Publishers (ASCAP).

These associations can achieve their necessary ends only by restricting the use of the products in which they deal. This is but common practice in an economy which seeks freedom and equity by permitting debate and mutual pressure among legally organized groups. What this principle of intentional friction avoids is centralized rule by state authority, a rule which might well be liberal and wise but which might more easily be arbitrary and stifling. For example, a state academy of musical art, acting with the full force of government, might "solve" the problem of musical unemployment by preventing new recruits from joining the ranks of performers, and would almost certainly dictate the repertory.

As now constituted, our unions are therefore a bulwark against the political regimentation of art. But it is equally clear that when the product that is tugged over by pressure groups is art, the normal stresses of a "free" market grow worse and paradoxes multiply.

The issue is, in fact, simple and the solution can never be permanent, though the circumstances are tantalizing: music is in great demand and close to large sources of wealth, yet performers on the average remain as grossly underpaid as when Berlioz waxed eloquent in their behalf a century ago, when unions were newly born. The figures for 1954 show that the 3,200 musicians employed in twenty-four major orchestras worked from eight to forty-eight weeks a year and averaged weekly earnings of $89.02. Estimates of employment in radio, motion pictures, ballet, and theater work suggest that only some 35,000 musicians are fully employed, which actually means underused and underpaid. They represent less than one-sixth of the union's 240,000, and this proportion is shrinking.

The result is a paradoxical situation in which not only is the piano-tuner economically ahead of the highly trained and *successful* musician, but one in which at the same time conductors find it hard to engage first-class performers for symphony work: the artist-musician is driven to better paid hack work. Still the musician would seem to have better chances of a decent income than others artists by reason of the continual and eager demand for what he produces. His ill-support looks more like maldistribution than scarcity of the wherewithal.

LAWS AND LIVE MUSIC

THE musicians' chief employers are, directly, the entertainment industry and the concert societies; indirectly, through discs, the broadcasting companies. The concert-goer pays what he thinks is a stiff price for seats, yet the societies face annual deficits; the radio listener pays nothing for broadcasts, though the large sums paid by advertisers to the companies are, in the end, charged to the consumer. In this three-cornered relation of public, musician, and middleman, not enough social reason has yet emerged. And the possible arbiter, government, has been peculiarly inept. Although the courts have generally supported the rights of musicians both as composers and as performers, legislation has been unenlightened. On the one hand, music has repeatedly been taxed—it still carries a burden of 20 per cent in night clubs and similar resorts—and on the other, enactments favoring the broadcasters have prevented a proper righting of the balance upset by technology. The Taft-Hartley Law, notably, prohibited the royalty fund by which the musicians' union collected a share of the returns from recordings and thereby prolonged the player's right in his product in a manner comparable to the copyright enjoyed by the inventor, writer, or composer.

The union royalty fund that was made illegal in 1947 has become a trust fund of the recording industry and it continues to be spent in free concerts. But this butters few parsnips, though it provides more live music and some employment. In 1954, the average of one penny royalty per disc netted three million dollars, which were prorated among the union locals for community concerts. Meanwhile, the number of musicians used in radio, concentrated largely in New York and Hollywood, is down to some 1,350. The broadcasting of music on the country's 2,500 local stations is wholly from transcriptions. This

hardens the union's attitude toward recordings as such, and brings us back to the war of man versus machine which ushered in the Industrial Revolution. In this war as in others, principles are confused with tactics and muddled by sympathy. The union understandably keeps urging the use of "live" music and extols its superiority to the canned product. To the consumer this superiority is, of course, far from absolute: a fine performance within earshot of the players is preferable to a record of it, but not a bad performance to a good recording. And what are, after all, the qualities which define "live" music? In its economic single-mindedness the union assumes that live players broadcasting from a studio give the outside listeners "live" music, which is not true. The machine is interposed and it distorts exactly like the disc.

If principles are at stake, then, it is to be deplored that any group of men in the twentieth century should pit their strength against machinery in the primitive fashion of the Nottingham weavers of 1812. That the machine, uncontrolled, creates distress and therefore must be tamed, no one disputes; but that it can serve our well-being, physical and spiritual, is no less a fact. One need not count "musical man-hours" to prove a net addition to the country's enjoyment since the radio and orthophonic discs invaded our homes some thirty years ago. Today it is a fact that the taste for live music is a by-product of the machine, which acts as initiator.

THE PUBLIC BE DAMNED

AS THINGS now stand, the public is all too likely to interpret the acts of union musicians as pure hostility or obstruction—and it is true that appearances often lend color to the charge. Jurisdictional disputes for the benefit of local talent do not always benefit art. Again, a listener can perhaps understand, while regretting, the ban on international broadcasts—though even there it strikes him that reciprocity could be worked out. But he finds it hard to account for the prohibition of noncommercial recordings for private or educational purposes.

Not long ago, for example, in one of our large cities, a professional orchestra, assisted by professional soloists and a large amateur chorus, produced a famous but little-played classical work in a mood of intent perfectionism. Before the event some two dozen amateurs sought to have a recording made for their own use and that of the singers. They approached the union local for permission, were referred to Mr. Petrillo, who sent them a message of warm approval, contingent on that of the local's executive committee. The committee met and denied the permission, but granted the amateurs' spokesman a hearing. He was persuasive and obtained authorization just two days before the performance, having meanwhile received similar permissions from the singers' managers and from AGMA, as well as arranged with the technicians and *their* overseers for the use of the recording equipment. All was in readiness when a committee representing the particular orchestral players opposed a sudden veto. This was ostensibly based on the fact that the records would be made available to a few members of the (amateur) chorus —possibly ten or a dozen persons.

Such episodes are not trivial. Whatever their cause, their effect is to cast doubt on the sincerity of all union appeals made in the name of art. Even supposing that the Will to Annoy is a weapon in the struggle for keeping musicians alive, why annoy the public and alienate possible allies against the forces of commerce? The recording companies use more discretion and in comparable cases will allow, for example, the entry of a set of foreign discs made by their competing affiliates abroad. The American company may plan to issue the same discs later, but will not hold up a few customers' present enjoyment by a dog-in-the-manger policy.

While the union wins its small victories against the amateur, it cannot prevent the flooding of the market with recordings made abroad. All but the four largest recording firms hire European artists and orchestras to supply the home market with the extensive repertory which it has learned to absorb. This is in some ways an admirable freedom. Yet the failure of the union and the companies to strike a fair bargain about discs has meant that fifth-rate European orchestras and soloists supply us with the pieces we want to hear, while a great many of our own artists never have the chance to record: their rates are too high.

But the performers' unions are far from being the only impediment to free trade in music. To protect its member groups, ASCAP has had to devise parallel restrictions. One cannot help acknowledging their utility and rightness when one recalls the long and discouraging struggle that had to be waged before authors, composers, and publishers could begin to collect performance fees. From 1897 to 1917 they were denied in fact what the copyright law gave them in theory. Only during the last thirty-five years have the embezzlers of music (restaurant and

dance-hall proprietors) grown a little less fat by disgorging to the musician for his tunes, though here too the relation of the artist to the middleman, notably the broadcasters, has not reached equity. With the shortened life of hits, the income of popular composers has gone down. Altogether, they receive less than 3 per cent of the broadcasters' receipts from advertisers and are thus at the bottom of any comparison with the other workers in the industry. And yet in July 1955, the total sales of music were expected to reach a new high of $357,000,000.

As for composers of less perishable music, the prevailing policy of publishers is to rent the scores and parts. This is an excellent system, but the rental often proves to be high for amateur groups while being negligible as income to the composer. The cultural result is the halting or delaying of the modern composer's career through the withholding of his works from the public; in other words, the lengthening of the cultural lag.

FEDERAL AID FOR THE ARTS

PERHAPS these examples—in which must be included the example of my own bias as a consumer—are enough to show how arduous, because unavoidably confined and conditioned, the cultural life is, despite the liberating effects of machinery, alert promotion, and democratic push-pull. The public is ever greedy and reluctant to part with its money. It lacks the time and the means to learn the reasons for any state of affairs which it finds ready-made, whether agreeable or the reverse. It has no articulate voice. Hence the organization of music in the commonwealth remains a dream—or rather it remains in the hands of those who guess the public mind and understand money.

On this last point the benefactors and trustees of our musical institutions have much to say for themselves. They find deficits growing each season and no obvious means of balancing their budgets. Three years ago our thirty leading orchestras received together an annual income of about eight million dollars and had to spend well over twelve million. Since then costs have risen again and the limit of price increase for seats has apparently been reached. The difference must be made up from voluntary contributions and subscribers are bombarded with appeals. Though many respond, the sums needed are such as can only be met by large gifts. Each time the city's orchestra is saved by a hair's breadth.

This drama, annually publicized in the press, helps confirm the general impression that this country is niggling in its support of art. This is, of course, not so; or rather, the conclusion is meaningless by itself. As we saw earlier, we spend more for music than the rest of the world, which does not invalidate the reality of the deficits or the difficulty of making them up. A still further comparison would suggest that the European countries manage better: on the one hand, state subsidies provide national art on a large scale; on the other, small local enterprises thrive on a shoestring; whereas New York maintains with difficulty but one symphony orchestra, London boasts five.

The explanation of these paradoxes lies in this country's different conception of modern life. Not only are all the accessory workers of our artistic undertaking unionized, but their standard of living is hitched to an industrial output and consumption not found elsewhere even among the well-to-do bourgeoisie. Life in the United States is compulsorily expensive. The wages of workmen more or less keep pace with it and these high wages are the cause of the steadily rising cost of running orchestras.

These costs also entail others and establish the generality that in the United States the setting of art is seldom shabby: the halls, seats, programs, and all other appurtenances of any show whatever are solid and clean. This may be a frivolous expense in the light of inadequate wages for the performers on whom everything depends, but it must be remembered that their very real distress is relative to a standard that none but a few artists have ever attained anywhere.

In any event, the facts repeatedly suggest to thoughtful persons the desirability of federal aid for the arts. A descriptive sketch like the present one is not the place to thrash out that particular question. It has too many sides. Though each person will think of his chosen art, all the arts want help from the state; so do higher education, medicine, and psychiatry. All the claims being just must be treated alike. In short, a principle is at stake, and it is clear that federal subsidies for art would mark a reversal of the national tradition, coupled with the creation of a new centralizing force.

Besides our tradition, the European experience is worth consulting from the point of view of culture, and especially of modern work. To the independent spirit of Serge Koussevitzky, who wanted state support for the arts, this country owes a great deal of the modern music it has heard in the last thirty years. Would he have had

the same freedom of choice as the director of a state orchestra? The question defines another problem that does not admit of a permanent solution. When an artist or eager amateur thinks of government support he imagines a benevolent agency willing to "pick up the tab" after any justified outlay or praiseworthy deficit. Such is the phrase I have frequently heard used to describe in idealized colors the British Arts Council. But any given amount of tax money is finite and must be administered. The demands on it will be multiple, will exceed the supply, and will call for acts of authority, both financial and artistic. Directors must direct and their direction is never satisfactory to all—it is unsatisfactory in proportion to the size and vigor of the electorate. Every board of trustees responsible for an orchestra or a conservatory is a battlefield, for there is no way known to man that will insure artistic unity. Hence it is of the utmost importance that there be not one but many theaters of war, which suggests municipal subsidy as the one safe and sane basis of collective support through taxes. In numbers there is strength, variety can exist, and change can take place—not least the change brought about by the vanquished of one theater when they find sanctuary in another.

DEMOCRATIC PATRONAGE

A MUSIC center, for example, needs a strong head to co-ordinate efforts and prevent waste. Power must be vested in the conductor or general music director. If the conductor "gives the people what they want," he obviously is not fostering modern work and raising standards of taste. If he gives the people what *he* wants, he is no longer the people's servant. The dilemma turns into a deadlock because no conversation is possible between leader and led, feeder and fed. The aristocratic patron of former days could remonstrate with "his" poet and musician, which may have been tedious, but the patron could also be argued into tolerating, cajoled into accepting, what he did not like.

Paradoxically, therefore, a democratic society continues to need "aristocratic" patrons: the late Mrs. Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge, who did so much to revive chamber music after its eclipse during the first world war; Mrs. Robert Woods Bliss, who provides concerts at Dumbarton Oaks; Mrs. W. Murray Crane, whose musical evenings help sustain such admirable new organizations as the Renaissance Chamber Orchestra; or the late Elsie Eckstein, whose will endowed Northwestern University with $4,200,000 to advance musical study and enjoyment. Such patronage is of course not enough. The foundations supplement it, as when the Rockefeller Foundation gave the Louisville Orchestra $400,000 to stimulate the production of new American music or guaranteed a five-year backing to the Berkshire Music Center.

But it should seem also as if corporations, being the heirs of the merchant princes, might second individual efforts. In short, what art, and particularly music, needs in our age is a variety of patrons, individual and corporate. All of them must be willing to be misunderstood; and all of them must be manhandled when they forget that although money talks, it must shut up like everybody else while music goes on.

This democratic variety of sponsorship does exist already and distinguishes this country from Europe. On the continent at least, the money for musical training, performance and composition tends to be concentrated in official hands. "*Premier Prix du Conservatoire*" is what you have to be to succeed, in Paris, Prague, Berlin, or Moscow. Over here a bewildering array of private opportunities exists. The Naumburg and Leventritt awards have already been mentioned; others exist by the dozen, which intend the same beneficent influence on our musical life. For more than thirty years the Music Education League has chosen audition winners who are then heard at Town Hall by the New York public. Many of our other great cities provide similar chances to the young performer, and some to the young composer, as one can read in the periodic listings in *Notes*. Civic groups, individuals, businesses, foundations, put up money for every kind of accomplishment and product —from a violin sonata (which the Friends of Harvey Gaul, Inc., of Pittsburgh, wish to underwrite) to a composition for mixed chorus and orchestra (which the Musical Fund Society of Philadelphia hopes to secure from an international contest). In spite of old Roger North's warning against the ill effect of musical prizes, they are in this country a prevailing form of patronage; each day's newspaper announces a new one.

But while some rejoice at this mode of encouragement, others complain. They assert that the prizes are too few. Still others point out that as in the case of the young woman pianist who won two great prizes in one year, only to meet cold indifference from the managers, the competitive system raises hopes that it cannot fulfill. It suggests that careers are open to talent, when in fact there are annually some six hundred tal-

ents graduated from Eastern music schools alone, and not a single career open to them.

Clearly, two principles are in conflict: democratic society has faith in the power of competition to bring out the best, the few whom it wants and is willing to pay for. But it also believes in welfare, full employment, and free room for the development of all individual ability. What is more, by the prizes and scholarships just mentioned society encourages the discovery and specialization of talent. The educational system says to the young: "Work hard and you will succeed." The union later tries to carry out the promise by the tactics we know, which imply that the capable workman is worthy of his hire. But the world is visibly not equipped to make use of so much highly trained musical ability. It is not true that "no first-class musician need be idle very long while the love of great music is maintained." It could not be true unless we knew who and how many such musicians there were, and made places available. It therefore becomes a question whether encouraging the young is not perhaps risky to the point of immorality. If this is a shocking negative, let us make it suggest a positive: since the abundance of talent released by a prosperous democracy is too great for its powers of consumption, it may be that we should revise our idea of the musical life, redefine amateur and professional in keeping with the facts unfolding before our eyes, and reorient education accordingly.

STATUS OF ART AND ARTISTS

THE "musical revolution" we are witnessing is obviously part of a much larger social and intellectual revolution of which so far one can but dimly see the outline. The strains we feel are signs of the coming to an end of one conception of individualism. It fostered the virtuoso, whose relation to the spectator (if not to the patron) was clear, and made the artistic career a priestly function. As the worshipful public grew larger and more anonymous, it saw its devotions and tastes becoming more and more strictly controlled by equally anonymous and massive groups—the unions and corporations. But this collectivization of power and talent was paralleled by a greater diffusion of knowledge and a wider opportunity to develop talents, until we now find in the great amateur movement—not only in music but in all the arts—a decline of worship, a gradual dispossession of the paid performer, and a taking over of his functions. "Do it yourself" is a new slogan which affects the fine arts no less than those of plumbing and shingling. It is a slow reversal of the division of labor with which our era began two centuries ago, an instinctive revolt against too much specialism, a calm reassertion of the democratic right to be a participant.

It is also an acknowledgment of the fact that democratic incomes cannot support princely undertakings—except through state action, which we still distrust. The uplifted standard of living turns the Bohemian artist who used to scrape along on a vagabond wage into a pauper whom no one—not even himself—will tolerate. He is therefore driven to take up some workaday occupation, thus justifying his membership in society, and thereby to resume his amateur standing when he chooses to perform as artist or minstrel.

Something of the emerging state of fact and mind may be seen in the recent news that the town of Lackawanna, New York, had collected money to send one of its native sons, the sculptor Louis Duclosz, as artistic envoy to France. Mr. Duclosz earns his living by making crucibles for the Electro Refractories and Abrasives Company and in other hours pursues his art with sufficient diligence to have earned a New York showing as well as some prizes.

This form of local patronage and the replacement of artistic vocation by avocation are still new enough to arouse comment. Yet they bear the obvious marks of an institution in the making, one which at last recognizes what has long been the economic lot of artists and also restores a kind of medieval simplicity and directness to the artistic function. There is so far no cause to idealize the result, but the example suggests the conditions—part mechanical, part psychological—which will almost certainly lead to a change in our ideas of music and musicians.

Meanwhile, the extraordinary spectacle remains of a world-wide awakening to music, which has taken the art out of the category of special tastes and inborn talents and brought it, via the machine, into everyday life. We in the United States may be overdoing the addiction when we find it necessary to pour out heavenly strains not only in home, school, and church, but also in railroad stations, bars, and taxicabs. Yet if this saturation ends by making us a people to whom music is a native language, it may lead to a solution of the old unhappy triangle of art, business, and government by restoring the amateur-consumer to a position of strength. Let statesmen and monopolists of the future beware of a musical electorate!

Hugh Russell Fraser

TEXANS *don't know any better*

A historian now living in Texas examines the curious habits of the state's newspapers . . . and explains why its citizens are the most provincial in America.

DO YOU have an idea that most Texans don't know what is going on in the world? That they are cheerfully unaware of events in foreign parts—an area which includes forty-seven states and all other nations? That they are, on the whole, the most provincial people in America?

This is very close to the truth.

They don't know the score because their newspapers don't tell them. It might be hard to prove what many Texans have come to suspect: that their daily papers are the worst in America. But it is not hard to prove that they carry the least news. Less news, that is, of the nation and the world than you will find in the press of any other major state.

So if you are planning to pay us a visit, you might do well to pick up a copy of a metropolitan newspaper before you cross our borders, from any direction. It may prove to be your last chance to read more than a fragmentary account of events "outside." The Denver *Post* will do, or the Arizona *Daily Star,* the Kansas City *Star,* the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch,* the Memphis *Commercial Appeal,* the Arkansas *Gazette,* or the Des Moines *Register.* Any one of them will provide a startling and shameful contrast with the best paper in almost any Texas city.

You can, of course, listen to the radio. I have yet to find a Texas newsman who will not agree that local radio stations carry more "outside" news than the press. One of the reasons they usually give is that many radio stations reach beyond the state line, where people are interested "in that kind of junk."

"That kind of junk" is a phrase that popped up with curious frequency in all my talks with telegraph and managing editors in the course of a study I have just been making of the Texas press. They use it to describe news of no significance—*i.e.,* originating outside of Texas. If you ask an executive of the Dallas *Morning News,* for example, why he prints less than a third as much national and world news, on an average, as the Des Moines *Register,* he is quite likely to dismiss the difference as mere "junk."

Like most of the big Texas dailies, the Dallas *News* is enormously prosperous. It is housed in a new, three-million-dollar building. It boasts of its coverage of books and the theater—which is in fact pretty good—and it often is held up as a model in Texas journalism classes. Yet it carries an average of only 5½ columns of world and national news, out of a total of 28 columns of news in a typical weekday edition.*

Suppose that you are an out-of-state visitor to Dallas, eager for the kind of informative reporting you are used to. In bewilderment, you turn away from the *News* and buy a copy of its rival, the *Times Herald.* Here you would be slightly better off—but you would need a pair of calipers to prove it. An average issue of this paper, during last January, contained 29½ columns of news, of which 6 originated beyond the borders of Texas.

If you are still thirsting for some word from the outside world, you might buy a paper from the closest neighboring city, Fort Worth. Since these two towns regard each other much as Mr. Hatfield regarded Mr. McCoy, you might expect the Fort Worth *Star-Telegram* to try to outdo its hated rivals in the field where they are weakest. You would be right; but just barely. The same kind of examination of all January weekday

* This comparison includes only "hard" news. It does not take into account headlines, editorials, sports, obituaries, real estate and financial items, oil, radio, television, drama, society, or women's features. If it did, the proportion of local to "outside" news would be even more overwhelmingly out of balance. The computation is based on all of the daily editions, exclusive of Sundays, published during January 1956. The Sunday editions are still more lopsided in their news coverage.

editions yielded an average of 6½ columns of "outside" news, out of a total of 31.

In desperation, you might catch a plane for Houston, the biggest and loudest city in the state. With more than a million people, with a great port giving it a window on the world, with a constant influx of "foreigners" who make it one of our fastest-growing cities, you might reasonably expect a less blinkered point of view. Moreover, its two big papers are run by Texans who have seen something of the world—the *Chronicle* by Jesse Jones, financial wizard of the New Deal, and the *Post* by Mrs. Oveta Culp Hobby, until recently an ornament of the Eisenhower cabinet. Another encouraging sign, you might assume, is the radio and television advertising of the *Chronicle,* which boasts that the paper is served "by seven world-wide news services."

The announcer always forgets to add: "We throw away 93 per cent of all the wire news which pours into our office from the four corners of the earth." For the *Chronicle* prints an average of only 6 columns of such material, and the *Post* only 7½—although both papers publish more total columns of news than any other dailies in the state.

Of course no paper could print all of the copy which flows in through its teletypes—but in other states the leading publications do roughly three times as well as their Texas counterparts. Consider, for instance, the space devoted to national and world news on a typical day in these three: the Kansas City *Star*—13 columns out of 30; the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*—13½ columns out of 33; the Denver *Post*—14 out of 32. In fact the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* usually prints more news of the nation and world on page 2 alone than is to be found in the entire edition of any major Texas daily paper. West of St. Louis, the Denver *Post* has by far the best coverage of national and world news of all newspapers in that vast region.

WHAT IS "NEWS"?

SPACE alone does not tell the whole story. The way the news is played in Texas is still more shocking. For example, on November 5 of last year Harry S. Truman made a speech in New Orleans about the South and its political loyalties. Now it is obvious that, whether you agree with him or not, the fact that a former President spoke in that place on that subject was a major news item. It was so treated—on the front pages—in Atlanta, St. Louis, Oklahoma City, Albuquerque, Des Moines, and many other cities. But the Houston *Post* tucked the story away at the bottom of the fourth column on page 22.

Again, it is instructive to note how the Texas press handled the Congressional battle over legislation to exempt natural-gas producers from federal regulation—the bill eventually vetoed by President Eisenhower because of the "arrogance" of the gas lobbyists. Like anything which concerns the state's overlords—the oil and gas men—the story got a big play. Even the most careful reader, however, would have found it difficult to detect that there were two sides to the question. The arguments for the bill were reported in fulsome detail; those against were barely summarized. (In a story almost two columns long by its Washington correspondent, the Houston *Post* devoted only three paragraphs to the opposition case.) Not a single paper in the state, so far as I can discover, bothered to mention the fact—emphasized repeatedly during the debate by Senator Paul Douglas of Illinois—that Texas has 1,700,000 consumers of natural gas, but only 900 producers.

IN THIS journalistic Sahara there is one notable oasis: the Beaumont *Enterprise.* It is far and away the best edited newspaper in Texas, and the only one, with the possible exception of the Corpus Christi *Caller,* which gives intelligent and balanced coverage of national and international news. In comparison with the big city dailies, the *Enterprise* has only a modest amount of space available. Nevertheless, it devotes about half of its news columns—like the responsible press in other states—to world and national news. In January the *Enterprise* printed an average of 18 columns of news every day; and 10½ of these columns originated outside the state. Even more surprising—for Texas—is its fairness. At the height of the Dixon-Yates controversy, for example, the *Enterprise* printed the Republican and Democratic arguments in parallel columns on the front page. No other Texas daily remotely approached this kind of even-handed treatment. (Perhaps these facts explain why so many Texans buy the paper at hotel newsstands in Houston, Dallas, and Fort Worth.)

A few other dailies occasionally make an effort to give both sides of a story. The Austin *American* and the Corpus Christi *Caller* were fairer than most in their coverage of the natural-gas controversy. And the *Caller's* percentage of out-of-state news is generally better than that of the Dallas, Fort Worth, and Houston press. The

Scripps-Howard papers are fair in their news columns to all political factions in the state—although the total amount of news they carry, of any description, is skimpy in comparison with their feature material.

Finally, the San Antonio *Light*—a Hearst publication, curiously enough—is the most intelligent paper in its city, and it prints far more information (both local and general) than either of its competitors. The addition of a couple of pages of national and foreign news could make it the outstanding daily of Texas.

A handful of weeklies and country papers exhibit the kind of enterprise which ought to—but doesn't—shame their big city colleagues. Many of the scandals which have rocked the state during the last two years were brought to light by such small fry. The veterans' land frauds, for example, were uncovered by a little paper at Cuero, which earned a Pulitzer prize as a result. And the Texas *Observer,* a crusading weekly published in Austin, reports regularly on political shenanigans which are seldom mentioned in the metropolitan press.

Why?

Well, the reporters on the big papers aren't lazy exactly—but they get the impression that they would not further their careers by digging into the kind of news which might embarrass the local Chamber of Commerce, the oil men, the ruling political clique, or the lobbyists who crowd around the legislature like ticks on a shorn lamb.

Indeed, a display of independence even by fledgling journalists is likely to make the politicians uneasy. Recently the student paper at the state university, the *Daily Texan,* published a series of editorials about the land and insurance scandals, gas regulation, state tax policies, segregation, the behavior of several prominent politicos, and similar unsuitable topics. Immediately the Board of Regents—as distinguished a collection of intellectual fossils as you can find anywhere above the Permian strata—demanded the scalp of the editor, Willie Morris. At this writing, he has refused to back down, to submit gracefully to censorship, or to resign—to the obvious discomfort of the school authorities and the vast glee of the student body.

WHY THEY ARE SO NERVOUS

THE mental isolation which the dominant brand of Texas journalism has imposed upon its readers is producing consequences which would be comic if they weren't so pitiful.

A few months ago I was talking to a Dallas advertising man whose income runs into five comfortable figures. I was astonished to discover that he had never heard of three leading American historians: Charles A. Beard, Allan Nevins, or Claude G. Bowers. Later, by way of experiment, I asked a group of ten people at a cocktail party to name the prime minister of either Britain or France. One suggested Eden for Britain; the others weren't so sure. As for France, nobody would volunteer to mention anyone.

The unknown is generally frightening—so it is not surprising that many Texans seem to live in fear. They are scared of many things with "foreign" origins—the federal government, labor unions (widely regarded as tools of Satan and Stalin), the United Nations, the national leadership of both political parties. (Eisenhower has lost much of his local popularity. After his veto of the gas bill, the Associated Press quoted a Houston oil man, Johnny Mitchell, as saying: "I'm writing the Republican party today to get back the money I contributed recently to a GOP dinner.")

Some Texans even shy at "foreign" pictures. Recently the Dallas Museum of Fine Arts arranged to display a traveling exhibit of paintings about sports, sponsored by *Sports Illustrated,* one of the impeccably conservative Luce publications. The Dallas Patriotic Council immediately objected, on grounds that four of the artists represented might sometime have expressed some sympathy with ideas which the Council regarded as "Communistic." None of the pictures had a political theme, and none of the artists had ever been accused of anything subversive by any government agency or Congressional committee. It was true, however, that none of them was a Texan—in itself a suspicious circumstance to the local patriots. (The museum's board of trustees, to its credit, laughed these charges out of court.)

A considerable list of similar nervous antics could be compiled from many sections of the state. It would not prove, however, that Texans are by nature a jumpy and fearful race; it would merely be one more indication that they are badly informed about the outside world.

For those Texans who refuse to put up with this state of affairs any longer, I can suggest a simple remedy. Let them subscribe to the *Daily Star* of Toronto, Canada. It carries more news about the United States than either the Dallas *News* or the Houston *Chronicle,* the "great" papers of their own state.

Giorgio de Santillana

ITALY CHANGES HER WAYS

How new life and hope are beginning to break through the ancient crust which has paralyzed Italian society for generations.

ITALY is going through its first postwar boom. The number of cars on the road has doubled since 1950. Motor scooters and motorcycles—as their noise announces—have increased six times. Electric power use is up 60 per cent; savings-bank deposits have doubled, retail sales tripled. The rise in national output continues at 5 per cent a year, when the United States considers its own 3 per cent good enough for prosperity.

Along with this, the "American way of life" has taken hold. It may not yet go beyond externals—but much of the thing itself is, after all, externals. Blue jeans, bobby socks, juke boxes, movies, confession magazines, television, giveaway quizzes, and the ubiquitous scooter which has put Italy on wheels are all agents of "deep American infiltration," as Communists pathetically call it, while they adjure the faithful not to be taken in. They know that it does them no good. Their grievous setbacks in recent union elections are certainly not due to any enlightened government policy; they come largely from a feeling that man cannot live forever by ideology alone, and that one should not pass up a chance for a slightly better life.

To these beginnings there may be added soon a more tangible force toward economic change—namely, oil.

A prolonged period of search, mainly by American geological firms, has brought experts to believe that down at the twelve- to fifteen-thousand-foot level, Italy may possess the largest oil fields in Europe—possibly as large as those in Texas. If true, this might eventually provide the capital needed for Italy's economic transformation, making jobs for the two million unemployed which go on plaguing the Italian economy.

Some foreign observers say that Italy is teetering on the verge of an economic expansion which could make it second only to West Germany. But a good section of the Italian business world still remains faithful to the old principle of "unlimited government guarantee for limited production." Hence, whether the present chances will be used depends to a great extent on the rise of a new type of economic and political leadership.

A case in point is Enrico Mattei, a smart young politico of the Catholic party, who now finds himself a big-time executive. He is head of the National Hydrocarbon Authority (ENI) which has a monopoly on the oil and natural gas in the Po Valley. Mattei became known overnight in this country when he was passionately denounced by our Ambassador, Clare Boothe Luce. Or, more accurately, when he drove our Ambassador into tangling with him and thus built up for himself an easy popularity with that large section of Italian opinion which is forever apprehensive about the encroachments of Foreign Capital.

Actually, Mattei is working with American equipment, American experts, and American companies. He would like nothing better than more American capital—but on terms which would leave his Authority the upper hand. Failing that, he can always resort to building up his own capital, by raising the prices of his monopoly products. He already sells natural gas at prices which allow him to finance the expansion of ENI into new fields, and he is currently building a synthetic rubber plant near Ravenna—a clear challenge to the existing chemical industry. The old Italian capitalists are up in arms.

A rising political struggle centers on the new oil law, already submitted by the Cabinet for approval by parliament. Its contents mark an undoubted success for Mattei, since it sets government royalties on oil at about 60 per cent, just enough to discourage foreign venture capital. Italian public opinion is still utterly con-

fused on the subject, and seems not to have grasped the importance of getting the oil out of the ground in a hurry. "Foreign monopoly interests" go on being the big bugaboo, but vigorous common-sense action is being waged against it—mainly by the new "Radical" center party, as yet only a small nucleus, which aims at reviving the historic role of the British Liberals. All in all, there is still hope.

GRONCHI TAKES OVER

INEVITABLY, hand in hand with the economic developments, a change in Italy's political complexion is taking place. This can be described most simply by saying that the Christian Democratic or Catholic party, still in undisputed control, is moving out of its rather uncouth and chaotic beginnings and is being gradually shaped by the responsibilities it has had to face.

For some time the party kept the country spellbound by its prolonged gyrations between Left and Right, as it proceeded to its "agonizing reappraisal." This act came to a curious close a year ago with the election of a President of the Republic—Giovanni Gronchi—drawn for the first time from the ranks of the party itself and, within its compass, a Leftist.

The election in parliament was a paradoxical show, for Premier Scelba, Secretary of the party Fanfani, and the party bureaucracy had tried to throw victory to someone—anyone—from another party, and it was the Conservative wing of the Christian Democrats, led by ex-Premier Pella, plus the rank and file in revolt, who imposed Gronchi. This goes far to show how the old words Right and Left are taking on new meanings. In our American vocabulary in the early Cold War period, they flattened out to mean "The Right People" and "Those Dreadful People-who-must-have-something-to-do-with-Communists." Conversely, in Europe the words took on new meanings (and, within the Catholic parties, a wholly new complexion). The rock-ribbed Right became those who had got into the easy habit of clamoring for an unending flow of American subsidies, American troops, and American guns to protect their special interests in the name of "anti-Communism." All the others took on by contrast a more or less "Leftist" shade.

The new President, who was the leader of the left wing of the Christian Democrats, thus came unexpectedly to power on a virtual plebiscite, almost as if the country had managed to bestow a clear mandate above the heads of its long-deadlocked representatives.

The United States Ambassador left the visitors' gallery abruptly in a fit of tears as soon as Gronchi's name appeared to be winning. Next day by the Potomac there was tumult and affright; a semi-official communiqué was issued through the Associated Press, suggesting that loans to Italy were going to be stopped pending re-examination. This blooper had the foreseeable result of uniting Italians, from the Communists to the unreconstructed Right, in a patriotic storm of indignation; Premier Scelba, in whose favor the move had been planned by some thinker in Foggy Bottom, reeled under the blow. He tried to dissociate himself publicly as best he could from such "unfortunate interferences," but it was clear his days were numbered. The stage had been set for Gronchi's inaugural address, which impressed the population deeply. The new medium of television gave it added impact. The cafés and public places were full of people gravely watching their chief of state address them for the first time, as it were, directly.

The address was direct and unconventional. Many disturbed listeners felt that here was an American-type President announcing his executive program, not a European President who is safely supposed "to reign and not to rule." Constitutionally, Gronchi was within his rights: he was simply "advising from above." But the events attendant on his election gave his words uncommon authority, and he knew it. From the seat which had been the King's, Italians heard the warning that the Constitution must be not only enforced, but implemented, that the Supreme Court, which hitherto had been comfortably left on paper, must be brought into being, and that the new President would see to it that the country reverted to the reign of the law.

> . . . We have been helped toward our objectives [Gronchi said] by an awareness of a need for unity which instinctively emerges with the will to survive, and by the support which came—let it always be remembered—above all from the peoples of free America. . . . The general expectation felt, as I take office, derives from a conviction that we must now face a new phase in our development; face it with courage and with an awareness of the facts. It appears to me that real progress in a country, or in international relations, cannot now take place without the participation of the workers. I do not exclude management, which is part of the productive system. But in modern government, manage-

ment already has an influence proportionate to its importance. I, therefore, refer above all to the great number of workers, and to the middle classes, who have been led by universal suffrage to the portals of government without being led to the seat of policy-making.

. . . This is at the same time a progressive and conservative task; intervention of the State and respect for private enterprise. . . . A warning has recently come from the most authoritative spiritual source in the world, to which even those lacking religious faith should listen: that no law and no institutional reform can be of benefit if the common man lives in the fear of oppression . . . and if he suspects that behind the façade of the State are hidden the interests of powerful organized groups.

SCELBA FADES OUT

ALL of this was remarkable news, for Mario Scelba's regime had become regrettably identified with police-state methods; administrative decision had replaced that of the courts, and the pleasure of officials had become nine points of the law. All this had been done with some encouragement from our State Department, which felt such highhandedness had something to do with "cracking down on Communism." Actually, large mechanized details of Scelba's police were kept busy infiltrating movie houses and pouncing on hapless couples found kissing in the dark.

Nevertheless, Gronchi's pronouncement put Washington in a painfully embarrassing spot. It grew still more embarrassing when it became obvious that Gronchi enjoyed considerable Vatican support, especially on the part of the Jesuits. And even this was only part of a larger paradox. Amintore Fanfani, the Secretary of the Catholic party, who had never forgiven Gronchi for getting elected against his orders, immediately started purging the party of the so-called left-wing elements friendly to the President. These men had no sooner stepped out and founded their own organizations than it became discreetly known that they were supported by the Holy Office—a department more familiar once under the name of Holy Inquisition, which has since turned to milder business.

From such straws in the wind it is generally inferred that the Vatican has decided to withdraw support from the old-time Catholic political machinery (as it had already done with De Gasperi and with Adenauer) and to incline toward other instruments closer to the spirit of the laity. Scelba, in particular, with his police interventions against Protestant sects and his raucous pronouncements against the usefulness of education, had become embarrassing; the Vatican does not like to be tied up with obscurantism.

Scelba vanished from the scene in due course. The new Premier is Antonio Segni, a gentle and respected Sardinian who was the author of the land-reform law. But pending national elections, it will be difficult for him to move more than a fraction of an inch from the present precarious balance between opposing forces. The Communists were badly beaten in the union vote; so were the extreme conservatives in the Sicilian regional elections; but there is no clear decision yet in the center, and the Catholic party cannot risk losing the help of big business and its subsidized press as it faces a costly electoral campaign.

Whether Gronchi's personality is steady and forceful enough to implement the initial shock treatment with a positive policy remains a matter of serious doubt. Those who know him best are the most reserved in their forecasts. But there is no question that the election was a significant event; the more so as the pattern was exactly repeated in the Sicilian regional elections, where the Catholic President, Salvatore Restivo, was displaced by a "left-wing" member of his party with the concurrence of the Conservatives.

Any fearsome connection between Gronchi and the Communists was a figment of heated diplomatic imagination which has evaporated since. He is a man with a strong middle-class provincial, even lace-curtain, Catholic background, a successful businessman who can perhaps best be understood as a man trying to play a Roosevelt role in a country which never had a New Deal—nor, indeed, much of any kind of deal—from its politicians. He says there is one thing that he will never be, a "Kerensky" for the extreme Left. If the President is as good as his word, he may be the one man fitted for steering the ship of state in the difficult times that lie ahead.

Can such a man become firmly "pro-American"? That depends largely upon the way he is met. Up to now, our approach has not been particularly subtle. Two years ago, some United States advisers suggested that he be asked, with other political leaders, to visit this country. Gronchi, then President of the Chamber, let it be understood that he would be glad to accept. But his name was struck off the list on the

grounds that he was not sufficiently friendly to America. Several sides tried to explain to our authorities that diplomacy was, after all, the art of making friends and influencing people, and that doubters were the really eligible ones, since most of them had come back from a trip to the States converted to our way of life; but Gronchi was never admitted. Hence, when he was suddenly catapulted to the position of chief of state, floods of tears were in order.

It should be said in all fairness that this Alice-in-Wonderland way of running a foreign policy is not any single person's doing. The brief reign of the Junior Senator in Washington has not been without consequences. Only now that the storm is retreating can the damage be assessed; in the foreign field it is staggering. In particular, our foreign-service personnel felt expendable in the face of the racket, and it is only natural that adequate information died down to a trickle while "playing safe" became the main concern.

Things have improved considerably recently, but nothing can take the place of an adequate policy at the top. The Ambassador expressed it tersely in a sentence which has long since become public property:

"Whenever I open my mouth, Mr. Dulles puts his foot in it."

With Gronchi's recent visit to the United States, things appear to have entered a new phase of clarification, and old delusions have been abandoned. But to make a guess at what Gronchi can and cannot do for us, we should first have some understanding of his own party and its peculiar predicament.

PRESENT POSSIBILITIES

THE Christian Democrats have to absorb the shock and change of the times. The long "era of immobility" inherited from De Gasperi is about to end. That immobility, quite apart from the natural Catholic aversion to change, has been justified by the simple fact that the party has been unable to move one way or the other without losing the outside support it needed, since it has only 40 per cent of the votes. Until yesterday, with the extreme Left frozen out, it relied on support from the Conservative wing. As things stand now (and Gronchi's election was an eloquent symbol), it cannot keep on that way without splitting at the seams.

The party used to be run by the more traditional classes—landowners, tradesmen, and small-town professional people. But a recent survey shows that its center of gravity has shifted to farmer-owners and artisans. A new and vocal leadership of labor organizers and young reform politicians has filled the present party machinery. Hence the trend to the Left, which has given rise to many misunderstandings, not the least of them within the party itself. The party is not, and never has been, revolutionary in any sense. That type of thought seems incompatible with the Catholic mind. As it fills the power vacuum left by the aftermath of war, the party still feels it can bargain with the Conservatives and their wealth on its own terms, provided it retains its vote-getting power.

In other words, it must be a mass party, and it has to compete at times in demagogic practices with the mass parties of the Left. It may eschew such materialist words as proletariat or class struggle; but it must, in fact, deliver welfare, land reform, full-employment policies, or it will start losing votes.

This is indeed the line it has embarked on under Secretary Fanfani's leadership, and the young organizers have gone at it with a zest that far outstrips the Secretary's own aims, which might be described as not very different, below the surface, from those of Portugal's Salazar. The intensive preaching of a "Christian society" has struck home to a great many Italians; now they are asking their leaders to deliver the goods. Gronchi's election, devious as it was in its political ways, was an expression of that desire.

Enrico Mattei, the young oil czar, has rapidly sized up the situation and is using his slush funds for an all-out financing of the leftist groups inside the party. His influence may grow rapidly. Still a Catholic party cannot belie its own essential character and philosophy, which are apparent wherever it has come to power—whether in Spain, Portugal, or Ireland. Its middle-class core and its economic tenets make it beware of inflation at all costs; on the other hand, especially if it is not in a dictatorial position, it must produce reform and welfare policies. The uneasy balance between these requirements has brought forth in Italy—not without informal United States prodding—what is called the Vanoni plan. It is a ten-year plan to increase production and absorb unemployment. Presumably the funds for new capital investment will come from high taxes and from measures to force savings and cut spending all around. The worker will have to bear a heavy part of the burden, in frozen or even curtailed salaries. But who is to persuade him to agree, except his

leftist leaders? Thus the obsessive problem of an "opening to the Left" has become an economic necessity.

This puts Pietro Nenni and his left-wing Socialist party in a strategic spot.

What was in the beginning a mere flirtation with the "leftist solution" has become a fixed idea. Like Catullus of old, Italians might say, "I cannot live either with thee or without thee."

Nenni, on his side, is playing a most effective teasing game. He smiles, speaks gently, and doles out measured support. He seems to feel a new freedom toward his Communist allies. Biding his time until the next national elections, he knows any attempted counter-swing to the Right might explode the whole Christian Democratic party. Everybody is trying to keep the unstable situation fluid until then.

We can see now why Gronchi thought it wise to preface his visit to the United States with an explosive interview with Edmund Stevens of the *Christian Science Monitor*. By reasserting that Italy needs an "opening to the Left" and that American policy has hitherto been far too rigid, he was serving notice that our set lines of thought had better be revised, if there is going to be any kind of understanding.

GRONCHI knows only too well the unspoken obsession which has brought about most of our mistakes. The Italian elections of 1958 may lose us the country, as the recent Greek elections all but lost us Greece. In the post-Geneva atmosphere, the Center coalition which was glued together by fear of Russia may well come unstuck, and although the Communists proper have been weakened, a lot of votes may drift over to some form of Popular Front. The margin of safety is only 15 per cent. That is why the United States has been all too obviously backing, under the mythical label of Free Enterprise, any combination which could be forceful enough to postpone or annul the elections in case of danger.

Gronchi warned long ago that he was the guardian of the Constitution and that such things would take place only over his dead body. Hence the rumor being spread around Italy at present that "Gronchi will not last out his term." Now it is not clear whether Gronchi has the necessary stature and statesmanship; but it is abundantly plain that those threatening rumors come from the same circles that called in Mussolini, served, then betrayed him, then served and betrayed the Germans, and are now insistent on serving us.

Since Geneva, the American position has deteriorated alarmingly. Gronchi, an experienced politician, thought the hour had come for him to offer us another deal. As a man hitherto uncommitted, he has offered positive acceptance of the Atlantic community, provided we enter a new phase and "get the show on the road."

The new phase he seems to characterize thus:

(1) The United States should abandon the disastrous detour of militarization and fight talks in Europe into which the Russians artfully lured us in order to nullify the spirit and facts of the Marshall Plan.

(2) We must revive that spirit, not with handouts since Italy is now a going concern, but with a progressive economic policy and a flow of investment. A businessman himself, Gronchi had talks with Secretary of the Treasury Humphrey and other economic planners on the subject. (Speaking strictly from the outside, one wonders what he expects from private American capital. If Italy were as pious as Ireland, as pacific as Denmark, and as far from Russia as Uruguay, she would still have about as much of a chance to get private American investment as all three of them together—namely, nil.)

What is clear is that some new constructive message must be found for Europeans, such as Mendès-France brought for a brief moment; we cannot do it by ourselves, and, after Geneva, time is running out. That is why Mr. Gronchi, as an old Washington hand put it wryly, has us over a barrel.

The political side of the proffered deal was not divulged, but is easy to surmise. If America stands back of him and gives him a chance for serious reforms, then Gronchi feels he can free us of our qualms about elections. His plan for moving Italian political life out of its present paralysis involves, as he stated, detaching the Nenni Socialists from the Communist orbit. This is a calculated risk, for we cannot get Nenni without offering him solid advantages. But Gronchi, negotiating from a position of strength, intends to retain the choice of terrain. It would then be Nenni who would find himself riding the tiger. If the deal works, he can gain an important position, but only as head of one of several parties; if it does not, he vanishes, and most of his followers drift back to the Communist camp.

The United States may balk at the gamble of backing Gronchi, but as he tacitly implied, then we must suggest something better. It is no longer time to give pep talks about democracy, it is time to make it work.

A Story by Harold Brodkey

Drawings by Bob Pinkwater



The sound of Moorish laughter

ACROSS the street from my house was a Catholic church. It was really a parochial school, rather drab and old, built of dried-blood-color brick with white trim; but inside, it had a chapel, and every Sunday, cars filled our quiet suburban street, bells rang—small, almost shrill bells—and women dressed in stiff little hats and gloves stood and talked on the school steps. The school was sort of an eyesore in our neighborhood, which had been built, somewhat hopefully, in the closing years of the 'twenties and which consisted of a number of small one-family houses. My mother didn't like living so close to a parochial school and quondam church, because of the noise and traffic on Sundays and the lack of privacy. Also, our street, Courtney Avenue, had been designed to have a parkway running down its middle, like a boulevard, but the church had asked to have that space left for parking. My mother (my father was dead) had bought our house thinking there was going to be a parkway in front of it, and she was sullen about the church and the nuns and the brisk, athletic priest that ran it.

During the week when the church was a school, the noise was almost worse. Children played in the yard of the school (that yard was a shame, my mother always said; it had hardly any grass; and its seesaws and jungle-gym and swings were old and unsightly) and sometimes they chased their balls right up to our front steps and trampled my mother's flower borders. Sometimes too the nuns would raise their voices or a child would cry and the noise, disquieting and alien, would upset my mother and fill my grandmother with rage. My grandmother was seventy-eight years old; she was fierce and unreconciled; she despised most of her seven children and so far as I could tell liked only two of her fourteen grandchildren, both pretty girls. My grandmother didn't like me but she had the grace not to hide behind her age, and she fought me man to man with a kind of virulent hatred that was almost as good as affection. She used to pinch me and give me sandwiches for lunch that I didn't like—I hated boloney, for instance, but boloney I had four days out of five. But then on the other hand, when I called her names or talked back to her she never told on me. She merely shook one bony finger and warned me that I'd come to no good end and that she'd get even.

Anyway, grandmother hated the church. She had left Russia shortly after the 1888 pogrom in Odessa, and while she never spoke specifically of the horrors she had undergone, she sometimes would speak of how awful it had been, "with the priests leading the mob, flying their banners, and mocking at the poor dying Jews."

I didn't believe her. She was a dreadful liar.

The priest across the street was very young and athletic. Sometimes, coming home from school, I would see him with his gown tucked in, playing ball with some of the older boys of his school. The priest was dark-haired and rosy-lipped; after a few minutes of baseball, he would grow flushed and excited, and he would shout as loudly as any of the boys. Sometimes he would dance around the sidelines when his side got a hit or worked a

man around into scoring position. Usually the opposing team was totally disheartened by all this; they seemed to feel they were playing against the blessed side. Sometimes, though, they'd set their faces, accept a league with the devil, and play with a kind of wild intensity—usually this was after considerable goading from the priest—and their air of defiance was enormous and moving.

At times, my mother would send me to the store and I would cut across the parochial school's playground to a Kroger's grocery store on the corner of Peabody and Corcoran. I would dawdle on the path watching the baseball game over one shoulder. There was something mysterious in the priest's relationship to the boys, something powerful and paternal and unquestioned. I wondered what it was in the priest that made the boys so docile. And often, I heard the boys call him Father.

One day, our neighborhood was in an uproar. My mother came home from her office early, and she and our neighbors and I stood on our front steps and watched workmen finish putting up a six-foot-high wire-mesh fence around the school's playground. Inside the mesh was a steam shovel.

"By God, they're going to put up a church," my mother said. "This is the end of the block."

Mr. Morgan, who lived on the corner, said he thought it might be a parking lot for the present chapel; perhaps the city had forced them to stop using the street. "Goodness knows," he said, "We've all complained often enough to the city manager."

My mother said she hoped Mr. Morgan was right but she would bet Mr. Morgan was wrong. My grandmother sitting by her window was stiff with rage when I went inside. "They'll be out burning our houses next," she said darkly.

"Don't be stupid, Grandma," I said, purposefully shoving her rocking chair a little. "There's a law against that."

"Who wants a cross hanging over their house all day long?" my grandmother said, but she was only talking, making noise because she was lonely; she had outlived everybody she cared about; and she was surprised still, after fifty years in this country, that things were so comparatively peaceful and uninteresting.



IN THE cold weather, I used to wear a bright red lumber jacket an older cousin had passed on to me. It was made out of a Hudson Bay blanket or out of the same material, and since I was particularly subject to colds and it was the warmest coat I had ever had, I wore it every day. It was an object of envy and mockery to my classmates, but the little boys at the parochial school were absolutely fascinated. They used to crowd to their fence and watch me walk by.

Sometimes they created incidents. One afternoon, coming home from school, I was waylaid by five or six of the parochial school boys. They jumped out of the bushes at the end of the block and surrounded me. I raised my book—I was carrying a large geography book—over my head and began to curse them. My blasphemy so startled them, they gave way and I ran down the street and got safely home.

But these incidents didn't happen often. Once, on a cold, late November evening, I sat idly on one of the swings in the parochial school's yard. The foundation for the church had been dug and covered over already for the winter. I was swinging with my eyes half-closed, trying to imagine the piles of dirt around the foundation were mountains. I had never seen mountains. Two boys from the school were playing desultorily at the other end of the yard, passing a football back and forth. The evening was drawing in and a cold wind nipped and twisted. The Father came out of the school and walked down to inspect the foundation; on the way back, my red jacket caught his eye—it was a very bright red—and he came over and asked me who I was. I told him, shyly, that I lived across the street; I asked him if he was building a big church. He was even handsomer up close than from a distance; he had a cleft in his chin and a perfect shave; he had sad dark eyes with thick lashes; his mouth had a curiously lonely expression as if he had never quite gotten used to his responsibilities or to the quality of life in our lonely suburb. He said, amiably enough, that it was going to be a medium-sized church. He felt my jacket and said, "That's quite a coat you have there."

"It's the warmest coat in the world," I burst

out. The Father patted my head and went away.

That was how I came to fall in love with him.

I took to waiting on our front steps in the cold December afternoons and when the priest came out of his school, I'd smile and wave at him. Then I would go and hide in the basement. I wasn't capable of bearing two waves in one afternoon.

Later, I hid in the attic, away from my grandmother, and stared out the dusty window at the school. I kept my passion an absolute secret. But I could not resist asking my mother one evening what she would do if a Father talked to her: I had to be prepared.

"Be polite," she said. "Why? Has the priest across the street been after you?" She looked at me sharply.

"No, no," I cried. "But if he had, would it be wrong?"

"Well, he would try to convert you," my mother said. She was watching me very closely. "You must be careful. Don't trust him an inch."

WHEN spring came, I built a tree house in the maple that hung over our driveway. I could sit in the tree house and watch the school across the street. Often the priest came out and inspected the work the men were doing on the church. He beamed at them—which was a good thing; but often, he gave orders—which was not such a good thing; but he never saw me which was the best thing of all.

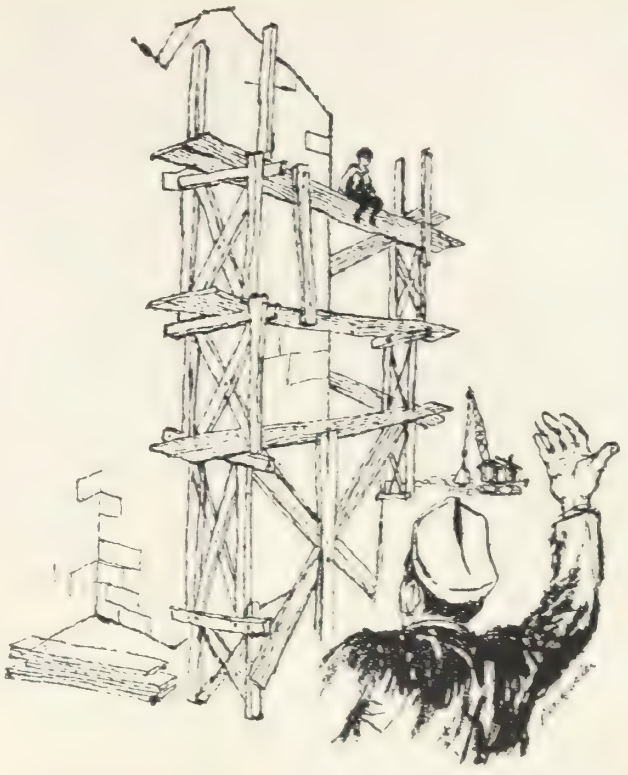
Without having the Father to think about, that would have been a terrible year for me. My best friend, Harry Bucker, had moved to California, and I had no other close friends. The other boys who were left were a dull crew. Listlessly I played war games; I patiently sat through games of torture, even though Johnny Parsons had once tied me to a chair and burned my sweater with a heated soldering iron and my mother had blamed me. I was bored.

I was difficult to play with. I enjoyed marbles, but I liked to win; I only played with boys I could beat. Over the years I won more than three hundred marbles. I kept count. When I played cops and robbers, those of us who were shot had to lie down and wait to be buried before they could get up and join the game again.

"You can't leave bodies all over the lawn," I'd argue disgustedly; "it brings the plague."

In the middle of a conversation I might yank a toy plane out of my pocket and bomb my companion. If he didn't immediately fall shrieking to the ground, I wouldn't play with him again. I would fall to the ground, if I was bombed, and it was bad for my health.

That left the Father, and he was my delight for almost six months. I even used to hover by the wire-mesh fence when he was playing baseball with his boys. I would hang on the fence with one hand and sort of spin back and forth until someone looked at me and then I'd go away.



The church was rising by leaps and bounds. My mother thought it was hideous. I liked it. It was a big building of gray stone with a high tower on which there was going to be a concrete statue of Jesus. The façade of the church was covered with a scaffolding, and I used to play on that with some of the other boys in the neighborhood. We climbed, daring each other, all the way to the top of the tower. We ran up and down the ramps where the workmen wheeled barrows of mortar. We played tag on all fours on the half-finished roof.

One day when I was alone on the scaffolding—it was a Saturday, a warm sunny day, in June—the priest came to look at his building. He saw me perched up near the tower (as a matter of fact I was looking at the statue of Jesus which lay in the blocks on the roof) and called to me to come down. When I climbed down, he proceeded to lecture me on how dangerous that was and that I must never do it again or he would tell my parents. I got tears in my eyes. Then suddenly, he saw them, smiled, rather embarrassedly, and asked me if I liked his church. He wanted to console me for his bawling out. I said it was beautiful. He asked me if I wanted to see the inside. I said I did. He took my hand, while my heart palpitated, and led me into the church.

It was actually the first church I had ever been in. Shadows hung along the walls as thick as curtains. The pews gleamed newly; I thought the confessional booths were marvelous. I thought

they were where shy women sat so they wouldn't be seen.

The interior was mostly completed. There was a small lobby and then doors and then a little vestibule marked off from the main part of the church by fluted concrete columns.

"We'll replace those with marble ones some day," the priest said briskly. He had a habit of striding forward, while I ran to keep up, then stopping suddenly, dropping his head to look at me, firing his sentences, and then striding on. He reminded me a good deal of my mother when she was being businesslike, except that he was holding my hand, and his voice would occasionally slip into a booming theatrical register that made me feel as if I were hanging on in a high wind. With two more athletic strides—closer to leaps really—he had me next to the water basin.

"H ly water," he barked. "The basin's Italian marble, real Italian marble."

"I think that's wonderful," I whispered shyly.

"Acanthus leaves," he said pointing to a carved frieze that ran around the edge. "Grapes. Pitchers of milk and honey."

I sighed admiringly, as I had heard my mother do when seeing a friend's new house. "They look very expensive."

The priest's eyebrows went up; his eyes fastened on my face. "You like such things?" he asked tersely.

"Yes, sir." I could tell that he was very lonely. The look on his face was a mixture of hope, and of the wariness that had come from a number of rebuffs in the past.

He sat down in a pew and pulled me down next to him. He told me that I shouldn't call him sir, I should call him Father. This seemed nearly blasphemy to me, a terrible and wicked pleasure, that I ought to avoid. I told him I didn't believe in him; did calling him Father mean that I believed?

He explained to me the hierarchy of the church, dwelling with a kind of loving eagerness on the titles of monsignor and bishop, archbishop and cardinal. When he went on to try to explain what such titles meant, his face grew flushed, and his voice stumbled searching for terms of sufficient glory to describe them. He even stammered a little in his excitement.

Then we talked about me. He asked me, as he studied me with his extraordinarily young and vivacious eyes, how old I was and if I prayed at night and if I liked school. It seemed to me he was growing to like me and I became uneasy. I decided to warn him now, rather than have him learn it later when it would hurt me more. "I'm a difficult child," I blurted out.

The priest's eyes kindled. "Well, I guessed that," he murmured. "I can see you're a regular Tartar. But it's quite all right with me."

Originally, of course, the priest had only meant to be kind. He had started to bawl me out and I had nearly cried, and his gentleness had led him—his gentleness and his embarrassment—to show me the church, to distract me, and that, by showing me what he took such pride in. But I had seen the church and showed no signs of wanting to leave, and I was staring at him with widened eyes; it was adoration, almost, but he couldn't guess that. He thought perhaps it might be religion.

He asked me, "Do you believe in God?"

"Oh yes, sir—Father."

"Do you know who Jesus was?"

"Yes, Father."

"Who?"

"The man who preached and started the Catholics."

"He wasn't a man, child. He was the Son of God."

"Oh, I don't believe that," I cried.

The priest sat there, perplexed. He couldn't quite comprehend then what I wanted; but at last a light grew in his eyes. "It's architecture you're interested in?" he asked me joyfully.

I didn't know quite what he was talking about, but I said yes.

"Would you like to see my treasures?"

"Oh, yes, Father."

"I haven't shown them to many people," he said, taking my hand, and striding toward the back of the church. "I am said to have a problem with spiritual pride." He shook his head briskly. "But it simply isn't true. I believe that worship should be grand, don't you?" Then he recollected who I was and smiled at himself. "Of course, you don't even know what spiritual pride is," he cried exultantly. "And now just look at that stained glass window! French. It's French. Have you ever seen such a crimson? Or such a blue?" His voice dropped to a whisper. "It's St. Thomas. And that one," raising his voice, "is St. George slaying the dragon."

"They're grand, they're grand," I said eagerly.

"And now to the storeroom!" the Father cried, in the voice with which he shouted at baseball games. We flew down a short curving corridor, the Father's cassock whipping against my legs and tangling them hopelessly. The Father produced a key and unlocked a door, switched on an overhead light, and released my hand.

"There!" he cried. All around the room were objects of gold and silver, some half in boxes, others standing on boxes with shreds of excelsior hanging to them, sticking in their filigree. "These are for the church," the Father said briskly. "They were inordinately expensive. . . . " His breath escaped in a long sigh. "Mortgages, mortgages," he murmured. Around the walls were tacked blueprints, not ordinary blue and white blue-

prints, but ones of black lines on heavy white paper and under each sheet were small ink drawings of façades and altars and interiors, of doors and stained glass windows, even of pews and the water spout. I knew with sudden clairvoyance that the Father had drawn the pictures. I asked him and he nodded.

"However, I was not allowed to build that church!" he said with some bitterness. He led me to a table at one end of the room and among a pile of bills and receipts brought out an architect's drawing of a façade. It was high and narrow.

"I don't suppose it matters what kind of house you build to worship God in," the priest said with heavy sarcasm, his voice theatrical and pulsing, "but this suburb is ugly enough without planning on its turning into slum fifty years from now."

A chill ran up my back, a sensation of a malevolent world watching me. Slum? In fifty years? My home? What would happen to me? The Father was saying,

"After all, I raised the money. . . . " He sat on one of the packing cases and put his head in his hands.

I realized that something had gone wrong. I said nothing. I blinked and then I walked around the room and saw a statue of a woman holding an infant. The statue was painted, and it was larger than I was. "Who's this?" I asked.

The Father raised his head but kept his hands in front of the lower part of his face; it was a curiously childlike gesture, though theatrical with his raised black eyebrows and piercing eyes staring over the tips of his fingers.

"The Virgin and the Infant Jesus." He kept his hands raised, as if he feared he was going to be laughed at. "Do you like it?"

"Yes," I said, enthusiastically.

"It's Italian." He rose and came over. "Genuine Italian work. Have you ever seen such a blue?" The Virgin had a blue cape. "Now, look closely. Do you see the tiny silver stars inlaid in the wood? Have you ever seen anything like that?" He was growing brighter by the minute. "It's going to stand in a little chapel under a blue window. Won't that be wonderful with those stars? And come look at this censer, it's true Spanish work, from Mexico. I have another one just like it, but it's not unpacked yet. In another hundred years, these will all be treasures. And come see the altar screen. It's gold-leafed. Here's the flight from Egypt: Israelites," he said, beaming at me, "just like you. And there's the Sermon on the Mount. Isn't that fish border marvelous?"

The fish spilled in golden profusion, sporting delicate, nearly transparent fins, out of a cornucopia that Jesus held above his head; on the cornucopia was engraved the word Charity. One fish twisted its head roguishly and bent adoring eyes on the figure of Jesus. I clapped my hands.

"Yes, the fish are heavenly. Now, look at this chasuble. The Bishop gave me this three years ago when I first came, to encourage me in getting a church built. You see, it's the garden of Eden." I saw the trees and a naked man and woman and a serpent.

"They're naked," I said.

"Sssh," the Father said, half-laughing, "you're not supposed to notice that at your age. And these are the cedar boards one of my parishioners gave me to make two closets in the rectory."

"Two," I cried, "whatever for?"

"They keep moths out," the Father said to me, "but it's the smell that's so glorious. Smell them."

He was right, the smell was glorious. I looked at him in delight. "Two!" I cried.

"Two!" he murmured with mild modesty.



NOW, there was nothing left to look at. Silence descended. I stood with my head lowered, waiting patiently for the Father to begin the ritual grown-ups usually followed in getting rid of a child: he would ask me if it wasn't my dinnertime.

But the Father stood with his hands clasped behind his back. The excitement hadn't left his face. Slowly he opened his mouth. "Two thousand years of Christ," he said and slowly raised his head until his eyes were fixed on the ceiling, "and we are still building churches that look like gymnasiums. It maddens me, maddens me. . . . For the Lord who died for us we will not build a decent tabernacle—if this is spiritual pride, I will gladly take my penance. Gladly!" he roared and took a quick look at me, a little surprised, probably, at how small I was.

"I'm not a Catholic, sir," I said weakly.

"I know, child. But who would want to be and worship in a gray warehouse across the street? If you only knew how beautiful churches can be! I suppose you've never seen Milan. Milan," he sighed, "is nearly blasphemous. And Notre Dame? Notre Dame may be a little heavy and over-logical, but it has spirit, esprit, soul. . . . Chartres, I don't even mention. I won't discuss Chartres. Chartres is a miracle. This is not the age of miracles. What kind of Chartres could there be in St. Louis? No, I don't mention Chartres."

Idly I took three pieces of excelsior and tried to braid them.

"God is beautiful," the Father said. "His churches should be beautiful."

"Father, if you want a nicer church, why don't you build one? Who would stop you? Why do you let people boss you around?"

"Stop me? Let them?" He smiled; his eyebrows shot up; but then his face melted back, and he looked saddened and defeated. "Let my Bishop boss me . . . that's quite a novel thought, a charming thought. . . . " His voice trailed off.

SIR," I said in a low voice. "I'm very sorry if I said something wrong. . . . " The priest looked at me; our glances met on a sharp incline; and it was one of those moments, when an emotion stands clear, easily recognizable, even in a child, even between two strangers. The priest gave an audible gasp. He had not even imagined what my feelings were or thought to wonder why he talked so freely to me. But at that moment, he realized everything. He had responded to the presence of love. He had warmed himself in it, even though it came from a ten-year-old child. In a spasm of embarrassment, he began to cough; he covered his mouth and coughed for several minutes, while I stood there nervously.

"My father's dead," I said, at last; I felt I had to explain. The priest could not help smiling, not because of any pleasure he felt, but because it was the only gesture he could allow himself. The smile played about his lips as if it were a small bird. "I have to go home," I said, miserable with shyness, "it's my dinnertime."

"Ah," the priest murmured. He stood up in a sudden flutter of his cassock. "Well, you come back and visit me again. . . . "

"I—" I began; I was trembling a little. "I'd have . . . I'd have to sneak in. . . ." I was sorry now the priest had guessed my secret, that he had to consider what was possible and what was not. . . . It was humiliating, and I felt the dim stirring of anger.

"Perhaps," the priest murmured, "I might talk to your mother and explain—" But I was shaking my head violently, and he paused. His eyes glittered. I think the love I felt for him must have seemed attractive; in every man there must exist somewhere the urge to be a father, or to play at it for a little while. . . . He gazed at me, probably wondering at himself for having such feelings. "You have a high sense of loyalty," he said at last, a faint shade of rebuke in his voice, "to your mother, don't you?"

I nodded.

"I've enjoyed your visit very much," the priest said and held out his hand; he had lapsed into sheerly masculine dignity.

I thanked him for showing me the church. "I appreciate it very much. It was very kind of you."

"Kind?" he said; he raised his arms, perplexed. "I try to be, child . . . I try to be. . . . "

The whole episode, so much of it taking place in gesture, so embarrassing and odd, had lasted only a few minutes. When I left the priest, he was standing in the middle of the storeroom, pulling idly at his ear.

I was furious with myself for giving everything away. I ran out the back door and then turned and gave it a kick; then I ran around the block and down Courtney Avenue to my house.

THE clear June day was ending with a tumultuous sunset. An extraordinary effulgence of light blistered gold streaks on the bottom of fat-bellied clouds, cast out tangled streamers of lavender and crimson. The dazzling light flowed down Courtney street, gleamed along the docile fronts of the modest houses and set a pinkish flush on the gray stone of the uncompleted church. Now, the street was a river of light; now, the clouds began to plunge into the gap in the western sky. I wasn't old enough to have heard, faint in the distance, the sound of laughter from within the courtyards of Islam, among pierced walls and blossoming almond trees, where philosophers know there is no God but Allah.

That June day, as the sun set, I stood on the front steps of my house and gazed wonderingly at the parochial school. I heard my grandmother fling open her window (she hated fresh air) and stick her angry head out into the cool flush of evening: "What are you standing there for? You want to catch your death of cold? You want the Catholics to think you're admiring their church? You come inside. . . ." I made a face at her, hands to my ears, my tongue out, nose wrinkled. I wonder if the Father saw me. At any rate, my grandmother slammed the window down and I ran inside to do battle with her.

Jerome H. Spingarn

Arthur T. Vanderbilt: Order in the Courtroom

He has given New Jersey the most efficient courts in the country . . . has inspired a national movement for cheaper and quicker justice . . . and may fill the next vacancy on the Supreme Court.

MANY lawyers have told their clients that it is cheaper to suffer wrongs and avoid court proceedings than to endure the cost, irritations, and complexities of a trial. New Jersey's Chief Justice Arthur T. Vanderbilt, on the other hand, is one lawyer who has devoted himself—with considerable success—to the task of making the path to justice smoother, cheaper, and simpler. In addition to a distinguished career as a courtroom lawyer, he played an outstanding political role in his community—until he became a judge. He did more than any other individual to build up New York University's law center, which now bears his name. He has carried the message of better court administration all over the country and worked to improve law codes. And he was the leader of a popular movement that reformed New Jersey's courts—until 1947 the most flagrantly unsatisfactory in the nation—and, incidentally, gave the state a new constitution.

The story of the New Jersey courts is a good illustration of the thoroughness of Vanderbilt's achievements. In pre-reform days the state had seventeen different kinds of courts, most of them dating back to colonial days, all maintaining their own rules and traditions. A litigant waited several years to get into court and sometimes several years after the trial for a decision. There was one vice-chancellor who ran an even five years behind schedule on his decisions.

Today, thanks in large measure to Vanderbilt's leadership, New Jersey courts are the most efficient in the nation. There are only seven courts, headed by the Supreme Court which has the power to promulgate rules for all, and a basically uniform system of procedure throughout the state. A victim of an automobile accident in New Jersey can have his trial before six months have passed. Across the river in New York County, a thirty-nine-month wait is average, and in nearby Queens County, New York, it is forty-four.

When Vanderbilt plunged into the battle for court reform, he was, among many other things, the busiest courtroom practitioner in New Jersey. His colleagues could never fathom why he was so single-mindedly bent on the destruction of a system under which he was prospering so handsomely. But they overlooked two things: his Methodist impatience with time-wasting, and his sublime confidence in his own ability to succeed under any ground rules. Nothing in his life had given him any occasion to doubt either.

He began to harness his energy constructively as far back as his college days at Wesleyan. In four years he completed the requirements for both the B.A. and M.A. degrees while he was working his way through as fraternity steward and newspaper correspondent, editing the semi-weekly college *Argus,* managing the football team and the debating council, and ending up as president of both the student body and the senior class. One of his fraternity brothers remembers asking him how on earth he did it.

"Self-discipline," Vanderbilt replied instantly. "A man can do half a dozen jobs at once if he has proper control of time."

From Wesleyan he went on to Columbia Law School to which he commuted daily from Newark, where he was teaching four evening high-school classes. After Columbia, he took a job as law clerk in Newark in the office of Frank H. Sommer, the leader of the progressive wing of the

Essex County Republican party and a professor and later dean of New York University Law School. Sommer helped Vanderbilt get a teaching position there during his first year of practice and also offered him some memorable advice when, later on, Vanderbilt expressed an interest in entering politics.

"Arthur," he said, "do you know how many people there are in Newark?" Vanderbilt correctly quoted the 1910 census, around 300,000.

"No," said Sommer. "There are just about 300 people in Newark. If you're going into politics, your job is to know them well. They're from different walks of life and different social groups. But these few people are the ones who mold public opinion in this town. Your problem is to find out who they are and to know them."

In 1913 Vanderbilt was admitted to the bar and immediately opened his own offices. A year later, largely on the strength of his $1,400 lectureship at NYU, he married a high school classmate, Florence A. Althen. Since his bride was musical, he bought her a baby grand piano, leaving the young couple about $100 in cash.

"I should hate to tell you," observes Vanderbilt today, "the sum on which she ran the house each week, but she claims now that she had more money then than she has now."

In any case, by 1920 Vanderbilt had seven lawyers on his staff and counted among his clients banks, insurance companies, and large corporations, enabling him to provide comfortably for the five children who eventually came along. (Appropriately enough, all but one of the children have grown up to have an intimate concern with the law. The twin boys, who are the youngest, are today lawyers in their father's old firm, and each has served in the New Jersey General Assembly, one from Essex County, the other from Union County. The oldest girl practiced law until she married a lawyer and devoted herself to raising a family. The second girl also married a lawyer. Only the youngest girl strayed out of the fold to marry a mechanical engineer.)

As the years went on an increasing part of Vanderbilt's work consisted in trying difficult cases and appeals for other lawyers, who were often former students. He also found time to represent Roger Baldwin of the American Civil Liberties Union in a famous New Jersey civil-liberties case.

In the years following World War I, the Republican party in Essex County was in disrepute and disrepair. Vanderbilt took on the job of building a new Republican organization—discovering at the outset of the twenties what most politicians have just been learning in the fifties: that the suburban vote must be wooed in an entirely different way from the big-city vote. While Republican and Democratic machines fought each other in the traditional way in the Newark wards, Vanderbilt appealed to the commuters who lived in the Oranges and Montclair. By-passing the precinct-worker approach, he relied on encouraging newspaper editors to expose graft in their papers and persuading established leaders of the community to accept nominations for office. The formula worked. Vanderbilt's group won two of three vacancies on the county board in its first fight in 1919.

When the holdover majority of the Board still voted to go ahead with some of the very contracts the Vanderbilt group had condemned in the campaign, Vanderbilt countered with a successful taxpayer's suit which stopped the project, saved the county between three and four hundred thousand dollars, and kept the issue on the front pages of the local papers for several months. At the next election, Vanderbilt's "clean government" league gained control of the board and Vanderbilt became county counsel.

POLITICAL BATTLES

VANDERBILT'S bitterest political battle was with a fellow Republican, Harold Hoffman. When Hoffman was governor, Vanderbilt once visited him with the intention of making peace. But after a short talk he ended up by assuring him irritably that there was nothing wrong with him except that he had "no judgment and no character"—an observation confirmed after Hoffman's death when a posthumous investigation revealed he had stolen over $300,000 from the state government.

When Hoffman sought a second term, he was defeated in the primary largely because Vanderbilt, as Essex County Republican Chairman, turned in an unprecedented majority of 45,000 votes for his opponent, Driscoll. In 1,100 personal telephone calls, Vanderbilt obtained the pledge of every county committeeman to get out a bigger vote than ever before.

Vanderbilt was always an oddity in New Jersey politics because he was not dependent upon politics for a living and had other claims to local and national prominence, and because politics, even during a campaign, seldom took more than an hour or two of his day. The best five hours of his day were always spent in court. He soon found that political chores took less brain power

than any of his other tasks, so he used to reserve the late-afternoon hours for political conferences; telephoning; working on press releases, speeches, and platforms; or attending meetings. At seven, during the law-school year, there would be a hurried meal and a rush to the station two evenings a week. Then, after two hours of law classes and ten minutes of after-class questions, a rush back to the tubes.

At the same time he was active in state and national law associations, and in 1938 he became president of the American Bar Association. He immediately organized seven committees for court reform and himself made a cross-country tour to preach the gospel of better court administration. And he took a trip to England to visit British courts. In 1941, Chief Justice Hughes appointed him chairman of a committee to draft rules of procedure on criminal cases—which were approved in 1945—and in 1946 he was chairman of a committee which revised the methods of military justices.

REFORMING THE COURTS

THE campaign for New Jersey court reform actually began in 1930 when Vanderbilt was appointed first chairman of the New Jersey Judicial Council, an organization of lawyers and judges which was created to keep the courts up to date. Vanderbilt rapidly convinced his colleagues that New Jersey procedures were not susceptible to slight annual improvements and revisions—the fabric was far too threadbare to hold patches. Accordingly the Council advanced proposals for constitutional amendments looking toward fundamental reforms. The chief obstacle was Jersey City's boss, Frank Hague, who relied upon the existing rules to protect his power. He exerted enough pressure in 1941 to block Vanderbilt's reappointment to the Judicial Council. But the idea of reform once born could not be quashed so easily; it bounced back the same year in the form of a Constitutional Revision Commission on which Vanderbilt was again the moving spirit. In 1943 the Commission's proposals were submitted to a vote of the electorate —unfortunately not until the legislature had so watered them down that no one wanted them.

The proposals were defeated, and the defeat became the signal for an all-out effort by Vanderbilt and his associates. With the help of Democratic Governor Charles Edison and a Republican successor, Governor Driscoll, and using the familiar Vanderbilt tactics, they lined up the press, the women's clubs, the unions, the employers, the butchers, the vegetarians, and every conceivable group that believed the state should have a court system that could act promptly, fairly, and understandably. In 1947 a constitutional convention met at Rutgers University to adopt drastic court reforms and sweeping changes in the state-government organization. And this time, despite the open or covert opposition of lawyers, judges, and Hague, the new constitution was passed by the voters in a landslide majority of three and a half to one.

Vanderbilt's association with the new constitution made him an issue in the campaign, and a week before the voters went to the polls Governor Driscoll announced that Vanderbilt would be Chief Justice under the new constitution. Since this meant that he must be a sitting judge at the time the constitution was adopted, Driscoll forthwith appointed him to the Circuit Court, and Vanderbilt passed from the arena of partisan politics.

The new constitution set up only the broad outlines of the new court system, delegating the rule-making power—upon which the system's success or failure would depend—to the Supreme Court. As Chief Justice-Designate, excused from courtroom duties, Vanderbilt devoted himself to the task of formulating these rules during the ten months preceding the new courts' opening.

Like many other law teachers, he had covered the ground of ideal court rules many times in the classroom, in articles, and in speeches—had, in fact, as president of the American Bar Association, appointed committees which had worked out minimum standards of judicial administration. His problem now was one of human adjustment—to get the other New Jersey judges and lawyers to accept the spirit as well as the letter of the new rules. With this in mind, he invited a large number of them to assist in the planning and drafting and took great pains to keep the public informed. He also wrote the Chief Justices of every other state, asking them what they would do if they could start their court systems afresh.

One of Vanderbilt's primary time-saving notions was full use of pretrial conferences at which the opposing parties and their lawyers meet with the judge in open court and, before the trial begins, go through the papers in the case, obtain admissions, and limit the issues. It was also a notion which met with considerable reluctance from both lawyers and judges. To persuade them to give it a fair test, Vanderbilt invited Chief Judge Bolitha J. Laws of the District of Columbia and a team of lawyers to come

to New Jersey and demonstrate, in a kind of playlet, how the pretrial conference worked. The audience was sufficiently impressed to give the conferences a try. They soon discovered that by clarifying the issues, eliminating courtroom tricks and surprises, and letting the judge study the documentary evidence in advance, the conferences enabled cases to be tried in one-half to two-thirds the time they took under the earlier system, and there were fewer appeals. They have indeed worked so successfully that only last year Vanderbilt suggested that wider use of these conferences, rather than additional judges, might be the answer to increasingly heavy court calendars, and appointed a committee of trial judges and lawyers to work on perfecting them.

Vanderbilt's changes started in the lowest courts, which deal with the largest numbers of people. A municipal court replaced the Justices of the Peace in the country and the Police Courts—which sometimes used to be held by the clerk as an "acting judge" without any authority in law—in the city. All courts were held in public buildings; the wearing of robes by all judicial officers was encouraged. And New Jerseyites, accustomed to long waits in the courtroom for the judge to arrive, noticed particularly that courts opened promptly at ten. (There was muttering over this in the robing rooms, but the Supreme Court set the example.)

Vanderbilt emphasized these superficial changes because he felt they would help him meet a difficult challenge: the new constitution directed him to create a new court system based upon service to litigants, but it also provided that it should be manned by judges carried over from the old system—many of whom considered a judgeship a reward for past accomplishments rather than an active job. The robes, the courtrooms, the time schedules were outward symbols of a new perspective. Along with them went constitutional assurances of tenure, rigid prohibitions against political activity, and rules against taking time off for such activities as pallbearing and speech-making. Previously the New Jerseyite who was carried to his grave without at least one judge to do him reverence was poor indeed. Now judges are excused only for funerals in their own family.

In spite of the fact that it inherited congested calendars and many cases where decisions were long overdue, the new system promptly brought all courts in the state up to date. Special teams of judges were sent in to clean the dockets of courts that were particularly far behind, and when a court began again to fall behind in its decisions, judges from less busy courts were shifted to it. To help it assign judges to where they were most needed, the Supreme Court required weekly reports from every judge in the state, telling how many hours he sat, how many cases he heard, how far behind he was on decisions, and how many cases were waiting for trial. To many of the older judges, this filling out of a "time sheet" was the ultimate degradation. To win them to his side, the new Chief Justice had to exert all of the persuasiveness that had helped him build a political organization, attract clients, and convince juries. And within a few years he had established a new morale. One of the judges who liked him least at the start has become an ardent admirer, and describes him with the profane yet begrudgingly respectful language a marine might use about an exacting battle commander.

VANDERBILT had considerably less difficulty winning over the public. One of his most significant innovations was a rule of court establishing uniform, "non-fixable" traffic tickets made out in four carbons with each ticket stamped numerically and strictly accounted for. Its effect was immediately apparent. In Newark, during the first quarter of 1948, before it was introduced, there were more than 16,000 unaccounted-for tickets; during the corresponding quarter of 1949, there were only 600, all of them issued to out-of-state drivers.

According to Vanderbilt, "the elimination of the killing of tickets has been the greatest single factor making for increased respect for law in this state. Many times I have been thanked by political leaders of both parties for sparing them the thankless work of killing tickets. The effect on judges has been as great as it has been on litigants, witnesses, and spectators."

He has also made it possible for citizens to complain about judicial shortcomings, at the Administrative Office of the Supreme Court. New Jersey is the only state in the Union where one can complain about a judge as easily as about a bus driver. All complaints get a patient hearing. And in nine cases out of ten, it is possible to convince the complainant that he really got a fair deal.

During the new courts' first year, in 82 per cent of the cases, the lawyers' briefs failed to cite all of the necessary precedents, and the judges had to do their own research. An in-job training program in appellate argument—under which Rutgers University, the courts, and the senior members of the bar co-operate in giving a course

which includes classwork, brief writing, and actual argument before judges—raised the standards. Today a lawyer may call himself "counsellor" (which in New Jersey is higher than "attorney") and appear in appellate courts only after he has passed the course.

One of the bugaboos against which Vanderbilt still inveighs is the appellate court which is multi-judge in name only. In such courts, before a case is argued it is assigned to one judge for opinion writing. Free of further responsibility, the other judges pay little or no attention to the argument and vote for the opinion, when written, as a matter of course.

In the New Jersey Supreme Court, by contrast, Vanderbilt has done his best to get maximum participation by every judge in every decision. Each member of the court is required before hearing argument, not only to read all the briefs, but to come to conference with his own typewritten notes on them. The Chief Justice is thus able to inform lawyers at the outset of oral argument which points the judges consider most crucial. In the conference following argument, the cases are discussed, and only then are opinions assigned. The opinion writer has the final decision as to whether or not he will accept any suggestions made to him; the other members of the court have a like decision as to whether or not they will vote in favor of the opinion. Supreme Court decisions are issued a month after argument.

Aware that he is sometimes criticized as a worshipper of promptness for its own sake, Vanderbilt points out that he would prefer a slower decision if it better served the ends of justice. But he thinks a prompt decision is usually a better decision: "A judge will never know the case better than he does immediately after he has read the briefs and heard the arguments—it will only grow dimmer in his mind and the opinion become more difficult to write as the weeks go by."

Furthermore he knows that some delays, in themselves, create injustice. Shortly after it began to function the new Supreme Court refused a state-wide increase of streetcar and bus fares. Immediately after the court adjourned and the judges scattered on their vacations, the transit company filed an application for a rehearing. Under the rules, such an application automatically stays the judgment until the court disposes of it—which normally would have meant that trolley and bus riders would have continued to pay higher fares until the court convened in September. As a result, each commuter would have been out of pocket about $15 which he could, as a practical matter, never recover. The judges were in Maine, the Adirondacks, the Poconos, on the Jersey shore and the high seas, but Vanderbilt, himself in Maine, immediately arranged a special court session by telephone. In this long-distance conference, the court considered, and denied, the application for a rehearing.

The next day a map of the world with the Supreme Court's telephone circuit was on the front pages all over the state. It demonstrated, as nothing else could, that the new court meant business.

BUILDING A LAW SCHOOL

YET even the titanic labor of reforming New Jersey's courts never took all of Vanderbilt's time. At the peak of his efforts in 1943 he was made dean of the New York University law school and turned his simultaneous attention to a new set of problems. The school's enrollment was at a wartime low ebb and its diploma had no glamor for the large law firms. Characteristically, Vanderbilt wanted to do something to improve the situation at once, and he decided sprucing up the old quarters was a logical first step. So he set out to raise $200,000 among the alumni. At the end of the year, response had been so poor that he realized that a drive to paint and plaster an unattractive building for an unimpressive school fired no one's imagination. What was needed was a new school in a new building.

Accordingly he raised the ante to five million . . . fired the professional fund-raisers and took over himself, hiring five young veterans who were recent graduates to help him . . . got architect Otto Eggers to design a neo-Georgian building to overlook Washington Square . . . and made plans for a first-rank national law school (now the Arthur T. Vanderbilt Law Center) which would be a center of graduate scholarship and applied legal research to draw students from all over the world.

The first large contribution came from a Vanderbilt client—Davella Mills Foundation, for whom Vanderbilt had won an important case. He asked the trustees for a gift to NYU instead of a fee and received $500,000 on condition that an equal amount would be raised during the year and that the University would contribute the land. The two strings enabled Vanderbilt to put pressure behind his drive. Next he acquired several business corporations

for the school, including the Mueller macaroni company, whose income the school enjoyed on a tax-free basis—a coup so brilliant that it was instantly copied by schools all over the country until Congress plugged up the "loophole" in the tax law which allowed charities to enjoy tax-free income from non-related activities.

Now one of the best-housed in the country, the NYU law school has begun through a scholarship program to attract outstanding students from each of the nation's ten federal circuits. It brings teachers, judges, and practicing lawyers to numerous conferences on legal problems, and graduate students to such institutes as the Inter-American Law Institute for Latin American students, the Institute of Comparative Law for Europeans, the Institute of Judicial Administration for improving the work of the courts, and the Citizenship Clearing House "for acquainting the best men in the best colleges and universities with their responsibilities as citizens." It probably has the largest publication program of any law school in the United States.

THE JUDGE'S DAY

TODAY, at sixty-seven, Vanderbilt is still intensely active. He leaves his country house in Short Hills, New Jersey, at 7:00 A. M. and drives his 1939 Cadillac coupé to the station.

"I can get a day's work done between eight and nine in the morning," he explains, "because there are no interruptions."

His Newark chambers look north to the Oranges and east to the towers of Manhattan. There he busies himself with correspondence—all letters are answered the day they are received, and he has thoughts to communicate with judges and friends all over the world.

On three days a week, when he finishes his mail he begins his opinion writing and brief reading. On Mondays and Thursdays he catches the train to Trenton, where he is met by a state trooper and driven with two of his colleagues to the State House Annex. In the pleasantly furnished courtroom the judges' dais is not perceptibly raised and the lawyers sit in comfortable leather chairs arranged in living-room fashion. Vanderbilt's good-humored courtesy and casual manner reinforce the impression that lawyers and judges participate together in the judicial function.

Like many other law teachers who have ascended the bench, Vanderbilt tends to be impatient with legal pedantries and artificialities. In one case, he joined with his colleagues in striking down an ancient bar against suing one's wife in order to permit a husband to collect unemployment compensation: his employer was his wife. He also avoids pomposity on and off the bench—his clothes tend to be soft and gray rather than stiff and black. He gives the impression of an important and successful man, but not necessarily a Chief Justice.

Recently he has become concerned with the threat to New Jersey's natural beauties and has written a series of opinions enabling New Jersey municipalities to prevent undesirable developments and preserve the character of the state's suburbs and farmlands.

But with all his legal activity, he takes care not to get out of touch with current culture. In 1938, when he was visiting the chambers of British judges, he was astonished to see large piles of new books in colorful paper covers, obviously non-legal in nature. These, he learned, were being accumulated for vacation reading; and he began to contrast this with the narrow interests of American lawyers and judges who seldom bother with non-professional literature. Some years before, he had been forcibly struck by his own "illiteracy." During a vacation voyage with his wife, he started to read *The Green Hat,* then a best seller, and was so shocked by its frankness that he decided he had been given a piece of pornography by mistake, and threw the book overboard. His wife, aghast, assured him that the book was a best seller and that everybody was reading novels like it.

Since that day, a trunkful of current books—mostly biography, history, and essays—has always accompanied Vanderbilt to Maine for his summer vacations, and during the winter he attends the theater in New York frequently.

His two-month Maine vacation at the family house at North Harpswell, overlooking Casco Bay, three-quarters of a mile away from their nearest neighbors, is a rigidly kept feature of Vanderbilt's year—the one period in which he religiously abstains from office work. Instead, while his wife occupies herself in the garden, and the younger members of the family take out one of the two family boats, he reads, relaxes, and gets to know his thirteen grandchildren.

In three more years, according to the words he himself wrote into the New Jersey constitution, he will retire from the Supreme Court. A study in the Arthur T. Vanderbilt Law Center is awaiting him. On a large yellow foolscap pad is a long list of projected books and articles he is eager to start working on—at eight in the morning the day he steps down from the bench.

William H. Adolph

What Early Man Discovered about Food

A nutrition investigator at Yale suggests that "old wives' tales" and ancient customs can teach a lot about good eating.

SEVERAL years ago a group of other nutritionists and myself were traveling through rural north China on a visit to the great non-rice-eating section of the country. At noon one day we passed a farmer munching a bit of bread by the roadside, and the bread caught our attention. It was obviously not made from wheat or from any single cereal. We stopped to question him.

"It is mixed flour," he said. "We call it nest bread."

Later when he took us to his kitchen to show us a specimen we decided that the name described the shape of the dark brown loaves. The ingredients were sorghum, maize, and soybean.

"It yields more strength," explained the farmer. Was this perhaps his crude way of asserting that it had superior nutrient qualities?

Our laboratory in Peking subsequently vindicated this opinion. The final report on protein quality, after measurements with laboratory animals, was:

mixed flour	2.3
maize (corn)	1.0
soybean	1.4
sorghum	1.0
whole wheat	1.4

Protein is the single most important factor in a cereal diet, but much depends on the quality of the protein, and the mixed flour provided a better quality of protein than any of its single constituents. It is generally accepted among modern nutritionists that individual cereals are ill-balanced protein foods, but that in a mixture of several, each may compensate for the shortcomings of the others. The interesting question is: how did the Chinese farmer know this?

We found other mixed cereals in China, too, different in composition from the farmer's mixed flour but all of generally high-quality protein. Each, moreover, had a definite set of ingredients which had been established long before the memories of the peasants who now ate it.

"It has always been so," was the best explanation they could give for the unvarying contents of the mixtures.

In the Middle East, where the Arab farmer faces much the same situation as his Chinese contemporary, we found similar flours of mixed cereals and legumes. An Arab peasant pointing to one of these declared, "It is healthy food." And once again our laboratory backed him up. But how had his ancestors discovered this?

Many theories are possible. From prehistoric times to the present, mankind has been constantly selecting new foods and improving old ones. Recent nutritive discoveries we term scientific achievements; the earlier ones we usually discount as blind chance. Yet the Scriptures record in some detail an experiment conducted by Daniel and three companions to test the relative nutritive value of a meat diet and a vegetarian one. In its broad outlines, their method was almost identical with present-day standard laboratory procedure. It was a ten-day experiment with human subjects. Some were systematically fed meat, some vegetables, and the results were compared. The final report favored vegetarianism—a conclusion still being debated in some nutrition circles. Today we would probably use test animals rather than humans and continue the experiment longer, but the essentials of the test would be the same.

Long before Daniel, the cave man discovered

that plant food grown and harvested outside the cave door could supplement a failing supply of animal food, and the agricultural revolution began. Man was on the eve of making his historic —or prehistoric—food choices. Before the agricultural age, man was not seriously concerned with the quality of his diet; meat is high-protein food. But when he began growing his meals, selection became important. Wheat and corn are the outstanding examples of his success in choosing foods with substantial nutritive value which he could harvest with some regularity.

Wheat's ancestors are the field grains and wild grasses of Southwest Asia. Modern plant breeders have actually recreated the wheat of today by hybridizing these grasses. Early man's stage-by-stage development of the large, robust, easily harvested wheat kernel we know must have been long and time-consuming; but it could not have been a random process. It reflects the thoughtful choice of observing man.

Wheat is particularly valuable because it contains gluten—the sticky component in wheat flour. Because it contains gluten it can be made into the attractive, spongy material we call bread. The discovery that wheat had this bread-making quality was a distinct achievement. Thereafter the grain was evaluated in terms of its gluten content. And something more than blind experiment came into play.

Corn or maize, man's other great cereal, is also man-selected. Its ancestors have not yet been precisely identified, but in a New Mexican cave, at the bottom of a rubbish heap dating back perhaps thousands of years, small ears of very primitive corn were discovered. Succeeding layers showed increasingly larger ears, with larger kernels, and in the top layer were ears similar to our present Indian corn. Here is evidence of the step-by-step development of a highly nutritive food which could be cultivated without the use of elaborate tools. Today corn has become so man-dependent that it can no longer seed itself; it has also become the cereal crop that yields the greatest return for the labor expended.

EGG CHEESE AND SOYBEAN MILK

IN A Peking restaurant we sampled a dish of suspicious looking, obviously ancient eggs. "They are not spoiled, and they do not have a revolting odor," observed our Chinese host graciously. "They are preserved eggs; they have been cured." Inside the shell was material of a cheese-like consistency.

"In Europe," continued our host, "you preserve milk by turning it into cheese. We in China do the same with eggs."

Milk and eggs are both essentially protein foods, so they might be expected to undergo a similar form of chemical transformation. Preserved eggs taste like cheese, and it is not surprising that in a non-milk country they have for centuries filled the function of cheese. The Occident apparently never developed this process. Instead we powder eggs—a weird and insipid solution to the egg-preservation problem.

Milk has not always been used by man as a food. Primitive man had no domestic animals. But when early pastoral man eventually did add milk to his diet he made a constructive choice that succeeding generations have sanctioned. Yet milk was not easily received into the ranks of respected foods. Homer calls it food for barbarians; and to many Chinese today the taste of milk and milk products is repulsive. Even in America, we took to milk slowly. Fifty years ago it was "prescribed" for children and we clung to the idea that it was good for babies and baby animals, but not for red-blooded humans. So much more credit then to early man for including milk among his food choices.

The soybean has been much publicized as the equivalent of milk—"Believe it or not, the Cow of China is a Bean!" read an advertisement in a recent Shanghai newspaper—but this is not quite accurate. The soybean is not equal to milk, but it does contain good protein. And from all the legumes in his agricultural repertory the ancient Chinese chose the soybean for intensive development. In a heavily populated, non-milk-producing country the soybean has supplied the Chinese through the centuries with necessary protein and met a nutritional emergency.

The soybean is hard and not easily softened by cooking. So the Chinese eat the sprouts or ferment the bean and make soy sauce. They also early discovered that the protein can be separated from the bean in the form of soybean milk which can be fed to infants or converted into a palatable cheeselike curd. It would be enlightening to know how the early Chinese discovered this process which is now a common laboratory procedure, extensively used in areas where milk is not available.

In some areas of the earth, Neolithic man is still with us. Vilhjalmur Stefansson lived with Eskimos in what he called a Neolithic community and reported that they lived exclusively on meat—caribou or seal—and were free from scurvy and other nutritional deficiency diseases.

But it is worth noting that the Eskimo eats not only the muscle meat but also liberal amounts of fat, skin, tendon, and rich bone marrow. Nutritionists long contended that man could not live on an all-meat diet, until Stefansson and his colleague Andersen, some years ago, volunteered to eat meat for a year under observation in a New York hospital. For twelve months they ate meat with the fat on it, and chewed bones, as the Eskimos did. And they remained healthy.

SUBSTITUTES FOR REFRIGERATION

EARLY man was as intelligent in his methods of preserving food as he was in his selection. *Burghul,* parboiled wheat, for example, is found in all the countries of the Middle East. To make it, wheat is briefly cooked and then dried for two or three hours in the sun. The resulting substance can be stored for years. Butter oil (*ghee* in India, *samneh* in the Middle East) is another ingenious solution to the spoilage problem. Butter oil can be kept for as long as a year, even in a warm climate, without going rancid.

The primitive treatment for keeping milk, developed generations ago in the Middle East, has even more spectacular advantages. Milk is transformed into a milk-curd by adding beneficial bacteria, which in turn prevent the growth of other harmful bacteria. *Yoghurt* or *leban,* as the milk-curd product is called, ranks high today with many Western nutritionists as having special food value. But primarily it developed as a convenient device for handling milk in semitropical areas.

A visitor to Jerusalem, strolling among the city's shops, is always intrigued by the white mounds of something which looks like golf balls on the food stands. These are lumps of dried milk, or *jubjub,* made from sheep's milk, first converted into the usual curd and then dried in the hot sun. The balls can be reconstituted by adding water. In the West we consider dried milk powder, which first appeared on the market fifty years ago, one of the triumphs of the chemical industry. But the peoples of the Middle East have enjoyed the advantages of dried milk for a long time.

Jewish ritual food regulations were, of course, first drawn up for the inhabitants of a semitropical region, and, as such, are in the main intensely practical. Because meat spoils rapidly in heat, kosher meat had to be fresh-killed. Because swine in tropical countries are heavily infested with parasites, pork was forbidden. The same taboo holds for shellfish. Obviously the early Jews had a working knowledge of sanitary procedures. In like fashion, people of the Far East drink boiled water, or boiled water flavored with tea—a very helpful habit in the face of the overwhelming sources of water infection.

It is often dangerous to disturb ancient food regimes. On one of the Pacific islands, the diet from very early times included a toddy made from the coconut palm. A recent, progressive administration banned the toddy. Almost immediately there was a high incidence of beri-beri among infants.

The famous Chinese sweet-and-sour spareribs, prepared with vinegar, turn out, on investigation, to provide a high calcium intake in a diet that tends to be deficient in this respect. Prenatal diets among primitive peoples almost invariably are high in protein and often include fruit and other vitamin-rich foods not commonly eaten in the same quantity. In certain areas of East Asia, nursing mothers have a special diet of eggs. Our oldest son was born in China. Shortly after his arrival small baskets of eggs began to arrive from Chinese friends—the ancient but still favored present for the new mother.

Primitive man was also canny about his herbs and drugs. Centuries ago the Chinese used seaweed, which we now know is rich in iodine, as a cure for goiter. They also used chaulmoogra oil for leprosy and ephedrine for colds in the head. The American Indians used pine needles, rich in Vitamin C, to cure scurvy—and this centuries before vitamins were discovered. A recent traveler on the upper Nile observed a yeastlike mold used by the natives on wounds. Could this be, he asked, similar to penicillin?

"Never overlook the importance of an 'old wives' tale,'" emphasized a British nutritionist who visited our laboratory. He classes all unlabeled, inherited bits of homely wisdom as "old wives' tales" and insists that these gems of folklore often contain grains of nutritional truth, sometimes of great significance. I agree with him.

There are many interpretations of how these old wives' tales came into being. I believe that the early nutrition experiments were not blind chance, nor even survival of the fittest, but the result of observation. Someone with eyes more alert than his fellows noticed that the people who ate food A had more energy than those who ate food B. Or he saw a relationship between seaweed and goiter. For early man *was* observant.

The American Indian noted all the recorded signs of nature: the moss on the trees, the call of a bird, the feel of the air. Why could he not also have noted the effects of one food or another on his family and neighbors?

COOKING today, in the hands of an inspired chef, is an art, but it had practical beginnings. Early methods of cooking stressed fuel economy. To this day, bread in China is steamed, not baked. There seems to be no difference in nutritive value, but steaming saves a substantial amount of fuel. Yet nutritive values were not altogether forgotten. From early times vegetables in the Far East have been light-fried or sautéed, instead of deep-fried. This not only saves fuel; it preserves the vitamin content.

Many food habits are related to economic factors, but even so primitive food choices were generally wise. A given area of land can be used to produce food in two ways: either planted to harvest a crop that is used as food, or planted to harvest a crop to feed domestic animals that in turn become meat. If you compare these two processes in terms of calories, you will find that an acre of land produces fewer meat calories than vegetable or cereal calories. In other words, raising animals to produce calories is less economical than raising vegetable food. And so in the areas of the world where the population pressure is the severest, man tends to become a vegetarian.

Of the three principal food animals—the steer, the sheep, and the hog—the hog is the most efficient meat-producing machine. China, from ancient days to the present, has never consumed large quantities of meat, but pork is the most popular.

The array of nutritional choices we have discussed in this article cannot be dismissed as mere instinct. Instinct may play a part in animals' nutrition, but humans acquired cultural patterns at a very early stage. These patterns are ruthless. They have long since obscured the natural picture and made the operation of instinct improbable. They include taboos, religious ritual, educational programs, prejudice, even planned propaganda. All these, particularly in recent times, have blunted man's freedom of food choice and made it difficult to distinguish his original choices from mere social conventions. Yet there is inescapable evidence that primitive peoples chose their original diets shrewdly and with care—sometimes with more care than modern Westerners.

Perhaps today's nutritionist can learn as much by borrowing the methods of the anthropologist and studying man's food choices through the ages as he can in the laboratory. It may be that the Masai of East Africa, a tribe noted for exceptional physique, who live on milk, meat, and raw blood—or the splendidly healthy Hunzas of northern India, who for generations have eaten milk, butter, cereals, vegetables, fruit, and some goat meat—can teach as truly as laboratory-fed white rats.

A SOFT ANSWER TURNETH AWAY WATER

or, Cooper keeps his eye on the ball

CALCUTTA, INDIA, September 9—John Sherman Cooper, United States Ambassador to India, was questioned today on the United States offer of flood relief. . . .

The Mahanadi has fallen to a level of 70.5 feet, 2.5 feet below the danger level. But embankments have been broken and the countryside deluged. The weather forecast is for more trouble—widespread rains.

Mr. Cooper emphasized, however, that the United States traditionally was against colonialism. Mr. Cooper said that the United States wanted peace in the Far East, but that causes for tension still remained. Only when those causes were removed, he said, could the United States think in terms of relaxing its military vigil in this part of the world.

—From a dispatch in the *New York Times,* September 10, 1955.

Harry L. Turtledove

WHY the French act that way

A surprising number of them are trooping after a "little man" who promises to turn the clock back to 1789 . . . a clinical report from the bedside of a very sick patient.

FRANCE is in crisis. Superficially the crisis is political and is reflected in governmental instability and ineffectiveness. Actually the roots lie far beneath—in the economic and social organization of the country and the peculiar attitudes these have produced. This was dramatically demonstrated in this year's national elections, when the already feeble Fourth Republic was dealt a crippling blow by a new and all but unknown member of that rapacious antidemocratic gang that, almost from the moment of its birth ten years ago, has sought its dismemberment.

To be sure, French democracy's senior illwisher, the Communist party, made its presence felt in the elections of January 2, winning a fourth of the nearly 22,000,000 votes cast in metropolitan France and 145 of the metropolitan's 544 seats in the National Assembly. But this was to be expected. The Communist gain of more than fifty seats compared with 1951, when elections were last held, was due to the weird workings of an electoral law that had in effect counted out many of their 1951 ballots. Their percent of the total 1956 vote was within half of one per cent of what it had been four and a half years earlier—and lower at that.

Besides, the Communists' power, although unweakened, had been neutralized since well before 1951—at a price. It had been neutralized in the National Assembly by excluding them from all governments; this meant that coalitions had to sweep far to the Right—becoming at the same time broader in constitution but narrower in common purpose—in order to gain the majority support necessary for survival. It had been neutralized in the country by estranging the larger part of the working class, which solidly supported the Communist cause, from any feeling of identification with the institutions of the state.

What was not expected was the success of the *Union de Défense des Commerçants et des Artisans,* the personal creation of Pierre Poujade, the thirty-five-year-old self-styled Little Stationer of Saint Ceré (a village of 3,200 people in south central France). UDCA, running without any coherent program, won more than 2,500,000 votes and fifty-two Assembly seats.

Given a National Assembly in which 200 members represent parties overtly hostile to parliamentary government, the prospects of a government that is both stable and active (the two are not always conjoined) are even slimmer than they were during the preceding four and a half years. Throughout that period a series of cabinet conglomerations, with one notable exception, made standing pat a guiding principle and inaction a political virtue. Perhaps, though it is unlikely, some sort of lasting coalition will be patched together. But unless it includes one or the other of the antidemocratic parties, it must stretch from the Socialists all the way up to, and including part of, the "classical" Right. It would almost certainly be as ineffective as it would be unstable.

The government headed by Guy Mollet, the first to emerge from the new Assembly, had the advantage of representing a relatively narrow coalition. But it had the counterbalancing disadvantage of representing only a minority of the Assembly, so that it always had to attract and hold support from outside its own ranks. Its life expectancy was not great.

And whatever short-run palliatives are applied, the long-run chances of French parliamentary democracy must be measured against the cold fact that in this highly literate country, in the midst of the greatest economic boom Europe has ever known, four voters in every ten voted for parties—Communist or Poujadist—that make no effort to mask the contempt in which they hold political democracy or of their desire to dismember it. The existence of the Communist

threat, its causes and its strength, are well known. But the newest menace has been little known outside France and not fully appreciated there; the frantic efforts of the pundits, since January 3, to "interpret" what should have been apparent long before are proof enough of that.

The consensus of the experts is that Poujadism is a movement of shopkeepers and artisans united in the interests of tax reform, and that its unexpected electoral showing resulted from its capture of the votes of the chronically disgruntled. Such capsule evaluations are convenient for newspapers, and true as far as they go. But they do not explain why a so-called tax-reform movement should win so much support at the expense of the established parties—which, after all, cannot be unaware of the need for tax reform—nor why there should be, at a time when French production and consumption are at all-time record levels, 2,500,000 "disgruntled" Frenchmen in addition to the other 5,000,000 who vote regularly for the Communists.

HOW NOT TO PAY TAXES

AT FIRST glance, an organization of French shopkeepers and "little" businessmen devoted to tax reform would appear to be one of high public service. There is no more doubt of the need for tax reform than there is of the root cause of French fiscal inefficiency: failure to raise enough revenue through direct taxation. The notion is widely held outside France that Frenchmen do not pay taxes. Nothing could be farther from the truth. France is a highly taxed country, and the *fisc* levies its tolls upon millions of citizens. What is true is that too many Frenchmen refuse to pay *direct* taxes, so the loss has to be made up elsewhere.

Not that laws providing for direct income and profits taxes are not on the books. They are, and these taxes are paid—by the wage earners, from whose pay they are automatically deducted, and by the industrial and commercial firms whose size makes large-scale fraud exceedingly difficult. But it is no secret that they are not paid by the "little" businessman, who generally keeps at least one set of fraudulent books for the benefit of the tax collector, or by the self-employed artisan and small farmer, who often keep no books at all.

Faced, like every other state, by rapidly increasing financial demands, the French administration therefore has had to resort, far more than any of its peers, to indirect taxation. Always following the lines of least resistance, it has constructed an ever-more-bewildering crazy quilt of contradictory, steep, and regressive taxes—the 14 per cent retail-sales tax is only one example—that constitute a built-in deterrent to even economic growth. It has thus placed a double burden on the working class, half of whom today earn less than $100 a month: they pay their share of direct taxes through withholding, and they pay the evaders' share through taxes on almost everything they buy or use.

Any real tax reform must, in some way, make the shopkeepers and middlemen and peasants pay a fairer *share* of the total tax bill, whatever it may amount to. Poujadism and serious tax reform are contradictions in terms; the essence of M. Poujade's contribution to fiscal theory has been the vague notion that taxes should be paid at "the source," but he has no more specified how this should be done than he has defined "the source." He has made much of the annoyances suffered by the businessman in his unwanted role of "collector" of a multitude of indirect taxes. Tax administration—like all French administration—is without doubt needlessly complicated, but the middleman is able to assuage most of his suffering by passing the bill, sometimes with interest added, on to the consumer. Poujade has developed the happy notion that the taxes the middleman "collects" really belong to him; he has made no suggestion that any reduction in the level of indirect taxation should be passed back to the consumer in the form of lower prices.

To accept Poujadism as a tax-reform movement is to miss its real meaning. The Little Stationer of Saint Ceré has not suddenly become a major political force among the lower middle class because he has convinced them that they should no longer pay the taxes most of them were not paying in the first place. His movement has suddenly become powerful because it accurately reflects and exploits the nihilistic desire of millions of Frenchmen to reject the twentieth century—and with it a political system that has provided no solution to the real economic problems which they face. Hence Pierre Mendès-France's observation, the day after the elections, that the Poujadist surge was attributable to "ten years of *immobilisme*."

France is really the nation of shopkeepers. This essentially rural and small-town nation* came late and reluctantly to the Industrial Rev-

* Only five French cities have populations of over 250,000; England and Italy, each with roughly the same population as France, have respectively, fifteen and ten.

olution; its typical economic units remain the small factory, the small mill, the small shop.

In recent years, the tendency toward more efficient units of production has been felt. But although there are now only four major automobile producers, where a few years ago there were dozens, there are still more than 200,000 building contractors in the country—90 per cent of them employing less than six men. And distribution has changed hardly at all.

The war years of Vichy and the occupation saw many otherwise unqualified people become merchants for the sole reason that anyone who could find anything to sell could name his own price. Since 1945, the tax situation has continued to swell the ranks of middlemen and retailers, for the same gross income produces a higher net for the merchant, who may pay some but certainly not all of his taxes, than for the worker, who will have his full tax deducted. Finally, a rigid class structure still gives higher social status to the merchant than to the wage worker.

The French *commerçant* occupies a position described in no orthodox economic textbook. Just as the French manufacturer is spared external competition by all kinds of barriers, of which high tariffs are only one, so the merchant is relieved from internal competition by a highly cartelized industry and an all-interfering government that, combined, produce rigidly fixed retail prices. Spared from the most telling form of competition—price rivalry—the French merchant has become, for the most part, a glorified order-taker. He is often unqualified, generally undercapitalized, dependent for a living in an overcrowded trade on a small volume of sales. His prices—both those fixed for him and the few he fixes for himself—are consequently set high enough to yield a large profit on each sale. He is seldom equipped, either mentally or materially, to sell in volume, and the idea that he could better himself by selling more for less is alien.

To be sure, many small merchants have done, and still do, very well; their real profits are well-kept secrets, sometimes hidden—because of their distrust of accounting and distaste for candid book-keeping—even from themselves. But one has only to visit the shops of a few French towns, with their plethora of dingy little groceries, bakeries, bars, and dry-goods stores to realize that many others live close to poverty. They do not go bankrupt only because their capital investment is hardly greater than their small inventories (they get little or no credit), they pay no wages (the family does the work), and the back or upstairs of the shop provides them with living quarters.

This is a general situation, but it is most acute in the South and West, those depressed areas that have lagged progressively farther behind as other areas have boomed, making the national maldistribution of capital, industry, talent, and imagination ever more lopsided. Much has been said about pouring new economic life into these regions; next to nothing has been done. Small wonder that it was below the Loire—roughly the northern border of the depressed areas—that Poujadism was born and flourished.

THE POUJADIST COUP

HERE then is a living anachronism composed of thousands of people. Insecure in their declining social status but fearful that they will lose even what little remains, anxious for change yet aware that many of them could not survive any rationalization of the French economy, bitter because successive French governments have ignored the basic problem but fearful of what a courageous government might do, they solace themselves in escape. Escape to the days when life was "simpler," when there was, ostensibly, no Big Business or Big Government, when France basked in her glory, and a man could make his living in peace. Not Reform but Return is their goal.

To a class with this mentality, living in an atmosphere of general political irresponsibility whose tone was often set by the National Assembly, the Little Stationer of Saint Ceré was a natural leader. And his ideas grew with his popularity. From preaching tax "reform" to interfering with tax collectors, and then even to relieving them of their collections, was a short step. The big step was the one into politics.

The experts in Paris scorned Poujadism's political chances. The movement would fail, they said, because it had nothing to offer. But Poujade did have something to offer: a diagnosis and a cure for the ills of the times. The diagnosis was simple: throw all the corrupt (*i.e.*, the elected officials) out of office. So was the cure: the call for an Estates-General.

What better scapegoat for France's ills than her institutions of popular government? What more ingenious exploitation of the desire to look backwards than to suggest a return all the way to the eighteenth century? Of course, Poujade never explained how that feudal institution, the Estates General—whose last session, in 1789, ended with its transformation into the original

National Assembly—would accomplish what that new institution, universal suffrage, could not. Nor did he explain with any precision how his Estates General would be convoked, any more than he explained what his position was on Algeria, housing, wages, European defense, farm policy, governmental reform, or any of the other problems with which France is confronted.* It was sufficient for him to reply—when, rarely, these problems were forced on his attention—that when the Estates-General was called the "will of the French people" would be known.

It was this "program" that polled 2,500,000 votes on January 2 and placed fifty-two members of the UDCA—almost every one of them a nonentity possessing no apparent qualifications for high public office—in the National Assembly!

Not all the fifty-two were allowed to remain there. In the course of validating its membership the appropriate National Assembly committees decided that twelve Poujadistes had been illegally elected. The charge was a technical one: they had abused the mechanism of *apparentement* (which allows a candidate to be credited with the pooled votes of several parties) by running simultaneously on different tickets all of which, it was held, represented the UDCA under assumed names. Such abuse of a confusingly complicated electoral system is hardly unknown, even among the more experienced parties, and no one, least of all the officials who had legally certified the Poujadiste *apparentements,* questioned their propriety—until after they had won.

Nevertheless, the National Assembly decided to consider, case by case, its committees' recommendations. The Poujadiste counter was to obstruct that consideration by all available means. At the end of one month, during which time the Assembly concerned itself with no other major business except, as a brief interruption, the investiture of M. Mollet, only three of the twelve cases had been dealt with; each of the three errant Poujadiste deputies had been disqualified and replaced by the leading also-rans, none of them Poujadistes, in the three *departements* in question. It was a parliamentary month characterized by filibusters, personal abuse, fights between members of the Assembly, sessions suspended in pandemonium, avoidance of any other business—and a further lowering of public respect for the nation's legislators.

This strange interlude may have given some hint of the shape of future developments. It revealed a scarcely concealed willingness on the part of some of the Assembly's right wing to come to terms with the Poujadistes, matched by an equal willingness on the part of the Communists to pose as the ever-ready protectors of the Republic in whose "defense" they urged the formation of a Popular Front, which would put them back in a government for the first time in more than nine years.

But the most immediate effect was that at relatively little cost the Poujadistes—aided by the ineptitude of their opponents—succeeded at the very outset in debasing the parliamentary process. (Their special "delegates" also succeeded in playing an active role in fomenting the savage and disastrous insurrectional rioting by a mob of Europeans that greeted the new prime minister, M. Mollet, when he arrived in Algiers on a personal fact-finding mission.) Furthermore, they could now pose as martyrs whose appeals for by-elections where there had been disqualifications had gone unheeded by an arrogant majority whose fear of the people was apparent.

A CYNICAL TRUCE

POUJADISM is not fascism in the "classical" sense, for it lacks the philosophical mumbo-jumbo that gave fascism an ideology and an "idealism." But if fascism, with all its philosophy, culminated in nihilism, Poujadism goes it a step better by starting with nihilism.

At the moment, the movement probably owes a greater debt, unacknowledged though it may be, to that poisonous precursor of fascism, Maurras, than to Mussolini or Hitler. And if it possesses the general fascist characteristic of representing authoritarianism while at the same time attacking authority, it is also peculiarly French in holding out visions of the kind of anarchy ("order" in the midst of freedom from the responsibilities of citizenship) that is so cherished by the French bourgeois mind.

Like all fascist movements, Poujadism is a middle-class revolt motivated by fear. Yet, unlike his predecessors, Poujade has not made the working class and the fear of Communism—even

* Although he never laid down a precise line on Algeria, the drift of Poujade's attitude toward this problem became clearer than on almost any other, with the result that Poujadism gathered increasing strength among the most reactionary European elements in Algeria. The cause for this relative clarity may have been only Poujade's concern that no more of France's possessions be "thrown away," but it has been suggested that quiet financial support from individuals with large North African interests may also have had something to do with it.

in a country where Communism is a real and persistent threat—his main target. That position has been reserved for the democratic system generally—and particularly for Mendès-France and his political allies as the force most likely to reform the system. The tacit and cynical electoral truce between the Communists and Poujadistes spared each partner the attacks of the other, thereby allowing both to concentrate on their common enemies, the supporters of parliamentary democracy.

But the Poujadiste campaign made ample use of the tested techniques of yesterday's Caesars. Well-directed squads of bully boys not only ensured "order" at Poujade meetings but also helped create disorder at those of selected opponents. They even caused the cancellation of some meetings, because of disconnected power lines, physical attack, or simply organized pandemonium.

Poujade's own public meetings, held before packed houses of adulatory listeners, were well-disciplined affairs which brooked no embarrassing questions. Anti-Semitism, attacks on Big Business—particularly "International" Big Business—the rotten press and the even more rotten system (*i.e.*, democracy), half-truths and suggestive insinuations about the involvement of prominent public figures in hushed-up "scandals" became the common coin of Poujade currency. So did the language of physical violence; the idea, repeated often from the platform and in party publications, of hanging both his opponents and those members of his movement who proved unfaithful is probably Poujade's most serious contribution to contemporary political thought.

Where the money came from to finance his well-organized campaign as well as his publications is, not surprisingly, open to question. Poujade himself has stated that the movement's only income comes from a claimed 500,000 members, each of whom pays a membership fee of 1,000 francs ($2.85). Whatever the real membership, there is little doubt that the UDCA's members have shown considerably less carelessness in paying their dues than in paying their taxes. Even if this has been the only source of income, which is doubtful, it would provide a large treasury, particularly as the major part of candidates' normal campaign expenses are paid for by the state.

The internal structure of the party is monolithic; all authority stems from the Little Stationer. All UDCA candidates for public office had to swear an oath "never to take any position in cases which have not had the approval" of the "national director" (*i.e.*, Poujade) of the UDCA. They further swore that if they violated this promise they would "submit their physical and moral persons to the punishment reserved for traitors, according to the rules of honor set out in the interior rules [of the UDCA]." It was also agreed that the salaries of those elected to the National Assembly—a deputy receives in all more than $7,000 a year, high pay in France—would be handed over in full to the party, which, in its discretion, would pay them according to their just needs—the same method employed by that other monolith, the Communist party. When it came time to choose a floor leader from among the UDCA deputies, no election was held; M. Poujade, who himself holds no public office, simply announced who the leader would be. The Poujadistes, it was made clear, would vote only as a block and only after their position on any given issue had been decided—by M. Poujade.

There are indications that Poujadism is also beginning to develop an ideology. In his first big post-election meeting, at which 20,000 Parisians were packed into the biggest available hall, Poujade again offered the calling of an Estates General—which, with its three estates, is a harbinger of the corporate state—as his solution to all pressing problems. At this same meeting one of the new deputies who is considered a senior leader of Poujadism—he is an erstwhile law student still in his twenties—recalled with nostalgia "the camaraderie of the barracks," and another—who had been found guilty and fined for defaming the President of the National Assembly during the campaign—wound up an anti-Semitic tirade with the statement that "if there is any disorder in Paris, we will come up with 500,000 (*sic!*) peasants and sweep out." A reporter for a Paris daily described this meeting as "a collective séance of electric shock. . . . The key words: Jacob, Isaac, fatherlandless [*apatride*]. The key themes: These people who are not of us, and where were their fathers in 1914. . . ."

IS IT REALLY SO BAD?

CERTAIN French observers have been at pains to demonstrate that the latest elections really show that not much has changed since 1951. Then, they point out, the extremists (Communists and Gaullists) polled about 9,000,000 (45 per cent of the total) votes; this time, they polled roughly 8,500,000 (40 per cent), the Poujadists having replaced the now scat-

tered Gaullists. Ergo, there is a fairly constant proportion of malcontents among the French electorate.

Now there can be little doubt that many, though far from all, of Poujade's supporters voted Gaullist in 1951. But that in no way diminishes the vast difference between the two movements. Gaullism was built around the unquestionably outstanding French figure to emerge from the war. It was founded on a mordant analysis of the weaknesses built into the structure of the Fourth Republic—an analysis that has proved all too accurate—which was shared by noted Frenchmen in all walks of life, including intellectuals like Malraux and Mauriac. While Gaullism was unquestionably strongest among the middle class, it was not without a following among the working class; its left wing was made up of men with strong views who thought they saw in a French state with De Gaulle in command the only chance of obtaining fundamental social and economic reform.

Gaullism, of course, had its weaknesses. Two of them were fatal: the failure of its mystical leader ever to state precisely what he intended to do with the power he solicited, and the gradual taking over of the movement, through the workings of a sort of Gresham's law of French politics, by its worst elements—the discredited careerists, ultra-reactionaries, and, by supreme irony, the Vichyites and their camp followers. By 1951, when it made its supreme bid for power, Gaullism was already in decline and had lost many of its most distinguished followers. But even at that late date, men of high standing and integrity participated in the "Rally of the French People."

Poujadism is a solid one-class movement. No French notable in any walk of life is associated with it. It has no working-class following, and whatever support it receives from industrialists and big businessmen—most of whom undoubtedly prefer the "reasonable" Right personified by M. Pinay—is surreptitious. To travel from Gaullism to Poujadism in less than five years is to go a long way—all of it downhill.

It is all the more remarkable that this degeneration has taken place during the most prosperous years that France—though not necessarily all Frenchmen—has ever known and when, in the popular French view, the threat of war is less serious than it has been for a long time. If Poujadism is the product of peace and prosperity, what can be expected from bad times?

Foreigners do not always appreciate that in France parliamentary democracy has never been the universally accepted premise around which the state is organized. The First Republic betrayed itself and the Revolution. The Second lasted four years, long enough to be remembered only in textbooks and biographies of Napoleon III. The Third came into being, by a margin of one vote, at the hands of an assembly whose majority was solidly monarchist; before it died with a whimper, sixty-five years later, it had already fallen into widespread disrepute. It might well have collapsed from within even if Hitler had not finished it off. The Fourth suggests that experience has been a poor teacher; it has all of the weaknesses of its predecessor and no greater strength.

Political democracy imposes heavy responsibilities on both governors and governed. On the former rests the responsibility of trying to solve the economic and social problems that beset the people and of demonstrating to them that, on balance, no alternative system could do a better job. This has not been done in France. To cite only one example, more than ten years after the end of World War II at a time when countries at least as hard hit as France have had the problem in hand for years, the French housing crisis remains a national scandal; to this day, no adequate program of low- and medium-income housing exists. Yet this is a problem with which the overwhelming majority of Frenchmen are vitally concerned and on which depend many other problems, such as the immobility of labor.

For the most part, France has not been governed these past ten years; she has been administered. And the *administration* is a lumbering leviathan whose attitude often suggests that the citizen exists only to serve it and that nothing is more pernicious than a new method—unless it be a new idea. But even political and institutional reform, badly as they are needed, are not enough to ensure the preservation of France as a democratic state. The price of democracy for the average citizen is civic responsibility, reflected in fiscal probity and responsible voting. Anarchy-for-me-but-discipline-for-the-other-fellow does not, multiplied by millions, make a viable social philosophy; unless there is widespread willingness to play under certain ground rules, the game may break up in chaos.

Despite the greatness that France and her people have achieved, the history of French democracy has not been a healthy one. Even her most fervent well-wishers must recognize that France, like any other nation, holds no all-risks policy against threats to her freedom.



After Hours

THE REVOLUTION IN SPORTS

Several years ago Harper's *published an article by Fessenden S. Blanchard about the Revolution in Clothes. Not long ago the editors heard from Mr. Blanchard about another revolution in which he is vitally interested—the Revolution in Sports. Mr. Blanchard, who is the father of platform tennis and its principal exponent and expert, has been looking at the ways in which Americans flex their muscles—and since this is a matter that concerns the after-hours activities of almost every American in some way or other, I have turned most of this column over to him.*

Gentlemen, I give you Mr. Blanchard:

AMERICANS are a restless lot. They can't sit still. They never have been able to sit still.

"Polly's gone skiing in Austria for a couple of weeks' vacation," my youngest daughter informed me recently. Polly lives in New York.

A few days later I was standing on the station platform waiting for the 7:55 from Scarsdale to New York. I exchanged greetings with a friend who said he'd started the year skiing with his wife in Switzerland. They came home by way of Paris. "You know we haven't a thing in the house for breakfast," his wife had reminded him before they boarded a plane. So they bought a few *croissants* in Paris and had them for breakfast the next day in Scarsdale.

Not only skiing takes sportsmen far from home. More and more Americans are taking to the air, road, and water for their recreation; fewer and fewer are satisfied to spend their holidays and vacations in one place. With shorter hours and longer vacations and more holidays, people of all ages are getting out of doors, not just to putter in the garden but to play games, swim, hunt, fish, sail, and explore.

Look, for example, at what has happened to the sale of boat trailers. In 1939 the number produced was about a thousand. Ten years later it was only about eight times that many, but by 1952 the number had reached 39,220 and last year it was over a hundred thousand. That represents a lot of restless owners of small boats. The informed guessers say that there are now five and a quarter million recreational craft on all waters of the United States, of which about four million are outboard powered craft under sixteen feet in length and about 500,000 are sailboats without auxiliary power.

As you would expect from this water-consciousness, more people are swimming. The National Recreation Association puts swimming at the head of its list of sports on public playgrounds: with only a third of the members of the association reporting, the number of swimmers went from 982,296 in 1938 to more than three million in 1950.

Can you stand a few more surprising statistics?

More than seventeen and a half million fishing licenses were sold in 1953, more than twice as many as ten years earlier. (This doesn't include salt-water fishermen, who don't need licenses.) There are probably about thirty million fishermen (and women) in America, and there are more than fourteen million holders of hunting licenses. From fishing and hunting licenses alone the states took in over $76,000,000 in 1954, while the sale of fishing tackle in the same year brought in about $150,000,000. Rifle and shotgun sales no longer suggest the number of hunters; hunting with bow and arrow, once a necessity, has now become a sport.

Bicycling is another form of exercise that is booming after a long period of the doldrums:

the Bicycle Institute of America estimates that there are twenty-two million cyclists in America. If visiting National Parks isn't exactly a sport, it certainly is exercise and recreation. In 1952, forty-two million people visited them, which is ten or fifteen times as many as in 1932.

BUT what about sports at home? The development of suburban life has changed the pattern, and so has the rapidly growing older population. Croquet, shuffleboard, horseshoe pitching, and bowling on the green have become standard neighborhood pastimes, and golf has produced some peculiar surprises.

More people are playing on fewer courses. In 1931 there were 5,856 courses in the country; eight hundred of these were swallowed up in the next twenty years or so. But the average sale of golf balls during the four years ending in 1953 was 28 per cent higher than it had been in four years in the 1930s. It is estimated that three million golfers now play ten rounds or more a year. Golf is no longer a game for the rich. As for skiing, everybody knows what's happened to skiing. Ask any orthopedic surgeon.

Three indoor sports are booming: table tennis, alley bowling, and roller skating. The *New York Times* reported a few weeks ago that there are nearly twenty million table-tennis players who spend an estimated $8,000,000 a year on equipment. Bowling claims as many participants as table tennis and the membership of the American Bowling Congress is over two and a half million men and women. There are now about four thousand roller-skating rinks where about seventeen million men, women, and children get their exercise.

The passionate advocates of some sports, however, aren't at all happy about what has happened to their particular enthusiasms. Some sports are slipping, and slipping badly—notably tennis, indoor badminton, and squash. They have all fallen off in the last twenty years, and in spite of the increase in population the manufacturers of rackets and tennis balls face a declining sale of their products. The American Lawn Tennis Association is worried, and with reason. The only racket game that seems to have any cause to rejoice is outdoor (and therefore casual) back-yard badminton, which seems to be doing a great deal better than it used to. It is not, however, a game that any real badminton player takes seriously.

Team sports are a somewhat different story. With the notable exception of softball, which is now claimed to have twenty million players who perform for 125 million spectators each year, team sports are pretty much the province of school and college boys and girls. It will not surprise anyone to know that of the school sports basketball has grown fastest. While the sale of baseballs and footballs remained pretty constant between 1939 and today, the sale of basketballs has leaped from about 500,000 in 1939 to over two million.

Fewer people, it seems, are sitting and watching other people play games, at least at the places where they are played. Part of this drop in gate receipts (except at race tracks where the take has constantly risen) can be ascribed to television; part of it, however, may be simply that people would rather play themselves than watch other people. In any case there has been a decline in attendance at professional baseball games, and there hasn't been a million-dollar gate at a boxing match since 1946. Even attendance at college basketball games fell as much as 50 per cent at Madison Square Garden in the four years after 1950, and hockey dropped about 20 per cent.

But on the whole the interest in sports is soaring. As the *Wall Street Journal* put it not long ago: "Americans are on the greatest sports binge in history."

I have hinted at a few of the reasons for this, but there are others. The simple fact is that more people have more time and more money for sport than they ever had before. Long weekends, vacations with pay, more holidays, shorter hours of work have greatly increased the time available to working men and women. A longer life span in the last fifty years has multiplied fourfold the number of people sixty-five years or more old and has doubled their percentage in the total population. Retirement and pension plans have thrown many of them on the leisure market. Take a drive across the bridge from Sarasota to Siesta Key on the Florida Gulf Coast, and if a fish hook doesn't put out an eye, you'll see what some of the older generation are doing with their spare time. A great many who aren't on the bridge are playing softball.

Prosperity, of course, has been an important impetus to sports. The present high income is spread widely among more people than ever before. This means not only that more people can afford to participate (and equipment can be expensive), but it also means more cars to provide them with the means to get to places to hunt and fish and ski and sail. It means, too, that many sports are a great deal more democratic than they used to be. If you can tell a

machinist from a vice president on a golf course or fishing pier, you have sharper eyes than I.

But long before prosperity came along, facilities for sports and recreation started to expand. In the forty years between 1910 and 1950 the number of municipal playgrounds increased twelvefold, so that in 1950 sixteen hundred cities reported fifteen thousand playgrounds used by about five hundred million people a year. Add to this the recreational facilities that have been provided by many corporations for their employees . . . basketball courts, bowling alleys, ball fields, and such, and you begin to get a hint of the amount of real estate and building devoted to exercise.

Sports, indeed, have become one of America's major industries, elaborately promoted and highly profitable for all sorts of people. Vermont and New Hampshire, Colorado and Montana and other states that have attracted skiers have converted a sport that has only recently caught the public imagination into a major economic bonanza. Hotels, restaurants, motels, filling stations, ski tows, and stores of every kind profit when the ski-minded head for the hills.

The same kind of thing is true wherever fishermen search for streams and lakes or skin divers and water-skiers find warm waters. Television programs devoted to bowling and water-skiing have unquestionably made many viewers into avid participants. Even tennis has got itself on the air in an attempt to increase interest in the game. Improved equipment has also helped expand the recreational industries. Consider what has happened to that erstwhile arm-breaker and becalmer, the outboard motor. It has become an efficient machine that has done much to change the nature and extent of fishing as a sport in which not only men but an increasing number of women participate.

If sports in America are going to continue to grow they have to be provided for. This means more space for parks in cities and in our rapidly growing suburbs, which swallow real estate at a truly alarming rate. It means care and protection of National Parks, the improvement of inland waterways and harbor facilities for thousands of small-boat owners. It means road improvement to carry an increasing traffic of sportsmen to their quarries, and it means the development of recreational facilities by still more industrial organizations. Time (that is, leisure time) will tell. Using leisure in such a way that it creates health and vigor is an increasing, not an abating, concern. The Revolution in Sports is to many people a revolution in pleasure.—*F.S.B.*

BLACKBALL

BEING on a number of refined mailing lists—like the former subscribers to the *Harvard Business Review, Soviet Russia Today,* and the *Lincoln-Mercury Times*—I have been invited to become a charter member of the Esquire Club. This is a "highly selective, international credit and courtesy club, designed to offer its user members an exclusive, all-in-one service that will introduce them to the world's most select facilities. . . ." For the nominal sum of five bucks a year (you non-charter members will have to pay six) I am offered a handy-dandy, no-questions-asked charge account at a sizable number of business-lunch-type restaurants, liquor shops, candy emporiums, dance studios, air taxis, and an optical store on Fifth Avenue that sells telescopes. I am also to get the Club Directory, which lists the names of the managers or *maîtres d'hôtel* to whom I should identify myself. "It's just like being a personal friend," they tell me, "of every important maitre de in the country."



Maitre de, indeed. Clearly there is nothing to be done but reveal—prematurely, but that's a chance we'll have to take—some of our plans for the Harper Club. Send no money. This organization is so democratic we extend equal privileges to members and non-members alike. If, after careful scrutiny by our credentials committee, you are found not to be a member, we will send you a series of attractive invitations to become one. Our aim is to get everybody in the country on an expense account. After negotiations are completed (just a few details to iron out), you will be offered unlimited credit for purchases in carload lots or larger from DeBeers Consolidated, Aramco, and U. S. Steel. Meanwhile—just a few technicalities remain—you will be fully privileged to continue normal cash purchases at all Howard Johnson's, newsstands of the Independent Distributors, Inc., popcorn vendors in R-K-O theaters, and a pinball parlor in Cambridge, Massachusetts, called Harry's Arcade and Spa. The name of the proprietor is Harry.

—Mr. Harper

the new BOOKS

PAUL PICKREL

Sir Winston Early and Late . . .

Harems and Other Points of Interest

IT IS a thin publishing season that is not sustained by the appearance of at least one book by Sir Winston Churchill, but when two of his books come out in the same month we are in a state of plenty bordering on plethora. To be sure, one of the books—Churchill's only novel, **Savrola: A Tale of the Revolution in Laurania** (Random House, $3.50)—is not precisely new, since it first appeared in 1897, when Churchill was twenty-three years old; but it has long been unavailable and will be new to all except specialists in Churchilliana.

PORTRAIT OF THE LEADER AS A YOUNG MAN

BY this time the interesting thing about *Savrola* is not how good or bad a novel it is but simply the fact that Churchill wrote it, and those who turn to the book for revelations of the author will not be disappointed. Obviously the whole story is a kind of dream of destiny. Such dreams probably come to most young men, but few have the skill or patience or effrontery to write them down, and even fewer have whatever is required to make them come true. The young Churchill's dream erred in being skimpier than the reality that awaited him.

Whether by prophetic power or good luck, Churchill chose the right subject for a political novel to usher in the twentieth century. In mythical Laurania a dictator has seized unconstitutional powers; there arises against him one Savrola, the leader of the democratic forces, whose fate it is to defend the ancient liberties and institutions of his country against the usurper, at the same time that he fights off the Communists at his rear. Savrola triumphs; but, contrary to all the expectations of political romance, he is deprived of the opportunity to lead his country in time of peace because of a lack of steadfastness in his own followers. In a brief epilogue Churchill reveals that Savrola later returned to power.

The similarity to Churchill's own career is arresting, but the novel can easily be made to sound more prophetic than it really is. Though Churchill certainly put his finger on the political forces that were to dominate the future, and though he accurately sketched what his own role among those forces was to be, he pretty largely failed to imagine the future's political atmosphere. The worst offense of the imaginary dictator is that he has deprived some citizens of the franchise. At one point he objects that a man cannot be arrested because the man has "broken no law." That is still some light-years away from modern dictatorship.

Except for Savrola the characterization is primitive; Savrola himself is clearly a composite portrait of the man young Churchill was and the man he hoped to be. In his effect on others Savrola is the man of destiny: "His words conveyed an impression of dauntless resolution"; "no decorations, no orders, no star relieved the plain evening dress he wore, . . . but, like the Iron Duke in Paris, he looked the leader of them all, calm, confident, composed." But these overpoweringly simple effects require extensive preparation behind the scenes: the "impromptu feats of oratory existed in the minds of listeners; the flowers of rhetoric are hothouse plants."

And when Savrola retires to his study to prepare his effects he is beset by doubts about where all this dauntless resolution is taking him. On his bookshelves "the *Origin of Species* rested by the side of a black-letter Bible," but (perhaps because of the Bible's uncongenial type face) he seems to have given most of his attention to Darwin. He feels borne down by the "slow, steady march of evolution, merciless, inexorable"; however "vehement, high, and daring" the cast of his mind, he feels the lack of religious certainty and the inconclusiveness of all human action in a universe destined for unrecorded extinction. What is the object of his labor? "A people's good? That, he could not disguise from himself, was rather the direction than the cause of his

efforts. Ambition was the motive force, and he was powerless to resist it."

Yet if Darwin teaches the survival of the fittest, Savrola will be fit, and he works out a philosophy of fitness applicable to men and nations. "Fitness" includes both moral and physical qualities; the way to achieve it is to go after it. "Would you rise in the world? You must work while others amuse themselves. Are you desirous of a reputation for courage? You must risk your life. Would you be strong morally and physically? You must resist temptations." Presumably the way to achieve dauntless resolution is to be dauntlessly resolute.

Besides ambition and fitness, Savrola makes much of another characteristic he has that goes far toward reconciling him to the uncertainties of life—a tremendous curiosity, a gift for finding the world endlessly interesting. But actually it would be possible to compile a fairly long list of things that do not interest him. He shows no concern with economic problems, for instance; it may be significant that the only character in the novel who understands public finance not only is a craven turncoat but also dyes his hair. Savrola loves political maneuver, war, polo, a beautiful woman, writing and delivering speeches and shining in public generally, running things.

PORTRAIT OF YOUNG BRITAIN BY AN OLD LEADER

THE features of the young man who wrote *Savrola* can still be traced in the author of **The Birth of Britain,** the other book by Churchill recently published (Dodd, Mead, $6). This, the first volume in a projected four-volume **History of the English-Speaking Peoples,** is in a sense not altogether new either, since Churchill first wrote it, in briefer form, in the late 'thirties. But other duties caused him to put it aside unpublished, and it now appears in a revised and expanded version of the original manuscript.

Fortunately certain passages (marked by footnotes) have been allowed to stand as originally written, including a fine imaginative rendering of how a Britisher at the end of the Roman era would have felt had he returned to Britain in 1939:

> He would have the same sense of belonging to a society which was threatened, and to an imperial rule which had passed its prime. He would have the same gathering fears of some sudden onslaught by barbarian forces armed with equal weapons to those of the local legions and auxiliaries. He would still fear the people across the North Sea, and still be taught that his frontiers were upon the Rhine.

The excellence of the writing is typical, and so is the sense of the unity of history. Churchill the historian is not given to charting changes in "the climate of opinion." He does not believe that all ages are alike in fortune or in other respects, but he does believe in the essential sameness of the problems men have faced in every age. What happens in history is the slow accretion of a body of law and custom which makes a framework for the life of society. There is nothing inevitable, nothing providential, about this accretion; it is the work of human hands. Hence the importance of leaders. Leaders—if they are good—observe, defend, and develop existing law and custom; if they are bad, they ignore or destroy or pervert them.

Churchill does not completely disregard other forces that go into the shaping of institutions—economics, religion, plagues, technology, class structure, and so on—but he characteristically looks at such forces as they enabled a ruler to do something or prevented him from doing something else.

This version of English history does not differ very much from what most of us learned in school. What is supposed to be the major innovation of Churchill's work—combining the historical experience of all the English-speaking peoples in one great story—does not affect the first volume, because the expansion of the English beyond their own island had not yet begun when it ends. In fact, since Churchill writes far more of leaders than of "peoples," and since the rulers of Britain during much of the period he covers spoke not English but Latin or Danish or Norman-French, the general title is fairly inappropriate for the first installment.

Churchill disavows any intention of competing with professional historians. How well he has succeeded only one of their number could say. Certainly he has dispensed with their apparatus—the book is innocent of bibliography and goes on for as much as a hundred pages at a time without a footnote—but there is evidence that he has used their assistance to good effect. Churchill parts company with the scholars on principle when they threaten to take the romance out of history. He grandly settles debates on the authenticity of the Arthurian legend with the judgment, "It is all true, or it ought to be; and more and better besides." When he gets to the story of Henry II's love for the Fair Rosamund he announces, "Tiresome investigators have undermined this excellent tale, but it certainly should find its place in any history worthy of the name."

The chief distinction of the book lies in its writing. The vocabulary is old-fashioned and gallant—in battle knights are not killed but slain; John does not double-cross King Richard but foully wrongs him; looking back across the centuries to the Saxon invasions Churchill can "cherish the hope" that "somewhere a maiden's cry for pity, the appeal of beauty in distress" created "some bonds between victor and vanquished." The wit is delightful—Henry VI had

no child and "the repute in which he stood made it seem unlikely that he would ever have any"; when Warwick and Margaret took an oath at Angers, they took it on a fragment of the True Cross, "which luckily was available"; of attempts to clear the name of Richard III Churchill says, "It will take many ingenious books to raise this issue to the level of a controversy."

The manner is of course highly rhetorical, but it is too various to produce monotony. It can be tender, as in the description of the last days of Edward III; it can be evocative, as in a phrase describing rural Britain at a time "when few lights burned after sundown." The set pieces of the book are the characterizations of successive leaders. These are not notable for their originality or subtlety, but no one can deny their rhetorical grandeur. (A Book-of-the-Month selection.)

A NOTE on more recent relations between English-speaking peoples is provided by an unusual book called **Cousins and Strangers,** edited by S. Gorley Putt (Harvard, $3.50). This is a collection of comments on America by the young people who came to this country from Britain as Commonwealth Fund Fellows in the years 1946-52.

Cousins and Strangers is not an official report or a group of official reports; instead, the editor has taken snippets (some fairly long snippets to be sure, but many of only a sentence or two) and arranged them according to subject. The result is a conversation in many voices that is not only lively and engaging but on some subjects distinctly informative. The young writers—there are about seventy of them—are perceptive, unprejudiced, and extraordinarily well-informed, and the standard of their writing is high.

MANNERS MAKYTH MAN

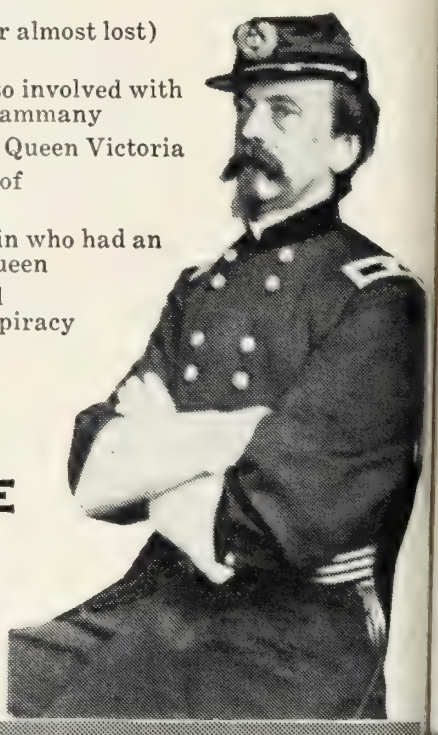
SIR Harold Nicolson is another of the Englishmen who have combined, like Churchill, a life of political service with the writing of history. His most recent book, **Good Behaviour** (Doubleday, $4), is not his most serious or important, but it is one of his most entertaining. It is an informal history of good

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— *MacKinlay Kantor,* author of ANDERSONVILLE

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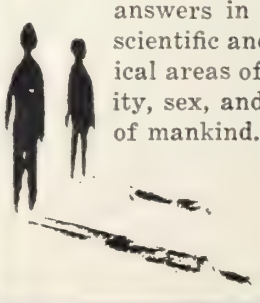
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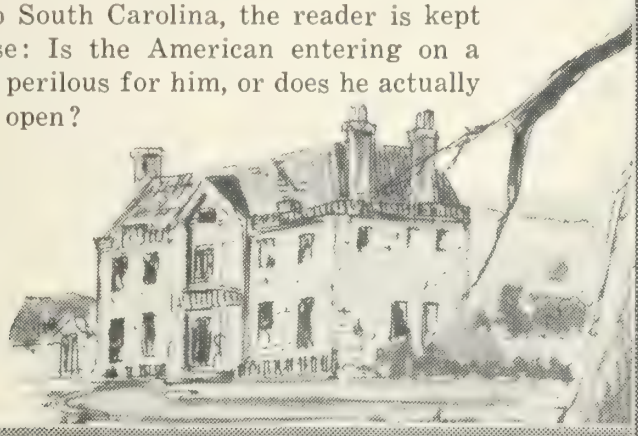
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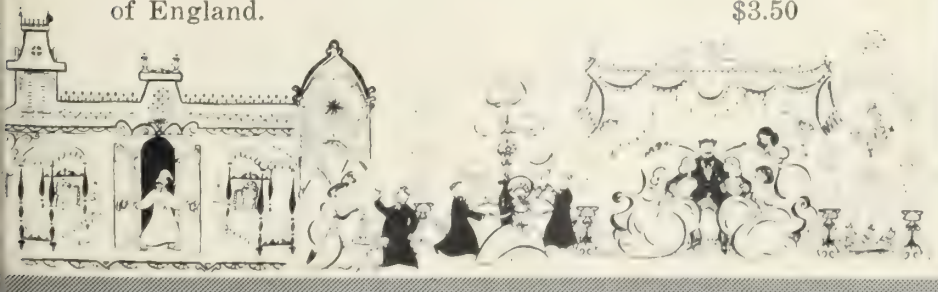
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EDITOR AT LARGE



Has someone recently been rude to you? Are you sulking, seething or planning retaliation? Pause for a moment and consider what Sir Harold Nicolson has to say on the subject:

"Unconscious rudeness must always be forgiven, since it may proceed from shyness, lack of practice in the social graces, panic, absent-mindedness, impatience, astigmatism, a bad stammer, hunger, acute illness, love, a secret sorrow, deafness or just ordinary fear."

There, don't you feel better already?

And has someone lost his temper in front of you? Writes Sir Harold: "Few things are more agreeable than the spectacle of a man who loses his temper: we should be grateful to such people for providing us with moments of often unsullied delight."

Were you caught by a bore the other evening? Listen again:

"The bore is invariably a nice man. Were he not kind, and virtuous, and honorable, we should not experience, as we do, both irritation at his insistence and remorse at our own unkindness. He leaves us, when he does leave us, feeling, not angry only, but ashamed."

These reflections are to be found in a new book, "Good Behaviour," which is not a handbook of manners, but an urbane and witty comment on twelve main types of civility, from ancient China to modern Europe.

I recommend that you read it; I promise you that you will not soon again be rude, or angry, or, at least while discussing this book, a bore.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"Good Behaviour" ($4.00), by Sir Harold Nicolson, is published by Doubleday & Company, well mannered publishers with offices at 575 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or at any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, all of which are staffed with polite and unobtrusively courteous clerks who are eager and ready to supply you with the best in current books and records.

manners—or, as Nicolson says, "certain types of civility"—from ancient Greece and China to the present.

The author has selected a dozen different types which at one time or another have been considered the ideal of human behavior in society, but he treats his twelve types loosely enough to accommodate anything curious or striking in the way of manners that he has come across in a lifetime of reading and a wide experience as traveler and diplomat. In some of his best passages Nicolson simply lets his imagination play with some aspect of past manners usually unnoticed. What, for instance, was it like to be middle-aged in the age of chivalry? "The knight who had outlived the period of jousting and who was no longer, even in his own eyes, adapted for the service of love, must have suffered from atrocious melancholia and long days and nights of sullen boredom. He could not read: he could not write: his horses and his hounds were used by younger men, nor would his falcons come to the fist or respond to his bronchial call. Solitary, inert, stupid, his eyes reddened by the smoke in the great hall, his sole relaxation was to repeat to his sons and their squires the story of that distant dawn when he stormed the Palace of Blachernae."

Incidentally, Nicolson makes his own very minor contribution to the amity of English-speaking peoples by pretending to omit any account of American manners, on the grounds that he has too many American friends to permit him to discuss their behavior. But he still manages in one way or another to make clear what he thinks of our "civility." He finds much in it to admire, including, of all things, our "excellent small feet"; but he deplores the way we bring up children, our excessive reverence for women, and our lack of interest in privacy.

But all this is to overemphasize lighthearted asides. Though much of Nicolson's book is made up of trivia, the argument is not trivial. Nicolson is genuinely concerned for certain values he thinks endangered by contemporary society. He wants us to realize that "civilization is something more than social justice, something more than security"; it is also "the enhancement of pleasure, the love of loveliness, the refinement of relationships, and the embellishment of life." He sees in an age of conformity not only a threat to civil rights but a threat to the variety and grace of human intercourse. Good manners, he thinks, are the gift of minorities to society, and unless such minorities flourish they cannot perform their civilizing function.

AMONG THE LADIES

TO THE Westerner no more curious set of manners ever evolved among a nation's leaders than those of the Manchu emperors of China. Within the Imperial Palace of the Forbidden City (Peking) they carried concubinage to a point that makes the occasional peccadilloes of the English monarchs in Churchill's story seem like the fumblings of a schoolboy. Etiquette was stultifyingly elaborate. Eunuchs were used to administer the affairs of the palace (no male but the emperor could be there after sundown) and they created a miasma of gossip and intrigue from which the prudent imagination can only withdraw.

This is the style of life, in its twilight years, that forms the background of Pearl Buck's new novel **Imperial Woman** (John Day, $4.95) and it must be said that Mrs. Buck makes it more believable than one would have supposed it could be made. She simply proceeds on the assumption that the behavior she is describing is perfectly natural and normal, and soon the reader accepts it too.

Imperial Woman is a fictionalized biography of Tzu Hsi, the last Empress of China, an extraordinary woman of humble birth who first got inside the Imperial City as a concubine and ended up ruling China for about forty years. (She died in 1908.) For most of her career she was violently anti-Western, and the best thing about Mrs. Buck's book, apart from the description of manners, is the reconstruction of how Western imperialism looked to an oriental ruler. The Empress could not understand why missionaries and warships always seemed to come together. She could not understand the intolerance of



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Matthew B. Ridgway

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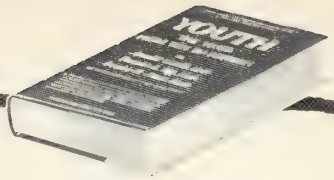
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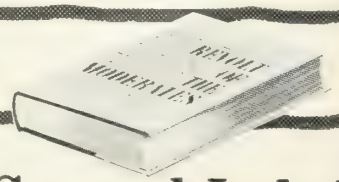
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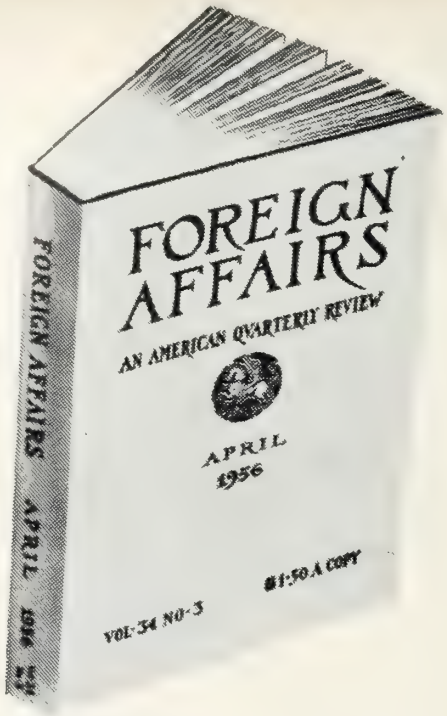
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Christians; after all, China was used to having several religions existing side by side in peace; why should this new religion be so exclusive? She could not understand the lack of breeding in Western envoys; they even refused to prostrate themselves in the imperial presence, and no well-bred person would think of doing otherwise.

All this is well done. Mrs. Buck is a little less successful in her effort to take the known facts in Tzu Hsi's life and combine them in a convincing psychological portrait. Much is made of the Empress' surrendering her own happiness to her "destiny," but the fact seems to be that, like Churchill's Savrola, she worked pretty hard to make her destiny happen. Mrs. Buck somewhat sentimentalizes Tzu Hsi's "loneliness" too. The book is written in the moderately Biblical style that Mrs. Buck has done so much to convince us is the proper language for a novel set in Asia. (A selection of the Literary Guild.)

FOR those who prefer their tales of harem life unburdened by history there is Aubrey Menen's **The Abode of Love** (Scribner, $3.50). Though Menen has based his account of a nineteenth-century English harem on historical records, it is a pretty safe guess that he has not let the facts interfere very seriously with his own satirical fancy.

The chief character in *The Abode of Love* is one Henry James Prince, who really lived and who in his youth so far mistook a hormonal excess for religious zeal that he became a clergyman. When the discrepancy between his nature and his profession became alarmingly apparent, Prince ingeniously founded a new religion that gave him ample opportunity for the exercise of both.

The main tenet of Prince's new religion was that for his faithful followers sin had been abolished and with it the heretofore irksome distinction between spiritual and carnal love. Four sisters were so much impressed by this theological profundity and its discoverer that they turned over their sizable fortune to him, and soon others followed. With the money he collected and shrewdly invested, Prince maintained a large country house where

and the faithful all lived together, bound to one another spiritually, and since the distinction between the spiritual and the carnal no longer existed . . . Menen's account of the menage is not by the strictest standards naughty, but it makes a witty attempt to seem always about to become so.

As in his other books, Menen interpolates tales in his main story and loses no opportunity for incidental satire. His success varies, but much of this book is delightful, and it is all extremely well written.

MIND'S BEST HOPE

IT IS a considerable jump from an English harem to American mental hospitals, as it is from the cool elegance of Menen's language to the triphammer journalese of Mike Gorman's **Every Other Bed** (World, $4). But the jump is worth making because of the importance of Gorman's subject and the inherent interest of much that he has to say.

Gorman is a highly informed layman who has devoted the last ten years to improving the lot of the mentally ill. In *Every Other Bed*—the title refers to the proportion of hospital beds occupied by mental patients—he attempts to assess what we are now doing for these patients and to show how we can do better. Essentially he believes that our greatest opportunity for doing better lies in a greatly expanded program of research into the *physical* basis of mental illness. He argues that it is there, rather than in theory, that such progress as we have been able to make has occurred. For instance, the great Krafft-Ebing theorized that paresis might be caused by "dissipation in alcohol, the smoking of too many Virginia cigars, excessive love-making, the rigors of making a living, and spite," but it was the discovery of the physiological cause of paresis in the spirochete of syphilis that emptied institutions of paretics. So it has been with epilepsy and pellagrin psychosis.

Obviously nobody knows that all mental illness has a physiological basis, and obviously there is a strong urge in most of us to deny the possibility, because we like to

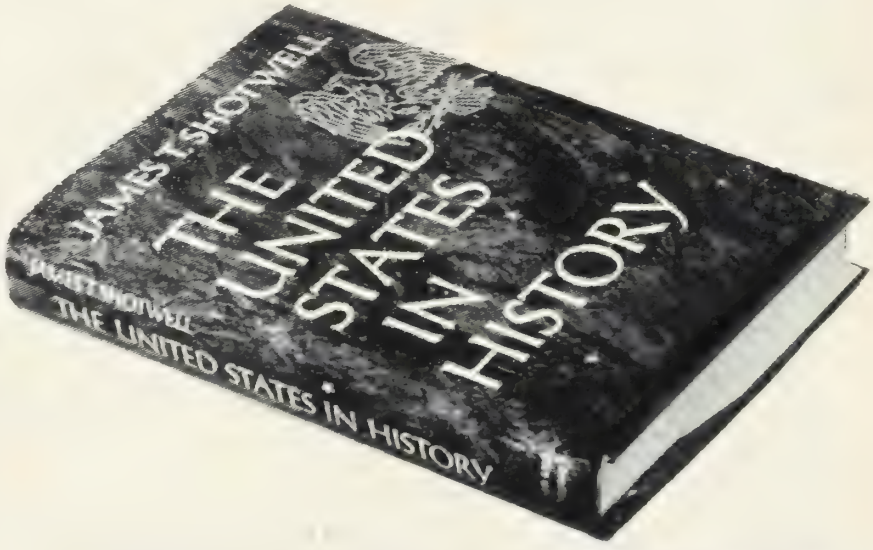
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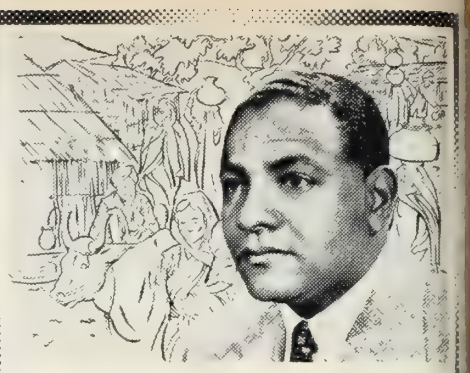
think that our personalities, whether sick or healthy, reflect something more than chemical adjustment. But it is impossible to read Gorman's thrilling account of the clinical experience with the new drugs (Resperine, Chlorpromazine, and others) without becoming convinced that experimentation with these drugs and the search for others are among the most wonderful and hopeful things going on in the world today. That the work should be handicapped by lack of funds is criminal.

But the structure of political power is not conducive to the adequate financing of research. Care of the mentally ill is the responsibility of the states, and the state governors are the officials most alerted to the problem, because they are in the unenviable position of seeing ever-larger sections of their budgets consumed by mental hospitals. But the big money is in the national treasury.

A vigorously opinionated man, Gorman lashes out at the "granite power of professional intransigence," at psychiatrists who decline to take responsible leadership in state programs for mental health, at popular uplifters with easy solutions, at the waste of research funds on trifling projects, at medical schools that treat psychiatry as a stepchild, at mental-health organizations that fail to show sufficient zeal. He can't be right all the time, but in support of many of his arguments he quotes extensively from men of unchallenged eminence in their fields. His book is certainly worth reading, though the prospective reader would be well advised to start with the second section.

A GOOD book to read along with Gorman's is Geoffrey Wagner's new novel about mental illness and its treatment, **The Dispossessed** (Devin-Adair, $3.50). This is a free-for-all attack on every known method of treating mental illness and on the semilegal position psychiatrists occupy in our society. The intellectual argument of the book is inconclusive in the extreme, but it is embedded in a story written with such passionate conviction and so absorbing in its own right that the book cannot be lightly dismissed.

To summarize the story would be

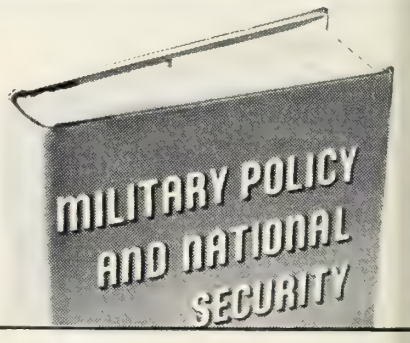


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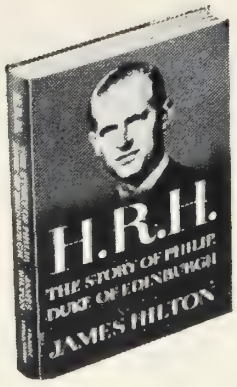
nfair, because a large part of its nterest for the reader lies in seeing hat happens next. Perhaps it is nough to say that the main charac-r is a veteran of the second world ar who has been in a psychiatric ospital and who finds it impossible reconstruct his life thereafter—not ecause he is still insane (it is not ear that he ever was) but because the stigma attached to his illness society and because of the readi-ss of psychiatrists to testify to his sability whenever he gets into ouble.

It is easy to poke holes in *The ispossessed;* possibly a devout eudian would dismiss it as a para-oid fantasy. But it raises some ry real questions, and it raises em in a context of suffering that ves them at least dramatic validity.

OUTSIDE

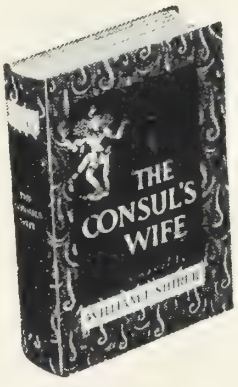
TO END on a more cheerful note, there is Louis Fischer's **his Is Our World** (Harper, $5), a st overladen smorgasbord of a ok, part personal history, part re-rting of events, part political alysis. For a good many years scher has been traveling about the rld, talking to people (often very portant people), chasing crises, king soundings of trends, and iting it all down. *This Is Our orld* contains the abundant record what he has seen and heard and ought in the last decade.

As a political analyst Fischer is nerous-spirited but not always in-tlectually precise; though his heart usually in the right place it is metimes hard to tell where his ad is. A good many of his ideas contradictory—as a follower of ndhi, for instance, he deplores materialism of the modern rld and the search for material utions; yet he is convinced that erica's mission is to carry out a hnological revolution that will en-e Asia and Africa to have their eserved share in science and prog-s." He sentimentalizes political oblems—in dealing with Nehru, example, "our purpose should be win his heart," although from his n account of Nehru (whom he esn't like) it appears that the rtship would be a formidable dertaking.



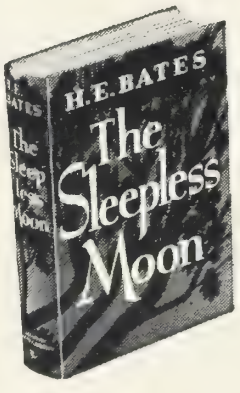
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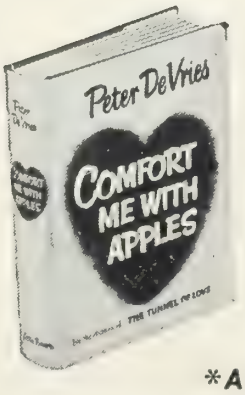
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FICTION

The Malefactors, by Caroline Gordon.

This is a book that will, I think, reveal more on the second or third reading. On the first time through, to an informed and intelligent Catholic or psychiatrist, the story of people who have wittingly or unwittingly sinned against life will probably be clearer in all its symbolism than it is to me. I understand that the Bucks County (Pennsylvania) intellectuals who play at farming or writing or commute to their jobs in New York lead in this novel brittle and essentially unhappy lives. But the narrative plods along, heavy with ruminative discussions and flashbacks (some of them brilliant), studded with symbolism that would do credit alike to art historians and students of Freud. But they sometimes slow the story nearly to a standstill. Yet in the long agonizing quest of Tom Claiborne, ex-Southerner, ex-editor, and poet, for some meaningful interpretation of his life and dreams there is much passion and some humor. And there is superb recreation of Bohemian life in Paris in the 'twenties and 'thirties among young artists and writers—many homosexual—who played so large a part in the climate of Tom's thinking; of superficial literary life in New York and suburban Bucks County; and of the tragedy and tinsel that was the residue. And the book comes to a dramatic, if not quite convincing climax. One has the sense of a book that will give rewards if the mind keeps reaching for them, but never much delight.

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

The Miracle of Merriford, by eginald Arkell.

The author of *Old Herbaceous* nd the stage version of *1066 and ll That*) writes now of an old vicar, young housekeeper, and some merican airmen stationed in the ncient English town of Merriford, ter the war. How the church bells opped ringing—and started again is the climax of this somewhat ercharming, overdelightful pas-ral tale of hands-across-the-sea. it you do want to know about ose bells.

Reynal, $2.95

omfort Me with Apples, by Peter e Vries.

Here is a novel so full of epigrams, ms, and devastating use of the ché that it is sometimes very hard see the plot for De Vries. But if e main thread of this satire on life d adultery in the small town of ecency, Connecticut, gets wound and occasionally hidden by the rubbery of words, it is delightful d witty obfuscation. Moreover the nacy is both wise and kind. By the thor of *The Tunnel of Love.*

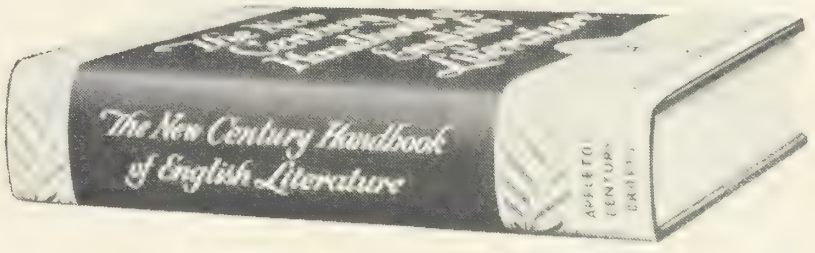
Little, Brown, $3.50

ed over Green, by Robert Hen-ques.

Mr. Henriques' novels *(No Arms, Armour; Too Little Love)* are arly always studies in counter-int. This one, about the soldier-ig career of a very un-military *type,* s ely is. The narrative, revealing a n's inner conflict over his devoted ationship to his dying wife and love for his extraordinarily vital d enigmatic mistress, races along a brisk and casual level that eeds its own intensity. The result-ig indecisions and despairs are rked out—or not worked out—the man's soldiering life in those ly days of the war when England's ather was never lovelier nor her ure more uncertain. Mr. Hen-ues is at his best when writing the English countryside on the e hand, and of men at war on the er, and here he does both. Red r green is the Commando's flare nal for "operation concluded, go-home," and the book has in it all built-up tension before battle, sense of dependence on other man beings, and the post-action

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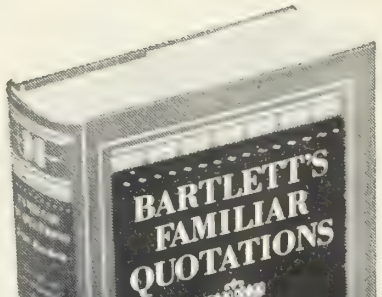
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BOOKS IN BRIEF

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NON-FICTION

Walt Disney's Vanishing Prairie, text by Louis Bromfield.

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Simon & Schuster, $10

Lions, Tigers, and Me, by Roman Proske.

The famous "cat" trainer, Mr. Proske, was born Herman Roman Gustave Proske van Walch, and trained his first lions at the age of fourteen although it meant being disowned by his aristocratic Viennese family. After reading this book of a dedicated and constantly danger-ridden lifetime one understands that it takes his kind of forsaking-all-others love for animals to survive in his profession. He has appeared in all the great circuses here and in Europe and has survived serious maulings and attacks, all recounted here, including his blood-spilling bout with the beautiful tigress, Judith. Fred Bradna, the famous ringmaster of Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey, has called him "the greatest wild animal trainer in

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G. J. Renier
H. Michell
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A. J. P. Taylor
Geoffrey Barraclough
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he only "home" Demetra has ever known a large warehouse in Athens partitioned ith ropes and rags to make "rooms" for any refugee families. Demetra's father nnot find employment in poverty-stricken reece; her mother has even sold her own inter jacket to buy milk for her baby. emetra's parents pray that someone, mewhere, will help them care for their tle daughter.

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FORECAST

Big News in Novels

World Publishing Company is printing 25,000 copies of Simone de Beauvoir's new novel, *The Mandarins*, which they will publish in May; William Saroyan's *The Bouncing Ball* comes from Atlantic Monthly– Little, Brown the same month, and two other May books invoke the name of Rabelais to help describe them. One is Nelson Algren's (*The Man with the Golden Arm*) *A Walk on the Wild Side* coming from Farrar, Straus & Cudahy on May 21, and the other, never called a novel straight out, but "a Renaissance spectacular," "a fiction in three volumes," and an "unrestrained masterpiece"—Tiffany Thayer's *Mona Lisa: The Prince of Taranto*—will come from Dial on May 25. The Book-of-the-Month selection for June is a novel by Eugene Burdick, *The Ninth Wave*, to be published by Little, Brown. Doubleday has two big-name novels listed for June: *The Unquiet Spirit*, by Marguerite Steen, author of *The Sun is My Undoing; Pemmican*, by Vardis Fisher (from the publisher's description I think we could suggest Rabelais here too); and one in July, *The Afternoon of an Autocrat*, by Norah Lofts. The Book-of-the-Month choice for summer is William Brinkley's *Don't Go Near the Water* (Random House), said to be the funniest novel in years.

Regal Marriages

Two women who married Kings are telling their personal stories in books to be published within the next few months. Doubleday announces *For Love of a King* by Queen Alexandra of Yugoslavia to come on July 5, and the David McKay Company on September 17 will publish *The Heart Has Its Reasons*, the memoirs of the Duchess of Windsor—"a forthright, fully-revealing autobiography by one of the most famous and enigmatic women in modern history." So into that hammock with royalty or Rabelais.

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BIG CHANGES

Disturbing and exciting statistics have lately been accumulating that indicate a revolution in the musical world. "Canned music," of course, is right in the middle of it, though in ways more complex than are easily imagined.

(1) Concert attendance in New York City has fallen off almost 20 per cent in only two years—but the *number* of concerts has actually risen.

(2) In a similar period, the sale of records by direct mail, through the club plan, has soared upward from a negligible dribble to a startling figure—last year in the neighborhood of 30 per cent of all records sold. Even in the strictly classical area the mail-order sales have cut far into the total.

The musicians are much distressed at the crumbling concert business in that hub of the system, New York City. They understandably blame the new competition, and blast out first at the most potent new power, TV. People stay at home and look at television, they say.

But it would seem likely to me that a more direct competitor is recorded music—both on the air and on records in the home. Is it plausible that the one-time concert audience has given up music altogether, in favor of TV entertainment in an easy chair? If so, perhaps it is just as well. Far too many people in the past went to concerts without any real interest in the music presented.

People don't buy records in order to be musically bored. There is very little reason for doing so, since record-playing is seldom an "occasion" in the sense that a concert is. More important, music at a concert is heard only once, whereas even the dopiest record-buyer plays his discs over and over again—if only to get his money's worth. These are fundamental differences between concert-going and record-listening that surely have a lot to do with present changes in our musical habits.

The rise of the mail-order record has even more interesting implications. It can be considered from many points of view. First, of course, it has challenged the entire system of local record-dealers that has grown up in a half-century of record-making; it simply by-passes the hundreds and hundreds of small record stores—which were already hard pressed by the combination of ruinous discounts and the impossibility of any real try-out of records at the shops.

BUT, right or wrong, there are further and even more profound implications. The least noticed factor in the mail-order business, it seems to me, is that *it has no stars.* The entire huge classical output of these discs has been sold, successfully, on the basis of the music alone, with performers who are either little known or anonymous. No celebrities, no build-ups, except those of the composers themselves. That isn't supposed to work, but it has.

And it is dangerous, moreover, to suggest complacently that mail-order performances are substandard and so of no importance. If they were, then surely we should be bothered by the public's inability to appreciate the difference. But the fact is that many mail-order discs are musically excellent, low-priced or no.

The musicians have been chosen cannily for these recordings, on the very realistic basis that, whereas international big-name reputations cost a fortune, there are multitudes of lesser names available whose musicianship is of the highest sort. There are plenty of European celebrities, too, who haven't yet hit the American headlines and are to be had cheaply.

This is the most solid sort of challenge to false *réclame* and for my money it has been a healthy one. But things are already moving further. Were it not for existing contracts, it is a fact that many of the big artistic names could now be snapped up by the mail-order firms—who can offer more. This is the sort of piquant touch that worries record executives to the breaking point. What then?

I SUGGEST that the concert as an institution is dying, but it will not die so long as live music is presented to a living audience. Instead, it must change radically, to accord more nearly with the conditions in other entertainment areas. Perhaps we need more classical "pops," more smoke-filled classical dives, more informal classical jam sessions—"chamber music."

And, as for the record dealer, I suggest that he, too, will survive for the simplest of reasons. The mail-order record club is a "digest" system and can be little else. It offers a tiny fraction of the total music available on records. Digests are vital and the new musical digest audience has not yet reached its full tide. But the old and growing mass of buyers for the great recorded library is still with us—and can only be enlarged, in the end, by the record club stimulation of new music listeners. It's a waiting game.

WORTH LOOKING INTO . . . *Rediscoveries*

Albinoni: Twelve Concerti a cinque, Opus 9. Soloists, Italian Baroque Ensemble, Bryks. Vox DL 193 (3).

Albinoni: Six Concerti from Opus 5 and Opus 7. L'Ensemble de L'Oiseau-Lyre. OL 50041.

Albinoni: Adagio; Concerto in C, Op. 5, No. 12; Concerto a cinque in C; Concerto for Strings in D.

Vivaldi: Concerto a cinque in D minor, Op. VIII, No. 9; Concerto in E Minor for Bassoon, Op. VIII, No. 6. Ensemble Instrumental Sinfonia, Witold. Period SPL 723.

(Albinoni was an important contemporary of Vivaldi and of Bach and Handel, well known in his day and later, now rediscovered in line with our interest in music of this Italian 18th-century style.)

Widened Repertory

Mendelssohn: Symphony #2, "Lobgesang" (Hymn of Praise). Ilona Steingruber, Friedl Hofstetter, sops., Rudolf Kreuzberger, ten.; Vienna Orch. Soc., Vienna State Opera Chorus, Adler. Unicorn UN LP 1012 (1½). With **Cowell: Hymn and Fuguing Tunes #2, #5; Ballad.**

This is an odd and interesting work on a grand scale, patterned physically in the tradition of the Beethoven Ninth with instrumental movements and a choral finale, foreshadowing quite remarkably some aspects of Brahms' "German Requiem." The instrumental movements are on one disc, the series of choral pieces that make up the finale on another, separately available; but the two are one work, with a "motto" theme (rather a platitudinous one), not unlike the "Reformation" Symphony's, binding the whole together.

The music is long-winded, as befitted the festival performance for which it was designed, but there is much fine

Mendelssohn in it. The solo and choral parts are easily equal to similar music in "Elijah" and "St. Paul." This would seem to be a work that choral conductors should investigate as an adjunct to the annual "German Requiem" and B Minor Mass performances now so popular in this country.

Schubert: Piano Sonata in B Flat, Op. Posth.; Ländler, Op. 171. Leon Fleisher, piano. Columbia ML 5061.

One of the greatest of Schubert works, though a modest one in outward presentation, gets a fine playing here. Most pianists would bog down in its peculiarly difficult combination of non-showy pianistic problems, ultra-sensitive harmonic contrasts, and extreme length. This is no sonata for public performance! It needs leisure and concentration combined, for enjoyable listening—seldom found in the concert hall and abundantly available at home. Never bear for its length, on records. Just make yourself comfortable and forget the passing minutes as quickly as you can, for (as the ads might say) a long-lasting treat.

The short Ländler make a nice contrast to round out the second side. The recording is good but somewhat on the hard, percussive side.

Liszt: A Faust Symphony; Les Préludes. Paris Conservatory Orch., Ataulfo Argenta; L'Orch. de la Suisse Romande, Argenta. London LL 1303/4 (2).

It's odd that there have been only two LP recordings (aside from an old 78 reissue, now extinct) of this Liszt masterpiece of romantic introspection. Both are French, furthermore, though the music is as un-French as could well be imagined. The superb hi-fi recording of this new performance and the tonal beauty of its individual instrumentalists, notably among the wood winds, recommend it for good listening. But, as so frequently happens when the French tackle German music, there is a disturbing lack of emotional awareness, a failure to grasp the dignity and profundity of the expression, a constant miscalculation of emotional impact, that does Liszt far less than his due.

This is a work on a characteristically Teutonic grand scale, with *Leitmotivs* (even a borrowed idea or two from Wagner) and a grand cyclic unifying structure. But unlike Wagner, the larger part of it is quiet and inward-turning, with some of the most breathlessly lovely lyricism in all German romantic music, of the "Siegfried Idyll" art but easily outshining that more famous piece. This species of German musical architecture the French have

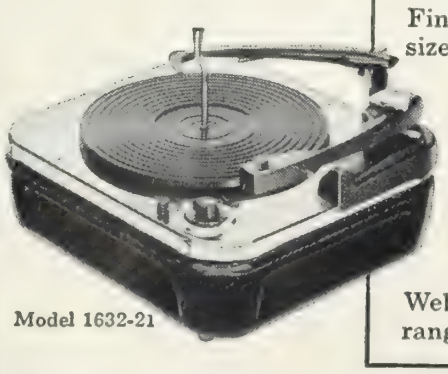


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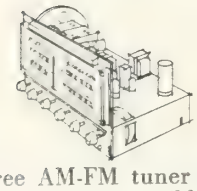
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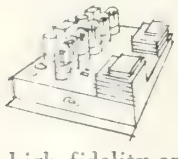
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Morton Gould: Fall River Legend / Leonard Bernstein: Facsimile. Ballet Theater Orchestra, Levine. Capitol P8320.

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The playing of these works is superb—that is the only word. The balleti "lilt," the sense of rhythmic phrasing is the best that can come out of long work in the actual presence of the dancers themselves. The recording is equally good, a trace on the dry side in perfect conformity to the modern sense of the music.

I should add that of the two, Bernstein's music shows clearly the greater musical power, though neither work was intended to sound "big" and highbrow.

C. P. E. Bach: Magnificat in D. Sieber Rössl-Majdan, Kmentt, Braun; Vienna State Opera Orch., Akademie Choir, Prohaska. Vanguard-Bach-Guild BG 552

This work by Carl Philipp Emanuel compares most interestingly to the familiar Magnificat by his father, J. S. Bach himself. It clearly owes a lot to the father, but the music is sharply influenced by these new *galant,* Mozart-like trends that escaped the old man almost entirely. Passages here sound like Mozart; others are Bach through and through.

C.P.E. Bach's greatest difficulty would seem to have been with the orchestral parts, which are constantly "busy" in the Mozartean sense without, however, showing much musical coherence. "Old" Bach's orchestra was unshakably architectural, with its own themes, counterpoints and *obbligati.* The younger Bach felt the sense of the new free style, but was not able to bring it into the sharp focus that became possible with Mozart's generation.

As Mozart said, C.P.E. Bach was "the father of us all," a powerful shaping influence on younger men, if not a grand-scale composer himself. So, perhaps with Aaron Copland of today—who knows. His position is remarkably like that of C.P.E. Bach at a similar point in his life.

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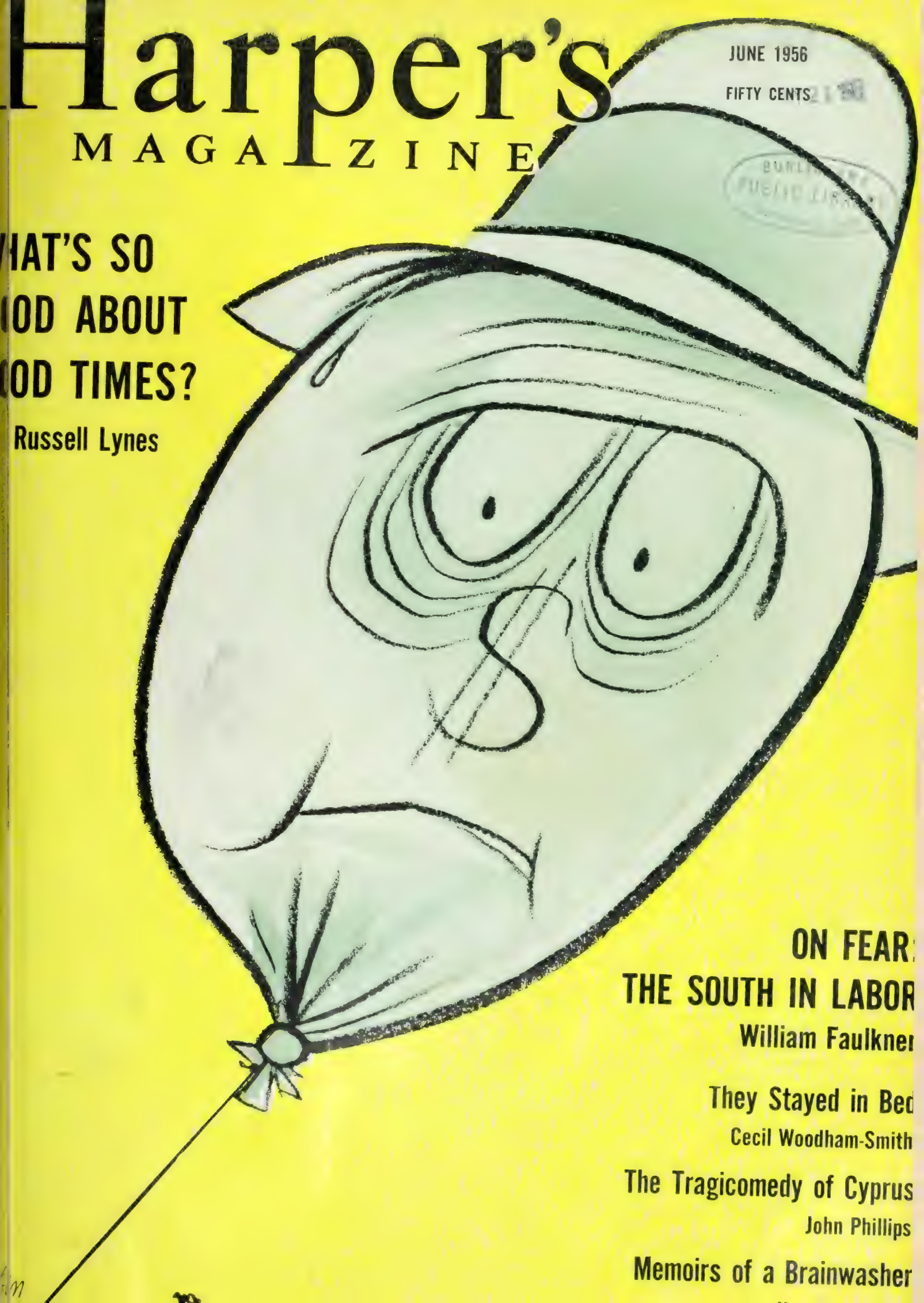
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LETTERS

Teacher Shortage

TO THE EDITORS:

I should like to reply to your comment on drafting women as elementary school teachers ["The Editor's Easy Chair," April] that if the good doctors of education could see their way clear to allowing someone to teach after *six* months' training, there would be no shortage of first-rate teachers. . . .

My suggestion is that the professional educators work out the academic, professional, and personal qualifications demanded of a teacher and admit that these qualifications are found in liberal-arts graduates as well as in teachers-college graduates. Then, through qualifying examinations and an intensive six-months' course, enough first-class teachers could be trained. . . .

I would like to see such a program set up with . . . scholarships primarily for young women with B.A.'s or graduate degrees who would like to teach but are unwilling to take a long training course, and for college-trained housewives in their thirties or forties or older who would like to work and are especially suited for elementary-school teaching through experience in raising families. . . .

LOIS MARTIN
Lincoln, Neb.

We propose that Mr. Fischer carry his "drafting proposal" still further and eliminate the drastic shortages in the medical profession also. In this instance we could put young men and women college graduates through a year's intensive training . . . and have them serve two years as doctors and dentists before settling down to their chosen professions. . . .

Such a system admittedly would not produce first-rate doctors, but according to Mr. Fischer's line of reasoning a second-rate doctor is better than none at all. . . .

Mr. Fischer couldn't have been serious, but supposing he were. Would it ease the shortage? Lessening standards for teaching increases, rather than decreases, teacher shortages by discouraging competent teachers in the field and top-flight prospective entrants to the field.

EARL R. HUTCHISON
State University Teachers College
Potsdam, N. Y.

Your comments on the teacher shortage are apparently based on facti errors. . . . In fact, a number feasible ideas have resulted in acti that is now relieving the shortage. . There was a 1.5 per cent increase the number of elementary and second school teachers last year and a 9.3 p cent increase in the classes to gradu in June 1956. This trend is outrunni the gain in pupil population. . . . Th will probably be a balance of teacl supply and demand between 1960 a 1965, with greatly improved standa of preparation. . . .

Concerning conclusions, the teach colleges have no "stranglehold on c educational system." More than 1,2 colleges and universities of all ty send their graduates into teaching. 1954-55, public and private universit prepared 34.9 per cent of all element and secondary teachers, general colle 44.8 per cent, and teachers colleges o 20.3 per cent. . . .

EDGAR FULLER, Executive Sec
Council of Chief State School Offic
Washington, D.

Speaking of ruffling "some pre sensitive feathers," mine were bac ruffled—and I am not particularly ser tive—by the absurd idea of drafti teachers. . . .

If a drafted soldier is discontent he himself is the only sufferer. But c anyone in his or her right mind actua contemplate forcing a group of innoce children to be subjected to a teacl who is in the classroom because she *forced* to be there?

Without wishing to sound fatuous pollyanna-ish, I am convinced that t majority of us who do not leave the p fession are in it and remain in it becau we feel some degree of dedication. . . .

RUTH L. PERS
Cleveland Heights, Oh

. . . When I graduated from colle in 1954, I received a B.S. degree in Ed cation and was qualified to teach En lish on the secondary-school level. then moved from New York to Bost where my husband was doing gradua work. I immediately applied for a teac ing position in about fifteen differe communities in the area. Not one o fered me a position, only two or thr granted me a personal interview.

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SECRETARY JOHN FOSTER DULLES, testifying before the Senate Subcommittee on Disarmament on February 29, 1956, said:

"Of course, the theoretical ideal is to have in some such body as the United Nations a dependable force which would be greater than the force of any single member state. That would be extending to the society of nations the principle which is, broadly speaking, applied to maintain peace and order within a national society."

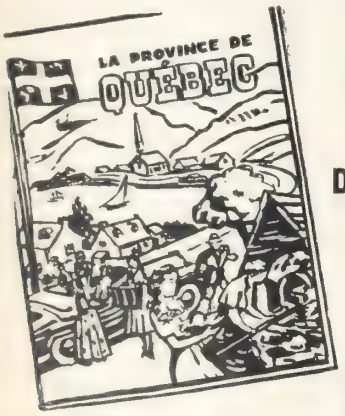
We applaud this statement. We believe that most Americans are convinced that this goal is practical and attainable within a foreseeable period. We believe, further, that most Americans fully understand that this cannot be achieved unless there is a real pooling of sovereignty in the U.N.

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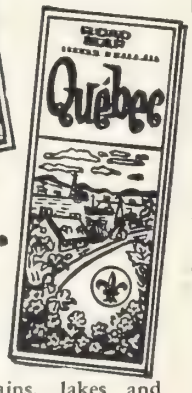
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teachers." Not one accepted student teaching as any sort of experience.

(3) Several communities hire married women only as permanent substitutes on a daily basis with no compensation for vacations and holidays and no prospects of tenure.

(4) Two of the communities do not hire anyone who has not been a resident of the community for at least a year. . . .

No, I am not teaching. . . . I work a seven-hour day, my evenings are my own, and my salary is on a level with the average teaching salary. There are many other girls in the same position. Of course the teaching problem exists. But not in Massachusetts.

(Name Withheld)
Cambridge, Mass.

DeVoto Papers

To the Editors:

Stanford University has become the depository of the library and papers of Bernard DeVoto. The collection will be of maximum use to scholars and historians if all those who have DeVoto correspondence will make it available to Stanford. A letter to the Office of the Director, Stanford University Libraries, Stanford, California, concerning any such correspondence will be answered with alacrity and gratitude.

Wallace Stegner
Stanford, Calif.

Haves and Have-nots

To the Editors:

Congratulations to Peter Drucker for "America Becomes a Have-not Nation" [April]. The basic principle upon which his article is founded, however, is not new. It has been kicking around (or been kicked around) in the form of a pious platitude for thousands of years—"Do unto others as you would have them do unto you."

It is rather ironic that our intense materialistic desires have led us to a dependency upon others that now compels us to "love our neighbors as ourselves." . . . For, as Mr. Drucker makes clear, we not only "ought" to, but "had better." . . .

Odin L. Scherer
Newfane, N. Y.

. . . Mr. Drucker analyzes rather wishfully some aspects of the looming international trade war possibilities but omits enough important factors to make his conclusions only vaguely significant.

It is highly doubtful that any of our free-nation allies, except Germany, would be pleased with high pressure industrialization such as Mr. Drucker would apparently be pleased to see stimulated. Most of their cultures have rejected such tendencies and appear only confusedly willing to accept increases now. For us, the political entanglements that would result in such increased economic projection, even if it could be made attractive to them, could far overshadow the economic benefits.

All of Mr. Drucker's argument hinges on one point: that the free nations are going to be "willing to become closely integrated with the American economy." Considering our fumbling with farm surpluses, this doesn't seem the most likely prospect. . . .

Granted industrial trade arrangements are a crying need, new economic devices and high-pressure industrialization are not likely to be the hero in the pursuit of free-world self-determination. . . .

Ray Southworth
Los Angeles, Calif.

Peter Drucker's article seems to leave out a very important element in forecasting the economic future of the world. If the march of democracy reaches such countries as Iran, Guatemala, and Malaya, labor unions will raise the price of common labor.

If the producers of rubber, cotton, and ores were as well paid as the mechanics who make cars and tires, the U. S. would not need so many new roads, and all of us would have to get along on less.

If American investors are going to keep the poor in subjection as they do in the banana republics, the Communists will win.

A. Craig
Oxford, Pa.

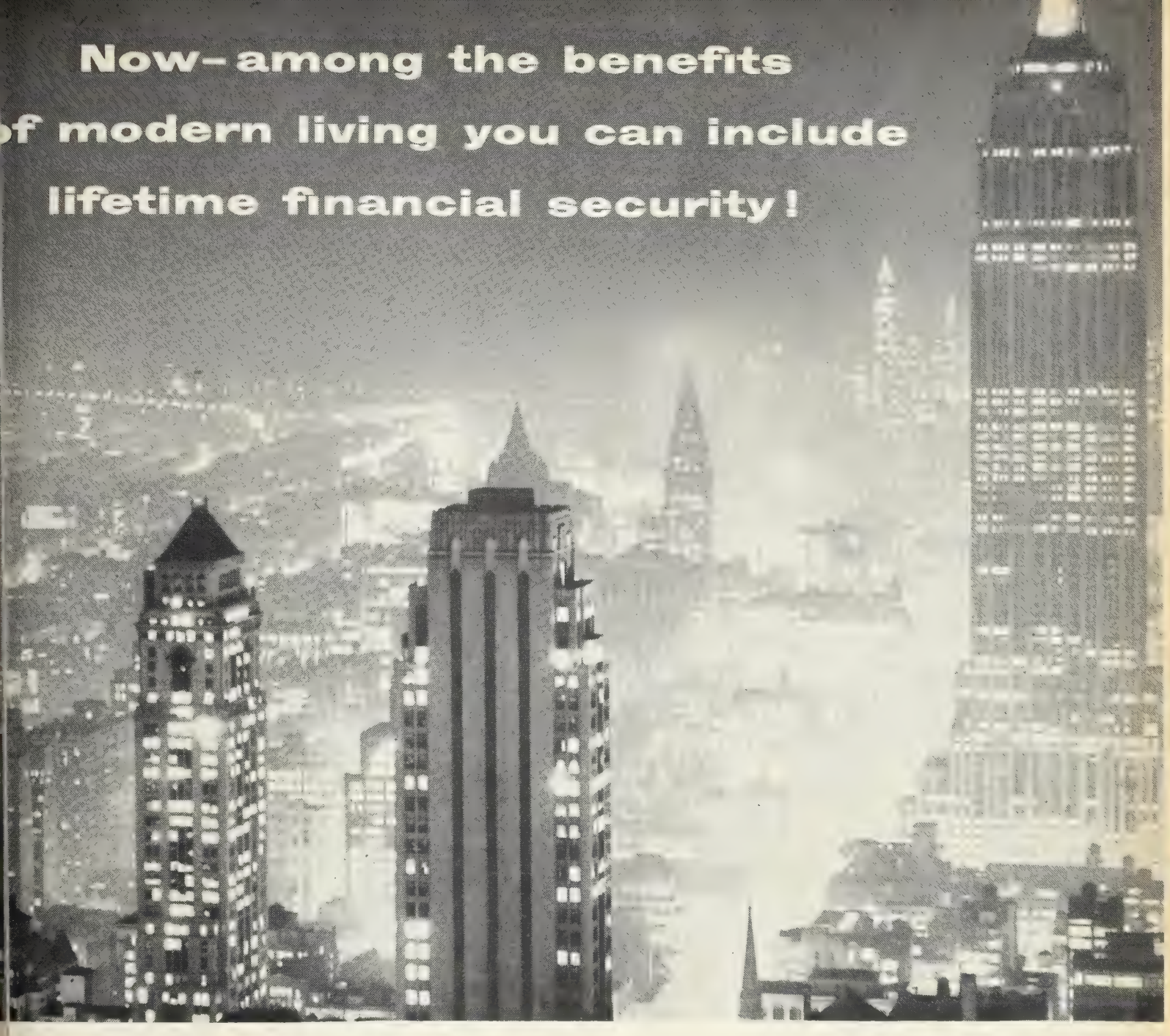
Contemplative Drama

To the Editors:

That, to quote Adlai Stevenson, "the pause in the day's occupation which is known as the Eisen-hour" signified a pause for contemplation is, in the words of Senator McCarthy, "the most unheard-of thing I ever heard of." If, as Walter Kerr says ["The Best Theater Season in Years," April], playwrights in the last few years have come to regard human personality as a mystery rather than an equation, it does not follow that this cultural change springs from the same cause as the change in Administration. . . .

Since the defeated have more time and inclination for contemplation and such dreams as plays are made of, and since to us Stevenson's defeat remains a mystery admittedly beyond our power to solve, may it not be that to us should go the credit for the best theater season

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North Dakota	1,000,000
Ohio	29,700,000
Oklahoma	4,600,000
Oregon	4,400,000
Pennsylvania	35,000,000
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South Carolina	3,000,000
South Dakota	1,100,000
Tennessee	5,400,000
Texas	18,900,000
Utah	1,600,000
Vermont	700,000
Virginia	6,900,000
Washington	7,300,000
West Virginia	3,300,000
Wisconsin	9,500,000
Wyoming	700,000
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TOTAL	$465,500,000

in years? Unless, of course, all the good plays were written by Republicans.

MARGARET LEE SPUTHARD
Hingham, Mass.

For the Record

TO THE EDITORS:

Is Sir Anthony Eden also in historical trouble? Or has F. George Steiner ["Eden in Trouble," April] misquoted him in saying the steam engine was "discovered" one hundred and forty years ago?

Thomas Savery patented a commercially successful steam engine in 1698. Thomas Newcomen . . . improved and rendered Savery's engine more practical by 1725. James Watt invented a better engine after much work on Newcomen's model and patented it in 1769.

Let us hope that Sir Anthony does not sell short his inventive fellow citizens of yesteryear.

HENRY A. DEWIND
Wisconsin State College
Whitewater, Wisc.

In my Picasso piece in the March issue ["Picasso in Vallauris"] the caption under the drawing Picasso made and gave me says that it is my portrait he has made. It is not supposed to be me, he was just trying my goose-feather pen and I hope you do not entertain hopes that this handsome hairy fellow is like me, in which case you will be disappointed. I cannot compete with that flourishing coiffure and beard.

HANS BENDIX
Copenhagen, Denmark

In reference to Wyatt Blassingame's story in April ["Man's Courage], with all due respect for the lieutenant's courage, how could he have failed to realize that had the white private carried out his plan to murder him he would have had to face an Army court martial, not a civilian jury. It is highly unlikely that even the most lenient court martial would have given him less than twenty years for killing an officer.

IRVING SCHWARTZ
New York, N. Y.

I believe Mr. Schwartz is quite right that the private in my story would have been tried before a military court martial. Frankly I didn't even think of this while writing. . . . I don't believe that in the final conflict between these two men either of them would have thought or cared about this. The real story, as I saw it, lay in the difficulty of the two men understanding one another. . . . The point I wanted to make was that the Negro felt so alone he believed the soldiers with Stewart would swear to any kind of lie to protect him, that the girl, the owner of the bar would do this also; he believed that because of this solid closing of ranks Stewart would be able, and would be sure he was able, to kill a Negro and never be brought to trial. . . .

The white man did not, in the final climax, consider the effect of murder on himself at all since he simply could not kill under the circumstances imposed on him. To believe that his actions were affected by fear of court martial is to misunderstand him even more than did the Negro lieutenant. . . .

WYATT BLASSINGAME
Anna Maria, Fla.

Dorothy Van de Mark's "The Raid on the Reservations" [March] is timely and important and in its main presentation not only true, but an understatement. I mention only one aspect of the Indian affairs situation; that is, the enormity of sheer myth-making which has gone forth from the Indian Office since 1950, and increasingly since 1953. . . .

The myth . . . in the present case is that the government is being withdrawn from Indian affairs. Yet it is Mr. D'Ewart, Assistant Secretary in charge of Indian matters, who writes: "Ten years ago the appropriation was one-fourth of this amount" [the present request of the Indian Office for $137 million]. Like previous "withdrawals" by the Indian Bureau, the present example trebles and quadruples the federal expenditure.

The one accurate if unproclaimed feature of the withdrawal myth is that Indian properties are being withdrawn and individual Indians are being sundered from their homes and homelands, loyalties and human bonds, and moral foundations—that is, withdrawal of property from Indians and life from Indians, while Interior Department dictatorship expands and complicates itself.

JOHN COLLIER
Commr. of Indian Affairs 1933-45
Knox College, Galesburg, Ill.

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TO THE EDITORS:

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the editor's EASY CHAIR

FORECAST FOR JUNE, AUGUST, AND NOVEMBER

WHEN American historians of later centuries look back to 1956, it is quite possible that they may remember it mainly for a single event: the breakup of the Democratic party. They may even note the day when the crack widened beyond repair: June 5.

This is by no means a certainty. Nothing in politics ever is. But at this writing—in April—a number of the shrewdest and most farsighted men among the party's leadership are saying that the chances are better than even for a disastrous split before the end of the year. Some go further: they are predicting that if this does happen, the party may be so crippled that it cannot win another national election for perhaps twenty years.

Here are the reasons for their forebodings—reasons which they cannot explain from the platform, but which they are quite willing to discuss in personal conversations when they know they will not be quoted by name. (There is nothing sinister about their public reticence; it is simply that no politician likes to go on record as predicting trouble for his own team.)

ON THE surface—as these men see it—the menace looks familiar, and not too serious. It appears in the guise of a threat by certain Southern Democrats to march off and form a separate Dixiecrat party unless they are permitted to have their own way—on both the candidate and the platform—at the national convention. Senator Allen Ellender of Louisiana and ex-Governor Fielding L. Wright of Mississippi have made this threat openly; a dozen others have echoed it in party conferences.

This kind of blackmail is a Fine Old Southern Tradition. It has been attempted repeatedly, but never since the Civil War has it proved entirely ruinous. Sometimes the other elements in the party have simply surrendered to it, in order to hold the organization together. More often the Southerners have finally agreed to some sort of compromise. Only once in recent years have they actually tried to make good on their bluff; and then the results were not nearly so fatal as advertised. When the Dixiecrats revolted in 1948, they were able to tear only four states away from their normal Democratic allegiance—and that was not enough either to swing the election to the Republicans or to lay a permanent foundation for a new party. The rebels were left in the ridiculous position of a Samson who had threatened to pull the temple down on everybody's head, but had merely succeeded in kicking himself off the front porch.

But this time it is different.

For one thing, Samson is a good deal huskier, and in an uglier mood. It is now clear that the fight over desegregation has inflamed public opinion throughout the Deep South, and in some of the Border States, to the highest temperature since Reconstruction days. As William Faulkner points out on page 29, these feelings are largely irrational. They bear a curious resemblance to the exaggerated fears, the racial bitterness, the hatred of "outside interference," and the upsurge of nationalism which are causing so much trouble throughout the Middle East and Asia. Many a white Southerner now seems to look on his Negro neighbors—and his fellow Americans in the North—with as much distrust as that of an Israeli for the Arabs, or a Hindu for the Pakistanis. "States rights" and "Interposition" have become mystic battle cries, like "Enosis" in Cyprus.

Precisely because these emotions are so unreasoning, the politicians find them frighteningly hard to cope with. Pocketbook issues usually can be compromised; glassy-eyed passion cannot. Consequently, the Southern leaders will go into the August convention convinced that they must demand two things: (1) a Presidential nominee who shows at least a little understanding of their peculiar problem; and (2) a platform which will promise (at least by implication) not to push the racial issue at a pace which most Southern whites will consider intolerable.

Pressure from their wrought-up constituents probably will leave the Southern captains with little room for maneuver. If they fail to stand firm on these two points, they will risk repudiation—and a political death sentence—by the folks back home. Furthermore, if they are defeated on these issues, they will be virtually forced to walk out of the convention and set up a third party.

Another path which was once open to them is

now closed. In 1952, instead of forming their own party, millions of disgruntled Southerners merely voted Republican. Few of them will do so again. For they now argue—in tones of outraged betrayal—that the Eisenhower Administration is attacking their way of life more ruthlessly than Roosevelt or Truman ever did . . . that Warren and Nixon and Ike himself are hardly better than Harlem Democrats . . . and that the only alternative left to the White Supremacy Southerners is to go it alone.

(The Republican strategists are deliberately encouraging this view. Some time early in 1955, their political high command apparently abandoned whatever hope it once had for building up an effective Republican organization in the South. Instead it decided to aim for higher stakes: that is, to win the Negro vote in the North and at the same time to help incite a Dixiecrat rebellion in the South. To this end, it has played its cards with admirable skill. The most recent trump was the civil-rights legislation requested in April by Attorney General Herbert Brownell. He knew, of course, that it had no chance of passage in the present Congress; but he also knew that it would touch off an angry battle between Northern and Southern Democrats—and simultaneously burnish up the Republican record as the true friend of the Negro.)

If the Southerners do form a third party, they naturally will not expect to capture the White House. But with a respectable candidate—such as Senator Richard Russell of Georgia or Senator Strom Thurmond of South Carolina, the Dixiecrat standard-bearer in 1948—they feel pretty confident of carrying at least five states: South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana. Quite possibly they would take as many as nine. Even the minimum five almost surely would be enough to ensure the defeat of the regular Democratic candidate—thus chastening the Northern and Western wings of the party, and proving beyond argument that they can never get anywhere without the South.

More important, the Dixiecrats might reasonably hope to elect enough Senators and Representatives to give them a very strong bargaining position in Congress. Probably no major legislation—so they reason—could be passed without their concurrence. They would have the power, in short, to paralyze the process of government; and they could then trade on this power to get the kind of racial measures they want. Specifically, they would bargain for some modification of the Supreme Court ruling on desegregation of Southern schools.

(Some potential Dixiecrats also talk—rather vaguely—about the possibility of a deadlock in the Electoral College, which would prevent any Presidential candidate from getting a majority. The decision would then be thrown into the House of Representatives, which would have the unusual task of choosing a President according to the peculiar rules laid down in Article II, Section I of the Constitution. It is a question, however, whether the Southern strategists really consider this a serious possibility, or if so, what they would hope to gain from it.)

IN YET another way the situation this year differs greatly from that of 1948; and this difference makes a breakup of the Democratic party seem still more likely.

Never before have the Northern and Western wings of the party been so unready to give in to the Southern demands. For the first time, a considerable number of Democratic officeholders in these sections—Governors, members of Congress, and local officials—are unterrified by the threat of a Southern bolt. On the contrary, many of them would welcome it.

These Northern Democrats give two reasons for their change in attitude:

(1) Many of them privately believe that their party does not have much chance of winning the Presidency in any case. Barring some unforeseen event of earth-shaking dimensions—such as involvement of American troops in fighting overseas, a bad slump in employment, or another heart attack in the White House—they figure Ike is practically unbeatable. So, they argue, we might as well let the South bolt, and be damned. To them, their own re-election is far more important than the race for the White House.

(2) They are badly frightened by the prospect of losing their own jobs. In many states they are convinced that they can win only if they manage to hold the solid support of their Negro constituents—plus the Jewish voters who feel nearly as strongly as the Negroes on racial issues, and the substantial number of other Northerners who regard racial discrimination as a moral disgrace to the whole nation. All three of these groups have tended to vote Democratic for the last twenty-four years. For example, in such key states as New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, and New Jersey, about 70 per cent of the Negroes have normally supported Democratic candidates—and their votes frequently have been decisive.

Plenty of evidence is building up to indicate that this allegiance is now being shaken. The Court's desegregation decision—rendered, as Nixon went out of his way to put it, by a Republican Chief Justice—the Brownell civil-rights program, the Administration's solid record of progress toward racial equality in the public service and armed forces . . . all these have been

noted with favor by the Negro community. As each new story of racial strife comes over the wires—the Till, Lucy, and Nat "King" Cole cases, for example, and the Montgomery bus boycott—the Negro press grows steadily more critical of the Democrats: for it tends to hold the entire party responsible for the behavior of its most rabid members. And in the Minnesota primary Eisenhower carried Negro precincts which had long been considered safe Democratic strongholds.

THE effect of all this in the North was summed up by one New York Democrat in these words:

"I would feel a lot surer about carrying my Negro wards in November if I didn't have to keep apologizing all the time for Senator Eastland and the rest of those hominy-grits characters. They just don't understand the peculiar problems of my region. If they pull out of the party, that would be the best break I could ask for."

So if the Confederate Samson tries to pull the temple down again, he is likely to find a surprising number of Yankees grunting and heaving right alongside.

If the temple does fall, the Negro will get hurt worse than anybody else. The first result would be to throw political power throughout the South into the hands of the extremists. Already the moderate leaders of the South—Lister Hill, John Sparkman, William Fulbright, and all their like—have been forced into hasty retreat. Already nearly every calm and reasonable voice in the Southern press has been silenced, or drowned out by the screams of fear and defiance. But they have not been destroyed. Not yet.

Once the Dixiecrats and Citizens Councils gain full control, however, the responsible and humane leadership of the South *will* be destroyed. In all likelihood it cannot be rebuilt within our lifetime. All progress toward better race relations will slam to a jarring halt. Many of the gains the Southern Negroes have made, so painfully and precariously, during the last twenty years will be in jeopardy. Naked violence, now a shocking rarity, may well become commonplace. Any further headway toward integration will of course be



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out of the question for the foreseeable future.

Other people will get hurt too.

The Southern whites, for instance, would be damaged by a Dixiecrat regime far more than most of them now realize. Living in an atmosphere of suspicion and fear is sure to leave its mark on everyone, whatever his color. The economic cost, however, would be easier to gauge; new industries will be reluctant to move into a region in turmoil.

In a different way, all Americans would suffer. When Southerners insist that they should be left alone to handle "their" race problem in their own fashion, they forget that whatever besmirches the good name of the United States hurts all of us. And it is a plain, indisputable fact that the spectacle of hot-eyed racism dominating the South would do untold harm to the American cause throughout the world. It would, indeed, provide the Communists with the strongest possible propaganda weapon among the colored peoples who form a majority in the uncommitted nations.

Finally, the breakup of the Democratic party would damage the political structure of the whole country, in unpredictable but far-reaching ways. It would mean, for a considerable period, the suspension of our two-party system. The Republicans no longer would face an effective national opposition; and that is not a healthy situation for anybody, including Republicans.

WHETHER all these things actually will come to pass may be decided on June 5. If Adlai Stevenson wins the California primary on that day, he will still be a powerful contender for the Democratic nomination; if he loses, he will drop far back in the running. Most of the political veterans whose views are reflected here think it would be all but impossible for him to regain the lost ground.

They also agree that he is the man best equipped to hold the party together. That is largely the reason why the 1952 nomination was thrust upon him. It remains true today. So if he wins in California—and ag in two months later at the Chicago convention—there is a fair chance that the oldest political or-

ganization in the world may survive its present crisis.

For Stevenson, better than any other Democrat, symbolizes the middle ground. His record on race relations as Governor of Illinois was one of the best in the country; and he has made it clear, in many speeches, that he believes the law as interpreted by the Supreme Court must be carried out. Yet he also has evidenced a deep understanding of the emotional and social adjustments which confront the South. He knows that they cannot be forced. He is confident that the processes of conciliation—so far tragically untried—can lead to solutions which both Negroes and white Southerners can accept. And by temperament and background he is uniquely qualified for the role of conciliator.

For these very reasons he is unpopular with the extremists on both sides. Neither the neo-Confederates nor the Madison Avenue abolitionists are satisfied with his middle-ground approach. The responsible party leaders in both North and South, however, realize that this is the only approach with a reasonable chance of success; and they are convinced that in a showdown both wings would accept his candidacy without a serious break in the ranks.

WITH one possible exception, that cannot be said of any other contender for the nomination. Harriman would satisfy the North and the liberals; but Southerners generally regard him as a warmed-over New Dealer and (because of the nature of his New York constituency) an extremist on racial matters. Kefauver is even more unpalatable to the South—which views him as a renegade—and also to many organization Democrats who distrust his lone wolf habits. Lausche would go down with the Southerners, but not with the liberals or many of the organization bosses; they cannot forget that he not only voted for Taft but openly professes much of the Taftian gospel. Consequently, a number of men who will play key roles at the convention are now making a flat prediction: Lausche can't get the nomination—and if either Kefauver or Harriman should get it, the South will bolt.

They sometimes add that, aside

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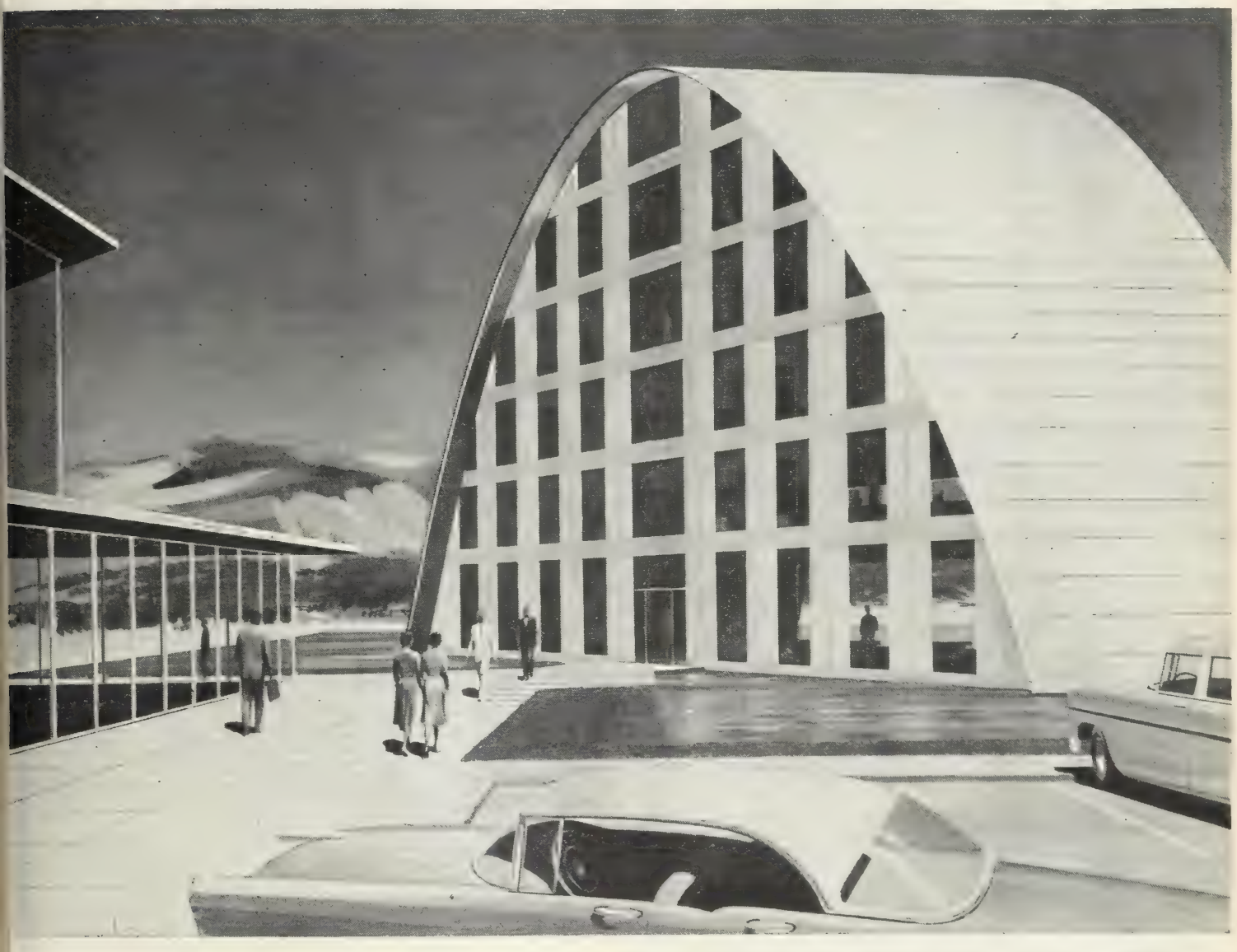
from Stevenson, only one man is in sight who might be acceptable to both North and South, to liberals as well as conservatives: Senator Stuart Symington of Missouri. (Officially he is not in the race at all; but the other candidates have always regarded him as a dangerous challenger-in-ambush.) He comes from a border state. He has never been pushed into taking a position on racial matters which alienated either side. His inquiry into the guided-missile program may provide a useful publicity build-up. His record offers no obvious targets for attack.

Unfortunately it doesn't offer much else either. Both in the Cabinet and in Congress his career has been as undistinguished as it is inoffensive. There is no serious reason to believe that he would stand a chance against Eisenhower. About all that can be said for him is that—if Stevenson is knocked out of the running—Symington might serve as a last resort to stave off the fatal party split. Even in that role his effectiveness is open to doubt. Because he would be so obviously a weak candidate, the powerful centrifugal forces within the party might well tear it apart anyhow.

Nevertheless, there is a general expectation among the professionals that if the convention deadlocks, or if there seems to be a real danger that either Kefauver or Harriman might win the nomination, Symington will be hauled out of the bushes. The men expected to push him forward, at that juncture, are Harry Truman, the Elder Statesman, and the Texas Twins, Lyndon Johnson and Sam Rayburn, who lead the Senate and the House. In such a pinch, these three senior captains very probably would consider a chance for party unity more important than victory in November, or anything else. And if they do decide to play Symington as their last card, the convention is quite likely to follow their lead.

If this line of reasoning is correct, the California primary on June 5 may turn out to be the decisive election of the year. And if Stevenson loses, the real winner will not be Kefauver, but the Missouri Senator whose name is not even on the ballot.

Midway in the twentieth century, aluminum—light, low-priced, handsome, and easy to work—is transforming many industries, contributing to better living. Aluminium Limited here reports in graphic form the story of aluminum-making in Canada.



A dramatic use of aluminum in construction is shown in this unique office building, which rotates to follow the sun. Arched aluminum reflects summer heat.

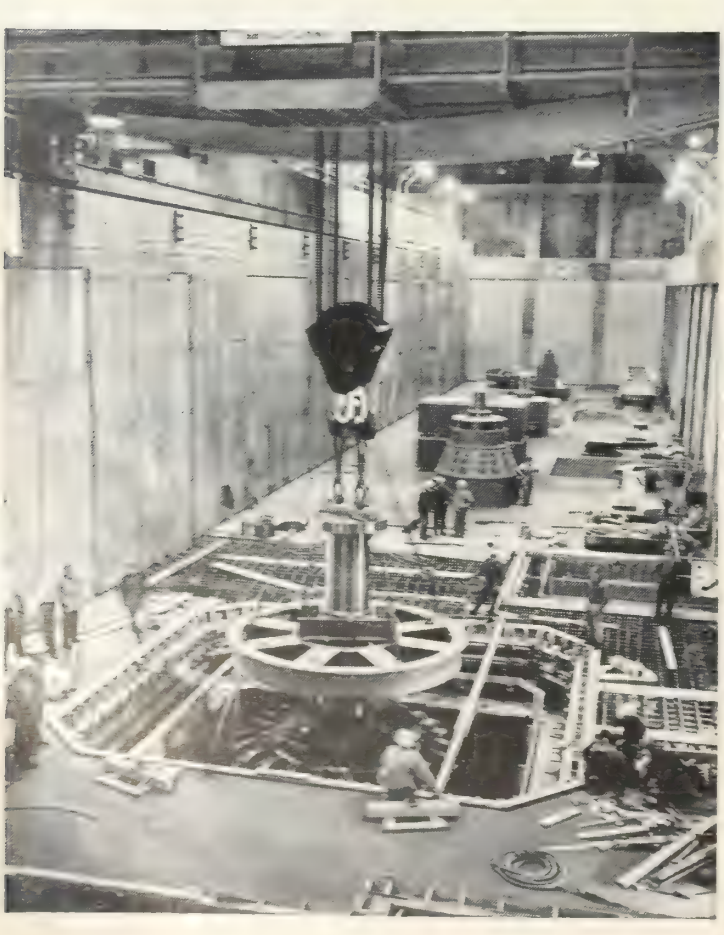
More Aluminum for Modern Living

The story of Aluminium Limited's record expansion program

THE year 1956 promises to write important new chapters in the story of aluminum. The output of primary aluminum is at a record-breaking high. The metal's low and relatively stable price and its good qualities are bringing more and more demand from aluminum fabricators. Aluminum has moved ahead of all other metals to take second place only to iron and steel in tonnage used. In the next quarter-century demand and consumption seem destined to climb still further.

Look at the way the American appetite for aluminum has grown since 1950: That year, we consumed a little over 1,000,000 tons of the metal. Last year, we used twice as much—or enough aluminum to blanket all New England and half of New York state in aluminum foil. Today, aluminum has become so acceptable that more than seventy skyscrapers are planned with outside walls of the light metal, and aluminum is appearing more and more in industrial buildings, hospitals, and schools.

Powerhouse inside a British Columbia mountain sends electricity fifty miles to Kitimat smelte



AS the Aluminum Age progresses, producers o primary aluminum are busy installing more ingo producing capacity. Daily, the number of com panies which make things out of aluminum is grow ing. There are now more than 24,000 fabricators o the lightweight metal in the United States.

The world's largest single expansion of productio facilities to supply these fabricators with more bas aluminum is under way in Canada. It is being ca ried out by Aluminium Limited, of Montrea through its subsidiary, the Aluminum Company o Canada, Limited, the world's second-largest alum num producer.

In order to step up its capacity to mine and refi bauxite—the ore from which aluminum is made—t generate the huge amounts of electricity needed i aluminum-smelting, and to enlarge its ingot capacit to over 1,000,000 tons a year, Aluminium Limite will be spending about $1,000,000,000 from 195 through 1959. This means the company is spendin an average of $2,000,000 a week for ten years o plant expansion in order to make more aluminu available for fabricators and consumers in the Unite States and other countries.

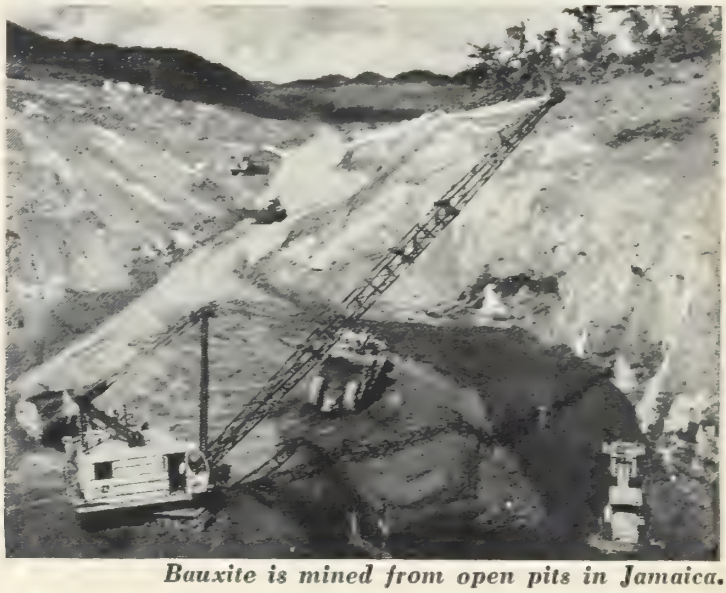
A new generator is lowered inside Kemano powerhous as part of $2,000,000-a-week expansion program

HE production of aluminum begins with a reddish e, bauxite, which occurs mainly in semi-tropical eas. Aluminium Limited, through subsidiary com- nies, mines most of its ore in British Guiana, maica, and the Los Islands of French West Africa. umina, a white powdery substance, is chemically tracted from the bauxite and is then put through an ctrolytic smelting process at the company's main ants in Quebec province and at Kitimat in the ovince of British Columbia.

In the smelters the alumina is fed into large electrolytic cells, or "pots," containing a bath of aluminum fluoride. Huge amounts of electricity, generated by abundant Canadian waterpower, are fed into the "pot" through a carbon electrode. As the heavy current does its work, molten aluminum settles to the bottom and is drawn off to solidify into ingots. It takes four tons or more of bauxite to yield two tons of alumina, which in turn, yield one ton of aluminum. In the electrolytic process, some 18,000 kilowatt-hours of electrical energy are needed to turn out one ton of metal.



Part of the job of refining aluminum's ore, bauxite, into alumina is done in these precipitator tanks.



Bauxite is mined from open pits in Jamaica.



Expansion of Jamaica alumina plant moves ahead. Some $22.000.000 will be spent thus in 1956.

its quest for low-cost sites to produce abundant economic energy far from the needs of cities and er industries, Aluminium Limited, beginning in 1, undertook one of the most spectacular engineer- feats in history at Kitimat, British Columbia, in snow-peaked Coast Range Mountains. Here, 100 es south of the Alaskan "panhandle," engineers rsed the flow of a river with a huge rock dam, ting a 150-mile-long reservoir. Instead of feeding river system, the reservoir is now drained by a ten- e tunnel driven through the mountains. The water hen dropped to a powerhouse at sea level, where erators of 2,000,000 horsepower can eventually be alled. From here the electricity flows on trans- ion lines transversing fifty miles of river valleys and mountain passes to Kitimat, where an aluminum smelter was constructed in a wide valley on a deep ice-free fiord.

Aluminium Limited's ore boats now bring Jamaican alumina to dockside at Kitimat and ingot is carried away to the United States and other markets by ship and rail.

From a population of 8,000 residents at present, Kitimat eventually may grow to as many as 50,000 when the smelter reaches its full capacity of 550,000 tons of aluminum a year. This would make it one of the biggest cities in British Columbia.

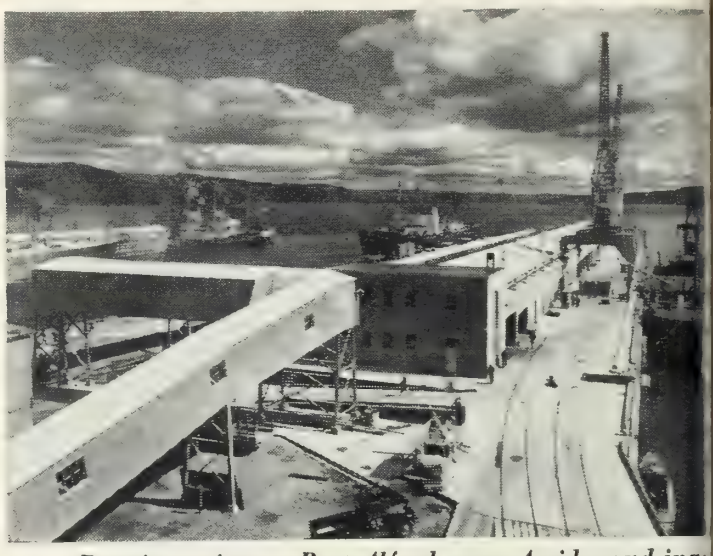
Both the smelter and the town of Kitimat are growing rapidly as the demand for aluminum continues to rise.

YEARS before, Aluminium Limited had developed a good location for making aluminum in the Saguenay Valley of Quebec, where a 30,000-square-mile watershed drains into Lake St. John and empties through the Saguenay River into the St. Lawrence. The vast hydroelectric resources of the valley were harnessed by a series of great dams, and powerhouses and smelters were built. One smelter, Arvida, the world's largest, covers an area one and a half miles long by three-quarters of a mile wide. Nearby, an attractive city of 11,000 residents has grown up where once there was open country.

Development of the Saguenay River power resources took place within twenty years and speeded up the industrial development of this region by several decades. During World War II, Aluminium Limited smelters in this area supplied nearly 700,000 tons of aluminum to U. S. defense plants. Expansion of the Saguenay facilities is now under way to provide greater capacity.



At Arvida, Quebec, world's largest aluminum smelter, ore is made into these gleaming fifty-pound ingots.



Bauxite arrives at Port Alfred, near Arvida, and ingo is shipped to the United States and world market



Vast quantities of electricity for Arvida smelter flow from 1,200,000-horsepower Shipshaw powerhouse.



Abundant waterpower harnessed here enables Canad to send the U. S. 250,000 tons of aluminum in 195

NEARLY 1,000,000 Americans are busy today making products designed around aluminum. Their employers are thousands of enterprising small businessmen, who have helped to develop a great industry. But the industry depends for its life on increasing amounts of primary aluminum.

Because Canada has abundant hydroelectric resources available for aluminum-making, that country now is second only to the United States as a primary producer. Since Canadian industries need only about 15 per cent of this production, the balance can be sold in world markets. Thus, Aluminium Limited's shipments to the United States have grown steadily and this year will be greater than ever before.

However, at present aluminum continues in sho supply. Daily, American industry finds new uses f the metal. Leading U. S. producers, who make pr mary aluminum and also fabricate it into finishe products, have announced expansion plans. Ar several newcomers also are entering the primary pr duction field.

Joining in co-operation with these United States pr ducers, the independent Canadian aluminum indust represents a convenient, stable source of primary met for America's expanding manufacturing facilities. helps to provide a foundation both for the continent peacetime growth and its defense against any pos ble aggression.

PERSONAL *and otherwise*

Three Women

WE ARE about to recommend a hypothetical treatment for the three languishing ladies whose cases are described by **Cecil Woodham-Smith** in the article on page 40. (Since the fourth character in "They Stayed in Bed" is a man, we shall leave him out.)

Assume that Destiny has bestowed these three talented women on America in our century instead of on England in the Victorian Age—when, as Miss Nightingale said, family life and the interminable round of chatting made life "slow torture." So Elizabeth Barrett was born in 1906, Florence Nightingale in 1920, and Harriet Martineau in 1902. The twentieth century could have made splendid use of their powers and found an effective means (without resorting to invalidism) of getting them away from father, or sister, or mother, as the individual case required. First, of course, we prescribe college, the liberal-arts course.

So intellectual a trio, however, would scarcely satisfy their cravings for distinguished achievement with mere A.B. Give them a year or two or three in a job after graduation—Elizabeth teaching English in a private school for girls in New York; Florence as an officer in the WAAC at the start of World War II; and Harriet working at Hull-House in Chicago in the 1920s. These are exhilarating experiences, of course, but for these gifted young women, frustration sets in. They have privacy, study, development of their powers. (Miss Barrett's responsibility for a gaggle of teen-age Upper Bohemian girls in midtown Manhattan has left her pretty high and dry for beaux, and the other two have been meeting the Wrong Men; so an additional motive for the course we are about to describe might be the hope of finding a husband. If, however, marriage is the primary goal, the following road is not for them.)

What we suggest to these girls is to go to graduate school and work for a Ph.D. Barring distracting romantic entanglements during the next three years, acute ill health, or an irresistible call to social action, it is very likely that they would complete the requirements and join that less than one per cent of all women college graduates who become doctors of philosophy.

According to the findings of a Radcliffe College Faculty-Trustee Committee, 429 women got Radcliffe doctor's degrees in the fifty-year period from 1902 to 1951.* Of these degrees the largest number (57) were awarded in the field of English—we suggest this major for Miss Barrett. (We should have to consult the department head before promising that her youthful poems would be acceptable in fulfillment of the thesis requirement.) The second largest number (49) were in Economics—just right in all probability as a major for Miss Martineau, who could do a dissertation on taxation or social security. The third largest number (45) were granted in Biology, and we advise this field for rambunctious Miss Nightingale.

IT IS curious that during the first two decades of Radcliffe's Ph.D.-granting history, it was normal for candidates to spend only three years in attaining the degree; while the median time spent by students getting theirs in the decade of 1946-55 was six. (One lone Ph.D., who got her degree in Indic Philology took seventeen years to do it. This is *the most.*) Assuming that each of our trio spent only the old-fashioned norm of three years (after their job experiences) in getting her Ph.D., they would be accepted at the age of twenty-six into the company of scholars: Miss Martineau in 1928; Miss Barrett in 1932; and Miss Nightingale in 1946.

Of 321 bluestockings who filled out the questionnaire on which this

* *Graduate Education for Women: The Radcliffe Ph.D.,* Harvard University Press, 1956.

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fascinating paperbound book is in part based, the largest single group were teachers in colleges and universities: 136. The "full" professor (as it is most likely Miss Barrett and Miss Martineau have become) is almost certain to be found on the campus of a women's college. Nine out of ten of the women in this group of 43 women are single, but Professor Barrett, who is now fifty years old, had the good luck to meet Robert Browning just after the war —he was a "poet in residence" that term—and she could be, therefore, that exceptional tenth one who is married. She has published some amazing sonnets, and perhaps it is she who made the triumphant statement on her questionnaire which is quoted anonymously, as are all such entries, in the Report:

"I have never, in my sixteen years at ———, encountered any obstacle to professional progress because I was a woman. When, a short time ago, I decided to get married there was no question of my losing my position. On the contrary, President insisted that he would forbid the banns if I did not agree to keep on with my work."

Were she now only forty-four instead of fifty-four, Dr. Martineau would be only an associate professor, but her chances of being married would have improved to one in four, and she probably would have written more books. (Well, she actually did write many books, historically speaking, but she also spent six years in bed; and she hasn't had time for *that* at Ivy College.)

Dr. Nightingale belongs to the smaller group of Ph.D.'s who have made careers outside the academic world. A majority are engaged in research of one kind or another, with university or government connections. Two others are in publishing. One directs the library of a Far Eastern university, one is curator of a museum of fine arts, one is a clinical psychologist at a youth-guidance center. Seven are self-employed; three unemployed. One of the group commented:

"I suppose a woman must always be better qualified than a man to compete with him successfully."

Another tried to bite the bullet of femininity gracefully: "I think I am more acceptable in my present work if I do not attempt to press forward as strenuously as a man would . . . it is hard to separate trying to keep my head in general from trying not to be a strident female."

Florence Nightingale would not have made either of those remarks. This year she is thirty-six years old and will live till the year 2010. She should probably be classified as self-employed. Her chances of being married, by statistics, are much better than her elder sister Ph.D.'s—better than one in two. (175 of the 321 who answered the questionnaire were married, and they have had seventy children among them.) She did not find her scholarly work narrow or dull—"a state of resentful coma," as Harold Laski put it. If she feels a sense of panic, it is not because she thinks her life hangs by a thread (as she felt in Victorian England)—but because she doesn't know where it will come out. This above all makes her a child of our time: there is no ceiling on her aspiration.

. . . **Cecil Woodham-Smith** belongs to an old Irish family, the FitzGeralds of Kildare, known in Ireland as the Geraldines. She is now engaged on a book dealing with the great Irish famine of 1845-50, which was followed by the mass migration of Irish to the new world. She is going this autumn to Boston, where she hopes to make a firsthand study of contemporary immigration records.

Married to a London lawyer, she has two grown-up children and two grandchildren, is small, slight, and has curly white hair and blue eyes. Her two previous books, *Florence Nightingale* and *The Reason Why,* were the choices of book clubs both in England and in the United States.

. . . The *Wall Street Journal,* in a recent article on the "Do-Little Congress," summed up the deterrent effects of the current national prosperity on Congressional action thus: "The generally booming economy cuts down sharply on new legislation simply because there aren't as many groups that need federal help."

In "Take Back Your Sable!" (p. 35), **Russell Lynes** explores the social implications of this era of big spending and legislative sloth. Though his satire cuts lightly, his underlying

ttitude is the serious one which ap-eared in the characteristic conclu-on of his book, *The Tastemakers:* "Unless I completely misunder-and the real reason for having aste, it is to increase one's faculties or enjoyment. Taste in itself is othing. It is only what taste leads that makes any difference in our ves."

The son of an Episcopal minister, Ir. Lynes graduated from Yale in 932. He descended upon Publisher's ow shortly after Governor Frank-n D. Roosevelt flew to Chicago to ccept his first nomination for the residency. As the Depression plum-eted, Mr. Lynes got his toe in the oor of Harper & Brothers in the agazine circulation department. nce then he has held a number of bs in the academic world and in overnment, and he is now manag-g editor of this magazine and a ember of the Yale University ouncil, of the trustees of the Col-giate School in New York, and of e Humanities Committee of the hn Hay Whitney Foundation.

More than a dozen of Mr. Lynes' ticles have appeared in *Harper's,* d many more have been published other current magazines, from e *Journal of the American Insti-te of Architects* to *Life.*

. Most Americans are not suffi-ently familiar with Cyprus and its ruggle to understand the reasons hind the daily news of terror. An ception is the young American velist, **John Phillips,** who has ade two visits to Cyprus in the past ree years and become so pas-nately concerned with his sur-undings that he gathered a small ountain of information from the ess, visited courtrooms and prisons, d interviewed private and public rsons on all sides. He has lived off d on in Greece and England too d is fond of both.

"What Is the Matter with Mary ne?" (p. 43) is his report. Mr. illips, who is the author of *The cond Happiest Day,* is now in Lon-n, working on another novel.

. **Laurence Lafore** and **Robert . Lafore,** who wrote "Slaughter by orts Car" (p. 53) were two of the ree-man team whose article on all Cars appeared in *Harper's* in

These Are Our 7 DEADLY ENEMIES!



Men are rightly afraid today of the rising tide of evil and uncertainty that sweeps the world.

We tremble at the menacing danger of the atomic bomb. We live in dread of another full-scale war . . . the remembered shadow of economic depression . . . the wide-spread prevalence of crime and immorality. We see these and other evils as threats to our peace and security, but we do not see them for what they truly are. And we overlook our most dangerous enemies.

Actually, the evils which afflict us are only symptoms of what ails us—only the results of causes which we allow to exist within ourselves. Back of them all is a basic human failure which many men choose to ignore, which others hold too lightly, and which some even try to glorify.

This basic failure is described in a single, simple and ugly word—sin.

It is, seemingly, a reality which all of us should understand—a human failure which everyone should be able readily to evaluate. Unfortunately, however, many overlook the fact that the external acts of sinning are but the completion of offenses against God already committed internally.

These offenses are the sins of Pride, Anger, Sloth, Envy, Covetousness, Gluttony and Lust . . . the Seven Capital Sins—our seven deadliest enemies.

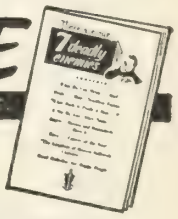
Pride and covetousness prompt men to seek vast power over their fellowmen. Greed and covetousness lead often to thievery of many sorts. Murder may be the product of anger, greed, pride, lust, envy or covetousness. Sloth begets religious indifference and low moral standards. Every sinful act may be traced to one of the Seven Capital Sins.

God dignified man with free will . . . the ability to choose God's way or his own—and Catholics, of course, encounter the same occasions of sinning as anyone else. But we have in the Church the means by which we can, with God's help, easily avoid the occasions of sin and conquer temptations before they conquer us.

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March 1955. Last summer the Lafores were present during the catastrophe at the Le Mans race but—like the vast majority of the quarter million spectators—they did not learn that eighty-odd people had been killed until they left the race track and bought a newspaper.

Laurence Lafore is associate professor of history at Swarthmore College; R. W. Lafore is vice president of Central City Chevrolet Co. in Philadelphia. The third member of the team, R. W. Jr., limited his contribution on this article to research and technical advice because of the pressure of his activities as a senior at Swarthmore High School.

Incidentally, Professor Lafore tells us that he found himself baffled by the uncertainty among authorities as to the actual death toll at Le Mans last June. Press estimates ranged from 77 to 87. The situation at the Sebring, Florida, international race this spring was less gruesome, with only one fractured skull.

. . . The junior Senator from Arkansas, twelve years in his present job and up for re-election this fall, is J. William Fulbright. He is a newsmaker, not by way of spectacular showmanship, but because what he thinks and does as a legislator is thoughtful, influential, and frequently above party considerations. He has remarked that, if he only wanted publicity, he could stand on his head.

Two Washington newspapermen, **Alan L. Otten** and **Charles B. Seib,** have been keeping track of Fulbright for years, both of his publicized actions and of that equally well-considered day-by-day behavior that reveals the man. The profile on page 60 is their joint effort to give you the basic Fulbright.

Mr. Otten is political reporter for the *Wall Street Journal,* and Mr. Seib is assistant national editor of the Washington *Evening Star.*

. . . College humor is pretty clannish stuff on the whole and whatever virtues it may have for its own ephemeral audience are beyond the understanding of outsiders. Writers who can paint the beautiful fey shimmer of undergraduate life so that mere adults can revel in it are rare. Like **Thomas C. Turner,** author of "The Tamperer" (p. 67), they usually have moved some years away from the subject.

Mr. Turner, a citizen of Anniston, Alabama, graduated in 1949 from Princeton. He is now at work on two novels. "The Tamperer" is his first post-Princeton published story.

. . . Son of an American teacher in a missionary college in Japan, **Kenneth Lamott,** who practiced brainwashing, American-style, during the war (see page 73), was brought up in Japan. He had his four years in the U. S. Navy before college and was graduated from Yale in 1947; then four years in Washington as information officer for the Far Eastern Commission. He now lives in California with his wife and two small children, and has written two novels, *The Stockade,* and *The White Sand of Shirahama.*

. . . "The Weir" (p. 65) is by **Lysander Kemp,** a New Englander now living in Mexico, author of a book of poems called *The Northern Stranger.* "Sing Kukla" (p. 74) is by **Philene Hammer,** who lives in St. Louis, has founded and directed children's theaters, and written many published poems.

BALI HA'I-BROOKVILLE

IN HIS last Easy Chair, published in the January *Harper's,* the late Bernard DeVoto described the city-dweller's Bali Ha'i, a hypothetical small American city, which he called Brookville—a place where the depressed metropolitan who "wants out" could live "with decent dignity, and do his work in a favorable environment."

So inviting was Mr. DeVoto's Brookville—and so real—that what you might expect happened. A number of American communities have come forward to claim identity with it. From a fistful of newspaper editorials and signed columns, we can name some of the pretenders.

"Pittsfield [Massachusetts] may not be Brookville, but it's hard to think of any New England city that comes closer to filling the bill." . . .

"A lot of his ideal description is applicable to Bloomington. For a writer or artist not required to commute, Bloomington probably is as fine a residence spot as Indiana can offer." . . .

"Clarksdale [Mississippi], now just shy of 20,000 people, does not yet qualify but it should . . . within a few years." . . .

"It will be noted that Indianapolis, the state's largest city, is ringed by towns that fill his bill for 'Brookville' in most important respects. The citizen who seeks the peace and contentment afforded by such an ideal community might find it easily in Bloomington, Greencastle, or Crawfordsville." . . .

"His description . . . fits Santa Barbara [California] as neatly as the skin of a lemon." . . .

"It is a pretty good description of Lynchburg [Virginia]." . . .

"With minor variations, the ideal spot envisioned by Mr. DeVoto could easily be Missoula [Montana]. Indeed, it is not unlikely that he had Missoula in mind, since he spent a couple of recent summer periods here as a leading light at annual Writers Conferences on the Montana State University campus." . . .

COMING NEXT MONTH

No two people, especially foreigners, ever seem to agree on what America is really like. Yet everyone feels that whole country has something distinctively "American." **John Kouwenhoven** examines such typical items of Americana as skyscrapers, chewing gum, jazz, the Constitution and *Huckleberry Finn*—and finds that there are surprising things which all of them have in common.

In "I'm Married to a Working Mother," **David Yellin** takes on all his wife's critics and proudly shows why he wouldn't have it any other way.

New Englanders are traditionally strait-laced, but **John Strohmeyer** has the story on how the ponies—and the $2 bet—have corrupted the incorruptible Yankees, who currently bet nearly twice as much as people anywhere else in the country.

Peter F. Drucker forecasts an explosion in the colleges—a coming increase in the number of students which will force us to double our university buildings and faculties in a few years. And he suggests how this mountainous investment might be financed.

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Admiral Alan G. Kirk, USN (Ret.), was Ambassador to the Soviet Union from 1949 to 1951, Ambassador to Belgium from 1946 to 1949. In World War II he commanded the American Naval Forces in the Normandy invasion. Admiral Kirk is now with Atlas Corporation.

FIVE-YEAR PLANS...OR COMPETITION?

by ADMIRAL ALAN G. KIRK

"Gasoline rationing . . . high prices . . . oil products of poor quality . . . production goals met 18 years late . . . these are the results when the State takes charge and replaces private competition.

"As U. S. Ambassador to the Soviet Union, I saw a State-controlled oil industry at work. Five-year plan followed five-year plan. Yet only recently—18 years late—did Russia reach her 1937 production goal.

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"Hardly a record to boast about . . . and even less so when you realize that whatever oil the State *does* produce, the State uses! Little gasoline is left for private use . . . and then it costs 5 *times* as much as here and is of poor quality!

"What a contrast to America . . . where nearly half—44.6%—of the world's oil is produced . . . where today's gasoline is 50% better than in 1925 . . . where gasoline (except for higher taxes) costs little more than 30 years ago.

"It seems that five-year plans are no substitute for the incentive of competition that sparks our own oil industry. Each of America's thousands of oil companies tries to outdo its rivals by constantly improving products and services. The result of this competition? We get more and better oil products—at better prices than any people in the world.

"How sharp the picture of how much we owe to the American freedom of competitive action! How clear the lesson that we must keep this freedom strong and unfettered!"

Alan G. Kirk

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Harper's MAGAZINE

ON FEAR

The South in Labor

WILLIAM FAULKNER

Artist and prophet . . . one of the South's foremost citizens . . . winner of the Nobel and Pulitzer Prizes—William Faulkner here carries forward his controversial series on "The American Dream: What Happened to It?"

IMMEDIATELY after the Supreme Court decision abolishing segregation in schools, the talk began in Mississippi of ways and means to increase taxes to raise the standard of the Negro schools to match the white ones. I wrote the following letter to the open forum page of our most widely-read Memphis paper:

> We Mississippians already know that our present schools are not good enough. Our young men and women themselves prove that to us every year by the fact that, when the best of them want the best of education which they are entitled to and competent for, not only in the humanities but in the professions and crafts—law and medicine and engineering —too, they must go out of the state to get it. And quite often, too often, they don't come back.
>
> So our present schools are not even good enough for white people; our present state reservoir of education is not of high enough quality to assuage the thirst of even our white young men and women. In which case, how can it possibly assuage the thirst and need of the Negro, who obviously is thirstier, needs it worse, else the federal government would not have had to pass a law compelling Mississippi (among others of course) to make the best of our education available to him.
>
> That is, our present schools are not even good enough for white people. So what do we do? Make them good enough, improve them to the best possible? No. We beat the bushes, rake and scrape to raise additional taxes to establish another system at best only equal to that one which is already not good enough, which therefore won't be good enough for Negroes either; we will have two identical systems neither of which are good enough for anybody.

A few days after my letter was printed in the paper, I received by post the carbon copy of a letter addressed to the same forum page of the Memphis paper. It read as follows:

> When Weeping Willie Faulkner splashes his tears about the inadequacy of Mississippi schools . . . we question his gumption in these respects, etc.

From there it went on to cite certain facts of

which all Southerners are justly proud: that the seed-stock of education in our land was preserved through the evil times following the Civil War when our land was a defeated and occupied country, by dedicated teachers who got little in return for their dedication. Then, after a brief sneer at the quality of my writing and the profit motive which was the obvious reason why I was a writer, he closed by saying: "I suggest that Weeping Willie dry his tears and work up a little thirst for knowledge about the basic economy of his state."

Later, after this letter was printed in the Memphis paper in its turn, I received from the writer of it a letter addressed to him by a correspondent in another small Mississippi town, consisting in general of a sneer at the Nobel Prize which was awarded me, and commending the Weeping Willie writer for his promptness in taking to task anyone traitorous enough to hold education more important than the color of the educatee's skin. Attached to it was the Weeping Willie writer's reply. It said in effect:

> In my opinion Faulkner is the most capable commentator on Southern facts of life to date. . . . If we could insult him into acquiring an insight into the basic economy of our region, he could [*sic*] do us a hell of a lot of good in our fight against integration.

My answer was that I didn't believe that insult is a very sound method of teaching anybody anything, of persuading anyone to think or act as the insulter believes they should. I repeated that what we needed in Mississippi was the best possible schools, to make the best possible use of the men and women we produced, regardless of what color they were. And even if we could not have a school system which would do that, at least let us have one which would make no distinction among pupils except that of simple ability, since our principal and perhaps desperate need in America today was that all Americans at least should be on the side of America; that if all Americans were on the same side, we would not need to fear that other nations and ideologies would doubt us when we talked of human freedom.

BEHIND THE FACT

BUT this is beside the point. The point is, what is behind this. The tragedy is not the impasse, but what is behind the impasse—the impasse of the two apparently irreconcilable facts which we are faced with in the South: the one being the decree of our national government that there be absolute equality in education among all citizens, the other being the white people in the South who say that white and Negro pupils shall never sit in the same classroom. Only apparently irreconcilable, because they must be reconciled since the only alternative to change is death. In fact, there are people in the South, Southerners born, who not only believe they can be reconciled but who love our land—not love white people specifically nor love Negroes specifically, but our land, our country: our climate and geography, the qualities in our people, white and Negro too, for honesty and fairness, the splendors in our traditions, the glories in our past—enough to try to reconcile them, even at the cost of displeasing both sides. These people are willing to face the contempt of the Northern radicals who believe we don't do enough, and the contumely and threats of our own Southern reactionaries who are convinced that anything we do is already too much.

The tragedy is the reason behind the fact, the fear behind the fact that some of the white people in the South—people who otherwise are rational, cultured, gentle, generous, and kindly—will—must—fight against every inch which the Negro gains in social betterment. It is the fear behind the desperation which could drive rational and successful men (my correspondent, the Weeping Willie one, is a banker, perhaps president of a—perhaps the—bank in another small Mississippi town like my own) to grasp at such straws for weapons as contumely and threat and insult, to change the views or anyway the voice which dares to suggest that betterment of the Negro's condition does not necessarily presage the doom of the white race.

Nor is the tragedy the fear so much as the tawdry quality of the fear—fear not of the Negro as an individual Negro nor even as a race, but as an economic class or stratum or factor, since what the Negro threatens is not the Southern white man's social system but the Southern white man's economic system—that economic system which the white man knows and dares not admit to himself is established on an obsolescence—the artificial inequality of man—and so is itself already obsolete and hence doomed. He knows that only three hundred years ago the Negro's naked grandfather was eating rotten elephant or hippo meat in an African rain-forest, yet in only three hundred years the Negro produced Dr. Ralph Bunche and George Washington Carver and Booker T. Washington. The white man knows that only ninety years ago not one

per cent of the Negro race could own a deed to land, let alone read that deed; yet in only ninety years, although his only contact with a county courthouse is the window through which he pays the taxes for which he has no representation, he can own his land and farm it with inferior stock and worn-out tools and gear—equipment which any white man would starve with—and raise children and feed and clothe them and send them North where they can have equal scholastic opportunity, and end his life holding his head up because he owes no man, with even enough over to pay for his coffin and funeral.

That's what the white man in the South is afraid of: that the Negro, who has done so much with no chance, might do so much more with an equal one that he might take the white man's economy away from him, the Negro now the banker or the merchant or the planter and the white man the sharecropper or the tenant. That's why the Negro can gain our country's highest decoration for valor beyond all call of duty for saving or defending or preserving white lives on foreign battlefields, yet the Southern white man dares not let that Negro's children learn their ABC's in the same classroom with the children of the white lives he saved or defended.

SIMPLY. EQUAL

NOW the Supreme Court has defined exactly what it meant by what it said: that by "equality" it meant, simply, equality, without qualifying or conditional adjectives: not "separate but equal" nor "equally separate," but simply, equal; and now the Mississippi voices are talking of something which does not even exist anymore.

In the first half of the nineteenth century, before slavery was abolished by law in the United States, Thomas Jefferson and Abraham Lincoln both held that the Negro was not yet competent for equality.

That was more than ninety years ago, and nobody can say whether their opinions would be different now or not.

But assume that they would not have changed their belief, and that that opinion is right. Assume that the Negro is still not competent for equality, which is something which neither he nor the white man knows until we try it.

But we do know that, with the support of the federal government, the Negro is going to gain the right to try and see if he is fit or not for equality. And if the Southern white man cannot trust him with something as mild as equality, what is the Southern white man going to do when he has power—the power of his own fifteen millions of unanimity backed by the federal government—when the only check on that power will be that federal government which is already the Negro's ally?

In 1849, Senator John C. Calhoun made his address in favor of secession if the Wilmot Proviso was ever adopted. On October 12 of that year, Senator Jefferson Davis wrote a public letter to the South, saying:

> The generation which avoids its responsibility on this subject sows the wind and leaves the whirlwind as a harvest to its children. Let us get together and build manufactories, enter upon industrial pursuits, and prepare for our own self-sustenance.

At that time the Constitution guaranteed the Negro as property along with all other property, and Senator Calhoun and Senator Davis had the then undisputed validity of States' Rights to back their position. Now the Constitution guarantees the Negro equal right to equality, and the States' Rights which the Mississippi voices are talking about do not exist anymore. We—Mississippi—sold our state's rights back to the federal government when we accepted the first cotton price-support subsidy twenty years ago. Our economy is not agricultural any longer. Our economy is the federal government. We no longer farm in Mississippi cotton fields. We farm now in Washington corridors and Congressional committee rooms.

We—the South—didn't heed Senator Davis' words then. But we had better do it now. If we are to watch our native land wrecked and ruined twice in less than a hundred years over the Negro question, let us be sure this time that we know where we are going afterward.

THERE are many voices in Mississippi. There is that of one of our United States Senators, who, although he is not speaking for the United States Senate and what he advocates does not quite match the oath he took when he entered into his high office several years ago, at least has made no attempt to hide his identity and his condition. And there is the voice of one of our circuit judges, who, although he is not now speaking from the Bench and what he advocates also stands a little awry to his oath that before the law all men are equal and the weak shall be succored and defended, makes no attempt either to conceal his identity and condition. And there are the voices of the ordinary

citizens who, although they do not claim to speak specifically for the white Citizens' Councils and the NAACP, do not try to hide their sentiments and their convictions; not to mention those of the schoolmen—teachers and professors and pupils—though, since most Mississippi schools are state-owned or -supported, they don't always dare to sign their names to the open letters.

There are all the voices in fact, except one. That one voice which would adumbrate them all to silence, being the superior of all since it is the living articulation of the glory and the sovereignty of God and the hope and aspiration of man. The Church, which is the strongest unified force in our Southern life since all Southerners are not white and are not democrats, but all Southerners are religious and all religions serve the same single God, no matter by what name He is called. Where is that voice now? The only reference to it which I have seen was in an open forum letter to our Memphis paper which said that to his (the writer's) knowledge, none of the people who begged leave to doubt that one segment of the human race was forever doomed to be inferior to all the other segments, just because the Old Testament five thousand years ago said it was, were communicants of any church.

Where is that voice now, which should have propounded perhaps two but certainly one of these still-unanswered questions?

(1) The Constitution of the U. S. says: Before the Law, there shall be no artificial inequality—race, creed or money—among citizens of the United States.

(2) Morality says: Do unto others as you would have others do unto you.

(3) Christianity says: I am the only distinction among men since whosoever believeth in Me shall never die.

Where is this voice now, in our time of trouble and indecision? Is it trying by its silence to tell us that it has no validity and wants none outside the sanctuary behind its symbolical spire?

If the facts as stated in the *Look* magazine account of the Till affair are correct, this is what ineradicably remains: two adults, armed, in the dark, kidnap a fourteen-year-old boy and take him away to frighten him. Instead of which, the fourteen-year-old boy not only refuses to be frightened, but, unarmed, alone, in the dark so frightens the two armed adults that they must destroy him.

What are we Mississippians afraid of? Why do we have so low an opinion of ourselves that we are afraid of people who by all our standards are our inferiors?—economically: *i.e.,* they have so much less than we have that they must work for us not on their terms but on ours; educationally: *i.e.,* their schools are so much worse than ours that the federal government has to threaten to intervene to give them equal conditions; politically: *i.e.,* they have no recourse in law for protection from nor restitution for injustice and violence.

Why do we have so low an opinion of our blood and traditions as to fear that, as soon as the Negro enters our house by the front door, he will propose marriage to our daughter and she will immediately accept him?

Our ancestors were not afraid like this—our grandfathers who fought at First and Second Manassas and Sharpsburg and Shiloh and Franklin and Chickamauga and Chancellorsville and the Wilderness; let alone those who survived that and had the additional and even greater courage and endurance to resist and survive Reconstruction, and so preserved to us something of our present heritage. Why are we, descendants of that blood and inheritors of that courage, afraid? What are we afraid of? What has happened to us in only a hundred years?

THE AMERICAN DREAM

FOR the sake of argument, let us agree that all white Southerners (all white Americans maybe) curse the day when the first Briton or Yankee sailed the first shipload of manacled Negroes across the Middle Passage and auctioned them into American slavery. Because that doesn't matter now. To live anywhere in the world today and be against equality because of race or color, is like living in Alaska and being against snow. We have already got snow. And as with the Alaskan, merely to live in armistice with it is not enough. Like the Alaskan, we had better use it.

Suddenly about five years ago and with no warning to myself, I adopted the habit of travel. Since then I have seen (a little of some, a little more of others) the Far and Middle East, North Africa, Europe, and Scandinavia. The countries I saw were not Communist (then) of course, but they were more: they were not even Communist-inclined, where it seemed to me they should have been. And I wondered why. Then suddenly I said to myself with a kind of amazement: It's because of America. These people still believe

in the American dream; they do not know yet that something happened to it. They believe in us and are willing to trust and follow us not because of our material power: Russia has that: but because of the idea of individual human freedom and liberty and equality on which our nation was founded, which our founding fathers postulated the word "America" to mean.

And, five years later, the countries which are still free of Communism are still free simply because of that: that belief in individual liberty and equality and freedom which is the one idea powerful enough to stalemate the idea of Communism. And we can thank our gods for that, since we have no other weapon to fight Communism with; in diplomacy we are children to Communist diplomats, and production in a free country can always suffer because under monolithic government all production can go to the aggrandizement of the state. But then, we don't need anything more since that simple belief of man that he can be free is the strongest force on earth and all we need to do is use it.

Because it makes a glib and simple picture, we like to think of the world situation today as a precarious and explosive balance of two irreconcilable ideologies confronting each other: which precarious balance, once it totters, will drag the whole universe into the abyss along with it. That's not so. Only one of the opposed forces is an ideology. The other one is that simple fact of Man: that simple belief of individual man that he can and should and will be free. And if we who are still free want to continue so, all of us who are still free had better confederate, and confederate fast, with all others who still have a choice to be free—confederate not as black people nor white people nor blue or pink or green people, but as people who still are free, with all other people who are still free; confederate together and stick together too, if we want a world or even a part of a world in which individual man can be free, to continue to endure.

And we had better take in with us as many as we can get of the non-white peoples of the earth who are not completely free yet but who want and intend to be, before that other force which is opposed to individual freedom, befools and gets them. Time was when the non-white man was content to—anyway, did—accept his instinct for freedom as an unrealizable dream. But not any more; the white man himself taught him different with that phase of his—the white man's—own culture which took the form of colonial expansion and exploitation based and morally condoned on the premise of inequality, not because of individual incompetence but of mass race or color. As a result of which, in only ten years we have watched the non-white peoples expel, by bloody violence when necessary, the white man from all the portions of the Middle East and Asia which he once dominated, into which vacuum has already begun to move that other and inimical power which people who believe in freedom are at war with—that power which says to the non-white man:

"We don't offer you freedom because there is no such thing as freedom; your white overlords whom you have just thrown out have already proved that to you. But we offer you equality, at least equality in slavedom; if you are to be slaves, at least you can be slaves to your own color and race and religion."

A LITTLE TIME

WE, THE Western white man who does believe that there exists an individual freedom above and beyond this mere equality of slavedom, must teach the non-white peoples this while there is yet a little time left. We, America, who are the strongest national force opposing Communism and monolithicism, must teach all other peoples, white and non-white, slave or (for a little while yet) still free. We, America, have the best opportunity to do this because we can begin here, at home; we will not need to send costly freedom task forces into alien and inimical non-white places which are already convinced that there is no such thing as freedom and liberty and equality and peace for non-white people too, or we would practice it at home. Because our non-white minority is already on our side; we don't need to sell the Negro on America and freedom because he is already sold; even when ignorant from inferior or no education, even despite the record of his history of inequality, he still believes in our concepts of freedom and democracy.

That is what America has done for the Negro in only three hundred years. Not done *to* them: done *for* them, because to our shame we have made little effort so far to teach them to be Americans, let alone to use their capacities and capabilities to make us a stronger and more unified America. These are the people who only three hundred years ago lived beside one of the largest bodies of inland water on earth and never thought of sail, who yearly had to move by whole villages and tribes from famine and pestilence and enemies without once thinking of the wheel;

yet in three hundred years they have become skilled artisans and craftsmen capable of holding their own in a culture of technocracy. The people who only three hundred years ago were eating the carrion in the tropical jungles have produced the Phi Beta Kappas and the Doctor Bunches and the Carvers and the Booker Washingtons and the poets and musicians. They have yet to produce a Fuchs or Rosenberg or Gold or Burgess or Maclean or Hiss, and for every Negro Communist or fellow traveler there are a thousand white ones.

The Bunches and Washingtons and Carvers and the musicians and the poets, who were not just good men and women but good teachers too, taught him—the Negro—by precept and example what a lot of our white people have not learned yet: that to gain equality, one must deserve it, and to deserve equality, one must understand what it is: that there is no such thing as equality *per se,* but only equality *to*: equal right and opportunity to make the best one can of one's life within one's capacity and capability, without fear of injustice or oppression or violence. If we had given him this equality ninety or fifty or even ten years ago, there would have been no Supreme Court ruling about segregation in 1954.

But we didn't. We dared not; it is our Southern white man's shame that in our present economy the Negro must not have economic equality; our double shame that we fear that giving him more social equality will jeopardize his present economic status; our triple shame that even then, to justify our stand, we must becloud the issue with the bugaboo of miscegenation. What a commentary that the one remaining place on earth where the white man can flee and have his uncorrupted blood protected and defended by law, is in Africa—Africa: the source and origin of the threat whose present presence in America will have driven the white man to flee it.

Soon now all of us—not just Southerners nor even just Americans, but all people who are still free and want to remain so—are going to have to make a choice, lest the next (and last) confrontation we face will be, not Communists against anti-Communists, but simply the remaining handful of white people against the massed myriads of all the people on earth who are not white. We will have to choose not between color nor race nor religion nor between East and West either, but simply between being slaves and being free. And we will have to choose completely and for good; the time is already past now when we can choose a little of each, a little of both. We can choose a state of slavedom, and if we are powerful enough to be among the top two or three or ten, we can have a certain amount of license—until someone more powerful rises and has us machine-gunned against a cellar wall.

But we cannot choose freedom established on a hierarchy of degrees of freedom, on a caste system of equality like military rank. We must be free not because we claim freedom, but because we practice it; our freedom must be buttressed by a homogeny equally and unchallengeably free, no matter what color they are, so that all the other inimical forces everywhere —systems political or religious or racial or national—will not just respect us because we practice freedom, they will fear us because we do.

FOR WHOM, FOR COUNTRY, AND FOR YALE?

AT A YALE Club dinner in New York sometime during 1949, Mr. Wilmarth Lewis, member of the Yale Corporation, arose and made the following statement:

"Yale's next President must first of all be a Yale man and a great scholar—also a social philosopher who has at his fingertips a solution to all world problems. . . .

"He must be a good public relations man and an experienced fund raiser. . . . He must be a man of the world and yet he must also possess great spiritual qualities. . . .

"He must be a leader, not too far to the right, not too far to the left, and of course not too much in the middle. . . .

"As I have been talking, you have, I don't doubt, realized that there is only One who has most of these qualities. But there is a question even about Him: Is God a Yale man?"

—From *Yale Daily News,* November 3, 1955.

TAKE BACK YOUR SABLE!

or, What's so good about good times?





By RUSSELL LYNES

Drawings by Robert Osborn

WHAT, I would like to know, is so all-fired wonderful about Prosperity?

People are getting ruder. Service of all sorts is deteriorating. Juveniles are getting more delinquent. Traffic is becoming impossible. Advertising, no longer motivated by the need for making converts, affects an air of studied lunacy. Black eye-patches triple a shirt manufacturer's business. Beards sell tonic water. Wolfhounds sell vodka, and sheep dogs sell rum. Botany Brands uses a female model with four arms (like an Indian Shiva in sequins and opera hat) to display items of men's wear. Presumably in a period of prosperity two arms per woman aren't enough. A foreign car distributor promotes the Jaguar as "schizoid." Monty Woolley and others pose indoors with open umbrellas for a vermouth manufacturer to show how dry they keep their martinis.

Almost every month sees the publication of another cookbook for sufferers from ulcers or hypertension (the "salt-free diet"). The *Harvard Business Review* publishes a study of "The Executive Neurosis." A social anthropologist at Harvard says that "social mobility" (or social climbing) on the part of women generates anxiety in men and anxiety generates ulcers. In Vienna Professor Erwin Stransky says that women "drive men to earn more and more money to satisfy their desire for luxury" and that this results in nervous disorders among businessmen. The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company reports that "more men than women are hospitalized for mental disorders in the United States. . . ." Doctors are worried about the increasing unauthorized use of tranquilizing drugs like Serpasil and Miltown. The dean of the Psychoanalytic Clinic of Columbia University said on March 17: "We live in an age of enormously increasing anxiety, despite the fact that 'we've never had it so good.'" He blamed this on "the absence of a ceiling on aspirations." According to the Metropolitan Life, "People in the farm states of the Midwest [from which one hears few cries of prosperity] live longer than those in other areas of the United States. . . ."

Louis Untermeyer proclaims to a conclave at Columbia University that literature is "fumbling" and that bookstores are on the "verge of bankruptcy." Jacques Barzun writes in *Harper's* of young concert artists who are paid $250 for a concert: ". . . it is not even possible after paying one's expenses to make a living, which means that a piano-tuner is better off than the pianist he serves." The *New York Times* reports that "Stravinsky Adapts his Firebird, Seeking Juke-Box Fame, Royalties." Magazines of the "confidential" variety outsell most others on the newsstands. R. H. Macy & Co. and *McCall's Magazine* are whooping it up for "togetherness," whatever that is. Maybe it has something to do with a statement by Dr. Florence R. Kluckhohn to the Commission on the Education of Women of the American Council on Education. She said:

". . . women are functioning concurrently in the component roles of mother-housewife, career woman, glamor girl, culture bearer, and status symbols of their husbands or fathers." How much more together can one woman be than that?

"Of all the groups in America," William H. Whyte, Jr., of *Fortune* wrote in *Consumer Behavior,* "none is so ill-equipped emotionally as the new white-collar class to adjust to a severe economic downturn, and if our society has an Achilles' heel, this might be it."

The *Wall Street Journal* quoted a professional worker at strike-bound Westinghouse: "Man, you don't realize how closely geared your standard of living is to your income until you've missed a pay check. Frankly I was shocked to find how quickly we felt the impact."

The "bad debt" business is booming. "We're having the best year in twenty-four in this business," said the manager of the Heller Collection Bureau of Warren, Ohio, to a *Wall Street Journal* reporter last July. Another man in the same business in Des Moines whose volume had jumped 100 per cent in a year said, "My business is so good it has me worried."

You can buy anything on time: a wedding and a honeymoon ("wedding spending is rising, say merchants in the field, even though the number of marriages per year has fallen in recent years"); automobiles (a "$100-a-week truck driver spends a year's pay" on a $5,511.60 Cadillac); house furnishings (of course). And a car dealer in Miami offered a share of stock in General Motors to anybody who bought an Oldsmobile from him; another dealer offered a free trip to Paris "complete with a tour of some Parisian night spots."

You can even buy the illusion of time itself: ". . . all makes of cars except Cadillac," a Stamford, Connecticut, attorney said last March in defense of a client who had been pinched for speeding, "are built with 'fast' speedometers to make drivers think they are going faster than they are." The client was "something of an expert on speedometers"; he had patents on a couple. The judge found him "not guilty."

The multimillion-dollar do-it-yourself boom was responsible last year for 600,000 accidents. About 15,000 amateur carpenters smashed their thumbs or otherwise did themselves in, and 57,000 people banged themselves up climbing around the gutters and troughs of their roofs. Another report says that the cost of doing it yourself (which was, of course, initially a means of saving money) has risen so much that many people can no longer afford to do it themselves.

The rate of suburban home building has swallowed up golf courses, woodlands, and almost every other sort of property that makes it worth bothering to live in the country. "The builders by now," said Nathaniel H. Rogg, economist for the National Association of Home Builders, "have pretty much exhausted the improved land left over from the premature subdivisions of the 1920s, and there's no place for them to go but further out." (The government recently offered twelve small islands in the Florida Keys for sale.) "I'm all in favor of gracious living," said the Dayton City Manager last year, "but this exodus to the suburbs is causing problems for the central city, too. On one of our streets alone, the traffic of suburbanites to and from work has been increasing about 30 per cent a year. It cost us $500,000 just to repair the street."

EVERYBODY NAMED JONES

THE trouble with prosperity is too much money, of course. Successful businessmen fret about making too much too fast. The threat of "the next higher bracket" hangs over their heads like a scimitar on a golden thread. When things get really tough for them they have nothing to do but sink oil wells, an activity on which the tax laws smile benignly. ("When a fellow is in my income bracket," said a Midwest industrialist whose annual income is over a million dollars a year, "he automatically goes into the oil business.") Less successful businessmen worry about all the people who are in hock to them and all the people they are in hock to, because in a period of prosperity nobody dares not to seem prosperous. A New York businessman apologized for turning up at a meeting last February. "If you're not in Florida at this time of year," he said, "your creditors get worried." It is not solvency in such a time that matters; it is the appearance of luxury—the command over the fruits of somebody else's labor.

What happens? People get to thinking that they had better pluck the fruit while there is still time, and having plucked it, they happily squirt its juice into other people's eyes. They worry about getting more money until they get it, or more goods until they can find a way to put off the day when they have to pay for them, and then they look around and find that their friends have everything they have. Everybody's name becomes Jones. But most of all, plucking the fruit gives them a convenient and well-sloganed reason for not thinking. Their pattern of behavior is known as "supporting the na-

tional economy." They can be satisfied that their role as consumers is essential to the national well-being. No one ever did his social duty with so little apparent strain or inconvenience.

No one, on the other hand, ever got so worried about "the meaning of life." Ask the clergy. Ask the psychiatrists. Ask King Henry the Fourth, Part One—"They surfeited with honey, and began to loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little more than a little is by much too much." Ask your best friend. Ask Bridey Murphy.



. . . *curiously empty values* . . .

Put in its rudest terms, Prosperity produces not only plenty but curiously empty values and a national uneasiness. It produces strange kinds of personal economic competition in which symbols like the automobile and the freezer represent a burning desire for status. Cars get gaudier; hi-fi sets get hi-er, beer can openers become mink-bearing, open fields are swallowed up to make future slums, slums are torn down to make parking lots; pastures become drive-in movies; drive-in movie operators provide heaters so that you don't have to desert your status-symbol even in winter. Artists and architects, writers and musicians worry about hits and their spoonfuls of gravy rather than about their art. Everybody, or nearly everybody, gets tense about the unknown—about flying saucers and foreign relations, about tomorrow, especially about tomorrow.

Obviously I exaggerate.

THE WAITER'S EYE

BUT there is something to be said for depressions. (There is also something to be said for heat waves, droughts, floods, wars, and metropolitan blizzards.) There is nothing to be said for the evils depressions produce, for empty stomachs and ruined houses, for bread lines and broken families, and the terror of not having a job. There is a great deal to be said for the climate they produce, a climate in many respects more productive than prosperity—more interesting, more lively, more thoughtful, and even, in a wry sort of way, more fun.

Let's compare the productivity of the last Depression with the present Prosperity.

The Depression (it can mean only one thing to my generation—the years between 1929 and the war-inspired boom of the early 1940s) was relaxing. Helter-skelter, sky's-the-limit ambition seemed silly. Nobody worried because his neighbor had a fancier car or a bigger house that cost more to heat. If he worried (and he often did) it was about essentials, not frippery; about food and not whether he could satisfy the maw of a deep freeze; about how to get to work and not about the personal command of a two-hundred-and-fifty horsepower rolling palace; about a warm coat, not about Mrs. Jones's mink-dyed muskrat. Dreary, you say? To some people, surely, but to many quite the contrary.

People were more friendly, less suspicious of each other, went out of their ways to help. They felt strongly about national issues and worked hard and talked long about them. They had time to read, because reading was inexpensive; they had time to talk to each other because they didn't see any way to interpose gadgets between themselves and their friends (no television), and they played games together because games cost little and lasted long.

You found in the paper no such headlines as you find today about "Tactless Store Clerks, Bungled Repair Jobs Stir Customers' Wrath," or "Call to a Repairman Brings Only Headaches to Many Householders." You could catch the eye of a waiter. People who knew how to do things were proud that they did. Almost no one was subservient but almost no one quite dared to be snooty either. Manners were more relaxed and more friendly, as they are whenever there is a crisis; when everybody is in the soup, no one worries about sitting above or below the salt. In a depression competition works to produce maximum efficiency and utility of services and products to attract the consumer's dollar . . . the most for your money, not the most display for the money. Light bulbs last longer.

But more important, a depression not only gives people time to think, it *makes* them think. Men and women are not only more ingenious about entertaining themselves, they are more

thoughtful about work. The challenge is a real one, not one inspired by snobbery or "social mobility" or the fear of losing face. It is a dampener to frivolous ambition, but it is a spur to genuine ambition. It taxes the imagination (a tax which, to be sure, many people find it harder to pay than a tax on net income), and it produces ideas which are more than just notions. In a depression a bad idea is a luxury that cannot be afforded, though, as it happened, we had to afford some all the same.

A depression is, in this sense, a hot war. It brings to bear on essential problems of survival the best hopes and the best brains that can be rallied. But it has this over a hot war; the survival of everybody is equally important. We finally learn that there are no human expendables. The artist is as important as the munitions-maker, the ballet dancer is as important as the pilot, the housewife is as important as the brewer . . . no more and no less. The problem is not one of power but of the individual, not of the state but of the person, not of the future but of the present. The problem becomes not how to lick somebody else or be licked by them, but how to restore personal well-being and dignity. There's a hell of a difference.



. . . *the young wife* . . .

THE NERVE OF IT

WHAT happens during a depression or, rather, what happened during our Depression?

The arts flowered, so did the theater, so did literature and architecture and invention. It was an era in the arts of nicely balanced seriousness and frivolity, fact and fantasy (with a good deal of lunacy too, of course). Figures say something. In the decade of the 'thirties American publishers issued 81,047 new titles. In the prosperous 'twenties they had issued nearly 15,000 fewer. A fiction best seller like *The Grapes of Wrath* sold 300,000 copies in a single year. Now *The Power of Positive Thinking* outsells all others. The theater experimented: T. S. Eliot's "Murder in the Cathedral," Gertrude Stein's "Four Saints in Three Acts." (As Walter Kerr noted in *Harper's* in April, "Tiger at the Gates" and "The Matchmaker," both hits this year, were written in the 1930s.) Artists broke for the first time in a long time with the influence of Paris and began to think for themselves. What they saw around them was reason and inspiration enough. "Social Realism" and "Regionalism" produced some silly pictures; it also produced some first-rate artists like Ben Shahn. Documentaries like "The Plow that Broke the Plains" and "The River" not only added a new dimension to visual entertainment (and instruction) but changed the relationship of music to the movies. There were people with nerve. The Rockefellers barged ahead in spite of dire warnings and built Rockefeller Center. Mrs. Dionne barged ahead and produced five babies all at once. Douglas Aircraft produced the DC-3. Frank Lloyd Wright built "Falling Water." We imported Marlene Dietrich and Einstein.

Our Depression was obviously no great flowering like the Renaissance in Italy in the fifteenth-century, but it had some of the same artistic and economic earmarks of that earlier depression. "Italy, the earliest and most brilliant artistic Renaissance," said Professor Robert Sabatino Lopez of Yale at a symposium at the Metropolitan Museum four years ago, "felt the impact of economic recession most heavily. Its condition resembled somewhat that of . . . New England after 1929."

In some respects we are still living on the fruits of our Depression and what it did for the arts, for politics, for business, and for science. We turned the arts loose by giving all artists some sort of chance to survive for a little while. We took time to do basic research in the sciences because we were not in too great a hurry to do "development." We took time to dream up a new kind of architecture, but we did it sparingly with time to consider our mistakes. We did not, as we do now, build furiously, repeating our hasty mistakes thousands of times over—acres of identical dwellings, avenues of identical glass-faced office buildings, thrown up in the manner of the latest fad because there is no time to think and little inclination to consider the pleasure of the individual. Curiously, at the same moment when it is the public-relations façade that counts most, business produces an architecture that looks as though it had on it the dead hand of social service.

And depressions make for great co-operative business enterprises. All of America's great world's fairs—the Centennial of 1876 in Phila-

delphia, the Columbian Exposition of 1893, the Chicago Fair of 1933, and the New York World's Fair of 1939—were products of depression years. All of them were attempts to rally the economy by bringing together all of the intellectual and business resources to share equally in the creation of public confidence. It is at such times that business finds it can't get along without the arts, and the arts discover that they are a vital part of the economy. Intellectual ferment, the community discovers, is not just the foam on the beer; it is what makes the fruits of the soil into something worth consuming.

Personally I was a product of the Depression, not a victim of it. Each family's Depression, like each family's war, was different. I was among the fortunate. I emerged from college in 1932, a notoriously slim year, and got a job in New York, to my considerable surprise, that paid $25 a week. After the first three months my salary was cut by 10 per cent, and after another six months it was cut by another 10 per cent. In four years it finally worked its way back up to $25 a week again. During those four years I got married. My wife also had a job, though sometimes the art dealer for whom she worked couldn't afford her salary and paid her in drawings and sculpture which, if we were to sell them now, would represent a considerable capital gain. But we made out, as millions of young families did, without a car or a dishwasher (as yet uninvented) or a radio. We lived in an apartment three flights up over the Snug Bar.

We were lucky. Not only a job, but two jobs in one family. We even saved a little. You didn't spend any money you didn't have to, and like most people then we were more afraid of debt than discomfort. We looked at our friends who were a little older, had got started in the boom days of the 'twenties, soared rapidly to some sort of luxury, and were now almost flat broke. It was the people who had to readjust, and there were millions of them, who were the sad ones. Any number of them were buried under houses of cards, momentarily too stunned to dig themselves out from the rubble. It's not a sight I'd like to see again.

Last year a Milwaukee businessman, who is doing very well for himself, but who doesn't tell his wife and daughters how much he makes, said to a reporter: "My eyeteeth were cut in the Depression, when I knew people who were going broke and jumping out of windows. I got the habit of living within my income, and I've never changed." He too was a product, not a victim, of the Depression. There is no need to worry about him.

But what about the victims of Prosperity? What about the members of the expense-account society who live in somebody else's lap on wealth that really doesn't exist until they spend it? What about the young wife who stays at home with her children and her freezer while her husband blows the company's money wooing customers at "21" or the Stork Club? What about the children who are jammed into old schools because communities can't get steel to build new ones or the state legislature would rather vote funds for super-highways? The automobile business gets first dibs on steel, and the motorist first dibs on the public pocketbook; schoolchildren had it better in the Depression than they have it now. What about all the young families who are picked up every year or so by the corporations which control their destinies and set down somewhere else, families that don't dare grow roots? What about the members of unions whose welfare funds are plundered by gangsters dressed as men in gray flannel suits?

What is all this uneasy concern for security in the midst of plenty? Most of the rest of the world heartily dislikes us because of our prosperity and the generosity which we can afford and like to give. Why do they distrust us? Why, at the same time that we seem to be smug, do we so distrust ourselves? Why do we suspect that we are always outsmarted by the Russians, outplayed, out-propagandized? Why, as a matter of fact, in the world community do we act like poor little rich boys, all dressed up in our best clothes, with our faces scrubbed, and nobody wants to play with us?



Could it be that we have forgotten so quickly the sense of community that we learned the hard way in the Depression? The sense of excitement? The respect for other people's ideas? The toughness of spirit? And, so help us, the humility that comes from being a part of all humanity?

And now, the sermon concluded, the members of the vestry will take up the collection. I hope you will be generous. We badly need a color television set for the parish house.

Cecil Woodham-Smith

Drawings by Rowland Emett



They stayed in bed

MOST of us were brought up to admire people who were what was called "really energetic." We were assured that the only way to fit ourselves for achievement and success in life was to get up early, walk often and briskly, and never, never, indulge in something most of us liked very much indeed, called a little rest. "Get up," stern voices told us, "you will never get anything done by lying about."

Those stern voices were not telling us the truth. There have been men and women whose achievements were of great importance in the history of the world who led lives which were the exact opposite of the kind of energy we were taught to admire. They hated fresh air, they detested exercise, they lay on sofas, they stayed, sometimes for years at a time, in bed.

Take four famous people who lived in the nineteenth century, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, who wrote some of the best poetry any woman has yet written in the English language; Florence Nightingale, who founded modern nursing; Charles Darwin, one of the greatest of all scientists, who wrote the *Origin of Species;* and Harriet Martineau, perhaps more famous in her day than now, who was the first woman to become an editorial writer on a London daily newspaper.

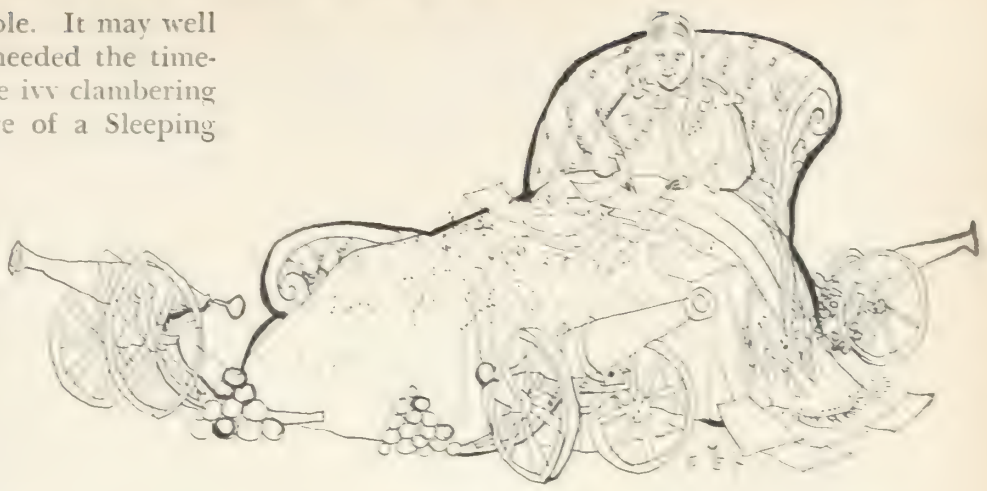
Let us take a look at the kind of life these people, whose achievements are really formidable, chose to live.

Come for a moment into Elizabeth Barrett's room, the one room where she spends three-quarters of her life. Outside it is sunny, but in Elizabeth's room it is dark. A dark blind is pulled half down and the light is further dimmed by ivy growing in a tangle over the panes. Elizabeth would like, she says, not to be able to see out of her windows for the thickness of the ivy. The famous poetess lies on a couch among pillows and shawls with her spaniel Flush always at her feet. The atmosphere is unbearably stuffy. From October to May the windows are not merely unopened, their edges are pasted over with brown paper so that no faintest breath of air can enter the room. No broom or duster is allowed in here for seven or eight months in the year; dust lies everywhere like white sand and you must put your feet down carefully or a miniature desert storm rises up in your footsteps. Spiders, says Elizabeth, become domestic pets, and Flush will not put his nose under the bed for the tangle of their webs. Silence is absolute. The loudest sounds are the scratching of Elizabeth's pen, the beating of her heart, Flush's breathing. Time has ceased to exist—she broke her watch—was it a year or two years ago—she does not know the time, she does not know the day of the week, when she writes a letter she does not even know the year.

She believes she has a disease of the spine, but her doctors have never been able to find anything wrong. This is 1845. In 1846 less than a year later she will rise from her couch, elope with Robert Browning, live a happy married life in Italy, have a healthy son.

Elizabeth Barrett was, of course, a poetess and

poetesses are not like other people. It may well be that to produce poetry she needed the timelessness and silence, the dust, the ivy clambering up the window, the atmosphere of a Sleeping Beauty's chamber.



BUT take Florence Nightingale, a great administrator, a woman who influenced cabinet ministers and viceroys, who was concerned with the making of laws, the appointments of politicians—surely it must be important to her to go about, see people, attend meetings. She stayed in bed, except for brief intervals, for more than fifty years.

She believed she had heart disease, she believed, in 1857, that her life hung on a thread. She continued to believe that it hung on a thread, she made wills, distributed her possessions not once but many times, but she did not die until 1910 at the age of ninety.

Meanwhile from her bed at No. 10, South Street, she ruled what amounted to an Empire. There are people still living who can remember her room. It was the very opposite of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's, white, light, flooded with sunshine and fresh air, sweet with the scent of flowers. In Miss Nightingale's day Dorchester House still stood where the Dorchester Hotel is now and her room looked on the gardens. Birds sang outside her windows, green leaves cast rippling shadows on her carpet. In small things she was fastidious, the crystal vase which held fresh flowers by her bed must always be scalded and polished, her bed linen must always be snowy, the lace on her cap must be real Buckinghamshire lace, and the very best.

A great many people came to see her but her rules were strict. No one, not even a relation or a dearest friend, not the Prime Minister or the Commander-in-Chief could see her without an appointment.

Was she an invalid, was she really bedridden? People waiting below to see her would sometimes be astonished to hear footsteps in Miss Nightingale's room overhead. Could she really have been at death's door, with a heart that might in her own words "snap at any moment," work as she worked, and live until ninety? The amount of work that issued from her bedroom is staggering. Night after night until the small hours of the morning, she must have been sitting up in bed, writing. Take only one of her achievements, the Indian Sanitary Report. It fills one thousand closely printed pages. Take only one of the many correspondences she kept up and by no means the largest or most important, to the matron of the Highgate infirmary—in one year she wrote more than a hundred letters.

Now pause and ask yourself—how could Florence Nightingale possibly have accomplished all this unless she had been alone, and when and where could she be alone living a Victorian family life. That is something of which today we have mercifully no conception. The endless fussing, ten, twenty letters exchanged over a cold in the head, or a place for a holiday; the complete lack of privacy—all letters as a matter of course were handed round; the interminable chatting. For three, four hours the women of a family would sit in the drawing-room exchanging platitudes—reading was thought ill-bred; it was impossible to have even a half-hour to oneself without interruption. These things made up a life which Miss Nightingale said was slow torture.

One day after she had come back from the Crimea and was beginning her great work for the army and nursing she broke out suddenly in the drawing room, "I must be alone," and collapsed. It was the beginning of her invalidism. For where could she be alone, where could she find silence from chatter, freedom from interruption—except in bed?

CHARLES Darwin was able to solve his problem in a different way, he did not have actually to go to bed. He passed most of his life on the sofa. From the age of twenty-two Darwin was convinced he had heart disease, though he was robust in appearance, "quite blooming and beautiful" he wrote. When he applied for the post of naturalist on the *Beagle*, the famous little ship which made a five-year voyage of discovery down the coast of South America, he was sure he would be rejected on grounds of ill health. However, he was accepted and during a disastrous expedition into the interior proved so strong that he struggled on to find water when most of the party was too exhausted to move. Nevertheless he continued to suffer from weakness, fatigue,

insomnia, headaches, sinking feelings, and dizziness. A half-hour's conversation with a stranger could give him a sleepless night, and in old age he found it too tiring even to look out of the window.

In 1839 he married Emma Wedgwood—all the Wedgwoods were intensely sympathetic to ill health—and it was said that the perfect nurse had married the perfect patient. Soon after their marriage they moved to Downe in Kent—London was too tiring for Charles—and here, protected by Emma, Charles Darwin evolved a daily routine which centered round his sofa.

He worked, that is to say, he wrote or experimented, only for two hours a day. He breakfasted at a quarter to eight and then worked until nine-thirty. After this he lay on the sofa for a couple of hours, then worked until twelve. Work was then over for the day, and if things had gone well he would say in a satisfied voice, "I've done a good day's work." After a little



turn in the garden with his fox terrier he had luncheon and returned to his sofa, leaving it only to go up to his bedroom at three, returning to it after tea and remaining on it until dinner. After dinner he played backgammon. All his reading was done lying on the sofa, and, as he found learned tomes heavy, he was in the habit of cutting them in half.

It was the life of an invalid—and what freedom it brought! Charles Darwin never sat on committees, never went to official dinners, saw only the people he wanted to see, read only the books he wanted to read. Metaphysics and religion he found brought on a headache at once. As the great man lay on the sofa he was not idle. His mind was at work, and it was in those long hours of silence and solitude, lying on his sofa, meditating, meditating, that Darwin reached his bold conclusions. He himself expressed his most valuable quality as "unbounded patience in long reflecting over any subject." For his long reflecting he needed his sofa.

HARRIET Martineau's case is different again. She spent six years in bed and arose, cured by mesmerism, or as we should say hypnotism, to lead a life of energy. She was, she says, a weakly child, gloomy, suspicious, and morbid. Her mother was a stern, difficult woman and from the age of eight to fourteen Harriet never passed a day without crying. At the age of twelve she became almost stone deaf. Born without the senses of taste and smell, she said that only once in her life had she been able to taste a leg of mutton, and it was delicious.

Harriet Martineau became famous as a writer of tales which conveyed economic truths with such titles as "Illustrations of Taxation," "Poor Law Tales," "Forest and Game Law Tales." In the United States, where she traveled from New England to New Orleans, she became known for her books about American life. But as she rose in the world the fortunes of her family declined and she found herself in sole charge of her mother, who was now blind and had developed a morbid jealousy of Harriet's fame. Financial difficulties were acute. Soon we hear that Harriet is exhibiting familiar symptoms, heart disease is feared, there are fainting and sinking fits. In 1839 she collapsed. She lay down, she says "in solitude and silence," and she continued to lie there for six years. She would allow no member of her family to look after her, she chose to live in lodgings in Tynemouth, in her own words, "quite alone."

Six years later her cure by mesmerism took place, but her difficulties by then had been solved. Her mother was living with relatives in Liverpool, the family finances had straightened out, and Harriet found herself a free woman. She fell on her work with enthusiasm. No more is heard of heart disease, fainting fits, sinking sensations. The years following her six years in bed were her best. She became editorial writer on the *Daily News,* the first woman to achieve this eminence, and wrote the record number of six editorials a week, 1,600 in all. She wrote many tales and published a number of books. She strode about, traveled, dined out every evening but Sunday. Six years in bed had brought her strength to live.

And yet not one of these people was looking merely for an escape. They were looking for something very different, a climate in which they could work. Work was their object, work, not self. And, most important of all, they all belonged to a very rare class of human being, those who can flourish only in silence and solitude, the people whom the prophet Isaiah described when he wrote, "Whose strength is to sit still."

John Phillips

WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH MARY JANE?

The Tragicomedy of Cyprus

The characters wear costumes ranging from white wigs to Turkish bloomers, Roman shields, and black whiskers . . . their passions are both exuberant and deadly . . . and one of the unexpected victims is the good name of America.

LAST October 28 on a clouded, dry afternoon in Nicosia, the British capital of Cyprus, the Chief Justice, Sir Eric Hallinan, came to the end of his judgment. Wearily, over the limp wrist that had borne his chin through so many hours of testimony at so many benches in so many outposts of Empire, he announced the verdict of the court—the accused was guilty of murdering the policeman and was by implication a member of the terrorist underground EOKA.

"Have you anything to say before I announce the sentence?" the Chief Justice said, rising.

"I am innocent," the accused replied softly, in Greek.

From the rear of the room where the prisoner's sister sat with his fiancée came the first slow disbelieving sobs. Now Sir Eric was speaking like a grieved parent: ". . . Michalakis, I sentence you to hang by the neck until you are dead."

These articulate words, so humdrum in countless films and fictions of English jurisprudence, have a shocking effect when first heard in actuality. The sister and fiancée greeted the pronouncement with shrieks dreadful enough to have escaped from the mind of Euripides. Those gave way to torrents of the hatred, imprecation, and entreaty that have welled in Cyprus unrecognized for generations. The sister began to batter her body, whimpering, against the railing.

Sir Eric, for his part, looked to be entirely serene in his soul. He remained a moment before all eyes, standing like a long white bird borrowed from a museum case and adorned with dangling wig, black robes, and crimson shawl. Then with a last punctilious nod he went sedately to his chambers. The two district judges —a Greek with deep watery eyes and a jowled Turk with heavy eyelids—gathered up their papers and hurried out, away from the shrieking women. Unlike the Irish-born Sir Eric, they were native Cypriots, and so for the allegiance they had paid the Crown this afternoon and for each time hereafter they upheld, however mutely, the Crown's law, they had reason to be afraid.

The condemned, in the same white shirt he had worn throughout the trial, was running his fingers over the gate of the dock, licking his dry lips, the same way he had all week. Like most prisoners in Cyprus these days he was pitifully afraid and young. His moment passed, he had not shouted "Death to Harding" or "Long Live Enosis" or "Hooray for EOKA" or any rousing slogan. He had only said that he was innocent, and this in a mumble, perfunctorily, with no hope. Two constables handcuffed his thin wrists to their own with a clumsy officiousness strangely ennobling to the boy who suddenly looked wild and defiant, as if he were a terrorist at that.

This was his last public appearance. For months thereafter he would occupy valuable jail space, while his attorneys filed appeal after lost appeal, all the way to the Privy Council. Meanwhile, faithful to pattern, everything the British had sought to avoid would come inexorably to pass. The sentencing of Michalakis Savva Karaolis, the first Cypriot in years to receive the death penalty for a political crime, was to have been a dire warning to the insurrectionists. Instead he was already a triumphant martyr, and one more embarrassing bundle for Britain.

His legend was already taking shape outside the courthouse. Festoons of barbed wire barricaded both ends of the street, keeping the approaches to the courthouse clear. The enclosure had been guarded throughout the trial by Colonial Police in shorts, who frisked for concealed weapons everyone who entered, at three successive check points. Young British soldiers, the newest members of an old and noble regiment, patrolled behind the wire with naked bayonets.

The crowd outside the barricade was not immense. It is against the law in Cyprus to congregate in groups of more than five, but the authorities have found that it is often foolish to stickle. More than two hundred Cypriots milled quietly. This was the Turkish quarter, invaded today by Greeks of all ages, because Karaolis was Greek. But there were Turks in plenty, too—merchant Turks and beggars and tall moustachioed Turkish peasants in knee boots and big black seatless bloomers. Then, trickling in from side streets in cautious, absolutely legal groups of four, adolescent pupils of the Greek Gymnasia which Governor Harding held accountable for a "disgraceful record of indiscipline and rowdiness."

They had had a good day, shouting themselves hoarse and hurling bricks and bottles at all things British in Nicosia. The boys were panting, and some who had whiffed tear gas were holding handkerchiefs. A few blocks off, the streets still rang with the hobnail march of conscripts flushed and sweating from chasing schoolboys in the warm October weather, each clasping a baton of wood and a small round shield, which would have been less absurd in the hand of a Roman gladiator, for deflecting stones. The boys pushed into the crowd and were lost. A radio jeep rolled inquiringly by, followed by another in which four Gordon Highlanders rode with Bren guns between their knees. The courthouse square was a likely spot for trouble. For while it was a foregone conclusion that the British would decide to hang their hero, the Greeks had not guessed that the verdict would come today of all days—October 28.

OXI Day is one of those extravagant Greek dates when priests and politicians vie with the citizenry in the passionate recall of a particular glory. In 1955 it was the fifteenth anniversary of the day Greece said No to Italy's ultimatum that her forces enter Greece to "protect" her from the British.

Britain has not forgotten how Greece became her only ally in the days when she fought the Axis alone and losing, nor the uniquely Greek madness with which a ragtag mountain army cut up and chased Mussolini's divisions into Albania. In that fearful winter when, as in Byron's time, Greeks and Britons died side by side, no cynic would predict a day that would break the fierce, romantic bond between them. British soldiers of two world wars are buried from Salonika to Rhodes, and the Greek negative OXI—omicron, chi, iota—pronounced *au*hee, has been set in whitewashed boulders upon Greece's hillsides.

Last OXI Day in Cyprus, the authorities were in an unhappy position. On the radio Governor Harding paid handsome tribute to the occasion, then virtually outlawed it by enforcing the ban on public gatherings. His decree was greeted by dynamiting in Famagusta, grenades in Limassol, grenades and bullets in Morphou, and at noon in Nicosia by an extraordinary scene: British troops in battle order and gas masks in a pitched-stone fight with schoolboys. Now there was another challenge: a certified EOKA terrorist, convicted and ready for hanging.

Perhaps the Turkish presence prevented a riot by the courthouse. Tomorrow, the Turks would have their day, also curtailed—October 29, the anniversary of the founding of the Turkish Republic. Already from the buildings flew the foreboding red that clashes, crescent against cross, with the pale blue and white of Greece. The two women came through the barricade, making a rising, falling wail like mourners at a peasant funeral. The Greek crowd drifted after them down streets where soldiers were taking up barbed wire, walking over broken glass, past slogan-coated walls and strings of white and blue pennants. *Zeto i Enosis. Zeto,* long live; *Enosis* (accented on the first syllable), union; with Greece in this case, diplomatically translated as "self-determination."

CYPRUS is a British Crown Colony, 140 miles long and 50 miles at its widest point, the third largest island in the Mediterranean, lying 40 odd miles below Turkey's Anatolian coast. Its present population is close to 511,000, of which about 18 per cent are Turkish Moslems and 80 per cent Greek Orthodox Christians, both groups retaining a violent ethnic consciousness.

In four thousand years the island has been colonized by: Myceneans, Achaeans, Alexander the Great, the Ptolemies, and the Byzantine Empire, all undeniably Greek. It has also known the Hittites, Phoenicians, Assyrians, Egyptians, Persians, Franks, Mamelukes, Arabs, Venetians—and the Ottoman Turks, who administered it for almost 300 years until 1878. Modern Cyprus is a reliquary, the site of Apollo's temple, of Roman aqueducts, Frankish cathedrals, moats, and ramparts, Armenian churches, Turkish mosques, and Turkish cannon balls.

The British with their judicial system and asphalt roads, Colonial Police in blue hats and smart tan shorts, soil erosion experts, and foolproof experiments in self-government, have offered the Cypriots a large measure of the bless-

ings enjoyed by the Gambians and Fiji Islanders. There is no malaria on the island, no unemployment, and the death rate is marvelously low. Yet the gratitude returned by Cyprus in seventy-eight years under the Union Jack has been precious small. Irredentism is a chronic seizure among the Greek majority, always treated with British severity and cautious reform. Since even in times of quiet interim neither faction ever made a great attempt to comprehend the other, the gulf between Cyprus' governors and governed has retained much of the abyssal blackness of Ottoman times.

Greek Nationalist tempers are aggravated by British attitudes surviving from a quainter age. A prevalent notion of wounded righteousness puts Britain in the role of misunderstood Nanny. Cyprus becomes the refractory little girl of a nursery rhyme:

> *What* is the matter with Mary Jane?
> She's perfectly well and she hasn't a pain.
> *And it's lovely rice pudding for dinner again!*—
> What *is* the matter with Mary Jane?*

Last September, at the start of a brief career as Foreign Minister, Harold Macmillan invited the Greek and Turkish governments to send emissaries to London to consider the problem on friendly terms. Britain had never done such a thing before, and Macmillan's conference was acclaimed in the British press, and in those sections of our own that noticed it, as little short of magnanimous. Macmillan was anxious to avert the nastiness that indeed ensued several weeks later in New York when Greece made good her threat to press again for the inclusion of the Cyprus question in the agenda of the United Nations General Assembly. So he brought forth a plan—the latest of a sequence of abortive plans that British governments have been bringing forth for Cyprus since 1925. Like most, it envisaged "a new and liberal form of self-government," not further defined—that "lovely rice pudding for dinner again."

The Turks and Greeks, detecting a familiar outline beneath the wraps, threw up their hands in dismay, though for contradictory reasons: the plan that did not begin to satisfy Athens was entirely too much for Ankara. As Macmillan could not permit the faintest adumbration of doubt to be cast on Britain's sovereignty, there was nothing left to discuss. The Foreign Office bravely announced that the conference was only "suspended," but ten days' sorry welter left Greece and Turkey openly at each other's throats, the southeastern flank of NATO near collapse, and the Balkan Pact a shambles.

The problem of Cyprus is approached by way of 1821, when the modern Greek state was born. The first flag of rebellion against the Ottoman Turks was raised in March of that year—not by a politician or a military man but, significantly, by a bearded Archbishop in a Peloponnesian town. In Cyprus that July, the Turks hanged another Archbishop and beheaded various bishops and leaders of the Greek community because they had conspired to assist the insurgents on the Greek mainland. Since then British propaganda has asked—and delicately left unanswered—the question: who are these bearded men to be mixing in politics when, by our lights, they should be talking about God?

In Greece separation of Church and State as we know it does not exist. Hellenism and Orthodoxy have always traveled hand in hand. The Greeks' Hellenic and Byzantine traditions were preserved by the Church through nearly four centuries of Turkish subjugation, and later vicissitudes which have crushed other nations. Yet Greece is anything but a theocracy. The Church has not the monolithic power with which British propaganda would invest it. Its function must be reciprocal, since the Greek would not tolerate a Church that did not foster his traditions. A political Archbishop like Makarios III, the banished hero of Cyprus, is as much the creature of the people as their leader. He was elected by the male members of the Greek Orthodox population and given the title of Ethnarch, purest Greek for "national leader." In British Cyprus he acted as spokesman of Greek nationalism, precisely as his predecessors did as subjects of the Sultan. Hence, if this seems medieval, Greek propagandists argue it is because the status of the Cypriot Greek has remained medieval.

BRITAIN came by Cyprus in the same fashion in which she must let it go: by slow degrees. The island was ceded her for purposes of administration in 1878, in indirect consequence of the Crimean War and Turkey's reawakened fears of the Tsar and in exchange for British assurances against Russia's threat to Eastern Anatolia. A hopeful band of Greeks welcomed the British High Commissioner to Cyprus. We are told that then and there in a burst of oratory the Archbishop Ethnarch dispensed a polite dose of Enosis: ". . . we trust that Great Britain will help Cyprus, as it did the Ionian Islands, to be united with Mother Greece. . . ."

Thirty-six years later Britain was willing to do just that. When Turkey threw in with the Kaiser in 1914, Britain annexed the island and offered it to Greece as inducement to enter the war straightaway on the side of the Entente. Greece, just emerged from the Balkan wars to undergo a fierce political crisis over the question of neutrality, could not then commit herself.

* From *When We Were Very Young*, © 1924, E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc.; 1952, A. A. Milne.

The next year she did join the Allies. The offer of Cyprus had lapsed.

Europe was in her first blush of Wilsonian idealism in 1919 when another Archbishop of Cyprus traveled to London to press for Enosis anew. Prime Minister Lloyd George had already promised to cede Cyprus to Prime Minister Venizelos, the supreme statesman of modern Greece, the day that Italy ceded Rhodes (an act of Enosis that was not to happen until Greece and Italy made peace in 1947). He assured the Archbishop that the national aspirations of the Cypriots would receive his government's most careful and considerate attention. At the same time Ramsay MacDonald informed his Labor party that "the principle of self-determination"—a concept not entirely bromidic in 1919—must be applied to Cyprus, which he saw as of little use to Britain anyway. (Those were the halcyon days of Suez, when there was no Colonel Nasser.) But the Lloyd George government disagreed with its leader and voted to retain the island. And ten years later, when he was Prime Minister, MacDonald had a change of heart.

Relations between Greek Cypriots and the Crown were never to be the same. The epidemic of protests, resolutions, demonstrations, delegations, resignations has flourished to this day. In 1923 Turkey ceded all rights to the island with the Treaty of Lausanne, and Cyprus became a Crown Colony. The first British Governor arrived and busied himself with something he called a constitution, as well as more practical programs for the benefit of the islanders. Certainly now they were better off than they had been, but the Greek Nationalists were singularly unappreciative. They delighted in sabotaging the toy legislatures which the Colonial Office devised for the inculcation of "political maturity." They became such persistent pamphleteers that the Cyprus government was obliged to print, at public expense, a vast counter-campaign.

The crisis came in 1931 when, egged on by a fanatical bishop, Greeks ran riot in Cyprus and burned the residence of Governor Sir Ronald Storrs to the ground. The Nationalists had at last given justification for those radical measures which, in the view of some, should have been taken long ago. Henceforth, it was decreed, the Church would attend to its sorely neglected spiritual duties and let politics alone. There would be no more demagogic bishops (two were deported instanter). Ecclesiastical liberties reverted to the days of the Sultan who forbade the Greeks to elect an Archbishop not approved by his "Berat." In 1932 the old Archbishop died and so, since a popularly chosen successor so servile as not to preach Enosis existed only in the government's wildest imaginings, there was, as today, simply no Archbishop at all.

The vaguest pretense of self-government was abolished. His Excellency the Governor reigned with a martial array of sedition laws, censorship laws, laws against the singing of foreign anthems, the flying of foreign flags. For fifteen years a pacified Cypriot nation (*sic*) remained, until the Labor government took office in 1945.

Three years later, hopes were high again among the Cypriot Nationalists, many of whom had served in the British Army, both in World War II and in the civil war. A more enlightened Colonial Office had dropped its power of veto over Church elections, there was a new Archbishop, and the Labor government had come up with a new variation on the old theme of self-government. Prime Minister Attlee had said in the House of Commons in reference to Burma, "we invite but we do not compel people to stay within the British Empire"—words which the Cypriot Nationalists were to howl over when they discovered, as they had suspected, that the new constitutional proposals made to them, while the most generous ever offered, contained a built-in prohibition against considering a change of sovereignty.

In 1950 the Ethnarch and his Ethnarchy Council, after the government refused to hold a plebiscite, dramatized their cause with one of their own. The result has been cautiously described as "overwhelming." Roughly 95 per cent of Greek-speaking Cyprus signed beneath the Archbishop's name to claim union with Greece. Thirty volumes of signatures were brought to New York and deposited at the United Nations Secretariat. The Cyprus government, hard pressed for counter-propaganda, revived its cherished accusations that the Archbishop was the henchman of the Communists; that the Holy Synod, by threatening not to baptize, marry, or bury loyal British subjects in its flock was exercising "spiritual blackmail."

The British Government reverted to the Tories. The Labor party changed its stand and began demanding self-determination. Toward the unabated flow of petitions and appeals the new regime was tolerant. Sir Robert Armitage, the new Governor of Cyprus, remarked that if the Cypriots really wanted self-determination, they would have resorted to violence before then. Another opinion was that the Cypriots would soon be as bored with bearded bishops and their Enosis as was the House of Lords.

Was there no way to make little girls understand what was best for them? Nanny put her foot down. "No supper!" Nanny spanked. Mary Jane kicked and bit her Nanny, attacked her with guns and dynamite. But Nanny knew what the trouble was. It was that other jealous Nanny in Athens.

Since 1954 the Greek government has brought the Cypriot claim for self-determination before

the United Nations with a persistence painful to the British government and our own. In July of that year Henry Hopkinson, then Minister of State for Colonial Affairs, declared that the island could never expect to be fully independent. That was probably the straw to break the camel's back; the bitterness which followed caused the government to renew the sedition laws of 1932. It was again a penal offense to mention Enosis. Thus began an *opéra bouffe* as yet to end.

Every Cyprus newspaper went on strike for eight days. Colonial Police and soldiers who painted over walls of blue and white slogans found them multiplied by dawn. Blue and white flags removed from steeples and greased, branchless trees reappeared next day. Then EOKA emerged—a makeshift, singularly ill-humored enterprise prepared to do every violent crime which Governor Armitage had put beyond a docile, essentially happy folk. Eventually the obedient Turks announced the birth of a nebulous force called Volkan. If the British were unable to govern, then the Turks would, with their ancestral scimitars if necessary. Five Greeks would die for every Turk—a fair ratio, given the census statistics.

THE Cypriot Turk can see his homeland on a clear day—something the Greek cannot boast, nor certainly the Briton. Thomas E. Dewey, retained by the Turkish government to press Turkey's plea for $300 million more from Washington, where he has friends, was rumored to have said in private that the map alone is proof of Turkish dominion over Cyprus. Short of obtaining the loan, he could not gratify his client more than by publicly restating that view. For geography, not population, is the heart of Turkey's claim.

Extreme Turkish Nationalists say that the day Britain leaves the island, Turkey's navy will seize it. The longer and louder they threaten, the more defensible Britain's position seems. "We don't propose to leave and start a war between Greece and Turkey," Governor Harding can say, with the smile of a man who has dealt his fourth ace. From the fall of Byzantium in 1453 to the Treaty of Lausanne in 1923, Greek-Turkish relations were those of recurrent massacre. No government is more shrewdly aware of these old hatreds than the British.

"Greece must choose between Cyprus and Turkish friendship," Turkey's then foreign minister Zorlu informed the Greeks at Macmillan's conference last September. Greece, he declared, had no cause to discuss what was a matter of British internal administration according to the Treaty of Lausanne to which Greece was a signatory. Tamper with the treaty, he implied, and Cyprus reverts to Turkey. When he was done, the relative amity of thirty years painfully established by Venizelos and Kemal Atatürk hung by a thread.

Being a Turk, Zorlu knew that many of his countrymen believe that Greece is seriously pursuing a sixteenth-century fantasy of reincorporating the entire Byzantine Empire with Constantinople as its capital. That is what many a Turk has seen in Enosis since first the Greek mainland, then the Dodecanese, Thrace, Crete, and all the Greek territories his ancestors had seized and plundered were wrested from Turkey and restored to Greece. He is convinced the Greek will not stop until he and his vengeful priests have taken Istanbul and changed back its name. This neurosis of the Turk now centers on Cyprus. All about him he sees his natural enemy in paroxysms of Hellenism, threatening to displace the British government, which is all that is left to save him from extinction on what was his great grandfather's domain. It is one thing to know, as the British do, that this is a ridiculous nightmare, and another to disabuse the Turk of it, as they do not.

The Cypriot Turk is besotted with strange beliefs. Dana Eff, the Mufti of Cyprus, whose utterances are accepted verbatim by the average Turk, has a touching faith in what he says over the BBC and elsewhere: that 40,000 brother Turks in Western Thrace have vanished under Greek rule, that 60 per cent of the Cypriot Greeks are Communists, that there is less civil freedom in Greece than in Turkey, that Greeks are innately barbaric. The Mufti is a little man with a sweetly importuning face who imparts these inanities and more, by rote, in the soft voice of the True Believer. He is a former greengrocer, a devout man, who was elected Mufti by his fellow Moslems a few years ago when the British wanted to provide the Turks with an opposite number to the Archbishop. The Mufti has none of the Archbishop's political powers, which may explain his gentle ways. He has lived his life among Greeks and bears them no enmity. What would be a diatribe for the political Turk is a form of trance for the Mufti. He comes from the Paphos district, near the shore where Aphrodite was born, and so does the Archbishop. The two never met until late 1952, in New York, when they sat near each other in the United Nations General Assembly, an occasion when neither was heard, nor greatly noticed, save by the other. His Eminence tenderly recalls that His Beatitude welcomed him in the Greek language familiar to them both.

The most evident of the outraged Turks is Dr. Fazil Kutchuk, a Nicosia physician, real-estate owner, newspaper editor, and guiding light of the Cyprus-is-Turkish party. The doctor coldly disclaims any connection with the Cyprus-is-Turkish Organization, a maniacal enterprise

now outlawed in Turkey, and, like the Archbishop, he deplores violence, while profiting from the threat of it.

The Turk is by nature a peaceful man, but when provoked he is something else again. The merchant class in his country is largely formed of Greek, Armenian, and Jewish minorities, who prosper while the impoverished Turk fights a dreary battle against bankruptcy. This makes him susceptible to bigotries of the basest sort which are aroused by sordid figures like the lately jailed Hikmet Bil, whose Cyprus-is-Turkish Organization Dr. Kutchuk is at pains to eschew.

ON THE fifth of September 1955, a bomb exploded under singular circumstances inside the Turkish Consulate at Salonika in Northern Greece. The Turkish press and radio, over which the government is influential, blared out the incendiary and false report that the nearby birthplace of Kemal Atatürk, a sort of Turkish Mount Vernon on foreign soil, had also been destroyed. The events of the following day in Turkey were planned and executed with the same discipline the Nazis used in their onslaughts on the Jews. Squads of marauders were driven to the shopping area in trucks and taxis, waving picks and crowbars, consulting lists of addresses, and the police stood smiling by. Greek priests were reported circumcised, scalped, burned in bed; Greek women raped. The Greek Consulate was destroyed in Izmir. Just nine out of eighty Greek Orthodox churches in Istanbul were left undesecrated; twenty-nine were demolished. Ghouls invaded the huge Greek cemetary where the Patriarchs of Constantinople are buried, opened mausoleums, dug up graves, and flung bones into the streets; corpses waiting burial were lanced with knives. There had been no comparable destruction of Greek sanctuaries since the fall of Constantinople.

The Turkish government did its best to keep the world from knowing. A familiar heavy hand fell upon the press, and editors who criticized President Menderes were jailed again. Despite advance knowledge that there would be demonstrations, Turkish authorities had not dreamed they would come to this. Hikmet Bil and his party were made the scapegoats, along with the Communists, although the government had boasted for fourteen years that there were no Communists in Turkey.

But news reached Athens soon enough. Grotesque details were wafted everywhere and inflated by the prodigious Greek imagination. Police cordons about British property now guarded the Turks as well. In village taverns old warriors talked of fighting Turks again. Newspapers carried the sympathy of other governments, the messages of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the World Council of Churches to the Patriarch of Constantinople. People asked, *when will the United States be heard from?*

Washington spoke about two weeks late, but it would have been better if the Secretary of State had stayed on Duck Island in silence. In twenty-four hours, Athens police were guarding our Embassy too.

The American *démarche* on Athens and Ankara escaped the attention it deserved at home. Dulles read Greece word for word the same pompous lecture he read to Turkey. Without a word of condolence, Greece was held as much to blame for the catastrophe as Turkey, and the Secretary intimated that unless both countries behaved themselves and attended to the Balkan Alliance and their NATO duties, the United States might be obliged to cut off those mighty dollars.

Three days later came the news that the United States had thrown all its influence behind Britain to keep the embarrassing topic of Cyprus off the United Nations agenda. And then it was announced that Mr. Dewey was working for the Turks in Washington. The proud and hypersensitive Greeks were progressively stunned, enraged, defiant.

American prestige in Greece, which all but supplanted Britain's in the days of the Truman Plan, had never been so low. A Conservative paper which had defended Mr. Dulles in the past called his message "the most disgraceful exhibition of the stupidest diplomacy of the twentieth century." Taken against the opposition press reactions, this was an accolade.

The holy cause of Cyprus, strengthened by miasmic resentment of two powerful allies, dominated last February's Greek election to the exclusion of far graver social and economic issues. A people that has fought to preserve itself with the passion of the Greek is sure to have other passions, not all of them wholesome. It would not be possible, nor fair, to admire the Greeks without condemning their wickedness. Politics is their national pastime and when they see themselves insulted, they get as delirious as the Pythoness of Delphi on the fumes distilled by noxious orators and newspapers.

Last winter students rioted, bombing and burning British and American offices. Over Radio Athens frenzied broadcasters urged on their "heroic Cypriot brothers" in invective which the British eventually jammed as an incitement to murder. To strong British protests the Greek government first answered that the broadcasts were not officially conceived but based on excerpts from the press, later that regarding Cyprus the state could no more control its radio than its citizens' emotions. An amazing excuse, but perhaps an honest one, for until Greece and Cyprus are somehow joined the

Greek government will toss in a maelstrom partly of its own creating. Those practical statesmen like Prime Minister Karamanlis who are not ready to sacrifice their country's safety to a rampant emotion will be helpless against it.

But if self-defeating hysteria prevails in Athens, it is less strong among the Nationalist leaders in the thick of things on Cyprus. Most of these men take a pragmatic view of what happens to their cause each time a British soldier dies and there is applause from the Athens grandstand. The Nationalists boast they "know" the British. They are sullenly immune to blandishment, apology, and charm. So now that Britain, forced out of Suez and into spending a hundred and twelve odd million dollars to make Cyprus the new air and land headquarters for her Middle East Command, seeks to prove her good intentions by sinking almost that much again into a gala economic program for the island, the Nationalists ask, "Why didn't you do this long ago?"

Almost every British proposal for self-government to date has been similarly hoist on its own petard. The Nationalists have consistently argued that any legislature prevented from discussing a change of sovereignty is a hoax for perpetuating British rule. Nor is that their only objection to past Colonial Office arrangements.

For the forty-nine years that the Greeks cooperated with the Cyprus government, the island was administered by the careful manipulation of Greek against Turk. In any popularly elected legislature the Greeks, of course, heavily outnumbered the Turks. The balance was then restored by the Governor who appointed as many of his own representatives as were needed to match the minority against the majority and cast the deciding vote himself. The Turks habitually joined with the Governor's men in voting against the Greeks and the resulting deadlock was broken by His Excellency. Long ago on the exceptional occasions when the Turks were so untoward as to vote *with* the Greeks against the Governor's bloc, His Excellency appealed to London and the King of England enacted the rejected bill.

The Nationalists have kept those memories alive. Last September in London the Greeks listened to Macmillan's proposals out of common courtesy. No plan that ruled out Enosis was of interest to them, but simply to hear those double negatives and qualifying clauses couched exquisitely in English was an aesthetic experience. So in the end it was not the Greeks but Turkey's then Foreign Minister Zorlu who broke the decorum with *his* startling demands. The Turks would no longer accept a mere "quota" of seats in any legislative body. They would take nothing less than *equal* representation, and "a guarantee of full equality in right to rule." This meant a government in which less than a fifth of the population would, with the traditionally helping hand of the British Governor, control the remaining four-fifths. Such a system would not in effect differ greatly from its predecessors, but it was a pretty muddy rut compared to the "normal path of self-government" the Foreign Secretary had gracefully outlined.

CYPRUS lay throughout World War II at the mercy of the Germans who held Crete. Sir Winston Churchill considered that without a strong position on the soil of the Levant—which Britain has, alas, no longer—Cyprus was useless. There is no railroad on the island for moving heavy equipment, no harbor deep enough for transports or battleships. Troops and supplies must be ferried in by air and while Cyprus, within an hour's flight of most danger points in the Levant, is ideal for the RAF, its air installations could be obliterated in one bombing run during the next war. Still, with nowhere else to go, the British must establish a new Middle East Command on a neglected island where the small population can be suppressed.

The United States has bases in many countries which owe no allegiance to her. For years Greece has offered to lease Britain bases on Cyprus, on Crete, on the Greek mainland—just as Britain has leased bases to the United States on Bermuda and elsewhere. Why couldn't Britain have ceded Cyprus and kept bases on the soil of her most loyal ally? And what good is a base that has to be defended by troops against the citizenry?

Britain holds firm against these arguments. Haunted by the loss of Suez, her leaders maintain British prestige would evanesce in the Levant if they relented in Cyprus. "What would happen to our bases if Greece went Communist?" they ask—an argument particularly effective with Red-obsessed Americans unaware that the once-negligible danger of losing Greece through political upheaval has been greatly increased by the obdurate British stand.

The British government appears to fear something more calamitous than the loss of Greece. Sir John Harding has said that Britain cannot accept Greek leases on the island because she might use the bases for purposes in which Greece would not want to be involved. The likeliest meaning to this particular riddle is that Britain is prepared to send forces into the Middle East at any moment, not just to nip an Arab-Israeli war, but to guard Kuwait and kindred interests she cannot afford to loose, while Greece, wanting to protect a large minority in Egypt, is dependent upon Arab good will.

Britain's determination to control the oil fields is obviously greater than her desire to hold Cyprus, but as long as her government insists

that a show of force on the island is the way to impress the Arab countries, then all other considerations are secondary. It is not fantastic to suppose that at some point in the grim conclaves where governments assess their interests it was decreed that the Middle East and the oil fields were more vital to Britain than Greek friendship and an unbroken NATO. Should that be so and the sad day come when Britain must choose between Turkey—historically an erratic, sometime ally—and Greece, then Greece must be jettisoned in favor of a country which has the Dardanelles, a larger army, a more drastic situation on Russia's frontier, and which is linked to Iraq, Iran, and Pakistan in a startlingly unsuccessful alliance known as the Bagdad Pact, by which Britain and the United States once hoped to keep Russian fingers out of the Middle Eastern pie.

FIELD Marshal Sir John Harding was retiring as Chief of the Imperial General Staff when Sir Anthony Eden appealed to him to lower the boom on the insurrectionists. It was the first time the commander of the entire British Army had been given a small colonial governorship. The appointment met with accolades in the Tory press, but when Sir John jauntily told a London press conference that in Cyprus he would draw upon the knowledge he had gained from the campaigns in Malaya and in Kenya, the Athens press outdid itself: "Harding . . . is going to . . . take up the duties of butcher of the struggling people of Cyprus. . . ."

Sir John is impeccable, a paradigm of the gentleman-soldier. He fought at Gallipoli, through the Western Desert with Montgomery, through Italy with Alexander. He is a disciplinarian and a diplomat who commanded in the troubles at Trieste. He has the DSO with two bars and probably as many wounds as any soldier in the British Army. At the end of his career he is still living dangerously. Much as he dislikes to, he must go about the island by helicopter or bulletproof car with soldiers on the running boards; the altar is inspected for explosives before he enters church. Three attempts have been made on his life; recently he slept the night upon a misgauged time-bomb. Sir John is small, but he emanates authority. Yet it would seem that with one tight smile he could beguile any Enosist—except Archbishop Makarios, who is quite a smiler himself.

Sir John directed the elimination of many a Kenyan Mau Mau and Malayan Communist guerrilla—as Cypriot Nationalists are quick to recall—but he hopes to achieve the pacification of jungleless Cyprus with a minimum of bloodshed. At his disposal are an enlarged, elaborately retrained, predominantly Turkish police force, and roughly 18,000 fighting men, including such rough-and-readies as the Highland Light Infantry, who must be restrained to avoid the blood bath daily provoked by bicycling schoolboys. No doubt the crack regiments would be among the first to fly into the Middle East, but pending that emergency they are busy helping Sir John, together with RAF spotting planes and radar screens and corvettes of the Royal Navy watching for arms smugglers. Raids, chiefly in the wild Troodos Mountains, have done away with clandestine munitions dumps, and sooner or later, when every inch of Cyprus has been searched, the terrorists will have no equipment left. Yet they have borne up remarkably, celebrating their first birthday last Easter with a blaze of violence.

EOKA—the Greek initials for the National Organization for Cyprus Liberation—is assumed to be controlled by a group in Greece not connected with the Greek government and well to the opposite of the Communist extreme, led by former Greek officers who learned commando techniques from their British allies in World War II. Its leader has yet to be positively identified; his orders are signed "Dighenis" after a legendary Greek hero. Formal members pledge their lives in vows of fidelity as the Zionist terrorists did, but they are not many; the real support of terrorism comes from anonymous thousands of Greek Cypriots. Arms have come from Greece or were stolen from the British stores.

EOKA's early deeds were relatively innocuous—the crippling of the island's electrical system, the occasional assassination of informers, and the ugly by-product of any such enterprise, the thorough intimidation of pro-British Greeks. Since the British cracked down, since, particularly, the expulsion of Makarios, EOKA has pulled out the stops. Besides scores of civilians, more than thirty troops and twenty policemen have been killed, more than 120 wounded. It is doubtful that these tragedies can cease entirely in a British Cyprus. Even after EOKA expires, it will have succeeded if ten, twenty years hence frightened boys still become national heroes by shooting soldiers in alleyways.

"Pacification," the Governor says, "then political progress." Sir John stays buoyantly convinced that once terrorism is "stamped out," the Cypriots will come to their senses and recognize the benefits of the Sterling Area and the British passport, and be proud to belong to the British Commonwealth. Strong faith is needed of a man who can live in present-day Cyprus and believe things like that.

ARCHBISHOP Makarios III, who has been made a Rasputin in the inflamed British press, once had kind words to say of Sir John personally ("a good soldier and a good diplomat") but he openly distrusts Sir John's government. He is of peasant stock and the

village people flocked to his sermons in tens of thousands to hear: "No prison, no exile, not even death will deter us from our aim. . . ." He has been a priest in Woburn, Massachusetts, and has studied theology at Boston University, and perhaps American public relations as well. He can explain away his tacit tolerance of EOKA and the unbridled rowdiness of the church schools with the gee-whiz slickness of Richard Nixon, who is, by the way, about His Beatitude's age.

Driven into politics, he has learned to play adroitly on varying levels of persuasion, from the demogogic to the profound. Last year he journeyed to Bandung to seek support from the Afro-Asian Conference. Were he not a prisoner, he would go again when those young nations meet next in Cairo—but, he adds with purring voice and knifelike smile, he trusts by then the trip will be unnecessary. He looks like the ascetic figure in an icon, and when now and then an idea breaks down his visitor's-hour façade his face reveals a quiet, certain strength, and wit. He seems wryly aware of the Byzantine curiosity he presents to Anglo-Saxons.

The Archbishop is known in British circles as "Black Mack" and "Old Malaria." There is a rumor that he glues his beard on in the mornings, that under that black hat he is as "bald as Bing Crosby." He can afford to be amused by dull jibes. The only threat to his leadership was from jealous factions among his own supporters—and now Sir John's deportation order has united them behind him.

The British tried hard to discredit the Archbishop by linking him with the reactionary terrorists on the one hand or with the Communists on the other. They didn't have to prove either charge; the mere making of them forced His Beatitude to shun the Communists who, knowing they will lose followers otherwise, support his cause more rabidly than he and frustrate his moderate approach at every turn.

Indeed there are grounds to wonder if Greek accusations of government complicity with the Communists may not hold more water than government insinuations against the Archbishop. The Archbishop attempted to break the Communist hammerlock on labor by organizing "New Trade Unions," associated with the anti-Communist International Free Trade Unions. The British not only withheld support from this program but, according to at least one visiting American representative of the IFTU, deliberately hobbled it by encouraging Communist competition.

And last winter the Cyprus government was discovered *flagrante delicto* playing both ends against the middle. It distributed leaflets in the villages which, listing the woes that would befall Cyprus in the event of Enosis, pointed out that AKEL, the official Communist organization, and the Communist trade unions would be banned and that Communists and their sympathizers would no longer "enjoy the same freedom of expression as they do now." Simultaneously Governor Harding was arranging to outlaw this same AKEL party and to lock up some 140 of those alleged Communists and union leaders he was protecting from the "severe restrictions" awaiting them as Greek nationals.

One explanation was that this step would "strengthen" the Archbishop's position as negotiator (*i.e.* get the Communists off his back). Its actual effect was to expose him to fresh attacks as a Communist collaborator, because even from the extreme right the outcry against the government's high-handedness was so deafening that the Archbishop had to demand the release of the prisoners.

The rage for Enosis has reached its peak at a drastic time for the Western alliance, and for Britain in particular. She is determined to retain Cyprus—bases, sovereignty, and all—at least until her peril in the Middle East abates. Since only the Almighty can say when that may be, her statesmen are avoiding commitment like the plague. Before he passed the Foreign Minister's portfolio to Selwyn Lloyd in December, Macmillan indicated in the House of Commons an appreciable shift in the government's position. Instead of "never," he said "sometime and in certain conditions." Since then there have been a number of enigmatical statements hopefully construed to mean that the right of self-determination has been conceded Cyprus in the abstract. The Archbishop abandoned his demand for immediate application of the principle and had long been willing to co-operate with self-government over an interim period. It seemed last winter that the sporadic negotiations between the Archbishop and the Governor might be happily resolved, but that was an illusion.

Men in high places have not lost their horror of the specific. A perusal of official utterances, White Papers, and communiqués on the subject is doomed to founder in bogs of hypothesis and cant. The Archbishop constantly rejected British offers on the ground that they gave scanty evidence of sincerity. Though as anxious as the British to protect the Turkish minority, he insisted on self-government whereby the Cypriots would govern themselves—on the principle of majority rule, not by a coalition of British appointees and Turks who would block the Greeks from having their way over the topic of self-determination. Plainly, His Beatitude remembered those previous misadventures sponsored by the Colonial Office and was not having any more, ever again.

Having already jeopardized his leadership of the Greek community by meeting the British

more than halfway, he would not accept terms nebulous as those proposed. It is told that in one of the last, dismal talks with the Governor and Colonial Secretary Lennox-Boyd, the Archbishop picked up a cigarette box from the table. "You want to sell me this," he said. "I want to buy it. But how can I unless you let me look inside?" The talks were called off. The Archbishop, suddenly and with horror revealed to be allied with EOKA, found himself on an island in the Indian Ocean which is the historic dumping ground for colonial conspirators.

That was last March, when King Hussein delivered British prestige a Sunday punch by expelling Glubb-Pasha. The harassed Eden government, under threat of revolt from its "Back to Suez" extremists, set about to prove it too could be tough. His Beatitude was given a bum's rush even less ceremonious than Glubb's from Jordan. There is no sign that these histrionics have cowed the hooting populations of Arabia, but by refusing to say precisely when the decision was taken to exile, Lennox-Boyd gave a sign that all was in preparation while the talks were actually in progress toward a foreseen collapse.

The charges which the Archbishop was not allowed to answer were based on circumstantial evidence and tendentious conjecture, a sensationalized amalgam of accusations dating back to 1951. True, the Archbishopric was named a source of EOKA leaflets and a storehouse for grenades, and somebody had been making bombs in His Beatitude's garden. It is also true that the Archbishop frequently denounced violence in principle, without openly denouncing its perpetrators. The British say he used EOKA as a weapon at the conference table. The Nationalists say he could hardly have turned against a movement given strong popular support without a distinct British guarantee to offer in its stead. Makarios may have reasoned that if there hadn't been violence, the British wouldn't have talked to him at all; they were asking him to give something for nothing, and he was not elected Ethnarch to do that. His followers know it, and there is scanty chance of a settlement until he is brought back in triumph.

By eliminating the only possible Greek negotiator from Cyprus, the British turn back the clock twenty-five years and seek "normalcy" through coercion. This is no way to try the contention that, in their heart of hearts, the Cypriots are glad to be British.

Some informed Britons declare there is a nucleus of Cypriot Greeks who abominate the thought of Enosis. These individualists are more visible in the safe precincts of London than in Cyprus where, threatened as "Quislings," they are discerned only by experts. The Manchester *Guardian* employs a responsible, if wishful specialist on Cyprus who maintains that this nucleus dominates a cast of shadow players (the "Constitutionalists") which may emerge as a force with whom the British can deal advantageously. Apparently some are bitter against the British for having allowed the Nationalists to win public support, and some want Enosis only after a long period of self-government so they can negotiate on Cypriot terms the whims of mercurial Athenian politicos. To that surmise it should be added that other Cypriot Greeks—and Turks as well—who never wanted Enosis are so annoyed by British behavior that they are, quixotically, demanding "self-determination" simply because it allows them the dignity of choosing.

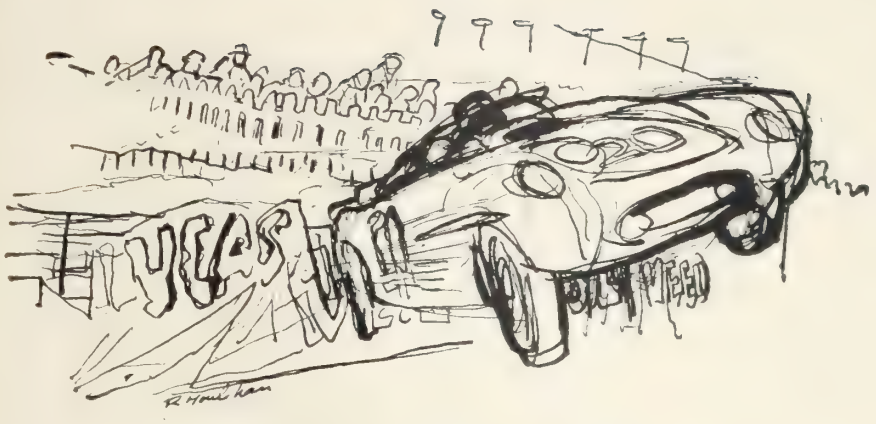
The Greek Cypriots are like the resistance movements of the last world war: they have been driven to the extreme left and the extreme right in a frenzied scramble—the devil take the hindmost, who are always the moderates. What is more, as the editor of the *New Statesman* pointed out, "once a nationalist movement has got under way, the moderates, who hate murder, begin to wonder if there is any other way of achieving results."

IN THE last analysis everybody shares the blame for Cyprus. The Greeks, who allowed it to paralyze their attention to almost everything else and then used it as a weapon against their allies in crisis. The Turks, who gave way to atavistic obsessions. The British, who would not scotch it even two years ago by applying the democratic principle which makes them one of the most respected peoples on earth in place of the imperialist expediency which puts them among the most distrusted. The Americans, who ended by abetting the British with that hearty brand of hyprocrisy which in recent years has become, unfortunately, exclusively ours.

It is too bad that most of the season's candidates will pass up this elementary example of how we turn the world against us without so much as mentioning the Bomb. Since Dulles' memorable declaration on the Turkish riots, Greece has seriously considered quitting NATO, refused to participate with Turkey in its exercises, suspended the operation of the Balkan Pact, withdrawn her force from Korea, wondered about a neutralist block with Tito and Nehru, undergone political chaos from which the Communists have emerged more powerful than at any time since the civil war, developed a novel tenderness toward the Soviet Union, withdrawn her ambassador from London, and elected a new government pledged to keep a fishier eye on the West. American diplomacy did not achieve this chain reaction unassisted. But it surely helped by demonstrating, once again, that the United States is not necessarily as good as Mr. Dulles' rapturous words about "freedom" and "liberation."

Laurence Lafore and Robert W. Lafore

Drawings by Ray Houlihan



SLAUGHTER *by Sports Car*

The death of more than 80 spectators, and a driver, at the Le Mans international auto race last summer, has raised questions affecting the whole future of the sport.

AUTOMOBILE racing has always been a dangerous sport. As one veteran racing official has said, the death of a driver or two in a major race is "normal." While many people go to races because of serious interest, there is no doubt that the extreme hazard has been a factor in making auto racing popular.

The spectators, however, do not normally expect to share the dangers which they pay to see; last summer a new dimension was added to the thrills when a car jumped the track and killed eighty odd spectators at the Twenty-Four Hours of Le Mans, the biggest, toughest, and most popular automobile race in the world.

The accident—"catastrophe" as the French papers called it—had even wider consequences than might have been expected. It led by stages to a French political debate, an international tension with an odd twist, and a major threat to the racing business. It finally became a subject for essays on the nature of twentieth-century civilization and the role of the motor car in modern life. Serious consideration was given to the question of canceling the other continental automobile races of the '55 season and several were in fact called off. Litigation to allocate liabilities and damages still continues in the French courts. The American Automobile Association, after years of sanctioning racing, has decided to do so no longer. Bills are before many legislatures all over the world to reform auto racing or even to ban it altogether.

Most people who know anything about automobile racing will agree on the significance of the catastrophe: the ingenuity and resources of manufacturers have outrun the capacity of the race tracks, the safety precautions for spectators, and the limits of human reflexes among drivers. The future of auto racing does indeed involve the relationship of technology to mankind. But the question would probably never have come to public attention—certainly not so conspicuously—had it not been for the extent of the bloodshed, which was in turn the result of the unique conditions of the Le Mans race and its peculiar position in the world of racing devotees.

THE NATURE OF THE RACE

LE MANS is unique in several ways. The sport of auto racing originated as a competitive means of testing the best stock models of the manufacturers. It was intended originally as an engineering and commercial enterprise and not as entertainment. But it early became a trial of skill and daring and a multimillion-dollar form of diversion. The Le Mans race is the most important event in both fields. It draws the

biggest crowds and, in the opinion of many enthusiasts, provides the biggest thrills and the greatest technical interest. It also is important to manufacturers for advertising purposes.

The first race at Le Mans was held in 1923 on a track which is still for the most part unchanged. Like many European race tracks but unlike most American ones, where the emphasis is clearly on entertainment, it is simply a stretch—eight and three-tenths miles long—of local two-lane, blacktop highway, or rather of several intersecting highways. On 363 days of the year, it is used in the usual way by the usual traffic. The course forms a rough rectangle, with long straight stretches, several curves, and some sharp turns including one somewhat more than a right angle and one S-curve. It lies on the outskirts of Le Mans, a pleasant city of 110,000 inhabitants, located 135 miles southwest of Paris.

The Twenty-Four Hours (as it is always called in France) is truly international, with entries from all the major car-producing countries of the free world. There are drivers of a dozen nationalities, and at least a quarter of a million spectators from all parts of the world habitually watch it. A space on the several hundred acres of parking lots costs three dollars and a good many of the quarter million sleep in their cars—there is hotel space for only about a thousand people in Le Mans. Since many of the spectators arrive in town several days ahead of the race to watch the preliminary tests (in which one "normal" death occurred last year), the local residents who have a guest room to rent do an enormous business. The *Gendarmerie Nationale* further swells the population; cops and troopers come from all over France to regulate the traffic.

The cars which compete in the Twenty-Four Hours are, in keeping with the tradition, not racing cars but sports cars. They must accommodate two persons, although no passenger is carried during the race, and must be properly fitted for ordinary driving (some of them even carry license tags in the race). They must have head-lights, tail-lights, stop-lights, a spare tire, and tools. They must theoretically be production models, duplicates of which could be bought at any agency by anyone with the necessary pounds, dollars, francs, marks, or lire. In reality (and this is also true to tradition) some of them are prototypes which will be manufactured in quantity only if they are successful. Others (and this is in violation of the tradition and, in spirit at least, of the rules of the race) are so specialized that only with extensive modification would they be practical on the road. If you want a duplicate of the 1955 winner, you can buy one at any Jaguar agency—but the manufacturer will insist that you first demonstrate your ability to handle it, presumably so as not to bring unfavorable publicity by allowing its awesome acceleration to dash an inexperienced driver, and the Jaguar, to destruction.

The cars may not carry any gasoline except what their tanks will hold. Since the drivers naturally wish to avoid unnecessary stops, the crews in the pits calculate the fuel consumption very precisely and signal the driver (by one of a system of flag signals, carefully worked out in advance) at the moment when there is just enough gasoline to complete another lap. A race official is on hand to unseal and reseal the filler caps of the fuel and oil tanks, which are sealed to prevent illicit refilling with a more powerful brew in remote sections of the track.

The "pits," where all servicing takes place and where the crews wait, are opposite the main grandstands and consist of a widened section of the road backed with sheds to protect the attendants from bad weather. The engine must be stopped when the car is in the pit and started by a self-starter, not a crank. Only two mechanics, or the driver and one mechanic, may work on a car at any one time. Each car has one driver and one relief driver, and neither is permitted to drive for more than eighteen hours. (Although officially identified by number, the competing cars are usually known by the drivers' names and the car-make, hyphenated—Hawthorn-Bueb-Jaguar, or Frankenberg-Polensky-Porsche.)

The number of competing cars is limited to sixty. This might at first seem a small enough number when stretched out over eight plus miles of roadway; in fact, the high speed of the faster cars (which has exceeded 190 mph on the straightaway) and the variation between speeds of the fastest and slowest entrants (about 80 mph) causes continual overtaking and passing. At frequent intervals the course at any point closely resembles a heavily traveled road.

RIVALRY TO THE DEATH

THE main object of the race is to cover the greatest distance in the twenty-four hour period; the car which does so wins the General Category Grand Prix of Endurance. But there are races within races, and it is this fact which leads to the presence of many cars much smaller and slower than the aspirants to the General Category. These smaller cars are seeking victory in one of the specific categories, which are based

on the displacement of the engines. There is also a prize for "Index of Performance," which is a handicap formula. Cars are assigned a minimum distance to be covered according to engine size; the ratio of actual distance covered to assigned distance is the Index of Performance. The winner receives a prize equal in value to the General Category Grand Prix, and the Index is regarded by many as of equal importance. The French are particularly interested in it, since they produce excellent small sports cars but few large ones which could compete for the larger categories or for the General Category. There is, finally, a "Biennial Cup," awarded to the best performer in each race which is entered by a factory which had a finisher in the previous race.

It is rare for more than a third of the entrants to complete the Twenty-Four Hours. To do so is regarded as a triumph in itself, and is often heavily played up in the manufacturers' advertising.

These rules and customs each played, in its own way, its role in the 1955 catastrophe. Had any of them been different the accident would not have taken place and the lives of eighty-three people would have been spared.

The 1955 race took place on June 11 and 12. Sixty cars (most of them, as usual, small cars not seriously competing for the General Category) were parked at an angle to the track in front of the pits. Throughout the morning and early afternoon the crowds had been collecting; for the dramatic moment of the take-off they had filled not only the grandstands (all reserved seats) but the twenty-five or thirty feet of space between the stands and the track, which is separated from the spectators by an earthen bank some five feet high, padded on the inside with baled straw and surmounted by a picket fence. Many of the spectators in the densely packed half-mile area facing the pits had brought chairs and stools to stand on; some, in violation of regulations, had brought stepladders.

The atmosphere was festive. Until the moment of the take-off, and again shortly afterward, the long rows of snack bars and wine stands (including a number of wine-mobiles) did a rushing business. Innumerable flags floated from grandstands and shed roofs. A blimp hovered overhead trailing advertisements. Bands played over the public-address system. In less favored sections of the track-side, away from the grandstands, families picknicked and listened to portable radios. The great Twenty-Four Hours of Le Mans was following its usual pattern.

At exactly four o'clock, the signal given, the drivers, who had been stationed on the opposite side of the road from the pits, dashed across to their cars, started their engines, and with a roar of exhaust and a tremendous aggregate of horsepower accelerated into the track. A few cars failed to start at first; a few others were held to the pit-side for seconds as faster starters from further back swept by them, preventing access to the road. Within a minute, however, all sixty participants were rolling.

One of the three Ferraris entered by the factory (two others were entered by private individuals) took the lead; on the second lap it broke the track record by *averaging* over 117 miles an hour for the entire eight and three-tenths miles. Close behind was one of the Jaguar factory entries driven by Mike Hawthorn, the British champion. By the end of the third lap, the Mercedes driven by Juan Fangio, an Argentine who later won the spring international race in Sebring, Florida, moved into third place.

The Ferrari, the Jaguar, and the Mercedes all had stories behind them involving a long competition, some highly technical details, and a certain amount of bad feeling. The Ferraris are among the world's fastest cars and the pride of





Italian automobile fanciers. They almost invariably lead in the early stages of longer European races but often do not finish, for a peculiar reason: their brakes are more suited to bicycles than to heavy sports cars. Braking is the key problem in auto racing, and the Ferraris solved it in ostrich-like fashion by never bothering to develop brakes to cope with ever-increasing speeds. This means that slowing for turns (or for servicing) must be done largely by shifting to lower gears, and the Ferrari gears, while excellent, are not up to the added strain.

The brake problem is also crucial in the story of the British Jaguar. The long list of Jaguar racing victories is attributable mainly to the disc brake which its manufacturer perfected. A good deal of the Jaguar's prestige and presumably some of its sales have in turn been attributable to its Le Mans victories in 1951 and 1953.

The Mercedes, which in its first postwar appearance at Le Mans in 1952 won the first two places, did not compete in 1954; the new models were not yet ready. It was known that some new and revolutionary development in brakes was in the making and the Mercedes' 1955 appearance was eagerly awaited.

The Mercedes' answer to the Jaguar disc brake was revealed last June to be an entirely new conception in de-acceleration equipment for cars (although similar devices have been used on airplanes for years). A metal sheet or "flap" was fitted across the body behind the cockpit, pivoted at the rear so that it could be folded up or down hydraulically in a fraction of a second at the will of the driver. At high speeds the braking effect of the protruding flap is enormous and slows the car without heating the brakes, wearing down the tires, or straining the gears. By no stretch of the imagination, however, could it be considered standard for highway use.

A MINOR but persistent political element now entered the race. Mercedes is, of course, a German car. It symbolized German economic recovery, viewed with alarm by some people in Europe and with intense distaste by many others. Significantly, though on no real grounds, the Mercedes' failure to compete in 1954 had been regarded as unsportsmanlike by quite a number of people, who attributed it to a fear of losing. Similarly, though on even weaker grounds, the building of a car admittedly designed to win at Le Mans and the hiring of Fangio and other champion drivers, was considered irritating. The Paris sporting paper *L'Equipe* on June 11 carried the headline *"Tous Contre Mercédès."* A good many people in the stands (where the largest contingents were French and British) were audibly hoping that the Jaguar or the Ferrari would win; some of them were even audibly hoping that disaster would strike the "arrogant Mercedes."

The Ferrari lost the lead early in the game. Hawthorn's Jaguar, number 6, moved into first place, hotly contested by Fangio's number 19 Mercedes. Then, for lap after lap, a breathless duel, unlike anything ever seen before at Le Mans, was fought. The two cars were almost abreast much of the time. On one lap the Mercedes pulled ahead; the next time round Hawthorn passed it again, directly in front of the stands. He was warmly applauded. The drama of the unbelievably evenly matched rivalry of two brilliant and famous drivers and two superb cars was heightened still further by a pinch of international antagonism.

In third and fourth place behind the duelists were two Ferraris, followed by the two other Mercedes entries, which were running close together with clocklike precision. One of them, number 21, was driven by the German Karl Kling; the other, number 20, by a veteran French racing man, Pierre Levegh. The leaders held their places steadily for a long time, continually overtaking other, slower cars.

It was an impressive sight. The sleek dark green Jaguar would pass, with Fangio's silver Mercedes almost abreast. Seconds later came the

black Ferraris, then the twin Mercedes roaring down the straightaway to the stands, throwing up their flaps and shifting down for the curve without touching their brakes. The jetlike whoosh was music to the ears. The spectators began to ask how long the formation could hold, and an agreeable tension mounted.

THE CATASTROPHE

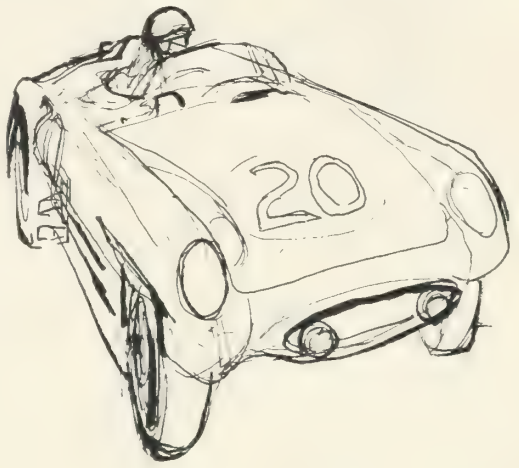
AT ABOUT 6:40 P.M., Hawthorn was signaled by his crew to come in for refueling on the next lap. This meant that he would fall behind, temporarily, until Fangio also paused for gas. As he approached the pits on the following lap, some distance ahead of the grandstand area, he accordingly braked. Close behind him was an Austin-Healey, number 26, driven by Lance Macklin. Hawthorn had passed Macklin (whose car was in a smaller category and much slower) and then, to come into his pit, crossed in front of him.

Afterward there were bitter accusations that he cut too sharply; the matter was argued by experts in the press, and both Hawthorn and the Jaguar factory issued statements asserting that he had been neither incautious nor unusual. The judgment of the French investigating committee a month later was that he had been imprudent but that his action had been neither illegal nor, under ordinary circumstances, dangerous. It was in fact almost necessary, given the split-second duel with Fangio. To have remained behind the slower Austin-Healey for the several hundred yards which separated him from the pits might well have lost him the race; to have stayed in the outside lane after he passed would have meant making a complete lap before coming in to the pit, and probably running out of gasoline.

Macklin found almost as soon as the Jaguar passed him and slowed for its pit, that he was overtaking it. He did what any driver would do: he braked as hard as he could and swerved to the left. And, as has so often happened on ordinary roads, he found the space to his left occupied (or momentarily about to be occupied) by another car. When this happens on the New Jersey turnpike, it is serious and may well be fatal. On the Le Mans road it was catastrophic.

The car which was coming up behind Macklin on his left was one of the silver Mercedes, number 20, driven by Pierre Levegh. Levegh was going about fifty miles an hour faster than Macklin. He was unable to brake or turn in time and he clipped the rear left corner of the Austin-Healey, which spun around several times, struck the earthen embankment on the grandstand side of the track, caromed back to the pit-side where it struck the first pit, killed a *gendarme,* caromed across the track again, and came to rest in front of the stands without serious injury to its driver.

The Mercedes, completely out of control after the impact, was headed toward the crowds in front of the stands. It turned end over end and at the same time rolled sideways. Levegh was thrown out and of course killed instantly. With



a terrible shock his car came to rest on top of the earth barrier. That is, the car itself came to rest, but many of its parts kept going, flying over the fence and through the densely packed throng with undiminished velocity. More than twenty of the dead were cleanly decapitated.

At the time observers believed that the Mercedes had exploded and totally disintegrated. Actually, as later investigation showed, the body of the car remained intact although all its combustible elements were consumed by the fire which immediately broke out.

Kling's number 21 Mercedes was close behind Levegh's. By a miracle of skill he steered through the flaming debris and past the spinning Austin-Healey; the doomed Levegh had signaled to Kling just before he struck Macklin, thus preventing a piling up of cars and a compounding of the disaster. The following cars were immediately slowed down by signals further back.

The race continued. By midnight the Ferraris were no longer serious contenders. Their gears had proved no match for their powerful engines, and they were either out of the race or visibly crippled. One of the three American entries, Briggs Cunningham's Jaguar, was dead in the pit. Cunningham himself, in the car which he built in his Palm Beach factory and on which many American hopes were centered, was running about the middle of the pack; just behind and going steadily was the third American entry, a little Italian-made Osca with a New

York State plate. One of the MGs had run off the road, seriously injuring its driver and completely wrecking the car. The Lagonda, the biggest car competing, had run out of gas miles from its pit, victim of a leaky tank. With sixteen hours to go, there were forty-three contestants left. The Mercedes and the Jaguar were still ahead; Fangio had pulled into a short but increasing lead. The second remaining Mercedes was in third place, and a second Jaguar in fourth.

At four on Sunday morning the race was half over. Coincidentally, precisely half of the cars were still running. Hawthorn's Jaguar was now almost undisputed leader, but its stablemate had dropped back; the second place was held by a Maserati; and a consistent Aston-Martin had pulled into third place. The Porsches were doing remarkably well for small cars: six had started and five were still running. The Bristols, MGs, and Triumphs, all British, were also showing up well, and the little French DBs had kept going. But the Mercedes were out.

At 1:00 A.M., the factory in Stuttgart had finally gotten through the tangled telephone lines to Le Mans. The Mercedes executives ordered Fangio and Kling to retire from the race, as a gesture of respect for the victims of the accident. It was a blow to Fangio; he had told the newspapers before the race that it was his fondest wish to win at Le Mans, the only major racing crown he did not possess. As things were going, he was a strong favorite—seemingly as near to a sure thing as there can be in auto racing. The Mercedes people in Stuttgart, appalled by the report of what had happened, were resolute. The Mercedes were withdrawn.

During the night the sky clouded over, and at dawn it began to rain. The rain gradually grew heavier; by mid-morning it was a heavy downpour. The public-address system was announcing that the awards would not be presented publicly (on the track as is customary) when the race ended, and that the national anthems of the participants would not be played. The drawing of the lottery (prize: a brand-new sports car) would be postponed. The crowd was still enormous, but it had thinned considerably.

Hawthorn's Jaguar had slowed down to an average of a hundred miles an hour, and the Maserati was close to overtaking it; then the last Italian hope crumbled. The Maserati stopped to refuel and would not start again. Briggs Cunningham was having transmission trouble with his car; before noon, he withdrew. By then it was evident that a British car would win. The Jaguar was now far in the lead; in second place was the Aston-Martin; and four laps behind it was a second Jaguar. In fourth place was a Bristol, but three Porsches, moving almost in a body, gradually overtook it; by two o'clock they held fourth, fifth, and sixth places. In the end, the Porsches won both the Index of Performance and the Biennial Cup.

A few minutes before four o'clock Bueb—the Jaguar relief driver—brought his car into the pit; there was some alarm among its supporters, but he was only turning it over to Hawthorn, for the honor of finishing in victory. At four o'clock the cars slowed down; as they drew up to the pits, their crews climbed on the hoods. The Jaguar had covered 2,593 miles in the last twenty-four hours, in spite of the rain.

The spectators, drenched and somewhat dispirited, nevertheless clapped enthusiastically.

A HOLLOW VICTORY

THE withdrawing of the Mercedes was unquestionably an extremely wise move on the part of the factory. It helped to prevent any involvement of the catastrophe in international tensions; it was also grimly fortunate, from the standpoint of Franco-German relations, that the driver of the ill-fated car happened to be a Frenchman.

It seemed to many people, however, that something terrible had gone wrong and that somebody was to blame. Questions were raised about the adequacy of the safety precautions—especially the earthen embankment—and there were, later, criticisms of Hawthorn's driving. But, irrationally enough, the principal scapegoats proposed were ex post facto: the Jaguar factory for not withdrawing its cars, and the *Automobile Club de l'Ouest*, which runs the race, for not calling it off as soon as the scope of the disaster became known.

The question of withdrawing the Jaguars was, in point of fact, discussed in the Jaguar pits after the two surviving Mercedes had left the course. William Lyons, the head of Jaguar in Coventry, ordered Hawthorn and his colleagues to continue when the Jaguar race director called from Le Mans. It is conceivable that had Lyons been in Le Mans himself to judge, his decision might have been different. Normally he would have attended; this year he was kept at home by the death of his son five days earlier. He had been killed in France, in a collision between his Mark VII Jaguar and an American Army truck, while he was on his way to Le Mans.

The question of whether the race should have



been stopped altogether was a more serious and bitterly disputed one. Questions were asked in the French Assembly the next day, and a passionate debate ensued. In June of 1955, the Faure government was facing the strident criticism of the *Mendessistes* and a crisis in North Africa. The interjection of a moral and human question of such dimensions and such political irrelevance was embarrassing.

Some of the opposition press suggested that the government had shown a criminal lack of sympathy with the bereaved. There were, obviously, no grounds for such suggestions. The Prefect of the Sarthe (representative of the government in that department) had been the first to demand the calling off of the race; the departmental attorney general had seconded him. But under law the only authority who could take the step was the director of the track, Charles Faroux. It was he who ordered that "the struggle go on." (It was also he who had suggested earlier to the Mercedes Team Manager, Alfred Neubauer, that Levegh be hired in the first place, to attract French sympathy to the unpopular Mercedes.)

As the Minister of the Interior explained later, the decision was essential. If 250,000 people had begun to leave the stands and clog the roads back to Le Mans, the job of the policemen, doctors, and ambulance men—who handled the disaster with great efficiency—would have become impossible, and more lives would have been lost.

SHOULD RACING BE BANNED?

THE challenge to the government was abandoned. But the feeling persisted that somebody or something was to blame, and it soon generalized into the more plausible feeling that something basic was wrong with automobile racing. The Grand Prix of Reims, the next major race on the Continent, was canceled. But the British Grand Prix was held as usual at the end of July, and there were rather defiant articles in the British press, one of which pointed out that in England, tickets for auto races had always borne the legend, in large letters, "Motor Racing Is Dangerous." By inference, *caveat emptor*. There was no question but that the criticism of Jaguar and of Hawthorn had touched upon the extremely sensitive spot of British sportsmanship. A caustic note in a French magazine mentioned that the Jaguar factory had framed and posted Queen Elizabeth's telegram of congratulations after the Hawthorn victory.

Some in auto-fancying circles argued that, whatever the proprieties of the decision to remain in the race, the eventual Jaguar victory was a hollow one. The Fangio-Moss-Mercedes had been increasing its lead when it was withdrawn, and it was said that Jaguar retained its crown only by a tragic fluke. British experts have since disputed this assertion; with logic based on highly technical grounds they argue that Hawthorn's car might well have won anyway.

The Le Mans race course is clearly dangerous for cars proceeding at a hundred and ninety miles an hour; it is many times more dangerous when the road is cluttered with slowpokes going little more than a hundred miles an hour. But so is any stretch of roadway or race track conceivable. Nor is it easy to see how the safety of the spectators can be safeguarded. The barriers at Le Mans were impenetrable—the picket fence on top of the embankment was, in fact, not destroyed (although it was slightly charred) by the accident. There appears no feasible way in which flying parts of dismembered cars can be prevented from dismembering spectators without removing the latter so far from the track as to make the race practically invisible.

It is clear that the designers and engineers have created a degree of power and speed which leads by a lap or two the driving ability, safety precautions, and organizing powers of human skill. The special horror of Le Mans was the product of special circumstances, but something like it might happen anywhere. To be sure, the chances of being killed there were only one in three thousand. But the risks, if small, were highly symbolic.

By Charles B. Seib and Alan L. Otten



FULBRIGHT: *Arkansas paradox*

One of the most brilliant, complex, and courageous men in the Senate, he stubbornly refuses to fit any of the ordinary political pigeonholes.

SENATOR J. William Fulbright is the Capitol's most reluctant gladiator. His happiest hours are spent at his desk, pondering the problems of mankind. When fate—abetted by periodic spurts of zeal—sends him into the arena, he goes almost grudgingly, determined to get the battle over quickly so that he can withdraw to the more important business of meditation.

"He's a child of the eighteenth century," says his friend, Senator Paul Douglas, "a throwback to that age of enlightenment, trust in reason, temperate argument, and slightly aristocratic tendencies. That, I think, explains why he seems a little aloof, a little different from the rest."

Some of his other colleagues hold a less charitable view. They say the junior Senator from Arkansas is just a touch lazy. That's why, they claim, he tends to avoid a good deal of the petty bustle which crowds the life of the average politician, and to concentrate on the few high-level matters that hold his interest.

Democratic party officials, too, find in Fulbright a lamentable lack of personal ambition, manifested by a disdain for party regularity and an unwillingness to do daily spadework in the garden of political success. "He's brilliant and extremely capable," one party leader observed, "but he'd rather make a commencement address to young eggheads than a good, rousing Jackson-Jefferson Day dinner speech."

Yet despite his contemplative bent, Fulbright has a record for political combat equaled by few of his colleagues.

Back in 1946 when he was still a freshman Senator, he calmly suggested that, to prevent a politically split government, it might be well for President Truman to resign, since the Republicans had won Congress. It took months to pick up the pieces, and Mr. Truman, for the rest of his Administration, looked on Fulbright with icy distaste.

Then there was his 1950-51 investigation of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, which began as a serious, unpublicized study of malfunctions in the big loan agency and ended by monopolizing the top headlines and giving the Republicans the mink coat they flaunted throughout the 1952 campaign—surely the most appreciated fur piece in history.

In the McCarthy censure battle, Fulbright operated effectively behind the scenes, lining up the opposition, and openly traded blows with

McCarthy and his friends on the Senate floor. Early in 1955, there was the Wall Street investigation, punctuated by savage exchanges of political insults between Fulbright and Senator Capehart of Indiana, the ranking Republican on the investigating committee.

More recently he took on Secretary of State Dulles, asserting that Mr. Dulles had given Congress and the public a falsely optimistic picture of the international situation.

In addition to these excursions into the headlines, the Arkansan with the Oxford education and the cracker-barrel drawl has built himself a creditable legislative record. He wrote and sponsored the 1943 House resolution which set the stage for the United Nations. He led the fight which brought repeal of the federal penalty tax on colored oleomargarine. He almost singlehandedly put through the student-exchange program that bears his name.

He spends a tremendous amount of time on his speeches, which he researches and writes out in longhand himself, polishing and repolishing until they are studded with such thoughtful and finely-turned comments as these:

> In recent years, I wonder if we have not unwittingly come to accept the totalitarian concept that the end justifies the means, a concept which is fundamentally antagonistic to a true democratic society. Democracy is, I believe, more likely to be destroyed by the perversion or the abandonment of its true moral principles than by armed attack from Russia. . . .
>
> When public men indulge themselves in abuse, when they deny others a fair trial, when they resort to innuendo and insinuation, to libel, scandal, and suspicion, then our democratic society is outraged and democracy is baffled. It has no apparatus to deal with the boor, the liar, the lout, and the anti-democrat in general. . . .
>
> Nature, pitiless in a pitiless universe, is certainly not concerned with the survival of Americans or, for that matter, of any of the two billion people now inhabiting this earth. Hence, our destiny, with the aid of God, remains in our own hands.

CONSERVATIVE LIBERAL OR LIBERAL CONSERVATIVE?

ALL in all, Fulbright's performance has much in it to appeal to liberals. But they find themselves confounded by the fact that his liberal approach to international affairs and education is balanced by a conservative stand on labor and civil rights. Fulbright is a complex, independent man and he cannot be typed.

Notwithstanding this fact—and its accompanying paradoxes—other Democrats were for a time cautiously eying Fulbright as a possible Vice Presidential candidate in 1956. His outspoken support of the natural-gas bill and, more important, his signing of the Southern Manifesto on the segregation decision seem to have killed any consideration of that kind, however. Fulbright expresses unconcern over the possibility of such high office. He's not sure, he has said, whether he would want to be Vice President—"the end, the total of my political ambitions is in the Senate." He has an almost spiritual regard for the role of the legislator in American democracy.

On the other hand, he is very well aware that Vice Presidents frequently become Presidents.

The politicians attempting to draw up a balance sheet on Fulbright's value as a possible candidate have their work cut out for them. Here is a man whose speeches express noble thoughts in soaring language, but whose delivery has the dead beat of a metronome, and whose extemporaneous remarks are not only uninspiring but sometimes confusing; a man whose youth was the prototype of the all-American boy—star athlete, honor student, social lion—but whose aloofness limits his friendships and influence. And finally a man who, despite great intellectual powers, lacks the sharply honed sense of political direction possessed by most of his colleagues and who, therefore, sometimes drifts into projects foreign to his real interests.

For example, soon after the 1954 election returns made it clear that he would be chairman of the Senate Banking Committee, Fulbright got a call from a reporter. What would the committee be doing, the reporter asked. Fulbright didn't know. Well, would it look into such subjects as the housing situation, Federal Reserve policy, the stock-market rise? Fulbright, who had considered these possibilities in a general way, agreeably said yes, it probably would. The reporter played up the fact—which he had just established—that the Banking Committee would investigate the stock-market boom. And thus, as Fulbright admits, the investigation got under way.

His 1946 suggestion that President Truman should resign was based on a similar "casual" conversation and Fulbright's willingness to oblige a reporter looking for a headline story. The famous RFC investigation was never intended to get beyond a series of painstaking but routine hearings:

the sensational public hearings were launched only after President Truman refused to act on information presented to him privately and aroused Fulbright's anger by labeling the report on the earlier hearings "asinine."

Fulbright's attitude toward publicity is characteristic. He believes it is a good thing if it serves some public purpose—such as promoting the United Nations or federal aid to education—but he has little interest in merely keeping his own name before the public. During the stock-market hearings, committee staff chief Robert Wallace suggested that Fulbright could get a lot of publicity by calling Walter Winchell, who had been dispensing stock market tips, as a witness.

"If all I wanted was to get my name in the papers," Fulbright retorted, "I could stand on my head at the hearings."

A QUESTION OF MORALS

WHILE Fulbright approaches a project slowly and sometimes reluctantly, once involved he shows tenacity and, when the occasion demands, courage. He pushed ahead with his public RFC investigation despite threats—later proven empty—that the RFC had evidence linking him with gangster Frank Costello. Early in 1954 he set an example for his more timid colleagues by casting the only "no" vote in the Senate on the question of whether McCarthy should get additional money to finance his investigations. He kept on with the stock-market probe despite soundly based warnings that he would be blamed for ruining the national economy if the market went into a real tail spin while his hearings were in progress.

What finally forced him to curtail the market probe, by the way, was not fear that it might break the market, but the fact that the strident opposition of Senator Capehart and Republican party officials made it obvious that the nonpartisan findings he had hoped for could not result. He was dismayed and disgusted by the character of Capehart's opposition, and at one point, talking to reporters, he expressed what was—for him—a most damning criticism:

"You can't make anything clear to Capehart."

Despite the fact that distractions cut the hearings short, Fulbright feels the investigations served a worthwhile purpose. "They drew attention," he says, "to the extent of the speculative activity of the market. All the important people said there had been a growth in speculative activity. Our study raised a danger signal. It may have saved some people from losing their shirts, and it might help prevent a recurrence of a full-scale debacle like 1929."

His friends also believe that both the stock-market and RFC investigations were a conclusive answer to the charge that Fulbright is lazy. Both, they claim, were monuments of thorough, intensive work during which he labored as few other men in Congress would to make himself thoroughly familiar with the subjects at hand.

Fulbright's courage and refusal to be swayed come partly from the fact that he is genuinely concerned with basic moral principles. Thus he regarded the findings of the RFC investigation first of all as a manifestation of a general moral disintegration which extended far beyond the government.

"Too many people in our nation," he declared, "do not believe anything with conviction. They question the precepts of God or of man indiscriminately. The values of life which were clear to the Pilgrims and the founding fathers have become dim and fuzzy in outline. False propaganda and 'the big lie' of demagogues have created doubts in the minds of men. . . ."

When, early in 1954, he attacked Senator Bricker's proposal to limit the treaty-making power of the President, he went beyond the legalistic pros and cons to brand the amendment a symbol of widespread lack of faith in our constitutional system and of a pervasive fear of living with the rest of the world.

Many men, he noted, suffer from the malady of escapism. "As troubles and problems, many of them apparently insoluble, pile one upon the other, an irresistible desire to escape it wells up in their consciousness," he said. "Political scientists call this tendency to withdraw from the struggle and to pretend it doesn't concern us 'isolationism.' The psychologists tell us it is a very natural yearning of a deeply troubled adult to return to the peace and quiet of prenatal security. Whatever the instinct or motive, we know that such retreat from the world is impossible. Our salvation, if we are to be saved, will come from looking the facts in the face and following wise policies based on those facts."

When the Senate was about to vote on the censure of Senator McCarthy, he used the occasion to dissect the whole McCarthy attempt to use fear of Communism to create a Fascistic atmosphere in America: "By his reckless charges [he] has so preyed upon the fears and hatreds of uninformed people that he has started a prairie fire which neither he nor anyone else may be able to control."

Secretary Dulles was the object of his attack in a speech in the Senate on February 27. Will Mr. Dulles, he asked, "by his candor, rally the free world to trust in American leadership; or, from an apparent craving for popular approval, will he endanger the mutual trust which supports the association of free peoples?" He went on:

"What we want and what we will support is the truth, however unpleasant. What we want and what we will support is a Secretary of State who will not treat us as children, ready to clap in delight at every fairy story, however fanciful. What we want and what we will support is a Secretary of State who will come to us, not with packaged solutions to every ill that plagues the world; but who will come to us, instead, with a statement of facts about the nature of these ills."

THE NATURAL ARISTOCRAT

WHETHER or not Senator Douglas' analysis of Fulbright as a child of the eighteenth century is correct, Fulbright's background seems to have been designed to turn out a member of the "natural aristocracy" which Thomas Jefferson felt should occupy the offices of government.

James William Fulbright was born fifty-one years ago in Sumner, Missouri, and his parents moved that year to Fayetteville, Arkansas, now his home. His mother was a farm girl who became a schoolteacher and well known newspaperwoman. His father was a farmer with an aptitude for business; when he died—when Fulbright was eighteen—he was Fayetteville's richest citizen. Today the Senator and his brother and sisters operate a family business that includes a wood products factory, a lumber company, a small hotel, a soft drink bottling plant, and the Fayetteville newspaper, the *Northwest Arkansas Times*.

A brilliant student, Fulbright entered the University of Arkansas at sixteen and graduated at nineteen. He was a star football halfback, captain of the tennis team, first president of the student government, and a Rhodes scholar. His three years at Oxford and a subsequent tour of Europe helped develop the internationalist point of view that has marked his Congressional career.

On returning to the United States, he attended George Washington University law school in Washington, taught there for a time, and then worked for the Justice Department's anti-trust division and the National Recovery Administration.

In 1935, he returned to Arkansas and the family business and, before long, accepted a professorship at the University of Arkansas law school. A few years later, the university board was looking around for a young man to take the then-vacant job of president. Fulbright—at thirty-four—got the job.

He was popular with the students and enjoyed his position. But the next year, Homer Adkins, a target of Fulbright's mother's newspaper column, became Governor. On commencement morning, he fired Fulbright.

Fulbright returned to the family business again. In 1941, Clyde Ellis, the Congressman from Fulbright's district and a former student of his, decided to run for the Senate. He urged Fulbright to try for the House seat. Ellis lost his Senate race, but Fulbright won by the biggest margin recorded in that district in thirty years.

In the House, as a member of the Foreign Affairs Committee, he engineered approval of his fifty-five-word resolution calling for a world organization to help maintain the peace.

In 1944, Senator Hattie Caraway's term expired, and it appeared that Governor Adkins, the man who had fired Fulbright from the presidency of the university, would succeed her. Fulbright entered the race and came out top man in a four-way contest. He was re-elected in 1950 without opposition and apparently has a clear track for another term starting in 1956.

Today, Fulbright looks far younger than his years, despite beginning baldness. He has the compact build and erect but relaxed carriage of the trained athlete; physical fitness is a fetish with him, and he augments golf with almost daily workouts in the Senate gym. His features are regular and his twinkling gray eyes, spontaneous grin, and soothing voice have prompted one female admirer to declare he would be a sensation on television. His conversational style is folksy, and as he talks he peers quizzically over his glasses which he lets slip down to the end of his nose. This habit is so firmly established that he frequently peers even when he isn't wearing glasses, which gives him the look of a shy rustic.

This look is deceptive, as his fellow Senators know. They admire his brain, but they are also vaguely uncomfortable in his somewhat superior presence, and this sometimes diminishes his effectiveness. He goes in for none of the back-slapping camaraderie that marks the highly important clubby side of Senate life, and he frowns on the common Senate practice of personal pressure to win backing for legislation.

A close friend says that Fulbright is pleasant while arguing a subject on which he is still undecided. "But if you differ with him on something he has already made up his mind about, he shows his temper and is mighty sarcastic. In that situation he'd cut me down just as quick as he'd cut down Capehart."

On the other hand, "back home" in Arkansas, Fulbright is considered a good mixer and an effective if unspectacular campaigner.

Many of his admirers feel that he should speak out on more subjects than he does, since what he says is usually worth listening to. Associates claim, however, that his silence on many topics arises from his great aversion to talking about things with which he is not thoroughly familiar, for fear of saying something silly. On a few topics, his silence is the result of a carefully thought out policy. His refusal to speak on the resolution approving the Administration's Formosa policy, for instance, came after long hours of soul-searching with his staff. He felt the President should not have asked for the Formosa resolution, but since he had, that any extensive Senate attack on it would only confuse the public and weaken the American position throughout the world.

A SENSE OF TIMING

FULBRIGHT admits he doesn't keep a lot of legislative balls in the air simultaneously, as some of his colleagues do, but he is convinced that "this is the only way you don't get them all mixed up and hitting each other and falling to the ground. Certainly his decision to concentrate his fire, along with a good sense of timing and considerable skill in political maneuvering, have paid off in results.

When he was trying to enact his student-exchange program, he learned that Senator McKellar, the crotchety old chairman of the Appropriations Committee, was certain to object when it came up for Senate action. Knowing this would kill the project, Fulbright quietly cleared his bill with Senate majority and minority leaders. Then he called it up as a routine measure late one day when McKellar "just happened" to be off the floor, announced it had the approval of both party leaders, and watched it sail through without objection.

The exchange program also provides a good example of what Fulbright calls the "coincidence of circumstances"—a major factor, he believes, in legislative success. Remembering his Rhodes scholarship years in England—"the greatest experience of my life"—he was watching for a way to set up a similar but larger program under American auspices. Right after World War II the United States had large amounts of foreign currency frozen abroad as a result of sales of military surplus. Fulbright decided Congress never would approve a student-exchange program financed directly out of the Treasury, but it might approve one financed by money which was tied up overseas. His scholarship idea, the availability of the frozen funds, and the fact that most lawmakers were then in a mood for action designed to build international understanding dovetailed perfectly. Today, some three thousand young people, American and foreign, participate in the program annually, and Fulbright still works many hours each year to make sure that Congress continues to pass the necessary appropriations.

Fulbright's sense of timing was also important in the Senate censure of McCarthy. McCarthyism had been one of his chief worries since October 1951. Then, as a member of a Foreign Relations subcommittee, he heard McCarthy testify against the nomination of Philip Jessup as a delegate to the United Nations General Assembly, using what Fulbright felt was faked evidence.

As McCarthy's power and following grew, so did Fulbright's concern. He was particularly upset by McCarthy's attacks on the State Department and the Foreign Service and his charges against educators and intellectuals in general. But he realized the time had not yet come for an all-out attack.

Then, in 1954, the televised Army-McCarthy hearings gave many Americans their first real look at McCarthy at work. The Wisconsin Senator's attacks on Administration foreign policy and the President, began to alienate Republicans. Fulbright decided this was the time. Aware that action would be most effective if it were sponsored by a Republican, he helped Senator Flanders, the sturdy old Vermonter, prepare the resolution that eventually led to the Watkins committee and to censure.

Flanders freely admits Fulbright's all-important role in the fight. "He negotiated with the Democratic leadership and with the individual Senators to find the kind of parliamentary procedure that would bring the greatest support," Flanders says. "Standing alone, I could not have accomplished censure. But with his help and later the help of the Watkins committee, the undertaking was a success."

Even when a project fails, Fulbright stands by the sense of timing that impelled him to sponsor it. He still believes he was right in trying to get

United States backing for European federation immediately after World War II.

"Political and economic federation was not only feasible but probable in 1947 or 1948," he explains. "The whole fabric of Europe had been destroyed by war. The relationships between classes and peoples were fluid, Europe was sick and ready to accept a drastic remedy, one that would have countered Communism with something new and vital."

Repeatedly in the postwar years, Fulbright tried to get Congress to use our billions of dollars of foreign aid to encourage positive steps toward federation, but the Truman Administration was opposed to the idea. He refers to the failure to bring about federation as "my greatest disappointment in the foreign field."

THE CONSTITUTIONAL TRADITIONALIST

POLITICALLY, Fulbright sees himself as a "constitutional traditionalist," and it is in this role that he becomes less than pure joy to liberals. His stand on the poll tax, anti-lynching bill, Fair Employment Practices Commission, and other civil-rights legislation is not the blatant anti-Negro position of many of his fellow Southerners, but it is dead set against the "remedial" measures sponsored by Northerners. He took part in the Southern filibuster against changing Senate rules to permit Northerners to cut off debate on civil-rights bills, arguing the issue not on white-supremacy grounds but on the right of unlimited debate and the majority's obligation to minorities.

As a signer of the Southern Manifesto rallying the South against the Supreme Court's segregation decision, Fulbright aligned himself with the Southern bloc and, quite probably, shattered his chances for national elective office.

It is known that he opposed the idea of the Manifesto, feeling it would only irritate an already horrible wound. However, when it became apparent that there would be such a document, he went along and was one of the group of moderates who succeeded in toning down some of the more inflammatory passages. This moderating role is emphasized by Fulbright's friends, but it was not the only factor in his decision to sign. There are reports that he was informed strong opposition to him would appear in the Arkansas primary this May if he failed to sign. Whether this is true or not, the fact is that he had to take into account his role as representative of a largely pro-segregation constituency. Also, Fulbright feels that the Supreme Court was wrong in attempting to change a whole social system simply by reversing an earlier decision.

He endorsed the Dixon-Yates power contract, despite the efforts of his Democratic colleagues to develop it into a major political weapon, and he sponsored the bill—eventually vetoed by President Eisenhower—to exempt natural-gas producers from federal rate regulation. He takes a dim view of efforts to raise the minimum-wage level, and has frequently voted "wrong" from labor's point of view. The AFL lists him with eleven wrong and fourteen right votes on key issues of interest to labor from 1947 through 1954—slightly better than his Arkansas colleague, Senator McClellan, but not as good as some other Southerners, like Sparkman and Hill of Alabama.

The CIO, which takes a somewhat broader view, considers he voted wrong only four times last year out of twenty-nine key votes. "He's no labor baiter," says one CIO spokesman. "His record doesn't rate with that of Sparkman, but it is probably a lot better than most Southerners'."

The fact that Fulbright's voting record fits no party or sectional pattern reflects his concept of the legislator's role. "His oath of office does not require him to swing with every breeze," he said in a speech at the National Book Awards early last year. "The oath requires of him that he should reflect the *deliberate* sense of the community. And this in turn means he ought to consider himself a teacher, offering by precept and example a style and method of deliberation that can be imitated by the community at large

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LYSANDER KEMP

THE WEIR

THE tennis court is fenced with a tall
Rectangular wall
Of chicken-wire on frames of iron pipe,
And of course it is there to catch the ball,
But the rambler roses
Have clambered all over it, crimson and pink,
Swimming, it almost seems, in the brimming
Water-bright air, so that you could think
(Or at least you could wish)
It were really not a fence at all,
But a fisherman's weir,
To catch whole shoals of Summer as of fish.

as it seeks on its own to know, and then to do, the good." He recognizes that such a course entails some risks: "It also means, as is often the case with teachers, that he must be prepared to accept banishment or destruction at the hands of the people because he has aroused their anger in the very act of serving them well."

In an earlier statement on the legislator's role, Fulbright pointed out that there are "certain interests or convictions of the constituents that are dangerous to trifle with." Some of these convictions, he said, may not be of fundamental importance to the national welfare, in which case the legislator can humor the constituents even though he may personally disapprove of the action they want. The difficulty, of course, is deciding which issues affect the national welfare and thus cannot be compromised.

On the Dixon-Yates question Fulbright was convinced there was nothing morally wrong with the plan to invade TVA territory with government-sponsored private power—"TVA is not a great moral principle." But more important, he was very much aware that the project would bring a $100 million power plant to eastern Arkansas, which would have meant an extra million dollars a year in taxes and other badly needed economic stimulants. "If you say 'no' to something like that," he said, "you're not going to get a chance to say it very often."

In any case, Fulbright seldom has real trouble reconciling his views on domestic issues with those of his constituents because he is fiercely loyal to Arkansas and determined to help the state rise on the economic scale. The facts of Arkansas life—it ranks with Mississippi at the bottom of the national per-capita income scale and until recently was one of the two states losing population—help explain his reluctance to boost the minimum wage. The first need, he feels, is to entice new industry to Arkansas by any means possible, even the low wage scale. Once the factories are there, he argues, pressure for wage increases and the increases themselves will follow.

THE WAY AHEAD

FULBRIGHT sometimes expresses extreme pessimism about the future of mankind. "I'm not a bit sure," he says, "that human beings aren't predestined to suicide." But having disposed of this gloomy doubt, he proceeds on the theory that enlightenment, reason, and honesty will ultimately prevail.

On the world front, he believes that this country's chief efforts must be devoted to nurturing and strengthening the United Nations—a job he characterizes as a "long-term undertaking, a first step toward the evolution of rules of conduct which can take on more and more prestige until they become law."

On the domestic front, he feels that the vote to censure McCarthy was an important turning point in American history. Still a major task at home, he feels, is to clean up the debris left by McCarthy and to fight, privately and publicly, the "swinish blight so common in our time—the blight of anti-intellectualism." Freedom to think must be re-asserted. The educator and the intellectual must be relieved of their fool's cap and potential traitor stigma. The government service, particularly the foreign service, must be given back its self-respect. He hopes for the cleansing of an atmosphere that makes it seem at times "that a man can be arrested for unlawful assembly when he merely collects his thoughts."

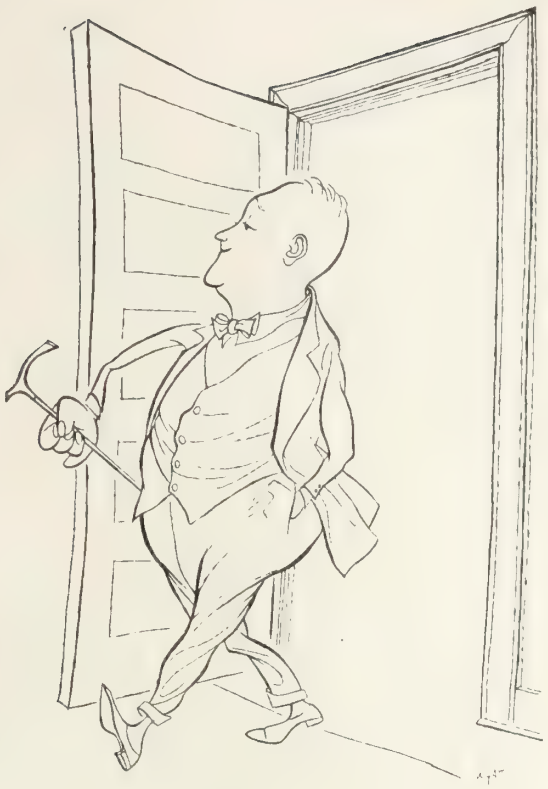
The only tool he considers capable of forging the age of reason he longs for is a higher level of education. "We've done a poorer job educating our people than anything else we've undertaken," he asserts. He believes the national government has a direct responsibility to provide education for its citizens, and he has been a leader in the fight to provide more federal money for school construction.

Only fifty-one years old, with no important opposition in sight back home, Fulbright is in a good position to reach the power, influence, and supreme independence in the Senate enjoyed today by, say, Senators George and Russell. He is already chairman of the Banking Committee, and he can look ahead to one day heading the committee that operates in the field of his primary interest—the Foreign Relations Committee. He is outranked on the Democratic side of that committee now only by seventy-eight-year-old Senator George of Georgia and eighty-eight-year-old Senator Green of Rhode Island.

Should the time come when he would be offered the post of Secretary of State or some other top administrative job under a Democratic President, he would be faced by a difficult choice. Against the obvious attractions and challenges he would have to weigh the likelihood of a bright and secure future in the Senate and his satisfaction in being a legislator.

"The great executives," he once wrote, "have given inspiration and push to the advancement of human society, but it is the legislator who has given stability and continuity to that slow and painful process."

THE TAMPERER



A Story by Thomas C. Turner

Drawings by Stanley Wyatt

THERE is about good freshmen an aura of ignorant hopeful expectation which invites hazing or swindling or teaching—in every case some kind of tampering with innocence. This must have been very true of me the warm October night Acton Denbigh came to my dormitory room. A dink was on the back of my head, a textbook lay open in my lap, and my door stood slightly ajar.

After a tap on the door a portly man with a mist of thin golden hair over his large head came into the room. He carried a silver-headed cane, and he walked with an erect stroll, which suggested a delicious feeling of ease in the bowels. This stroll as much as his mastery of the stinging random remark I learned later left a wake of clenched teeth wherever he went.

I got to my feet, for obviously he was not an undergraduate—more likely a member of the faculty. He advanced toward me and said in a clear English accent: "Are you Darrow?"

"Yes, sir."

"I am Acton Denbigh, your cousin. You were in the cradle the last time we met." We shook hands. I had heard a lot about Acton. He had attended a record number of universities, including Oxford, and he was in graduate college here at Princeton now. His presence inspired some awe in me.

The door opened, and a stranger entered and pitched himself on my sofa without speaking or even glancing at me. He had a long nose, small furtive eyes, and the upward slant of his hair reminded me of the crest of a flycatcher. He looked to be an undergraduate.

Acton pointed at the newcomer with his cane. "That is Milney," he said. We did not shake hands. Acton seemed to be naming the species of the newcomer rather than introducing him.

"Darrow," said my cousin, pacing about the room, "I can give you some advice. Would you like to have it?" I nodded. The roving of his keen eye made me conscious of how carelessly I had selected these second-hand furnishings. "First about clothes," said Acton. "That shirt you're wearing. Don't wear dark-colored shirts or anything that is called a 'sport' shirt." He threw open my closet door. "Get yourself three dark suits." He poked about the closet with his cane. "Get rid of these two double-breasted suits."

He fingered my neckties distastefully. "Wear *only* stripes, small patterns, and single colors."

The array of toilet articles on my battered chest of drawers caught his attention, and he tapped one bottle with his index finger. "One miscellaneous point: don't use any hairdressing or after-shave preparation with an odor.

"When asked what you want to drink before dinner, say a dry martini. If they haven't that, take what they have. After dinner ask for Scotch and water. Don't be afraid to mix beverages. That's an American prejudice."

"I don't drink."

"You will," said Acton. "Don't go to chapel. Identify yourself with some local church. Meet the minister. As for the extracurricular field, engage in one activity, preferably some kind of athletics. Don't publish any poetry and don't agitate for anything. Oh, yes, you will see other undergraduates wearing dirty white buckskin shoes. Avoid them. Any questions?"

"Yes," I said. "I was wondering about some good courses. What would you say —"

"Learn French and German. Take the best courses in each department—Buzzer's history,

Alyea's chemistry, Root's English. Avoid the trade sciences." He gestured with his cane in the direction of the science buildings. "They will take up your afternoons with laboratories."

He took a visiting card from his pocket and wrote on it with a fountain pen. "Here is my address. I'll be glad to have you drop in," said Acton, giving me the card. "I must hurry now." He strolled to the door and paused there. "One more thing. There is a lesson to be learned in college—the lesson of *laissez faire*. Not in economics where it's been dead for many decades, but *laissez faire* in personal dealings. It is not always easy to learn; at prep school I'm sure you were taught the opposite. Misfits must be hounded, eccentricities punished, the unathletic confounded. Everyone in college should learn, if anything, to be tolerant and not to interfere."

Milney, who had been quietly yo-yoing on the sofa, got up and walked between us to the open closet door, then crowded after Acton. I was alarmed to see that he had two of my suits slung over his arm.

"Hey, wait," I said with a nervous laugh. "Acton, your friend is taking my clothes."

Acton turned and said sharply: "Suppose you explain yourself, Milney."

Milney looked at him inscrutably. "But I thought you said these double-breasted suits—" His voice trailed away.

"You thought what I said made these clothes your own?" Acton said cruelly.

"I don't know. I heard you say that, and I saw them, and I don't know what happened. I guess I swooned." Sensing that this word did nothing to heighten the plausibility of his explanation, Milney added: "I blacked out."

"Very lame," said Acton. "Now put those suits back this instant."

"I'm too young to die!" screamed Milney, writhing and struggling against imaginary captors. "I didn't do it! I'm innocent! I been framed—"

Acton silenced Milney with a light whack of his cane. "And I told you to leave that yo-yo in your pocket." Acton looked at me with a pained smile and departed. Milney dumped my suits in a chair and followed him.

I gathered up my suits and hung them in the closet. I was too green to be insulted by Acton's presumptuous advice. On the contrary I was grateful, though some of the things he said, when I turned them over in my mind, were not clear to me. What he meant about white bucks, for example. Did he mean to avoid white bucks or the people who wore them? I would have to ask him.

Actually I did not reject any of Acton's advice, but somehow I never got around to taking any of it. Freshmen often do that. Perhaps they are not so vulnerable as they look. Some of Acton's advice was not really practical: I was never able to find any odorless hairdressing or shaving lotion. Also there was a certain amount of paradox in his advice to avoid the sciences and to take Alyea's chemistry. But the most confusing aspect of Acton's visit was Milney. I just couldn't understand why he tolerated Milney.



THE next week on a lonely Sunday afternoon I visited Acton's apartment on Nassau Street. The heavy curtains held in an overripe smell of comfort, blended of food, liquor, tobacco, exotic soaps, and a strain which I associated with new clothes or books.

There were eight people in the room. Acton was in the center, lolling like a manatee in a bog of an oversized sofa. Without stirring he introduced me to the others, and they hastily shook hands with me. I realized that I had interrupted something.

"Here he comes," said someone at the window.

"I'll bet even Milney won't drink that," said a lanky blond boy named John Gordon.

"I'm sure he will," said Acton, holding up a glass of amber liquid, in which I could see a piece of ice and a strange brown curd. "He never refuses free whiskey." They explained the joke to me. This was a drink they had just invented called the Whiskey Sweet, made of equal

parts of bourbon and of black-strap molasses.

Milney burst into the room and immediately accepted the glass which Acton held out to him. He drank it in large swallows, then lowered the glass warily, realizing that we were all watching him.

"How was it, Milney?" said Acton.

Milney licked his lips and looked into the glass. "It tastes very milbon," he said, offering his glass for a refill.

"What did he say?" I asked.

Milney seemed unaware that the word was out of the ordinary. "Milbon," he repeated.

"That's characteristic," said Acton. "He coins words quite unconsciously, and that one is obviously a corruption of his own name—his way of saying that he liked that nauseating drink. No, you can't have another, Milney. You've already made an ass of yourself by enjoying that one." Acton sank back into his nest of pillows with a sigh. "He has some words which are much purer than that—some which have no comprehensible derivation."

I had come at a good time to learn how Acton ran his establishment. His friends, graduate and undergraduate, gathered there, and it was understood that Acton always had the floor. This was his dominion, and no one interrupted him. Because I was Acton's cousin, they accepted me, but freshmen were not generally welcomed. The group had a spirit which is difficult to describe. In effect it meant that nothing in the interest of perpetrating a joke was too expensive or troublesome, and I quickly gained a feeling of comradeship toward everyone I met there. Another undergraduate whom I met that afternoon, John Gordon, became my closest friend.

The apartment itself filled me with envy, for it was beautifully furnished and contained a large collection of phonograph records, more than two dozen pieces of fine cut glass carefully locked away behind glass doors, and many expensive books—some antique, others full of reproductions of paintings, a few in languages like Dutch which Acton could not read.

Acton's remarks that Sunday afternoon set off a great deal of interest in Milney's speech. Milney found that for the first time in his life people were encouraging him to talk rather than shutting him up as soon as he opened his mouth. Some of the remarks which attracted attention were merely mistakes, like his claiming that his favorite author was W. Somerset Mormon. Acton dismissed this as a lie, for he had seen Milney's library, which except for textbooks consisted of only two volumes—G. A. Henty's *By Sheer Pluck* and some mimeographed pornography called the *Diary of a French Type Secretary*.

Some of Milney's words like the word "heach" remained obscure in meaning. Others were clear enough. I once saw Milney reach down and pick at what appeared to be egg on his shirt.

"Kuncktum," he said, wiping at it ineffectually. This was apparently a generic term for anything he spilled on himself.

Acton had touched off this new interest in Milney, and he was soon to regret it. Not two weeks later I went to Acton's and found him there alone, looking as though he were going to cry. He peered at me from his sofa and said anxiously: "Darrow? Who's with you?" Then seeing that I was alone, he settled back, his lips thrust out in disappointment.

"Where is everyone?" I asked.

"I'll tell you where they are," he said angrily. "Milney's holding court in his room, and they're all there. If it were only a crowd of freshmen, I wouldn't mind. But everyone's there—Ordway, both the Carrington brothers. Even John Gordon spends more time there than here. You go too," he added bitterly. "Blood is not much thicker than water."

"But I don't want to. Milney's a terrible bore. And I can't understand why they go."

"I'll tell you why. It's that word-coining. They sit around, and every time Milney says anything, they scream with laughter." He clenched his teeth. "I wouldn't go there if my life depended on it!"

ACTON in a sense had a right to claim responsibility for Milney. Milney was an error of the admissions office, the kind of error which is usually rectified by dismissal at the end of its first semester. Milney, saved by Acton's tutoring before examinations each semester, was now in his second college year. Why Acton persevered it took me some time to find out, for while Milney was one of the most ignorant people I have ever known, Acton was probably the laziest. Acton's method was to send Milney to the library for files of previous examinations, figure out likely questions, and dictate their answers. Milney wrote down and memorized these answers and passed enough examinations to stay in college. I studied some of Acton's productions myself, and they were marvelously worked out.

Yet Milney was in a whiny mood early in December when the time came again to select his courses for the next semester. I had heard that he was in trouble in most of his current

subjects, and that was why he was at Acton's instead of performing for the all-too-responsive audience at his own room. Milney was lying on his stomach on the floor of Acton's apartment, staring at the prospectus. "I want some real gut courses," he whined.

"How about astrology?" I suggested.

"I've had that," said Milney.

"How about Roman numerals? I hear there's nothing to that."

"He's had all the really easy courses," said Acton. "Even I can't get him through a difficult course. He's come to the end of his tether." Acton looked moodily over the prospectus. "All the easy courses except one." Acton began to pace restlessly about the apartment. "Milney, how would you like a course so simple that you could pass with no more effort than it takes an apple tree to grow apples. A new course worked out too late for the prospectus. It seems there has been a feud between the linguistics and philosophy departments, and this course of study is a gesture to make peace between them. It's Neologisms 101. A course designed to teach the student to coin words."

Milney was looking at Acton blankly.

"You do that anyway, Milney," I pointed out.

"They expect the preceptorials to be chaotic," said Acton dreamily. "Everyone shouting new words and who's to say who's talking nonsense? Of course the lectures will contain a lot of linguistics and philosophy, but the exam's incredibly simple. They say it will have one question: Write out two absolutely new words."

Milney had gotten to his feet. "I do that anyway, don't I?" he said excitedly.

"Indeed you do," said Acton.

"How do you spell that?" said Milney.

Acton spelled out the word "neologisms" slowly and at the same time poured some brandy into the bottom of an enormous snifter. "I've hoped that they'd let me teach it. My first course. But I'm afraid they'll give it to someone else, someone who is less partisan in the interdepartmental conflict—"

Milney couldn't wait. Clutching his prospectus and course card, he ran wildly out the door. I leaned close to a window through the sash of which leaked trickles of cold December air. On the street below I could see Milney hurrying along with his distinctive loping walk. "He's headed for Nassau Hall," I told Acton. "Aren't you afraid he's going to make trouble?"

"I'm bloody sure he's going to make trouble."

"I mean for you." I was watching Milney's receding shape in the twilight.

"Don't you see how far out of line this coining of Milney's has got? Don't you realize that the situation is critical and calls for surgery?"

"Well, you started it."

"Yes," said Acton quietly, "and I'm going to finish it." He moved to the phonograph. "Now let's have silence for Boyd Neel's splendid recording of Handel's first concerto grosso."

I DELIBERATELY stayed away from Nassau Hall the next morning but stopped by Acton's apartment around noon for a report on Neologisms 101. John Gordon had seen Milney about an hour before, and this was apparently what had happened. Milney had gone to his adviser to get his course card approved. The adviser had called the dean's office to make sure Neologisms 101 would be given. The dean and his assistants said they knew nothing about the course but conceded that there might be one. They did a lot of telephoning to try to find someone who knew something about it.

That was the last I heard about the course until Acton's telephone rang late that afternoon. Acton turned the phonograph down and answered the telephone. After a few monosyllables he hung up and turned to me. "They've traced it to us. We're wanted at the dean's office right now."

We walked toward Nassau Hall in silence. It was a gray misty day. I was resentful and a little frightened, feeling that I had been unfairly dragged into this trouble. I was even mentally preparing a speech to exonerate myself before the dean.

"What do you think he'll do?" I asked Acton.

"I don't know. Keep us standing for a while, I'm afraid."

We found this note tacked on the dean's door: "There will be no course in neologisms given next semester."

Inside stood the dean, a tall neat man who looked at us coldly and curiously through gleaming rimless glasses. Beside him stood Milney and two other undergraduates whom I did not know.

"Mr. Denbigh," said the dean wearily, "these boys find it hard to believe that no course in neologisms will be given at this university. I want them to hear the truth from your own lips."

Acton turned to Milney and the two other diehards and said gravely: "Well, I'm afraid there won't be one next semester although God knows I've done what I could."

The dean looked at Acton for a long time.

"You are a graduate student, Mr. Denbigh?" he said.

Acton said, yes, that was correct, and the dean shook his head and sighed. I felt that the dean should not have said that about Acton's being a graduate student, thereby implying he was too old for this kind of horsing around. I could tell Acton didn't like it because for one thing he had nothing to say. "All right," said the dean, sitting down. Acton and I went out, with the neologists trooping out behind.

Acton was moody all the rest of that day and well into the next, and his mood dampened my spirits. Gordon and I sat in his apartment, filling out our course cards, talking in low voices. Acton lay back, sipping a glass of wine, his large form glittering in his golden dressing gown. "A great year," he said, staring into his wine glass. "Don't play the phonograph, please, Darrow. It doesn't suit meh." He didn't seem to be enjoying his wine at all. Milney came in and got himself a can of beer from the refrigerator. Except for the little noises he made drinking, the room was quiet. Acton regarded Milney speculatively.

"Milney, they're going to give that course in neologisms after all," he said.

John and I looked at each other in surprise, This was riding a joke a little hard, even for Acton.

"Yes," said Acton, "and it looks as though after the trouble with the dean yesterday—you saw the way he washed his hands of it—it's my baby. Are you still interested?"

Milney nodded vigorously.

"Well, just enter it on your course card and meet me over in McCosh lounge for tryouts at seven-thirty tonight. Yes, just mark through one of those courses and write in Neologisms 101."

When Milney went back to the kitchen for another can of beer, I whispered to Acton: "The dean is really going to be burned up. Better stop Milney before he turns in that course card."

"I want both of you to be there," said Acton, forking two fingers to include me and Gordon. "And don't act silly or you'll give it away."

JOHN and I were there at seven-thirty, and so was a graduate student loiterer named Ordway who smoked a short pipe. Milney was already there, sprawled in a leather arm chair. A Chinese boy came in with an armload of books, asked politely if this were neologisms preceptorial, and being told that it was, sat down.

Acton came then, out of breath, jolly, and apologetic about being late. He sat down, told us we could smoke if we liked, saw to it that we all had ash trays, then plunged into a five-minute history of neologisms from the earliest times. He explained that this course would not take up new uses for old words, a meaning for the word neologism allowed by some dictionaries. Only brand-new words would be accepted. "I can't carry the ball on this thing," he said informally. "Let's have a go at it." His accent became more brittle and precise than ever. "Try this one. 'Imitation of natural motions.' That's basic enough."

My mind was a hazy jumble about the origin of the dance from an encyclopedia article, and the word "dance" would not budge from my mind.

"Vocculation," said Ordway.

"Too latinate," said Acton. "Too hybrid a sound."

"Skink," said the Chinese boy, making a swerving motion with his hands.

"Skink is a good English word," said Acton. "It's a lizard." He looked at me encouragingly. "Mr. Darrow, we haven't heard from you this evening."

"Would you repeat the question?"

"I prefer not to think of it as a question. Imitation of natural motions. Call it, the nonverbal counterpart of onomatopoeia."

"Danceburger," I said and got a scowl from Acton for flippancy. He turned to the others. "Mr. Gordon? Mr. Milney?"

"Plimmon," said Milney.

"Plimmon is correct," Acton ruled promptly.

My efforts for the next half hour were too embarrassing to recall, and Gordon did no better. Every word the Chinese boy suggested, once he spelled it, turned out to be an English word. Ordway was too educated for Neologisms 101; his words all sounded like Greek or Latin to Acton. Milney's words were all ruled best. It



was true that he was enough of an ignoramus to have his mind completely free. It annoyed me for him to shout someone else down with a word of his own and for Acton to pronounce that word excellent.

When the preceptorial broke up, Milney walked back to my room with me. For once he was in a position to lord it over me, and I suppose he displayed remarkable restraint. He would reminisce about how he had been stumped at some point during the preceptorial but had somehow come through every time. He wanted to come up to my room to discuss it further, but I wouldn't let him, saying I had to study.

His parting words were: "It was really a rucket, wasn't it?"

"Yes, I guess so," I responded coldly.



MILNEY'S manner had changed completely when I ran into him on the worn brick steps of Nassau Hall the next afternoon. "Too much of a rucket for you guys, wasn't it?" he said angrily.

"What do you mean, Milney?"

He held up a very messy course card, on which Neologisms 101 had been marked through and Geology 104 written in its place. "Acton says the dean won't let him give the course," said Milney, "because you guys dropped out." I was relieved to hear him say that. Evidently Gordon and Ordway had persuaded Acton to call Milney off.

Milney was at Acton's when I went there a few minutes later. The room was crowded with at least a dozen visitors, and once again Acton had the floor. He was glowing, gesturing, walking about triumphantly as he talked. He interrupted himself to tell me as I entered: "Milney is very much disappointed in you."

"We would've had a good gut if you guys hadn't rucketed out," said Milney. He used his word self-consciously, scanning our faces, waiting expectantly for applause.

Acton looked at me with a smile. "Yes, he's spoiled it, hasn't he? I think I see some disapprobation in your eye, Cousin." He continued to look at me, but he was clearly talking for the others. "Milney means something to me, and perhaps I ought to explain exactly what. When I first met Milney, I thought, 'Here is a completely unprepossessing young man, but doubtless he'll turn out to have redeeming qualities and be another uninteresting mediocre shard of humanity.' But he didn't." Acton formed a zero with his thumb and forefinger. "He showed no redeeming qualities at all. He was loud, vulgar, unscrupulous, adolescent. Then he started coining these words, and I admit it had a certain charm. But now he's spoiled it. I knew he couldn't stand the victory of last night. His asshood is consummated once more. Do you see? It rather tidied the thing up."

It was the pleased smile on Acton's plump pink face that exasperated me enough to protest. "You remember what you said that first night about *laissez faire?* Don't you think Milney as a human being is entitled to a little of it?"

I could see surprise on every face but Milney's. They turned to Acton to see what he would do to me. I felt very uncomfortable in the ensuing silence.

Acton thoughtfully caressed the stem of his brandy inhaler. "No, not entitled to it, but I see what you mean—on principle. That's an interesting idea. Go on."

"I mean—" I looked around at their expectant faces, and my gaze was arrested by the sight of Milney. "Milney," I said. "Speak up. Don't let him treat you this way—"

But Milney had not been listening. He sat on a chair arm and gazed out at the twilight. What were his thoughts at that moment? I despaired of ever finding out. I had never wanted to be innocent, and seeing Milney sitting there, I felt that I had been losing my innocence for years. But Milney's innocence had not even been touched although what Acton had done should have turned him into a bitter has-been.

"Milney's not such a bad fellow to have around," I said, and I think they understood.

Kenneth Lamott

MEMOIRS OF A BRAINWASHER

A report on the American method of breaking down war prisoners . . . which worked . . . without the use of torture, starvation, or threats.

BECAUSE I was born and brought up in Tokyo, I spent the last two years of the Pacific war interrogating Japanese prisoners for the U. S. armed forces. I practiced my specialty in a rear-area stockade in the Hawaiian Islands, with a Marine division in the Marianas, and with the Army on Okinawa. The chief object of my efforts was to obtain information of military value; if during the course of interrogating a prisoner I managed to shake his faith in the righteousness of Japan's war, or discovered a likely candidate for our infant psychological warfare effort, the interrogation was considered that much more successful. I was, in other words, a brainwasher.

Brainwashing was a phenomenally easy and successful business during the Pacific war. Of the thousand or so prisoners with whom I held formal interviews or extended conversations, only a bare dozen—if that many—were "reactionaries" as the word has been used by our prisoners in the Communist camps. In spite of the Japanese military man's notorious devotion to *bushido* and *Yamatodamashii* ("the Spirit of the Japanese Race"), the vast majority of Japanese prisoners-of-war were "silent progs," cooperative and unresisting. At the time I attributed this curious state of affairs wholly to the hostility and contempt the Japanese have traditionally shown a soldier who has allowed himself to be captured by the enemy. Painfully aware that they had disgraced themselves in the eyes of their own people, the Japanese prisoners called themselves men without a country. More recently, I have begun to doubt that this is the entire explanation for their behavior. In fact, reading newspaper accounts of our troops' experiences in Korean and Chinese prison stockades, I have felt a distinct shock of recognition.

The experience of being taken prisoner is a dismally demoralizing one. The victim is suddenly cut off from the familiar tightly ordered military life and delivered defenseless into the hands of an enemy he passionately believes to be a prodigy of inhumanity. Unfortunately, every army in the field, including our own, commits enough atrocities to give more or less basis for this belief. Japanese prisoners received at my stockades on Tinian and Okinawa were convinced that they would be staked out and run over by bulldozers, castrated, or—mercifully—shot summarily. Consequently, the most useful equipment for the interrogator in the field was not a set of thumbscrews or bamboo slivers but an inclination to treat human beings of any color with the most rudimentary sort of decency.

ON AN afternoon during the mopping-up stage of the Tinian campaign I was sitting on a C-ration box in the shade of a tree, attempting to bring some order into the chaotic records of the five thousand civilians and twenty military prisoners who had been delivered into my care. A jeep braked to a sudden stop, sending up a cloud of fine yellow dust that drifted across the clearing onto my papers. Two marines jumped from the jeep, hauling along with them a tall, gaunt, gray-bearded Japanese dressed in a pair of dirty white shorts and a singlet.

Tanizaki, as I found out a few minutes later, was a navy warrant officer, a thirty-year man who had been called back from retirement and sent to Tinian in charge of a battery of shore-based naval guns. As soon as the marines let go his

PHILENE HAMMER

SING KUKLA

SOMER is icumen in,
Sesoun of sponsors' folly;
O shalen lesser fare replacen
Kukla, Fran, and Ollie?

O shalen Omnibus bow out,
And Caesar go, ignoble, out?
Wol Fader out . . . wol Murrow out?
Wol Glesoun and wol Gobel out?

Than moost I lyk a resteless caityf,
Who wolen ech newecomer out,
Pley solitere—eek *rede a boke*
To eek the drerie somer out?

Smal wonder with the putryd, poure
(Tweye-tellen, eek) hodgepodges,
That longen folk in somertyme
To goon on pilgrimages.

---

arms he stood quietly at attention before my improvised desk. He was a figure of considerable dignity in spite of his ragged scraps of clothing and a bleeding ulcer on his leg. I began to talk to him in Japanese, asking the routine questions—name, rank, serial number. He answered promptly and directly. I told him I thought he must be tired and invited him to sit down on another ration box. He said he would rather stand. I offered him a cup of water, which he accepted gratefully, but when I tried to give him a cigarette, he turned it down, though with obvious reluctance.

He was more tired than he knew, for he suddenly pitched forward and had to support himself on the desk while he asked the great question that was on his mind:

"When are you going to kill me?"

I told him that instead of killing him we would send him back to a stockade out of the war zone where he would find several hundred other Japanese prisoners.

Tanizaki collapsed on the ration box he had declined a moment earlier and began to cry. He cried silently, just the tears cutting a muddy track down his lined, gray face. When he recovered his composure he asked if he might still have the cigarette he had refused.

By that time I had spread a grid-map of the island on the desk between us and asked him to point out where he had been taken prisoner. He found it without much difficulty, and the location was verified by the marines, who had stood by out of curiosity. We talked for a little about the circumstances of his capture. He had fallen asleep in a foxhole and had been awakened by the thunderous clatter of one of our tanks passing directly overhead. He laughed ruefully as he told how the riflemen behind the tanks had seized him before he had time to use a hand grenade either on himself or on them. Then I tackled the main object of the interrogation, asking him point-blank if he would show me on the map any areas where the Japanese were still capable of putting up organized resistance. Without hesitation he took my pencil and began drawing circles on the map. Here was a concealed artillery piece; here the remains of a platoon of infantry were planning a last-ditch stand; here was a cave where a battalion headquarters was still in being.

It was not information of great importance, but it was enough to help us flush out some surviving Japanese, taking them prisoner if they were willing, and, when they were not, disposing of them with flame-throwers, satchel charges, and bulldozers. Tanizaki was technically a traitor, but his crime was a venial one; his treason was forced on him by a conspiracy of violent emotions and the deepest-rooted instincts.

SHUFFLING RANKS

INFORMATION obtained from prisoners in the field was always a highly perishable commodity of purely local interest. The interrogator's real work began in the permanent camps where the prisoners could be processed at leisure. The circumstances of each prisoner were now entirely different from what they had been in the field or aboard a prison ship. The prisoner had had time to discover the best and the worst about his captors; he had made a psychological adjustment to life behind barbed wire; most important of all, he was no longer an isolated individual but once again a member of an organized unit. How he reacted depended in a large measure on the characteristics of that unit—the prison camp.

The permanent camp to which I was attached was a compact community of tents erected on a field of blinding-white crushed coral. Within the main enclosure, the camp was divided into half-a-dozen compounds, each with living quarters for

about fifty men. There was an athletic field, a carpenter shop, a hospital, staffed by inmate doctors and corpsmen, and an administration building. The administration building contained the office of the marine guard, the duty officer's quarters, an isolation cell for disciplinary cases, three bedrooms which came to be used for the senior-ranking prisoners, and six interrogation cubicles, each containing a table, two chairs, an ash tray, and nothing more.

Kindness was no longer the open sesame it had been. The interrogator could no longer offer life where death was expected—he now could offer only a cigarette and a receptive ear. But the permanent camp put a new and formidable weapon in his hand, a system of life in which brainwashing was accepted as normal. In his excellent book, *Five Gentlemen of Japan,* Frank Gibney has told the story of the Japanese prisoner who attempted suicide because, unlike his comrades, he was *not* interrogated.

From the moment the prisoner filed through the main gate, he was the object of a deliberate effort to break down his conception of himself as part of an organized military system. We were obliged by practical problems of administration, as well as by the Geneva convention, to separate the officers from the men. The enlisted men, however, were assigned to duties without regard for their rank, a state of affairs which bewildered newcomers accustomed to an army in which a second-class private saluted a first-class private, who saluted a superior private, who saluted a corporal. The new dispensation was dramatized by our executive officer, a man I shall call Collins, who like myself and the majority of the interrogation officers, had been brought up in Japan.

Collins was an energetic and imaginative officer with an almost religious attachment to the principles of Jeffersonian democracy. Among his duties was the reception and indoctrination of new prisoners. When faced with an incipient mutiny by non-commissioned officers demanding their traditional privileges, Collins would announce solemnly that he was going to assign a new rank to each man. Starting at the head of the line, he would point a finger at each prisoner in turn while rattling off the Japanese military ranks: Second-Class Private, First-Class Private, Superior Private, Corporal, and on up to Lieutenant General, General, Field Marshal. As often as not, the Field Marshal would turn out to be a bandy-legged private from the rear rank who would be overcome with confusion by his sudden promotion.

The prisoners in general found the demonstration funny, and they got the point sufficiently to accept the appointment of a capable and—from our point of view—"progressive" first-class private as *hancho,* or headman, in a compound containing assorted non-commissioned ranks.

Collins was not only uniquely qualified by temperament and background to manage the internal affairs of the stockade; he was also, in the terminology we have learned recently, our most successful brainwasher. His chief monument was the conversion of our ranking naval prisoner, a captain I shall call Yahara.

A SOPHISTICATED PRISONER

CAPTAIN Yahara was a professional naval officer, a technical specialist who had been taken prisoner in the Marianas. He was a gray-haired, frail-looking man, distinguished by the air of quiet urbanity which characterized many Japanese naval officers of the older generation. He lived in the administration building, sharing the senior officers' quarters with a sullen commander and a jovial major. I did not interrogate him myself, but I often spent the dull hours of the duty watch making a fourth at the prisoners' bridge table.

Early in his formal interrogation of Captain Yahara, Collins discovered that he was dealing with an unusually intelligent man, whose alert and inquiring mind could weigh new ideas dispassionately against the old. The captain had been impressed not only by the simple decency with which he had been treated, but also by the evidences of democracy he observed among the Americans stationed at the stockade. He was at first amused, and then made thoughtful by the easy relations between the officers and the marine NCOs of the guard. (The marines, incidentally, were largely wounded veterans of Guadalcanal and the Marshalls operations. In view of the fierce hatred of the Japanese which they brought with them to the stockade, they performed magnificently.)

Collins nourished Captain Yahara's interest in the ways of democracy by supplying him with books and magazines in both Japanese and English—histories, current news magazines, books on war and politics. Captain Yahara devoured the reading matter eagerly and discussed what he had read later with Collins or with whoever happened to be on duty. He and I became quite good friends, a friendship which was revived later in MacArthur's Japan.

In the early winter of 1946 Frank Gibney and

I received an invitation from Captain Yahara to dine at his house in suburban Tokyo. We found him little changed, except that instead of prison-camp fatigues he was now wearing a neat double-breasted suit. We drank Scotch and water and ate *sukiyaki* in the Western-style parlor of his upper-middle-class home while he told us of his adventures since we had last seen him and of his future plans. Captain Yahara had gone on from our stockade to a mainland camp where he had met continued sympathetic treatment. Somewhere during his travels he had become convinced of the moral superiority of the democratic way of life, and when he was repatriated he returned a man with a mission, that of spreading the gospel of democracy among his countrymen. That is exactly what he has done, financing his apostleship out of his own pocket.

When I asked him if he had met any resentment because of his having been a prisoner and having adopted his captor's political philosophy, he smiled and pointed out that on the fifteenth of August every Japanese had joined the ranks of the prisoners-of-war. Then he looked serious and murmured thoughtfully, "But it would have been different if Japan had won."

THE USE OF ABUSE

THE great majority of the prisoners, of course, had neither the education nor the political sophistication of Captain Yahara. They were for the most part farmers, fishermen, and unskilled laborers who had reached their years of awareness during the heyday of Japanese militarism. They had seen the war through the worm's eye of the private or seaman, and they had little really significant military information to give us. Yet, what they had they gave freely, each contributing a pebble or a nail to fill out our understanding of the total structure of the Japanese war effort. Attempts at evasion were easily confounded because the experienced interrogator knew far more about Japanese dispositions, organization, and methods than did the average Japanese soldier.

There were a few exceptions, "reactionaries" in the modern jargon. Among them was a nineteen-year-old Navy pilot whom I interrogated unsuccessfully for several days. Shimizu did what the good soldier is expected to do and refused to answer any questions beyond his name, rank, and serial number. As we stepped into the compound after the fourth unsuccessful session, Shimizu cocked a critical eye overhead at two Corsairs from a nearby Naval air station which were engaged in a mock dogfight. He commented disparagingly on the ability of the pilots and declared that neither would have a chance against a first-rate Japanese flier. It was the longest speech Shimizu had made to me. The next time I called Shimizu out of his compound I did the obvious thing and began running down the quality of Japan's aircraft and the skill of her pilots. He rose to the bait like a trout to a fly. There is, as every experienced interrogator knows, more than one way to wash a brain.

It was not—and is not—the policy of the United States to use physical violence in order to break down enemy prisoners. I was, however, guilty on at least one occasion of threatening torture, though not with the intention of extracting information. The episode was, at first, humiliating, but, in the end, comic.

Gunnery Sergeant Bardea, the senior NCO, brought to me on one of my duty nights a prisoner named Wada, who was notorious for baiting the guards. Wada had acquired a working knowledge of American obscenity and whenever a guard passed within earshot he could be heard murmuring distinctly *sanafabeech* or some more powerful scurrility. Sergeant Bardea brought Wada to me as a last resort. If I couldn't straighten him out, one of the guards would sooner or later defy the rules and break a billy-club over his head.

I, for my part, had acquired a fair command of Japanese barracks abuse (there is, strictly speaking, no profanity in Japanese). Wishing to placate Sergeant Bardea, I launched into an extended and colorful prophetic discourse as to Wada's probable end if he persisted in his evil ways. He took it calmly until I wound up with the most ferocious threat I knew—*kintama wo kirisuteruzo,* which can be translated, "I will cut off and throw away your private parts." Wada blanched at this, as did I when I realized what I had said. Wada apologized to Sergeant Bardea and humbly promised to mend his ways. Bardea was visibly impressed with the results of my eloquence. I, myself, was appalled.

Two days later I ran into Wada policing up the area behind the carpenter shop. We looked at each other for a moment and then Wada burst out laughing. He made an obscene gesture which I think was intended to convey to me that he was still intact and expected to remain so.

"You know, Lieutenant," he said, "you sound terribly fierce but you have a gentle face."

I walked away quickly.

After Hours



FOR BUGS

THERE is a difference, it appears, between an amateur photographer and a person who just takes pictures. "An amateur," said Mr. William Kaplan, the advertising director of Willoughbys, "is almost a professional." Mr. Kaplan ought to know, for Willoughbys, at 110 West 32nd Street in New York, he assured me, is the biggest photographic store in the world. "An amateur," he went on, "will have a thousand to twenty-five hundred dollars worth of equipment in the cellar. He'll spend weeks making a salon print, and he loves gadgets. The amateur is a bug."

I saw Mr. Kaplan by appointment early in the spring, because I hoped to find out what is new and important to the amateur photographer. I was under the impression that I was one, but I now know that I am just a snapshooter. I have never made a print; I stay out of the cellar, and I am a strong disbeliever in photographic gadgets. My equipment consists of an excellent camera (Rolleiflex 2¼ x 2¼, f/3.5 Zeiss lens) which I bought almost twenty years ago, two filters (red and green), an old Weston light meter, and a tripod that I almost never use. It all (except the tripod) fits very neatly into a gas-mask bag that I bought at an Army and Navy Store for 97 cents. I found myself untempted by the magnificence of the equipment that Willoughbys offers, but I was not insensitive to the seductive powers of so many beautifully engineered gadgets.

"Is interest in photography growing?" I asked Mr. Kaplan. Mr. Kaplan said it is, and he explained that color and simplicity of operation were the principal reasons why. Not only is color photography more accurate than it was, but color prints which used to cost five or ten dollars are now thirty-five cents to a couple of dollars. Color slides and projectors (with any reputable light meter it is difficult not to get a correct exposure) are considered great fun by their owners, whatever their friends may think. Simplicity of operation, I found, means that cameras are made so that the photographer scarcely has to know what he is doing.

"The trend," Mr. Kaplan said, "is to make it easy."

You no longer even turn the film in some of the inexpensive cameras; you just push a plunger or turn a crank, which not only moves the film but cocks the shutter; you can't make a double exposure. There was a time when only the very expensive Contax (35 mm) had a built-in light meter; now you can buy a relatively inexpensive Voigtländer with an f/2 lens that has the meter in it for only $159.50. (If you think that's expensive, you're kidding yourself. There's a Japanese camera built on the Contax principle called a Nikon. It has an f/1.4 lens and sells for $345. A Hasselblad reflex with an f/2.8 fetches $379.50.)

I asked Mr. Kaplan if 3-D stereoscopic color photography hadn't given the business a lift.

"For a while it did," he said, "but now it's reached a sort of plateau. People were all excited by 3-D movies, but they didn't turn out to be very 3-D and people got suspicious. Personally, I take stereos and my family likes them."

Mr. Kaplan took me into a comfortable, low-ceilinged office occupied by Mr. Stephen L. Sturz, the president of Willoughbys. Mr. Sturz said that he has been with the business for forty-eight years and that he is beginning to feel a certain security in his job. The business had been started by Mr. C. G. Willoughby in a room "smaller than this office" on the second floor of 621 Broadway in 1898 when Mr. Willoughby somewhat by accident became the agent for a box camera called Vive in the days before roll film. It was roll film that made amateur photography a booming industry (glass plates were delicate and tricky) and Mr. Willoughby's business grew with the widening popular demand for universal snapshooting. Willoughbys is by no means a store just for amateurs; it supplies many professional photographers, and it is the agent for Voigtländer (German cameras, Bewi light meters, etc.) and for the expensive Swedish Hasselblad cameras. It also handles tape recorders and rents 16 mm movies. "We don't

carry refrigerators and washing machines and air conditioners like some of the stores that call themselves photographic houses," Mr. Kaplan said, with some scorn.

A few years ago, Mr. Sturz explained, Willoughbys got into trouble by sticking to its price agreements with the suppliers. Other camera stores were cutting prices. "They used to send their customers to us for a free demonstration of the equipment," he said, "and then undersell us. The staff got so they didn't want to show a customer a camera because they knew he wouldn't buy it. We stuck to the prices too long, but we're all right now. We pay just as much attention to our customers after they have bought a camera as before. They bring their results in to us and we give them advice and criticism."

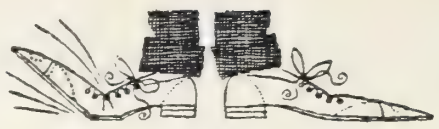
Mr. Kaplan took me on a tour of the store, which is a city block deep, and of the basement storeroom, stacked to the ceiling. I asked him how many items of photographic equipment they stocked. "Take the ordinary hardware store," he said, "and double it." He showed me the new Japanese cameras which are offering stiff price competition to American and German makes. If you are interested, you might look into these reflex cameras, all Japanese: Minolta-Autocord $99.50; Soligor $52.50; and Ricoflex $29.95.

"A big battle is shaping up between the German and Japanese camera manufacturers," I was told, "with the United States as the battleground. Both groups have high-powered public-relations people."

There were just two gadgets that caught my unwilling eye. One was a light meter called Bewi Automat "A." You aim it at the subject, push a button, and the reading it gives you locks into position. There is no needle that waves back and forth as you move the meter into more or less light. It costs $29.50. The other was a "lifetime" flash that works on AC. The flash is 1/500 of a second, attaches easily to any camera, and retails for $29.95. (Willoughbys was having a "special" on this item at $19.95 the day I was there.) It's not as nice as the strobe light with the battery you sling over the shoulder and can take anywhere, but those cost up to about $130.

There was one other class of gadget that I mean to keep my hands off, but you might like to know about it. It is a plastic thing to put your camera in if you want to take pictures under water. You can buy it for as little as five dollars and as high as $150, in case you've run out of dry subject matter.

As I was leaving Mr. Kaplan said, "If there's anything I can do for you, let me know." Willoughbys is one of those amiable stores that are getting more and more difficult to find. I'm sure Mr. Kaplan would be glad to do anything for you, too.



EVEN NEWER SOUND

THE last time I tried to bring you a report on the new jazz, I had to run so fast to catch up that I stubbed several toes (all of them my own) in the process. Now I find that the frontier is still far out ahead and I am behind again, bruised boners and all. The recordings appear apace, and there is enough going on in merely one department—where jazz is moving right up to and across the boundaries of "serious" contemporary composition—to call for attention in its own right. The traditional jazz forms and instrumentation are being challenged on all sides, in such a variety of ways, that each new record tends to be a law unto itself. So I have strung a bunch of them together, pretty much as they come out of the mail or off the record-store shelves, in the hopes that this will hold us until the next revolution. Stand by for the *new* new jazz.

Tangents in Jazz; The Jimmy Guiffre Four (Capitol T 634). This is Mr. Guiffre's major effort to demonstrate that jazz can still be jazz without the underlying audible 4/4 beat. "The sounded beat once made playing easier, but now it's become confining," he has said. "I think the essence of jazz is in the phrasing and notes, and these needn't change when the beat is silent. . . . Classical music, once the rhythm is stated, assumed the freedom to move unaccompanied, and if jazz is going to continue to grow, it needs this same freedom." Mr. Guiffre's solution is what he calls "a non-pulsating beat . . . implicit but not explicit," and he presents it only as a test of a new style, not an effort to crowd out the others. The test is an extraordinary success, though paradoxically the new freedom does not prevent a slight sense of sameness from accumulating over two whole sides of a twelve-inch LP—an easily forgivable by-product of his intentness on proving the point.

Jazzical Moods, Vols. 1 and 2; Charles Mingus, John La Porta, Teo Macero, *et al.* (Period SPL 1107 and 1111). Mr. Mingus—one of the brightest and baddest young men of jazz—is not of a mind to make anything easy for himself. Beneath this atrocious title, an impossibly ugly record-sleeve, and written notes that are deliberately cryptic, these are serious and stylish efforts—with a higher content, both in radical innovation and essential jazz quality, than many of their more accessible competitors. Mr. Mingus dislikes the word "experimental"; when it was applied to him at the Newport Jazz Festival last year, he grabbed a microphone and said, "My music is *not* experimental; I stopped experimenting ten years ago!" But the listener should be prepared for dissonance, quarter-tones, and frequent departures from the tried and true. Those who prefer to move in slowly, through something they can recognize,

might begin with "Stormy Weather," on volume 1.

New Jazz in Hi-Fi; the Harris-Leigh Chamber Group (Epic LN 3200). The "new jazz" takes up only one side; the other is given over to various vocal-group disquisitions on April, Paris, rain, spring, and allied subjects which may safely be skipped. What remains are "Strict Forms (A Jazz Sonatina)" and "Jazz Suite," both of them aurally alive but somewhat rigid and unsatisfactory as jazz, especially in slow passages. The rondo of "Strict Forms" almost begins to move, as does the first movement of "Jazz Suite," but the rest is mainly moored to earth.

Shifting Winds: Bob Cooper; with Jimmy Guiffre, Claude Williamson, *et al.* (Capitol T 6513). An octet of musicians from the West Coast, "presented" by Stan Kenton and headed by one of his graduate saxophone players. Twelve men in all take part, playing twenty-one instruments among them—including French and English horn, valve trombone, flute, oboe, and bass clarinet, in addition to the normal jazz wood winds and brasses. The effect of unusual timbres, on something like "'Round Midnight," is at first to convince you that jazz has mightily changed; on second thought, to show how little of a change is actually present here.

Ralph Gari; the Ralph Gari Quartet (EmArcy MG 36019). Another attempt, by a man who wants to be both a "jazz soloist and concert artist," to arouse musical interest from the fact that he can play more than one instrument. Mr. Gari shifts from alto saxophone to clarinet to flute to piccolo to oboe—while piano, drums, and bass patiently follow. An energetic demonstration, marred by the over-aggressive personality of the main performer.

Jazz Studio 3: John Graas, his compositions and arrangements; with the assistance of Gerry Mulligan, Zoot Sims, Conti Candoli, *et al.* (Decca DL 8104). Mr. Graas plays French horn, besides composing, and has surrounded himself with able assistance in situations where everyone can shine innocuously. But for our purposes the chief interest lies in the two sections from his "Symphony No. 1 in F Minor," which would be far more satisfactory with a less imposing title. Provided it made no difference to the composer, there is no reason he shouldn't call it a "symphony," or anything else he pleases, but my own impression is that the word has been no help.

12-Tone Compositions and Arrangements by Lyle Murphy; with Shelly Manne, Buddy Collette, Andre Previn, *et al.* (Contemporary C3506). Mr. Murphy, incredibly enough, was Benny Goodman's arranger *before* Fletcher Henderson, so that he has come some distance from the Swing Era. But relax—the 12-tone system is not Schoenberg's; it is one of Mr. Murphy's own choosing. "For this album," he says, "its structure consists of horizontal patterns written in equal intervals and using the 12 different tones as a basis." Set that aside and you will find this a relaxed and easy-going performance, of the West Coast persuasion, with a little added textural richness from the newly fashionable wood winds: flute, bass clarinet, and even contrabass clarinet.

College Jazz: Modern; Johnny Eaton and his Princetonians (Columbia CL 737). No doubt about it, the young are being overeducated. This group of *undergraduates* seems to have grown up on such a mixture of jazz and longhair that they draw virtually no distinction between the two. They are quite ready, in the middle of "My Funny Valentine," to quote Hindemith; and they describe one of their tunes as "a blues on whole tone scales," in which "the melodies work themselves out serially—*i.e.* in terms of prime, retrograde, inversion, and retrograde inversion." There is not a little pretentiousness in all this, but the exuberance of their music comes as much from showing off as it does from swinging. On the whole, you can't really blame anyone so clever for enjoying it; and their ease of adaptation is a salutary reminder of how casual the next generation can be in taking over its elders' achievements. The thing for Johnny Eaton to remember is that an illiterate who never went to Juilliard may have more jazz spirit than this in his little left fingernail.

What's New? New Jazz from Teo Macero, Bob Prince (Columbia CL 842). Columbia, not wanting to be left behind, has also by-passed the embattled troops and moved in on the *avant-garde* from the flank. Teo Macero (saxophonist from the Mingus records, see above) seems to have been given absolutely free rein to go as "far out" as he can get, and the results—not to mention his erudite explanatory notes—are somewhat overpowering. Part of the defensiveness of the lonely pioneer apparently has to expend itself in cocksure learning and unexpected sound effects. If one is impressed, it is likely to be in spite (rather than because) of the elaborate musicological and electronic gimmicks. A serious try, nonetheless. The other side of the record is filled by Bob Prince, who is equally powerful if in a more conventional way.

Duane Tatro's Jazz for Moderns: with Shelly Manne, Jimmy Guiffre, Lennie Niehaus, *et al.* (Contemporary C 3514). Compositions and arrangements by a West Coast youngster (*aetat.* 29) which stick to the beat and the 32-bar chorus, saving their departures for melody and harmony. The musicians, among the best of the Southern Californians, play as though they knew what they were doing; and the results have the solid virtues of developed acquaintance with a new vocabulary—foreshadowing the day, which Mr. Tatro visualizes, "when the jazz soloist will be able to improvize freely in the atonal and polyphonic framework."

Chico Hamilton Quintet; with Buddy Collette (Pacific Jazz PJ-1209). This group of oddly assorted instrumentalists—including an exceptionally satisfying cello—seems to have assimilated the liberating influences and put them to an easily assimilated use. The heat is off; no one is trying to sell you anything; and the unusual is served up with as much aplomb as the usual—no more, no less. The five members are nicely matched and they have a nice sense of ensemble. The effect is one of lessons digested without resulting in a loss of appetite, and I suspect that it will be the most appealing to most listeners.

—Mr. Harper

the new BOOKS

PAUL PICKREL

The Sense of Identity and the Sense of Society

THIS is a good season for biography. E. M. Forster's life of his great-aunt, **Marianne Thornton: A Domestic Biography, 1797-1887** (Harcourt, Brace, $6), was published a couple of weeks ago, and next week comes Margaret Farrand Thorp's life of the late William Allan Neilson, **Neilson of Smith** (Oxford, $7). They are as pleasant a pair of biographies as anyone could ask to read this summer.

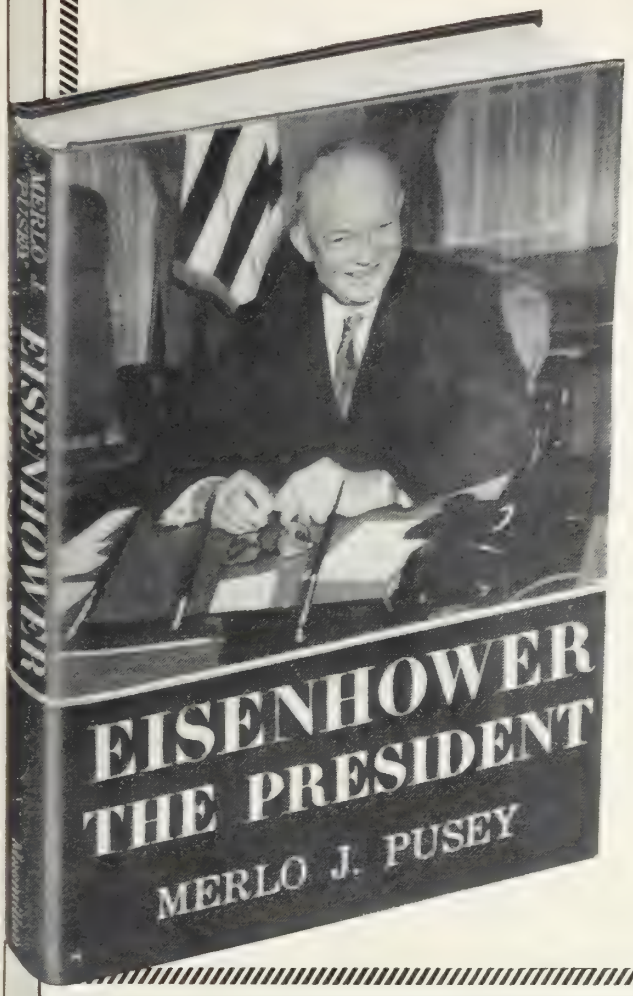
The subjects of the two books are not of course much alike. Miss Thornton, the daughter of a wealthy English banker, was a nineteenth-century spinster little known beyond her own extensive family circle; Neilson was a Scots schoolmaster's son who became a distinguished American scholar and college president and, in the twenties and thirties of the present century, a widely known and revered public figure. But they had in common one quality that strikes the contemporary reader: an unquestioning assurance of who they were and what they were up to in life. They were by no means unconcerned for the societies around them; by their somewhat different lights they were both social reformers. But their biographers offer no evidence that either of them had the slightest feeling of being out of step with society or of being threatened by society or of being in a society that lacked a place and a use for them. They were, in a way that many a reader of later birth can only envy, at home in the world.

THE ROOTED LIFE

MISS Thornton was quite literally at home in the world. For the first fifty-five years of her very long life she lived in the same house—Battersea Rise, a large and handsome dwelling with extensive grounds, facing Clapham Common in London. Her family and certain others in the neighborhood—notably the family of William Wilberforce, the great abolitionist, and the parents of young Tom (later Lord) Macaulay—came to be known as the Clapham Sect. It was not a religious sect or denomination; its members stayed within the evangelical wing of the Church of England. Rather it was a group of rich and pious Whigs united by a certain view of life, including a readiness to spend time, money, and effort on improving the world.

Miss Thornton's own view of life, as her great-nephew points out, was intensely domestic. She enthusiastically shared the opinions of the Clapham Sect that the slaves must have freedom and the heathen must have missionaries, but these were goals to be sought in distant climes. She thought of England as a nation of households and was only faintly aware of problems, such as the injustices of industrialization, that did not arise from family life. She was active in the Sunday School movement and in a variety of educational schemes, especially for girls and women, but even in this she was partly impelled by a desire to insure a continuing supply of properly trained domestic servants. The center of her universe was Battersea Rise and the growing troop of nephews and nieces who lived there or who came and went through its spacious rooms.

The great crisis of Miss Thornton's life was also domestic. When she was in her fifties her oldest brother, the head of the family and like their father a successful banker, decided that he had to marry his deceased wife's sister in order to save the lady's reputation, which had been somewhat tarnished by too many and too extended visits to Battersea Rise, where he and his motherless children and Miss Thornton all lived. But English law still forbade such a marriage on grounds of incest, as it had when Shakespeare wrote *Hamlet* and as it continued to do until 1907. With admirable directness Mr. Thornton spent a fortune trying to have the law changed; when that failed he and his deceased wife's sister went abroad for their nuptials. Before they returned Miss Thornton left forever her beloved Battersea Rise; she did not



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propose to share a roof with a lady whose virtue had been questioned and who was now questionably married.

It must have been a terrible wrench for her, but in another part of Clapham she set up a new establishment where for her remaining thirty-five years she carried on her usual strenuous program of good works and running other people's lives for them. She always had some of her nephews and nieces with her, and she took in various other young people in need of help, including Forster's mother, whose too generously childed mother surrendered the girl to Miss Thornton to be trained as a governess. Miss Thornton does not seem to have minded when her nephew (Forster's father) married the girl, though in the manner of maiden ladies jealous of family honor she was usually ready to throw her energy into trying to prevent unsuitable marital alliances.

Perhaps the most remarkable thing about *Marianne Thornton* is that a living writer should draw upon his own memories in writing a biography of a woman born in 1797—a woman who as a child was afraid that Napoleon would cut down her favorite tulip tree when he invaded England. But the lives of author and subject overlapped for eight years; little "Morgan" was the last of Miss Thornton's many loves among her nieces and nephews, and by her will she left him £8,000, which enabled him to go to Cambridge University and to embark on a literary career.

Forster has always been a rather spinsterish writer, and so spinsterish a subject tends to emphasize this limitation of his talent. There are some fairly thin stretches in the book—at one point he devotes a page to instructions for goffering a baby's bonnet, which seems rather a waste these days when so few people do their own goffering. He has a high opinion of his great-aunt's literary gifts and quotes extensively from her private papers, but a critic unrelated to the old lady and with no share in her estate might offer a lower estimate of her prose. His own writing is as charming and finished and witty as ever.

Miss Thornton was probably not a very remarkable or an entirely appealing woman, and for the most part Forster does not pretend that she was. He has used her biography as an occasion for drawing a picture of a certain style of life, deeply rooted in family and place, stoutly buttressed by religious certainty and ample funds, which he thinks is now gone. It was not, at least in the instance of Miss Thornton, a style of life enlivened by much imagination or intellectual grace, but it was affectionate, self-assured, and solid.

William Allan Neilson's sense of being at home in the world did not arise from spending all his life in one place or among the same people. He was born and educated through college in Scotland; he emigrated to Canada, where he taught for four years in a boys' school; he moved on to the Harvard Graduate School and became a professor of English, chiefly at Harvard; and then at forty-eight he assumed the presidency of Smith, where he became one of the most distinguished college presidents of his generation and a man known, respected, and quoted across the nation.

Neilson's true home was a cultural tradition, the tradition of liberalism. He lived in the golden age of liberalism, it offered him golden opportunities, and he had golden gifts to bring to them. Rarely can a man's temperament and talent have dovetailed so exactly with the work society offered him and with society's leading ideas in his era. Neilson had one great personal sorrow—his only son died in youth—and toward the end of his life the rise of fascism and its consequences led him to doubt a little the faith in human goodness and progress that had underwritten his life's work. But on the whole he was an extraordinarily fortunate and happy man.

Happy men, like happy nations, have no histories, and in a sense Neilson's life was too successful to be a good subject for biography. The great subjects are men like Dr. Johnson, men fretted by the world and all its contradictions, personalities powerful but tried. What saves Mrs. Thorp's life of Neilson from becoming too bland a record of success is Neilson's own talk. He was a great talker, and fortunately a good deal of his extemporaneous speaking was recorded. He had wit and grace and charm as a speaker, but he had something else—one is tempted to fall back on the phrase "Scots canniness"—which gave his talk vitality and a moral reality that critics like to deny the liberal tradition.

In letting Neilson do so much of the talking, Mrs. Thorp has graciously kept herself in the background, but she has produced a book almost as felicitous as the life it recorded.

ONE WHO WAS HOMELESS

BEFORE the reader concludes from the two works just discussed that life used to be a much surer thing than it is today, he would do well to look at another book, **A Cornish Waif's Story** (Dutton, $3). This is the autobiography of a woman who signs herself "Emma Smith"; the circumstances of her early life were so painful that she cannot even now, when she is in her late sixties, bring herself to sign her recollections with her own name.

Emma Smith was born out of wedlock, and she spent her first years sometimes in the work-

The Swivel Chair



In the book trade one unwieldy and unwelcome and indisputable fact is that fiction is sold by a casual question. The publisher furnishes a few modest, costly props: — he wraps the novel in a jacket that is enticing to the eye, he draws hopeful conclusions in print from the author's past successes, he assumes a fearsome forthrightness with the bookseller, he quotes his betters from the literary reviews in the largest type area within the budget, he dispenses martinis and prepublication copies and then he waits for the magical sound of someone saying to someone else, "Have you read this?"

There are, in the country, twenty-two hundred people who buy every novel published — sometimes a few of them return one occasionally to the store. If these twenty-two hundred are silent, on any one book, and that can happen, a new fiction title dies in that stillness. If any or all of them begin to talk the atom is split and the sale can just pass two million. That still leaves a large fraction of the population bookless, but any publisher is satisfied, and writer resigned, to quit at about two million in hard covers.



For the benefit of these life-giving charter members, then, here are a few points about three new novels that we hope will fill every conversational opening.



Girl in May by **Bruce Marshall** ($3.00) is a book about the most essentially bitter sweet hour of everyone's past — the idyll of first love, the moment of profoundest misunderstanding and understanding. Bruce Marshall is at his best in reflecting the disarming absurdities of the human comedy because he writes with such a warm and sure conviction in the goodness of the human spirit. The suavely learned Father Kentigern, known widely as the Frisky Franciscan for instance is a guaranteed starter for a discussion. *The London Times Literary Supplement* says, "The story bounds along so merrily that the reader scarcely notices the erudition that accompanies it, but is conscious only of dialogue that is constantly witty and always in character."



Nuni by **John Howard Griffin** ($3.75) drops you, inescapably, on a small lush hostile island near the Fiji group. The protagonist, recognizably you if you are a middle-aged contentedly married American, comes to terms with a savage life. It's hard to relax a tightening grip on this book, but the strain is worth it when you launch a debate afterward over the possibility of learning an unwritten language so quickly. Better back the author if you're trapped into a wager on this, he knows at first hand that it was done just this way during the war in the Pacific. Griffin is the author of *The Devil Rides Outside*. Maxwell Geismar says, "John Howard Griffin is without doubt the most original young American writer today; there is just nobody else like him. He has a great narrative gift, a fresh prose style, a speculative and inquiring philosophical mind; and for my part, whatever he writes is a pleasure to read."



Coming June first is the new Houghton Mifflin Literary Fellowship Award winner, **The Ninth Wave** by **Eugene Burdick** ($3.95). Most of the characters are engaged in politics in California, but it would be misleading to call it a political novel. It is quite fair to say that it is an unusual book. The talk started about this on the day when one Book-of-the-Month Club judge said to another Book-of-the-Month Club judge, "Have you read this?" It is their selection for June.



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EDITOR AT LARGE



"I wonder often what the Vinters buy one half so precious as the stuff they sell," mused Omar Khayyam, and a cynic replied, "They buy, at half price, more of the same stuff to sell to you."

Omar is the fellow whose idea of Paradise included a book of verse, and, although history doesn't specify, chances are he got that book at his local Library.

And this leads me, circuitously, to ask what you have done for your Library, one half the value of what it does for you?

One thing you can and should do is, Support your Local Friends of the Library.

Friends of the Library are groups organized to aid libraries. They publicize the Library's activities; they help get the money all Libraries so desperately need; they sponsor programs connected with the Library's work; they do, in brief, everything possible to enable the Library to perform its vital role in the cultural life of the community.

If your Library has an organization of Friends, I hope you will join it and work with it. If it doesn't, the American Library Association will be glad to tell you how you and your friends can become your Library's Friends.

The Library is in many ways the perfect symbol of a free civilization. It is the responsibility of everyone who cares about books to keep it that way. The Friends of the Library are doing this job; and they can use your help.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

This column is offered by Doubleday & Company as a tribute to the American Library Association which this month is holding its annual meeting in Miami. For further information about Friends of the Library write the American Library Association, 50 East Huron St., Chicago, Illinois. Remember: see your Library for the books you want to borrow; see your Bookseller for the books you want to keep.

house and sometimes, when they could take care of her, in the home of her grandparents. Later her harassed mother gave her to an obscene and filthy old organ-grinder and his wife, and for some years she tramped the roads of Cornwall with this dubious pair, singing ballads and hymns to the organ-grinder's accompaniment and passing the tin cup. After many adventures she was sent, at the age of twelve, to an institution for "fallen women" (she was not fallen but she thought she was, and a doctor too squeamish to examine the filthy child certified her as eligible). The institution was her home for a good many years. Later she went out in service and made a loveless but respectable match with a gardener. They tried their luck in Australia and then returned to a lifetime of work in the Cornwall Emma Smith still loves.

It is a vivid and stirring story, valuable not only for its account of sufferings surmounted but also for its picture of vanished customs and for its insight into the world of the unwanted child. Emma Smith has no doubt that the world has grown better for people like herself. In writing of her childhood she has found, she says, that it had more of beauty in it than she had supposed, and she even sees in it certain joys that her own cherished daughters have not known. But she rejoices that society today offers more help and protection to waifs than it did in her childhood, and as her mind goes back to the figure she loved the best of all, her grandfather, blinded in a mine explosion just after his marriage so that he never saw any of the more than twenty children he fathered, she is glad for workmen's compensation and pensions.

THE VESTIGIAL MIND

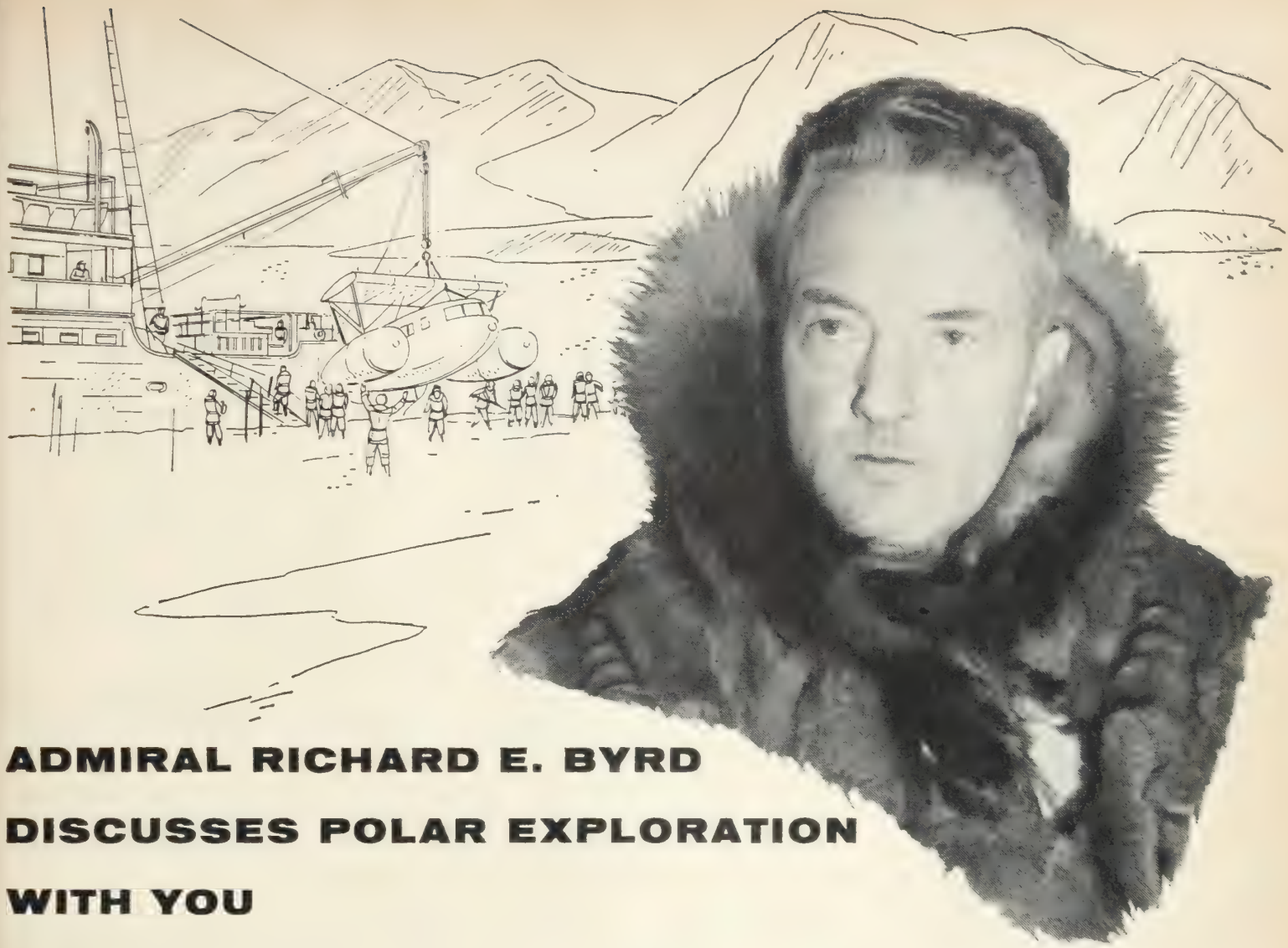
SIMONE de Beauvoir's new novel, **The Mandarins** (World, $6), is a story of French intellectual life in the years immediately following the liberation of Paris in 1944. It is a long and populous book, with a certain number of asides, but its unifying theme is the gradual disintegration of the intellectuals' hope of finding a way of serving society in peacetime as they had served it through the Resistance in war. This hope is symbolized by a newspaper, *L'Espoir,* which some of the characters establish to carry on the ideals of the Resistance and which they find impossible to pilot through the treacherous ideological currents of peace. Gradually the intellectuals discover that they are mandarins—heirs to an elaborate and beautiful culture that has little to do with what is really going on in the world, because their culture belongs to a nation too small and too poor to be decisive in a world polarized between East and West.

The characters are an unpleasant lot; they are much given to calling each other bastards and they do not use terms loosely. Though they climb into bed with one another as frequently as any reader could ask, they are loveless and unlovable. Anti-Americanism is the one undisputed item in their creed, immune to argument or experience, though it must in fairness be added that they hate each other as passionately as they hate us, and on rather better grounds.

To the pragmatic American reader these people seem victims of their own game. They are so busy with labels and ideologies that they let the raw stuff of social need slip through their fingers. If they found a group of starving men they would write a scathing manifesto on the subject, then debate brilliantly and bitterly on whether to issue it jointly with the Communists, what the danger might be of its giving comfort to the Right, and so on. But the starving men would still be starving.

Anyone interested in modern French society, and anyone interested in the place of the intellectual in modern society in general, will find *The Mandarins* a valuable document. It is not a great or powerful work of fiction but (except for a dreadful long-drawn-out bout of bed between an aging female psychiatrist and a Chicago novelist) it holds the attention. And Mlle. de Beauvoir is certainly nobody's fool—except, perhaps, her own.

NEW American novels, as might be predicted, differ widely in their portrayal of the individual in relation to society. At one extreme is Marion Hargrove's **The Girl He Left Behind**



ADMIRAL RICHARD E. BYRD DISCUSSES POLAR EXPLORATION WITH YOU

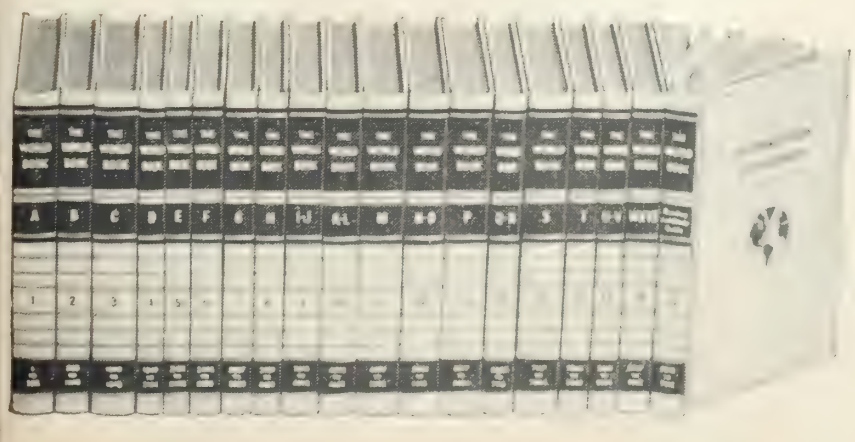
in the World Book Encyclopedia

If you wanted to discuss the little-known, ice-covered continent around the South Pole, you could choose no companion as well informed as Admiral Richard E. Byrd. World Book Encyclopedia offers you the experience of exploring the mysteries and the possibilities of the Antarctic in the articles signed by Admiral Byrd. In effect, World Book invites you to a personal visit with this noted explorer and authority on the polar region.

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The Discovery of the Great West: La Salle

By FRANCIS PARKMAN
Edited by William R. Taylor

LONG OUT-OF-PRINT — here is a literary rediscovery. Written by the celebrated author of *The Oregon Trail*, this panoramic history, originally published in 1869, is a fabulous personal adventure story. No part of the text proper has been omitted or changed in any way.

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Cassandra

By FRANCES CLIPPINGER

THIS IS A STORY of a young girl who falls in love — with her brother. Set in present-day New York, *Cassandra* portrays a fascinating, jealous, electric woman — a girl who could have had any man she wanted, but only wanted one. Always in good taste, here is an unforgettable novel with an unforgettable theme.

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River Of the Carolinas: The Santee

By HENRY SAVAGE, Jr.
Illustrated by Lamar Dodd

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RINEHART & COMPANY • N. Y. 16

(Viking, $2.95), which is an unpretentious piece of farce about basic training in the modern army based on the assumption that society knows what is good for the individual better than he does, and that unquestioning acceptance of the *status quo* is the way of wisdom. Probably the American Army has never before received so unqualified an endorsement in the form of a novel.

Hargrove's central character is a spoiled California youth whose careful plans to avoid military service are upset by a romantic disappointment. To beat his draft board to the draw he enlists, but the army turns out to be even less impressed by his personality than the girl he left behind. Then a series of events convinces the young man that the army knows best; he submits himself to it and it makes a man of him.

The book contains several scenes of good broad comedy, and the manipulation of language is often very funny. Hargrove has taken pains to master the somewhat arcane speech of the young, and he deploys it to good effect, though the reader of mature years may sometimes be puzzled as to its meaning. (One of the young officers twice refers to something he calls the "cattery," but it remains uncertain whether this is a typographical error for battery, a euphemism for brothel, or a dialectal pronunciation of cadre.)

AT THE other extreme from Hargrove's book is Nelson Algren's new novel, **A Walk on the Wild Side** (Farrar, Straus, and Cudahy, $4.50), which is a blanket rejection of conventional society and a hymn of praise for those who cannot or will not fit into it.

Algren's story is laid in the early years of the Depression; his main character is an illiterate youth named Dove, who leaves a country crossroads in Texas for a not particularly varied career in New Orleans' houses of prostitution. What he learns from his experience he sums up in a passage worth quoting:

"'I feel like I been everywhere God got land,' Dove thought, 'yet all I found was people with hard ways to go. All I found was troubles 'n degradation. All I found was that those with the hardest ways of all to go were quicker to help others than those with the easiest ways. All I found was two kinds of people. Them that would rather live on the loser's side of the street with the other losers than to win off by themselves; and them who want to be one of the winners even though the only way left for them to win was over them who have already been whipped.

"'All I found was men and women, and all the women were fallen. Sports of the world, poor bummies, poor tarts, all they were good for was to draw flies I was told. You could always treat one too good, it was said, but you could never treat one too bad. Yet I wouldn't trade off the worst of the lot for the best of the other kind. I think they are the real salt of the earth.'"

Anyone who admires that passage will like Algren's novel, for it is a fair sample of both the style and the thought. To me the handling of language seems most uncertain and the moral judgment as silly as all moral judgments that condemn or praise vast categories of people. As a matter of fact in the context of the novel Dove has no experience that equips him to make such judgments, nor is he shown to have a speculative cast of mind. The passage is out of character and out of dialect: it does not arise from the action. It is simply the author talking in rather arty language about an idea that had some shock value thirty years ago.

Algren's book fails, not because it champions the misfits against society but because it champions them so clumsily, with so little discrimination and with so much affectation of manner.

IN **The Ninth Wave** (Houghton Mifflin, $3.75), Eugene Burdick portrays a new kind of figure in American society, or at least a new variant on an old kind. His main character is a behind-the-scenes political manipulator who combines a dangerously oversimplified view of human nature with a dangerously sophisticated mastery of opinion research, the mass media, and the rest of the modern paraphernalia that might be used for demagogic social control. The main event is a California gubernatorial election.

The novel has several limitations.

For one thing, the ideas are rather thin to start with and thinly developed. "People are scared," says the manipulator in effect: "I will find out what they are scared of and then I can make them do what I want." And he goes on saying it over and over until he is eliminated. For another thing, the novel is wastefully constructed—roughly a third of it has only a tenuous connection with the subject. Most important, the story in some way misses the illusion of reality. The danger of manipulation such as Burdick describes is real enough, but the particular manipulator Burdick has drawn has too little reality about him to seem very dangerous. (A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.)

DECIBELS AND DOLLARS

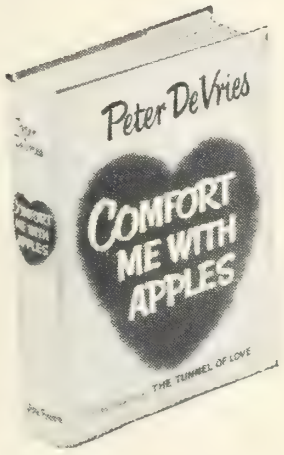
JACQUES Barzun's **Music in American Life** (Doubleday, $2.75), is a once-over-lightly exercise in amateur sociology, an entertaining grab bag of facts and opinions varying greatly in their interest, relevance, and value. At its best, as in a sensible discussion of the business aspects of music, it is an enlightening book; at its worst, as in an indecisive encounter with the old question of whether one appreciates music more if one is also a performer, it is not.

Barzun's central argument—that the place of music in American life has grown immensely in the last thirty-five years—is open to no criticism except that so important a subject deserves a fuller treatment than Barzun has given it. His lesser arguments are more original, more challenging, and in some instances more doubtful. In a general way he sees the great contemporary interest in music as a rejection of society by its members, a sign that people are turning away from work, words, and their fellow men, and turning toward "a world of sensations remote from those of the workaday world." But is there any reason to suppose that people in the past would not have liked as much music as we have if they had been technologically equipped to get it? And there are certainly other ways of achieving "sensations remote from those of the workaday world" (chess, for instance) that have not taken the



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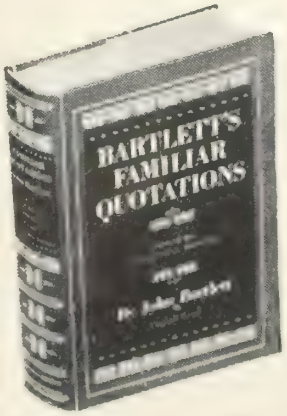
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H. L. MENCKEN'S NOTEBOOKS

MINORITY REPORT

Written before his stroke in 1948, but only discovered by his secretary last fall among his papers, this is precisely what the title suggests. Here in hundreds of notes—some only a few lines in length, some running to several pages—is a final generous sampling of the old Mencken battling for the freedom and dignity of the individual and attacking whatever seemed to him to be fundamentally hostile to man: government, organized religion, professional philosophers, and pedagogues above all. *$3.95*

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ALFRED A. KNOPF, *Publisher*

country by storm. Maybe Barzun is right, but his idea needs more investigation and analysis. Or maybe people just like music.

BOTH because of the inherent interest of the subject and because of the admirable treatment he has given it, Dwight Macdonald's **The Ford Foundation: The Men and the Millions—An Unauthorized Biography** (Reynal, $3.50) should be one of the most popular books of the summer. Except for some repetition and looseness of organization (result of the fact that most of the material was written for periodical publication), the book is a model of exposition: lucid, witty, well-informed, and intelligently critical.

Among other things Macdonald's discussion is a kind of running debate between two views of what the foundation's proper business is. On the one hand there is the idea that foundations ought to provide "venture capital"—*i.e.*, they should not put money into the continuing and established activities of society, however worthy or hard up, but should support only the new and experimental. This is roughly the view that roughly prevailed at the Ford Foundation when Hoffman and Hutchins were (some say) roughly running it.

On the other hand there is the view that Macdonald thinks prevails under the present management: better be safe than sorry. This view he finds typical in the recent enormous gift to colleges, hospitals, and medical schools: an irreproachable but unimaginative transfer of funds to reputable institutions on a perfectly mathematical basis.

No one could say of Macdonald that he is unaware of the complications in this debate, but perhaps he thinks the point at issue is a little more real than it is. The Ford Foundation has too much money to tie itself to a program of "venture capital"; probably American intellectual life does not at the moment provide enough legitimate ventures to absorb that much capital, and it will do nobody any good to breed a race of pseudo-innovators just to keep the foundations milked. At the same time the foundation has too much responsibility to society to choose the projects it supports simply on the basis of offending nobody. But the antithesis between innovation and inoffensiveness is false. Some projects are both, some neither, and which they are has nothing to do with whether they should receive support.

But Macdonald knows more about the foundations than I do, and says what he knows better. Read him.

THE quotations in my review of C. Wright Mills' *The Power Elite* (April *Harper's*) came from proofs and could not be verified against the final text. Professor Mills has courteously called my attention to the fact that the sentence I offered as an example of his style at its most unsuave has been divided by a semicolon in the printed version. Rarely has a semicolon been more sorely needed, and I am happy to record that this one arrived in time.

BOOKS *in brief*

KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON

FICTION

The Fall of a Sparrow, by Nigel Balchin.

Before sentencing a young man of thirty-three for a series of thefts from people who loved and trusted him, the English judge said: "You were born the son of a distinguished soldier. You were given a first class education. You served your country gallantly during the war and had the honor to hold His Majesty's Commission." Mr. Balchin has taken each phrase as the title of a section of his book and added one more: "Good Friends Who Have Helped You." Under these heads he shows how the boy, coming from a completely unloving home, had gone on from problem to problem only learning at each step to cover up more completely what he really felt. It is a heartbreaking story but it is told brilliantly and with such intensity that one goes every step of the way with the narrator (who is the only one who has known the man Jason since childhood) and feels with him alternately compassion and under-

standing, and fury and disgust, at each progressive failure. An absorbing novel of suspense reflecting important overtones for our psychosis-ridden era.

Rinehart, $3.75

The Soldier Room, by Anne Chamberlain.

The room lined with shelves and shelves of toy soldiers was the only place where middle-aged Sidney Woodbridge, obsessed by jealousy and fear, was ever happy. More and more he retreated to it, and greater and greater was the burden of terror and confusion he imposed on the young wife he had brought to his Ohio home to share his loneliness. It would be unfair to reveal what it was that broke into the cold, dark house to bring this mad situation to a climax. It is a wonderfully exciting and real story, as one would expect from the author of *The Tall Dark Man.* And although what she is dealing with is so obviously madness that one can't help resenting that there is no indication that anyone—the author or even the doctors among the characters—ever recognizes it as psychosis, the reader also accepts it, as she intended, as a symbol, a symbol of any great difficulty which life and love have to meet and acknowledge before becoming mature and wise.

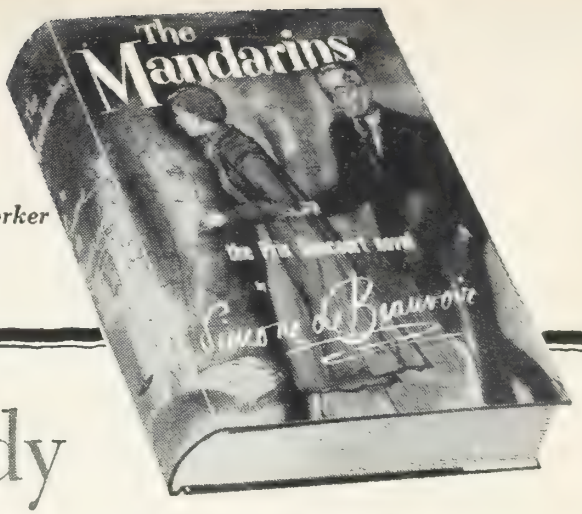
Bobbs-Merrill, $3

NON-FICTION

John D. Rockefeller, Jr.: A Portrait, by Raymond B. Fosdick.

This is an overwhelming book which can be read and enjoyed for many reasons. It can be read as the story of a man dedicated by early training and the circumstances of his life, to duty. It can be read as the history of an American institution—the Rockefeller wealth—which comprises the histories of an astonishing number of other American institutions. Young JDR Jr. went into his father's office in 1897, so that in the story of his life one learns of the start of the Rockefeller Institute, the General Education Board, the Rockefeller Foundation, the Laura Spelman Rockefeller Memorial (the elder Mr. Rockefeller's contributions to these foundations was $446,719,371.22). Then came the Bureau of

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

Social Hygiene, the Industrial Research Council, JDR Jr.'s fight for religious unity, his long efforts to bring Prohibition into being and his courageous reversal of opinion and stand for Repeal in a letter to Nicholas Murray Butler in the political campaign of 1932. There was Rockefeller Center and his support of the young Museum of Modern Art; Williamsburg; the Cloisters of the Metropolitan Museum; the reconditioning of Reims Cathedral, Versailles, Fontainebleau. So much, in brief, for the projects to which he dedicated not only his wealth but virtually his entire attention. The book can be read, too, for stories of courageous personalities, and pictures of ways of life that are gone forever. There was his strict Baptist boyhood in Cleveland and New York, and the influence of his amazing mother and father. In an essay of the early 1880s JDR Jr. writes of Christmas:

> By six o'clock on Christmas morning I was dressing and soon went down stairs to see my presents. I found several books, letter paper, sealing wax, purse, and a beautiful large picture of a little boy with golden hair. After breakfast I went sleigh riding with my sister, in a cutter drawn by my pony, Fleet Foot. . . . We had a very nice ride, as the sleighing was good, and the weather delightful. In the evening our cousins came to take dinner with us; after which we had a delightful entertainment with a Magic Lantern. First, there were views from the great cities of Europe. Then familiar faces were thrown upon the canvas, to the great surprise of most of the company, many of whom recognized their own faces.

His life as a student at Brown is a lively account of college at the turn of the century (Mr. Rockefeller hemmed his own dish towels). On his twenty-first birthday Mr. Rockefeller Sr. sent him a check for $21, every penny of which, like all money he ever had, was strictly accounted for. In his junior year, largely because of his meeting with Abby Aldrich, the future Mrs. Rockefeller, he learned to love to dance (and when he was over sixty dance instructors still came to the house in West 54th Street). In his father's office after college his passion for detail and for building really began to

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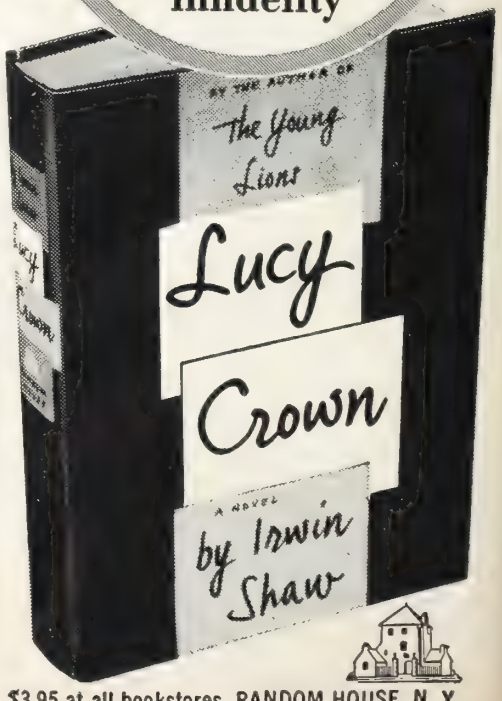
COUSINS AND STRANGERS is a startling look at ourselves as others see us, gathered from private reports by British graduate students who have lived, traveled and studied in this country long enough to *know* what they see, and what they really think.

These Commonwealth Fund Fellows have side-stepped the pitfalls of easy generalization to give us "brilliant reactions to the American people and analyses of what makes them tick."
—*Christian Science Monitor*

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be exercised. (He always carries a slide rule in his pocket.) He lost over a million dollars in his first ventures in the stock market; his teaching of Sunday school became a *cause célèbre*; his mother persuaded him to propose to the girl he loved; his family and his causes took over his life. . . . This is a remarkable story of a remarkable man. If it is largely uncritical either of him or of his father (though the issues in the Colorado Fuel and Oil strike and the Standard Oil-Teapot Dome troubles are frankly stated) the author persuades the reader too. And the responsibilities of wealth seem anything but enviable. In spite of a shy, kindly personality, perception, understanding of people and situations, and warm affections, especially toward his family, here is a man whom Eliot of Harvard once described as "always anxious and troubled." And it is a refreshingly awesome experience to read as monumental a story of the last eighty years as this one in which there is no hint that either author or subject had ever heard the names of Freud or Marx.

Harper, $6.50

Two posthumous books by well-known writers, about Queen Elizabeth II and H.R.H., the Duke of Edinburgh, appear this month within three days of each other.

H.R.H., The Story of Philip, Duke of Edinburgh, by James Hilton.

When one reads the early history of this handsome young man one wonders that he grew up sane and healthy at all. Exiled with his parents, Prince Andrew and Princess Alice of Greece, and his sisters, at the age of one year, he spent his earliest childhood in an American school in France. Later, his parents separated, his sisters went to Germany, and he was sent to his uncle, Lord Louis Mountbatten, and finished his education in England and Germany, principally under the tutelage of an extraordinary man named Kurt Hahn. His sisters all married Germans who fought against England in the war. Philip had all the disadvantages of a broken home, of being a prince, first in a school among untitled boys, and then in the Navy, "which does not take to

"Bizarre and indeed incredible . . . a marvelously entertaining affair."— *The Atlantic*

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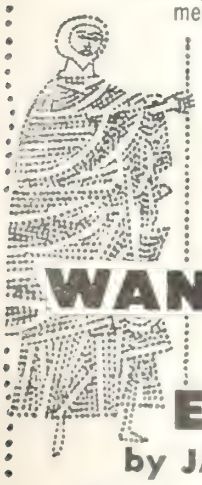
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BOOKS IN BRIEF

teacher's pets." His war record was admirable. He emerged from all this a healthy, handsome, extroverted man and perhaps, as the novelist, Mr. Hilton, points out, this training is one reason why he is able to accept and even seem to enjoy the new disciplines and responsibilities his marriage to Elizabeth imposes. An interesting little book, done quite differently from anything else I have ever read by the author of *Good-bye, Mr. Chips.*

Little, Brown, $2.50

Tree Tops, by Jim Corbett. Illustrated by Raymond Sheppard.

The author of the best-selling *Man-Eaters of Kumaon,* and many other charming and exciting books about animals, was one of the small party of seven in the jungle tree house in Kenya with Princess Elizabeth and her husband on the fateful night when her father died and she became Queen. It is a delightful little book; delightful for its expert and amused descriptions of the animals at the salt lick which the royal family had come to observe; delightful for the author's affectionate description of the royal couple (he apparently remembered or wrote down nearly every word they said); and delightful for his unashamed devotion to his young sovereign. The book was finished in April last year, just a week or two before he died.

Oxford, $1.75

Maude Adams: An Intimate Portrait, by Phyllis Robbins.

I don't know how many Peter Pans have come and gone since Maude Adams first played the part in 1905, but the fact seems to remain that to anyone who saw her act it, these others have never existed. Here is the story not only of that role, which Barrie wrote expressly for her, but, as the title suggests, a very personal story of her life, which did, as everyone knows, include a great many other roles. When Miss Adams died, she left all her papers and photographs to Miss Robbins, a lifelong friend, who has selected from them revealing personal documents and has herself written the connecting parts between. The result, if not an outstanding literary success, is an informative and often charming and delightful theatrical biography of

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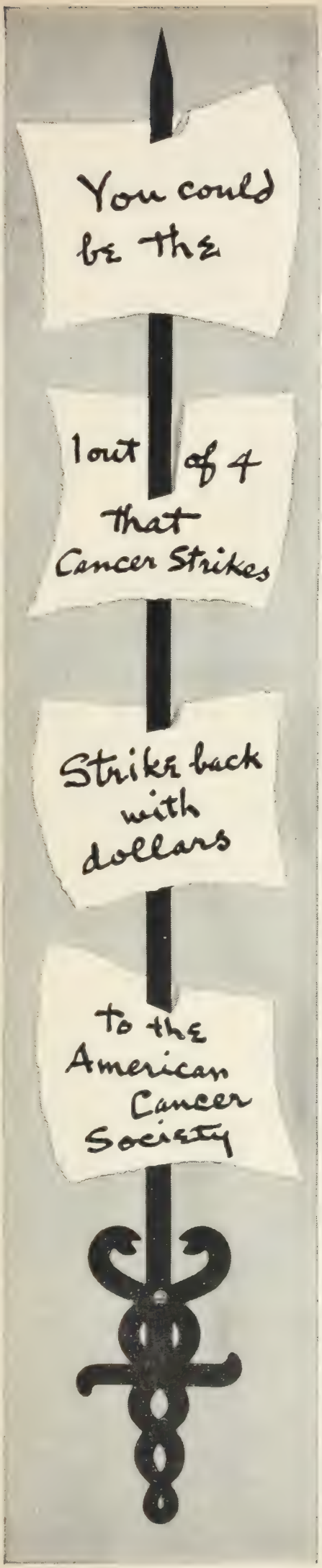
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FORECAST

Spectaculars Among Books

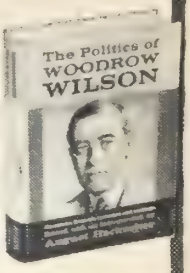
It takes a brave man or woman to forecast best-sellerdom for a first novel, but it takes no oracle to predict what will happen to certain of the summer and fall titles now on their way to publication. Take, for instance, *The Mind Goes Forth,* (subtitle: *The Drama of Understanding One Another*) by Harry and Bonaro Overstreet which Norton will publish in July. Does anyone remember what happened to their *The Mature Mind?* Or, for a change of pace, consider the new book by Françoise Sagan, *A Certain Smile,* which Dutton is launching on August 20. In Paris the first edition of 120,000 copies sold out in two weeks while here in America Miss Sagan's first novel, *Bonjour Tristesse,* recently put out by Dell in paper covers, has already been distributed to the tune of 1,500,000 copies. William Sloane Associates have on their fall list *The Tribe That Lost Its Head* by Nicholas Monsarrat, which has not only the sale of his previous novel, *The Cruel Sea,* to boost it in the market place, but also the fact that its subject and treatment are said to be not unlike Robert Ruark's *Something of Value.*

Later in the fall, and back in the inspirational field, Prentice-Hall will publish a new book by Norman Vincent Peale, the first new one since (guess) *The Power of Positive Thinking.* I positively think it will be a best seller. And early in 1957 Walter Lord's next book, on Pearl Harbor, comes from Henry Holt. It will be based on firsthand accounts by survivors of that fateful morning, in the fashion of his currently best-selling *A Night to Remember.*

Literary Guild Novels

Charmed Circle, the new novel by Susan Ertz (Harper) has been chosen by the Literary Guild as its July choice. The Guild also announces that *Speak to the Winds* by Ruth Moore (author of *Spoonhandle, Candlemas Bay*) has been set aside as a fall selection. From Morrow.

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the new RECORDINGS

Edward Tatnall Canby

CODEX SCHWANN

There's much talk today of the "vast library" of recorded music now available to America's millions—and presumably to those of posterity who care to listen to recorded documentation of our present culture. But we forget that posterity isn't going to hear the recordings unless somebody provides the 60-cycle alternating current and a batch of hi-fis in good running condition; and even then there may be no library. For our present flood of records, good and bad alike, depend on the most transitory considerations for their availability.

A casual glance at the latest LP catalogues, for instance, revealed to me with a shock that RCA Victor has suddenly liquidated its entire collection of middle-period Stravinsky, as recorded for the company under the composer's own direction during the early postwar years. Here, a handful of years ago, was a major project in the documentation of a big musical figure, undertaken by our largest and, we can assume, most permanent recording company. The future for this series, as the phrase goes, seemed well enough assured.

The master recordings, of course, still exist. No doubt a good many collections, public and private, own the published discs complete or in part. Numerous copies are moldering (or will molder) on record-store shelves. And at any time RCA policy may reverse itself and restore the whole series to currency. But, as of now, RCA's Stravinsky is no longer available, and that is that.

I checked hastily to see what was the status of the other great collection of Stravinsky-by-Stravinsky, built up over many years in the Columbia catalogue prior to the RCA venture. It is for the most part intact and available on LP, though some of the items are technically less than hi-fi. Here, evidently, is a somewhat different policy viewpoint—but who is to say which is right? RCA has no government cultural subsidy and no obligations toward posterity that it does not choose to assume of its own free and corporate will, for profit or for prestige. We can only blame the company for cultural inconsistency—why record the series in the first place if it is not to be kept available?

I'm not sure what the moral of this tale is. Perhaps it is simply that we have a long way to go if we want future generations to know anything about our music in terms of actual sound. We've hardly begun to set up the sort of scholarly and intellectual mechanisms that for thousands of years have managed to preserve a good part of the written documents and artifacts of the past. The plain fact is that we *have* no vast library of recorded sound, but only a huge, diffuse, evanescent commercial enterprise, here today and, perhaps, gone tomorrow. We have no fixed idea, nor has any record company, of the proper responsibility to be demanded of commercial promoters, for the long future.

It would be a fine thing if we had depended on Shakespeare's publishers for his "availability"! And a fine thing it will be if, when RCA is no longer, our only record of lost audibilities is the "Codex Schwann" of this spring of 1956, listing the Stravinsky deletions.

For another and most constructive aspect of RCA's documentary work, see the Caruso album, discussed below.

Records for Keeps

Stravinsky: Violin Concerto in D; Duo Concertant. Ivry Gitlis, vl., Charlotte Zelka, pf., Orch. Concerts Colonne, Byrns. **Stravinsky: Card Game (Jeu de Cartes).** Bamberg Symphony, Hollresier. Vox PL 9410.

With the current lapse of the RCA Stravinsky series, the continuing Vox documentation becomes more important, though the composer himself is not the conductor. Here are three of the characteristic mid-period Stravinsky works, imaginatively played and beautifully recorded; and listening to them was a very great pleasure, the more so for the blasts of late-Romantic hi-fi that have been so heavily recorded elsewhere in recent months.

Stravinsky of the middle period, it should be noted, makes ideal recording material, as far as sound is concerned. That peculiar combination of *concertante* semi-solo work for a variety of instruments in a close-up, transparent ensemble—with the refreshing absence of the great crescendo and its companion horror (for the engineer) the long-winded *pianissimo*—makes for a superb perspective and a steady, even volume level that shows off any hi-fi at its best.

The somewhat squeaky and thumpy Violin Concerto, still with an aura of the 1920s about it, grows in listening quality under the mellifluous high-fidelity treatment and Gitlis' intelligent and accurately modest playing. The succeeding Duo for violin and piano is of the same derivation, already beyond the 'twenties though only by a year or so (1932), and is highly idiomatic for both instruments, in that oddly percussive style of melodic fragmentation that has since had such an influence on newer music (*e.g.*, Bernstein's "Facsimile").

"Card Game," of 1936, develops the same style into new warmth and humor, in proportion to its more public nature as ballet entertainment. Again—such pleasurable transparency and lightness, after so much hi-fi turgidity! The tantalizing bits of melody and dance, never quite assembled but continuously shaped and developed, the grunting horns and

---

WORTH LOOKING INTO . . .

Schubert: Mass in A Flat. Annie Felbermeyer, Sadako Sasaki, N. Foster, M. Dickie; Akademie Kammerchor. Pro Musica Orch. of Vienna, Grossman. Vox PL 9760.

I Can Hear it Now—Gamal Abdel Nasser. Interviewed by Howard K. Smith. Columbia ML 5110.
I Can Hear it Now—David Ben-Gurion. Columbia ML 5109.
(*Unabridged* film interviews, from which "See It Now" TV program was excerpted.)

Mahler: Songs from The Youth's Magic Horn. Lorna Sydney, Alfred Poell, Vienna State Op. Orch., Prohaska. Vanguard VRS 478.

The Siena Pianoforte—Mozart: Sonata in E Flat, K. 282; in A, K. 331; Vars. on a Theme of Gluck, K. 455. Kathryn Deguiré. Esoteric ESP 3004.

The Works of J. S. Bach—Complete Organ Works. Helmut Walcha. Many volumes, available separately. Decca (Deutsche Grammophon) Archive Series.

syncopating strings, the skirling clarinets, the Bach-like figures so far from Bach in actuality, make a musical tour de force of so-called Neo-Classicism that should have increasing appeal in this later age of foot-tapping jazz and classic revivals.

Caruso—An Anthology of His Art on Records. RCA Victor LM 6127 (3).

Here is RCA Victor at its constructive best, and no matter at all that the legitimate end is commercial sales of a tried-and-true product. Following last year's "50 Years of Great Operatic Singing" (LCT 6701), this handsome illustrated album includes 46 refurbished Caruso recordings done up with all the ingenuity of RCA's well-versed technicians. Caruso never sounded so good.

There are several of the famous early Milan recordings of 1902, which launched the whole operatic movement on records, and several more from late 1920, Caruso's last year of singing; the others fall variously in between and include, of course, the voices of other big names who sing with Caruso himself. Some of the best as to sound, curiously, date from before the first world war. Library or no library, a modernized album of this sort is a contribution of first importance. One copy is worth more for posterity than the contents of a hundred family attics—where Caruso material was largely to be found a few years ago.

Mozart: Litaniae Lauretanae in D, K. 195. Jennifer Vyvyan, Nancy Evans, Wm. Herbert, Geo. James; St. Anthony Singers, Boyd Neel Orch., Lewis. L'Oiseau-Lyre OL 50085.

Delightful church Mozart out of nowhere; few Mozart fans will have heard of this work, nor of the companion Litany, De Venerabili Altaris Sacramento, K. 243, also recorded by this group, on OL 50086. The music is in Mozart's most tunefully operatic early church manner—how unlike today's sacred music! Performance is in the sympathetic British manner, polished and smooth, beautifully phrased and controlled. The recording is London-ffrr-style and extremely good.

Mozart: Complete Symphonies, Vol. XI: #38 ("Prague"); #39. Philh. Symphony of London, Leinsdorf. Westminster WN 18116.

If you are startled to note "Vol. XI" on this release, you'll find only one other disc so far listed in the catalogues, presumably Vol. X; the series is evidently to be issued non-numerically, which is reasonable enough and perhaps better



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THE NEW RECORDINGS

than a series of pot-pourri mixtures of early and late examples.

Excellent is the word. Leinsdorf has already shown how fine his Mozart can be on a number of Columbia Entré records—I'd say the best Mozart in the Columbia catalogue. These are compellingly phrased, mobile, sweet, uneccentric, and the recording, though a bit on the close side as is Westminster's habit, sets them off with a modern sound. Tempi are rather fast (perhaps thanks to Leinsdorf's long tenure in the United States) but there is no hardness, no superficiality. Listeners will want to compare these recordings very soberly with the more celebrated releases by Beecham and Walter, among many others. The orchestra, if I am right, is Beecham's own, under a pseudonym.

The Beggar's Opera (Gay-Peputch-Austin). Soloists, Argo Chamber Ensemble, Richard Austin. Westminster (Argo) OPW 1201 (2).

Here is the famous Frederic Austin version of the bawdy old opera, fixed up with a bit more of an eighteenth-century sound (harpsichord added), and recorded hi-fi, but otherwise very much in the style of the 1920 original, as once recorded on 78 rpm and issued by RCA Victor. The singers are authentically British in voice and accent and the show is as charmingly dewy-eyed and Victorian as ever.

Not that the original sounded like this—it probably didn't. Frederic Austin is merely the best and most successful of many who have taken the bare bones—tunes and sketchy figured-bass accompaniment—of the Gay-Peputch piece of 1723 and adapted it to more recent practicalities. He didn't hesitate to embroider in the manner of his choice, adding Sullivanesque counterpoint, sentimental (but lovely) orchestral introductions and endings, even writing a piece or two as it struck his fancy, like an emancipated Elgar. The plot is unreconstructably bawdy but, I suspect, a good deal was done also to soften its more outspoken details.

In our folk-oriented day there are bound to be listeners who will feel, rightly, that Austin's sophisticated harmonizations of folkish melodies are out of style, especially those in the Dorian mode (D to D on the piano), a sound that is as familiar to the popular ear now as it was strange even to 1920 ears. Many of the tunes that should be fusty and brazen are instead done on the sweet side, despite the words. But, after all, Austin was no Kurt Weill ("Threepenny Opera") and we'll do best to take this as pure British late-Victorian revival, as sweet as an all-day sucker.



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